GOOD WORDS

1898

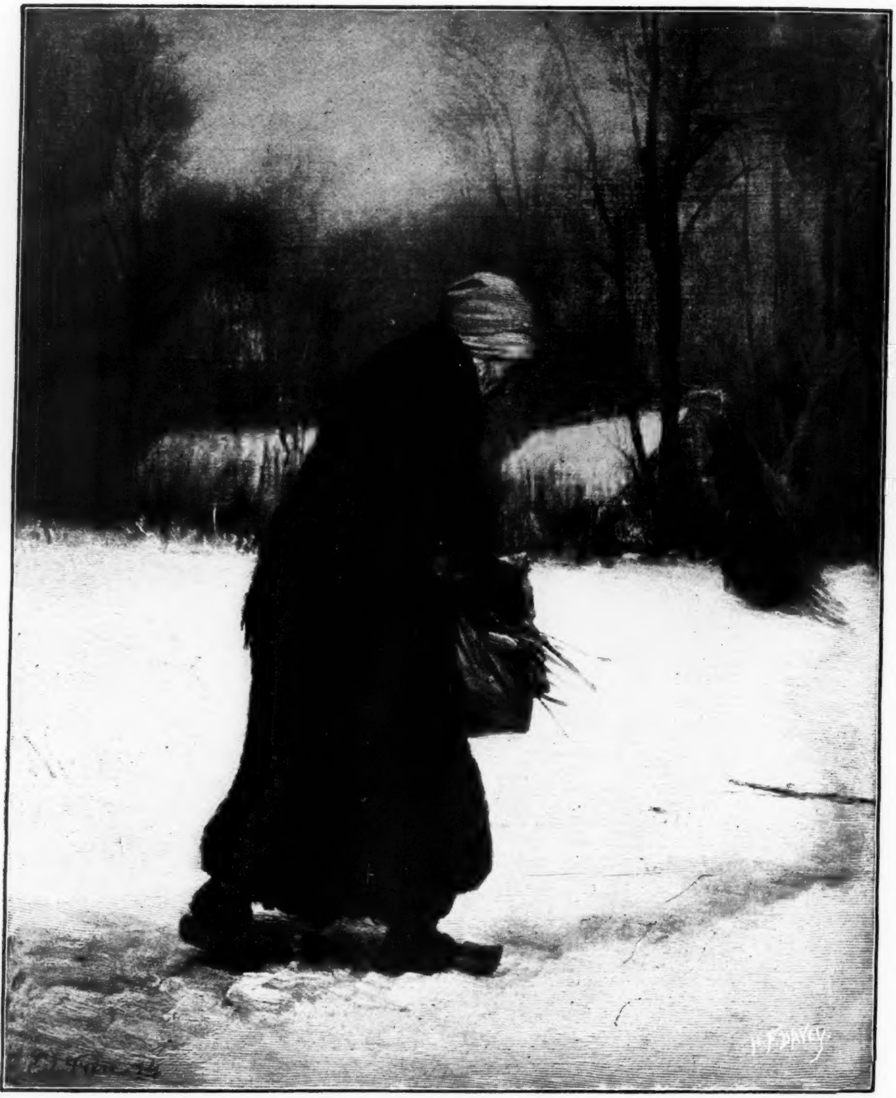
EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

"Good Words are worth much and cost little"
HERBERT

LONDON H
ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED
15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN



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THE TWO WINTERS

By E. FRÈRE

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

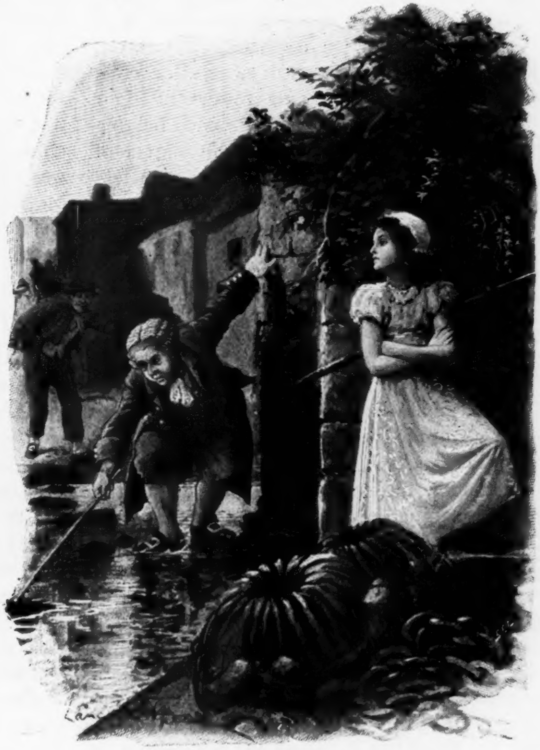
ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

PROEM

THERE is no man living to-day who could tell you how the morning broke and the sun rose on the first day of January 1800, who walked in the Mall, who sauntered in the Park with the Prince; none lives who heard and remembered the gossip of the hour, or can give you the exact flavour of the speech and accent of the time. We may catch the air but not the tone, the trick of form but not the inflection. The lilt of the sensations, the idiosyncrasy of voice, emotion, and mind of the first day of our century must now pass from the printed page to us, imperfectly realised, and not through the convincing medium of actual presence and retrospection. The more distant the scene, the more uncertain the reflection, and so it must needs be with this tale, which will take you back to almost twenty years before the century began.

Then, as now, England was a great power outside these small islands. She had her foot firmly planted in Australia, in Asia, and in America—though, in bitterness, the American colonies had broken free, and only Canada was left to her in that northern hemisphere. She has had to strike hard blows even for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. But among her possessions there is one which, from the day its charter was granted it by King John, has been loyal, unwavering, and unpurchasable. Until the beginning of this century the language of this province was not our language, nor is English its official language to-day; and with a pretty pride oblivious of contrasts, and a simplicity unconscious of mirth, its people say: "We are the conquering race, we conquered England, England did not conquer us."

A little island lying in the wash of St. Michael's basin off the coast of France, speaking Norman-French still, Norman in its foundations and in its racial growth—it has been as the keeper of the gate to England, though so near to France is it, that from its shores on a fine day may be seen the spires of Coutances, whence its spiritual welfare was ruled long after England lost Normandy. A province of British people, speaking the Norman-French that the Conqueror spoke—such is the island of Jersey, which, with Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Herm, and Jethou form



"The child, indignant . . . had thrown it into the stream" what we call the Channel Isles, and the French call the Iles de la Manche.

CHAPTER I

In all the world there is no coast like that of Jersey; so treacherous, so snarling, serrated with rocks seen and unseen, tortured by currents maliciously whimsical, washed and circled by tides that sweep up from the Antarctic world with the devouring force of some monstrous serpent projecting itself towards its prey. The captain of these tides, travelling up through the Atlantic at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, enters the English Channel, and drives on to the Thames. Presently retreating, it meets another pursuing Antarctic wave, which, thus opposed in its straightforward course, recoils into St. Michael's Bay, then plunges, as it were, upon a terrible foe. They twine and strive in the mystic conflict, and in their rage of equal power, neither vanquished nor conquering, circle, furious and desperate, round the Channel Isles. Ungovernable, wilful, violent, they sweep round and round between the Islands; impeded, cooped up, they turn furiously, and smite the cliffs and rocks and walls and towers of their prison-house. With the mad winds helping them, the island coasts and the shores of Normandy are battered by their hopeless onset. And in that channel between Alderney and Cap de la Hague man or ship must well beware, for the Race of Alderney is one of the death-flumes of the tides! Before they find their way into the Atlantic, these harridans of Nature bring forth a brood of currents which ceaselessly fret the boundaries of the Isles.

Always, always the white foam beats the rocks, and always must man go warily along these coasts. A swimmer plunges into a quiet pool, the snowy froth that masks the reefs seeming only the pretty fringe of sentient life to a sleeping sea; but presently an invisible hand reaches up and clasps him, an unseen power drags him exultingly out to the main—and he returns no more. Many a Jersey boatman and fisherman, who has lived his whole life in sight of the Paternosters on the north, the Ecréhos on the east, the Dog's Nest on the south, or the Corbière on the west, has in some helpless moment been caught by the sleepless currents that harry his peaceful borders or the rocks that have eluded the hunters of the sea, and has yielded up his life within sight of his own doorway, an involuntary sacrifice to the navigator's knowledge and to the calm perfection of an Admiralty chart.

Yet within the circle of danger bounding this green isle the love of home and country is stubbornly, almost pathetically, strong. Isolation, pride of lineage, independence of government, antiquity of law and custom, and jealousy of imperial influence or action have played their important part in making a race self-reliant even to perverseness, proud and maybe vain, sincere almost to commonplaceness, unimaginative and reserved, with the melancholy born of monotony; for the life of the little country has coiled in upon itself, and the people have drooped to see but just their own selves reflected in all the dwellers of the land, whichever way they turn. A hundred years ago, however, there was a greater and more general lightness of heart and vivacity of spirit than now. Then the song of the harvester and the fisherman, the boat-builder and the stocking-knitter, was heard on a summer afternoon, or from the veille of a winter night when the dim cresset hung from the roof, and the seaweed burned in the chimney; when the gathering of the vraic was a fête, and the lads and lasses footed it on the green or on the hard sand, to the chance flageolet of some sportive seaman home from the war. This simple gaiety was heartiest at Christmastide, when the yearly reunion of families took place; and because nearly everybody in Jersey was "couzain" to his neighbour these gatherings were as patriarchal as they were festive.

The new year of Seventeen hundred and eighty-one had been ushered in by the last impulse of such festivities. The English cruisers which had been in port had vanished up the Channel; and at Elizabeth Castle, Mont Orgueil, the Blue Barracks and the Hospital, three British regiments had taken up the dull round of duty again, so that by the fourth day of the year a general lethargy, akin to happiness or content, had settled on the whole island.

On the morning of the fifth day of the year a little snow was lying upon the ground, but the sun rose strong and unclouded, the whiteness vanished, and there remained only a pleasant dampness which made the sod and sand firm yet springy and easy to the foot. As the day wore on the air became more amiable still, and a delicate haze settled over the water and the land, making softer to the sight house and hill and rock and sea.

There was little life in the town of St. Helier's, and few people upon the beach; though now and then some one who had been praying beside a grave in the parish churchyard came to the railings and looked out upon the calm sea almost washing its foundations, and on the dark range of rocks which, when the tide was out, showed like a vast gridiron blackened by great fires. Or some loitering sailor eyed the yawl-rigged fishing craft from Holland, and the codfish-smelling cul-de-poule schooners of the great fishing company which exploited the far-off fields of Gaspé in Canada.

St. Helier's lay in St. Aubin's Bay, which, shaped like a horse-shoe, had Noirmont Point for one end of the segment and the lofty Town Hill for another. At the foot of this hill, hugging it close, straggled the town. From the bare green promontory above, one might see two-thirds of the south coast of the island. To the right St. Aubin's Bay, to the left Grève d'Azette, with its fields of volcanic-looking rocks, and St. Clement's Bay beyond. Than this no better place for a watch-tower could be found; a perfect spot for the reflective idler and for the sailor-man who on land still must be within smell and sound and sight of the sea, and loves that place best which gives him the widest prospect.

This day a solitary figure was pacing back and forwards upon the cliff edge, now stopping to turn a telescope upon the water and now upon the town. It was a lad of not more than sixteen years, erect, well-poised, and with an air of self-reliance, even of command. Yet it was a boyish figure too, and the face was very young, save for the eyes; these were frank but still sophisticated.

The first time he looked towards the town he laughed outright, frankly, spontaneously; threw his head back with merriment, and then glued his eye to the glass again. What he had seen was a girl of about six years of age, and a man, in La Rue d'Egypte, near the old prison, even then called the Vier Prison. The man had stooped and kissed the child, and she, indignant, snatching the cap from his head, had thrown it into the stream running through the street. The lad on the hill grinned, for the man who ran to rescue his hat from the stream was none other than the Lieutenant-Bailly of the island, next in importance to the Lieutenant-Governor.

The lad could almost see the face of the child, its humorous anger and indignant and wilful triumph; and also the enraged face of the Lieutenant-Bailly as he raked the stream with his long stick, tied with a sort of tassel of office. Presently he saw the child turn at the call of a woman in the Place du Vier Prison, who appeared to apologise to the Lieutenant-Bailly, busy now with drying his recovered hat by whipping it through the air. The lad recognised the woman as the child's mother.

This little episode over, he turned once more towards the sea, watching the light of late afternoon fall upon the towers of Elizabeth Castle and the great rock out of which St. Helier the hermit once chiselled his lofty home. He breathed deep and strong, and the carriage of his body was light, for he had a healthy enjoyment of all physical sensations and all the obvious drolleries of life. A broad sort of humour was written upon every feature; in the full, quizzical eye, in the width across the cheek-bone, in the broad mouth, in the depth of the laugh, which, however, often ended in a sort of chuckle not quite pleasant to hear. It suggested a selfish enjoyment of the odd or the melodramatic side of other people's difficulties.

At last the youth encased the telescope, and turned to descend the hill to the town. As he did so, a bell began to ring. From where he stood he could look down into the Vier Marchi, or market-place, where was the Cohue Royale and place of legislature. In the belfry of this court-house, the bell was ringing to call the Jurats together for a meeting of the States. A monstrous tin pan would have yielded as much assonance. Walking down towards the Vier Marchi the lad gleefully recalled the remark of a wag who, some days before, had imitated the sound of the bell with the words:

"*Chicane—chicane! Chicane—chicane!*"

The native had, as he thought, suffered somewhat at the hands of the twelve Jurats of the Royal Court, whom his vote had helped to elect, and this was his revenge; so successful that, for generations, when the bell called the States or the Royal Court together, it said in the ears of the Jersey people—thus insistent is the apt metaphor:

"*Chicane—chicane! Chicane—chicane!*"

As the lad came down to the town, tradespeople whom he met touched their hats to him, and sailors and soldiers saluted respectfully. In this regard the Lieutenant-Bailly could not have fared better. It was not due to the fact that the youth came of an old Jersey family, nor by reason that he was genial and handsome, but because he was a midshipman of the King's navy home on leave; and these were the days when sailors were more popular than soldiers.

He came out of the Vier Marchi into La Grande Rue, along the stream called the Fauxbie which flowed through it, till he passed under the archway of the Vier Prison, making towards the place where the child had snatched the hat from the head of the Lieutenant-Bailly. Presently the door of a cottage opened, and the child came out, followed by her mother. The young gentleman touched his cap politely, for though the woman was not fashionably dressed, she was neat and even distinguished in her appearance, with an air of remoteness that gave her a sort of agreeable mystery.

"Madame Landresse!" said the young gentleman with deference.

"Monsieur d'Avranche!" responded the lady quietly, pausing.

"Did the Lieutenant-Bailly make a stir? I saw the little affair from the hill, through my telescope," said young d'Avranche, smiling.

"My little daughter must have better manners," responded the lady, looking down at her child reprovingly yet lovingly.

"Or the Lieutenant-Bailly must—eh, madame?" replied d'Avranche, and, stooping, he offered his hand to the child. Glancing up at her mother, she took it. He held it in a clasp of good-nature. The child was so demure, one could scarcely think her capable of tossing the Lieutenant-Bailly's hat into the stream; yet looking closely, one might see in her eyes a slumbrous sort of fire, a touch of mystery. They were neither blue nor grey, but a mingling of both, rendering them the most tender, greyish sort of violet. Down through generations of Huguenot refugees had passed sorrow and fighting and piety and love and occasional joy, until in the eyes of this child they all met, delicately vague, and with the wistfulness of the early morning of life.

"What is your name?" asked d'Avranche of the child.

"Guida, sir," she answered simply.

"Mine is Philip. Won't you call me Philip?"

She looked up at him, glanced at her mother, regarded him again, and then answered:

"Yes, Philip—sir."

D'Avranche wanted to laugh, but the face of the child was sensitive and serious, and he only smiled.

"Say *Yes*, *Philip*, won't you?" he asked.

"Yes, Philip," came the reply obediently.

After a moment of speech with Madame Landresse, Philip stooped to say good-bye to the child.

"Good-bye, Guida."

A queer, mischievous little smile flitted over her face—a second, and it was gone.

"Good-bye, sir—Philip," she said, and they parted.

Her last words kept ringing in his ears as he made his way homeward. "Good-bye, sir—Philip"—the child's arrangement of words was odd and amusing, and at the same time suggested something more. "Good-bye, Sir Philip," had a different meaning, though the words were the same.

"Sir Philip—eh?" he said to himself, with a jerk of the head; "I'll be more than that some day!"

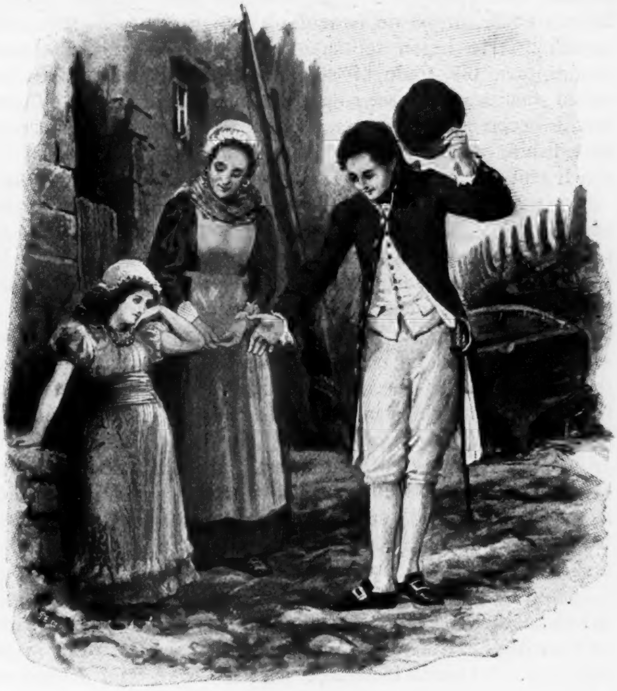
CHAPTER II

THE night came down with leisurely gloom. A dim starlight pervaded rather than shone in the sky; Nature seemed somnolent and gravely meditative. It brooded as broods a man who is finding his way through a labyrinth of ideas to a conclusion which still evades him. This sense of cogitation enveloped land and sea, and was as tangible and sensible to feeling as human presence.

At last the night seemed to rouse itself from reverie. A movement, a thrill, ran through the spangled vault of dusk and sleep, and seemed to pass over the world rousing the sea and the earth. There was no wind, apparently no breath of air, yet the leaves of the trees moved, the weather-vanes turned slightly, the animals in the byres roused themselves, and slumbering folk opened their eyes, turned over in their beds, and dropped into a troubled sleep again.

Presently there came a long moaning sound from the sea, not loud, but rather mysterious and distant—a plaint, a threatening, a warning, a prelude?

A dull labourer, returning from late toil, felt it, and raised his head in a perturbed way, as though some one had brought him news of a far-off disaster. A midwife, hurrying to a lowly birth-chamber, shivered and gathered her mantle more closely about her. She looked up at the sky, she looked out over the sea, then she bent her head and said to herself that this would not be a good night, that ill-luck was in the air. "The mother or the child will die," she said to herself. A 'longshoreman, reeling home from deep potations, was conscious of it, and, turning round to the sea, snarled at it and said "Yah!" in swaggering defiance. A young lad, wandering along the deserted street, heard it, began to tremble, and sat down on a block of stone beside the doorway of a baker's shop. He dropped his head on his arms and his chin on his knees, shutting out the sound, and sobbing quietly. It was more the influence of the night and the deserted street and the awe of loneliness than his sufferings which overpowered the lad.



"'Good-bye, sir—Philip,' she said, and they parted"

Yesterday his mother had been buried; to-night his father's door had been closed in his face. He scarcely knew whether his being locked out was an accident or whether it was intended. He remembered the time when his father had ill-treated his mother and himself. That, however, had stopped at last, for the woman had threatened the Royal Court, and the man, having no wish to face its summary convictions, thereafter conducted himself towards them both with a morose indifference, until this year of her death, when forbearance and suffering ended for the unhappy wife.

During this year the father had even pursued his profession as an *écrivain* with something like industry, though he had lived long on his wife's rapidly diminishing income. The house belonged to the father, but the mother had left all her little property to her son. The boy was called Ranulph—a name which had passed to him through several generations of Jersey forbears—Ranulph Delagarde. He was being taught the trade of shipbuilding in St. Aubin's Bay. He was not beyond fourteen years of age, though he looked more, so tall and straight and self-possessed was he.

He sat for a long time in the doorway. His tears having soon ceased, he began to think of what he was to do in the future. He would never go back to his father's house, or be dependent on him for anything. He began to make plans. He would learn his trade of shipbuilding, he would become a master-builder, then he would become a shipowner, then he would have fishing-vessels like the great company which sent fleets to Gaspé.

At the moment when these plans had reached the highest point of imagination and satisfaction, the upper half of the door beside which he sat opened suddenly, and he heard men's voices. He was about to rise and disappear, but the words of the men arrested him, and he cowered down beside the stone. One of the men was leaning on the half-door, speaking in French.

"I tell you it can't go wrong. The pilot knows every crack in the coast. I left Granville at three; Rullecour left Chaussey at nine. If he lands safe, and the English troops are not alarmed, he'll take the town and hold the island easy enough."

"But the pilot, is he safe and sure?" asked another voice. Ranulph recognised it as that of the baker, Carcaud, who owned the shop. "Olivier Delagarde isn't so sure of him."

Olivier Delagarde! The lad started; that was his father's name! He shrank as from a blow—his father betraying Jersey to the French!

"Of course, the pilot—he's all right," the Frenchman answered the baker. "He was to have been hung here for murder. He got away, and now he's having *his* turn by fetching Rullecour's wolves to eat up these green-bellies! By to-morrow at seven Jersey'll belong to King Louis."

"I've done my promise," rejoined Carcaud the baker; "I've been to three of the guard-houses on St. Clement's and Grouville. In two the men are drunk as donkeys; in another they sleep like squids. Rullecour he can march straight to the town and seize it—if he land safe. But will he stand by his word to we? 'Cadet Roussel has two sons; one 's a thief, t' other 's a rogue!' There's two Rullecours; Rullecour before the catch and Rullecour after!"

"He'll be honest to us, man, or he'll be dead inside a week, that's all."

"I'm to be Connétable of St. Helier's, and you're to be harbour-master?"

"Nothing else. You don't catch flies with vinegar. Give us your hand—why, man, it's doggish cold!"

"Cold hand, healthy heart. How many men will Rullecour bring?"

"Two thousand; mostly conscripts and devils' beauties from Granville and St. Malo gaols."

"Any signals yet?"

"Two, from Chaussey at five o'clock. Rullecour 'll try to land at Gorey. Come, let's be off. Delagarde 's at Grouville now."

The boy stiffened with horror; his father was a traitor. The thought pierced his brain like a hot iron. He must prevent this crime and warn the Governor. He prepared to steal away. Fortunately the back of the man's head was towards him.

Carcaud laughed a low, malicious laugh as he replied to the Frenchman.

"Trust the quiet Delagarde! There's nothing worse than still waters! He'll do his trick, and he'll have his share if the rest suck their thumbs. He doesn't wait for larks to drop into *his* mouth—what's that?"

It was Ranulph stealing away.

In an instant the two men were on him, and a hand was clapped to his mouth. In another minute he was bound, thrown on to the stone floor of the bakehouse, his head striking, and he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself, there was absolute silence round him—deathly, oppressive silence. At first he was dazed, but at length all that had happened came back to him.

Where was he now? His feet were free; he began to move them about. He remembered that he had been flung on the stone floor of the bake-room. This place was hollow underneath, it certainly was not the bake-room! He rolled over and over. Presently he touched a wall—it was stone. He drew himself up to a sitting posture, but his head struck a curved stone ceiling. Then he swung round and moved his foot along the wall—it touched iron. He felt further with his foot—something clicked. Then he understood; he was in the oven of the bakehouse, with his hands bound.

The iron door had no inside latch. There was a small damper covering a barred hole, through which perhaps he might be able to get a hand if it were only free. He turned round so that his fingers might feel the grated opening. The edge of the little bars was sharp. He placed the strap which bound his wrists against these sharp edges, and drew his arms up and down, a difficult and painful business. He cut his hands and wrists at first, so awkward was the movement. But, steeling himself, he kept on steadily.

At last the straps fell apart, and his hands were free. With difficulty he thrust one through the bars; his fingers could just lift the latch. The door creaked on its hinges, and in a moment he was out on the stone flags of the bake-room. Hurrying through an unlocked passage into the shop, he felt his way to the street door, but it also was securely fastened. The windows? He tried them both, one on either side, but while he could free the stout wooden shutters on the inside, a heavy iron bar secured them without, and it was impossible to open them.

Feverish with anxiety, he sat down on the low counter, with his hands between his knees, and tried to think what to do. There was only the window in the bake-room, and it also was fastened with a heavy iron bar. In the numb hopelessness of the moment he became very quiet. His mind was confused, but his senses were alert; he was in a kind of dream, yet he was acutely conscious of the smell of new-made bread. It pervaded the air of the place; it somehow crept into his brain and his being, so that, as long as he might live, the smell of new-made bread would fetch back upon him the nervous shiver and numbness of this hour of danger.

As he waited, he heard a noise outside, a *clac-clac! clac-clac!* which seemed to be echoed back from the wood and stone of the houses in the street, and then to be lifted up and carried away over the roofs and out to sea—*clac-clac! clac-clac!* It was not the tap of a blind man's staff—at first he thought it might be; it was not a donkey's foot on the cobbles; it was not the broomsticks of the witches of St. Clement's Bay, for the rattle was below in the street, and the broomstick rattle is heard only on the roofs as the witches fly across country from Rocbert to Cat's Corner at Bonne Nuit Bay.

This sound came from the sabots of some nightfarer. Should he make a noise and attract the attention of the passer-by? No, that would not do. It might be some one who would wish to know whys and wherefores. He must, of course, do his duty to his country, but he must save his father too. Bad as he was, he must save him, though, no matter what happened to his father, he must give the alarm. His reflections tortured him. Why had he not stopped the nightfarer?

Even as these thoughts passed through the lad's mind, the *clac-clac* had faded away into the murmur of the stream flowing through the Rue d'Egypte to the sea, and almost beneath his feet. There flashed on him at that instant what little Guida Landresse had said to him a few days before as she lay down beside this very stream, and watched the water wimpling by. Trailing her fingers through it dreamily, the little child had said to him: "Ro, won't it never come back?" She always had called him "Ro," because when beginning to talk she could not say "Ranulph."

Ro, won't it never come back? As the words passed through his mind, another sound mingled with the stream—*clac-clac! clac-clac!* Suddenly it came to him who was the wearer of the sabots which made this peculiar clatter in the night. It was Dormy Jamais, the man who never slept. For two years the *clac-clac* of Dormy Jamais' sabots had not been heard in the streets of St. Helier's—he had been wandering in France, a daft pilgrim. Ranulph remembered how they used to pass and repass the doorway of his own home. It was said that while Dormy Jamais paced the streets there was no need of guard or watchman. Many a time Ranulph had shared his supper with the poor béganne whose origin no one knew, and whose real name had long since dropped into oblivion.

The rattle of the sabots came nearer, the footsteps were now in front of the window. Even as Ranulph was about to knock and call the poor vagrant's name, the *clac-clac* stopped, and then there came a sniffing at the shutters as a dog sniffs at the door of a larder. Following the sniffing came a guttural noise of emptiness and desire. Now there was no mistake; it was the half-witted fellow beyond all doubt, and he would help him—Dormy Jamais should help him. He should go and warn the Governor and the soldiers at the Hospital, while he himself should speed to Grouville Bay in search of his father—and he would alarm the regiment there at the same time.

He knocked and shouted. Dormy Jamais, frightened, jumped back into the street. Ranulph called again, and yet again, and now at last Dormy recognised the voice. With a growl of mingled reassurance and hunger, he lifted down the iron bar from the shutters. In a moment Ranulph was outside with two loaves of bread, which he put into Dormy Jamais' arms. The daft one whinnied with delight.

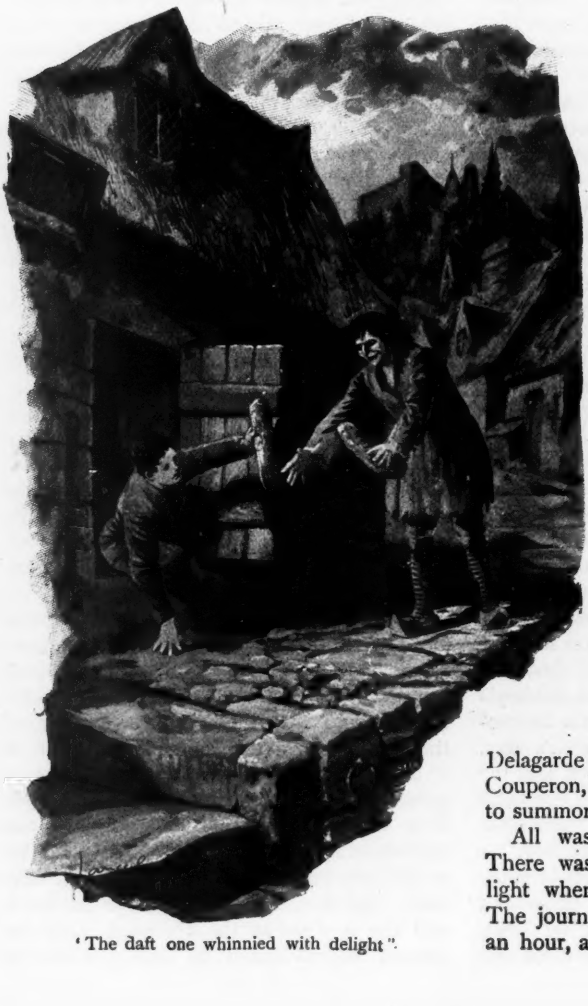
"What's o'clock, bread-man?" he asked with a chuckle.

Ranulph gripped his shoulders. "See, Dormy Jamais," said he, "I want you to go to the Governor's house at La Motte, and tell them that the French are coming, that they're landing at Gorey now. Then go to the Hospital and tell the sentry there. Go, Dormy—allez kédainne!"

Dormy Jamais tore at a loaf with his teeth, and crammed a huge piece of crust into his mouth.

"Come, tell me, tell me, will you go, Dormy?" the lad asked impatiently.

Dormy Jamais nodded his head and grunted, and, turning on his heel with Ranulph, clattered slowly up the street. The lad sprang ahead of him, and ran swiftly up the Rue d'Egypte, into the Vier Marchi, and on over the Town Hill along the road leading to Grouville.



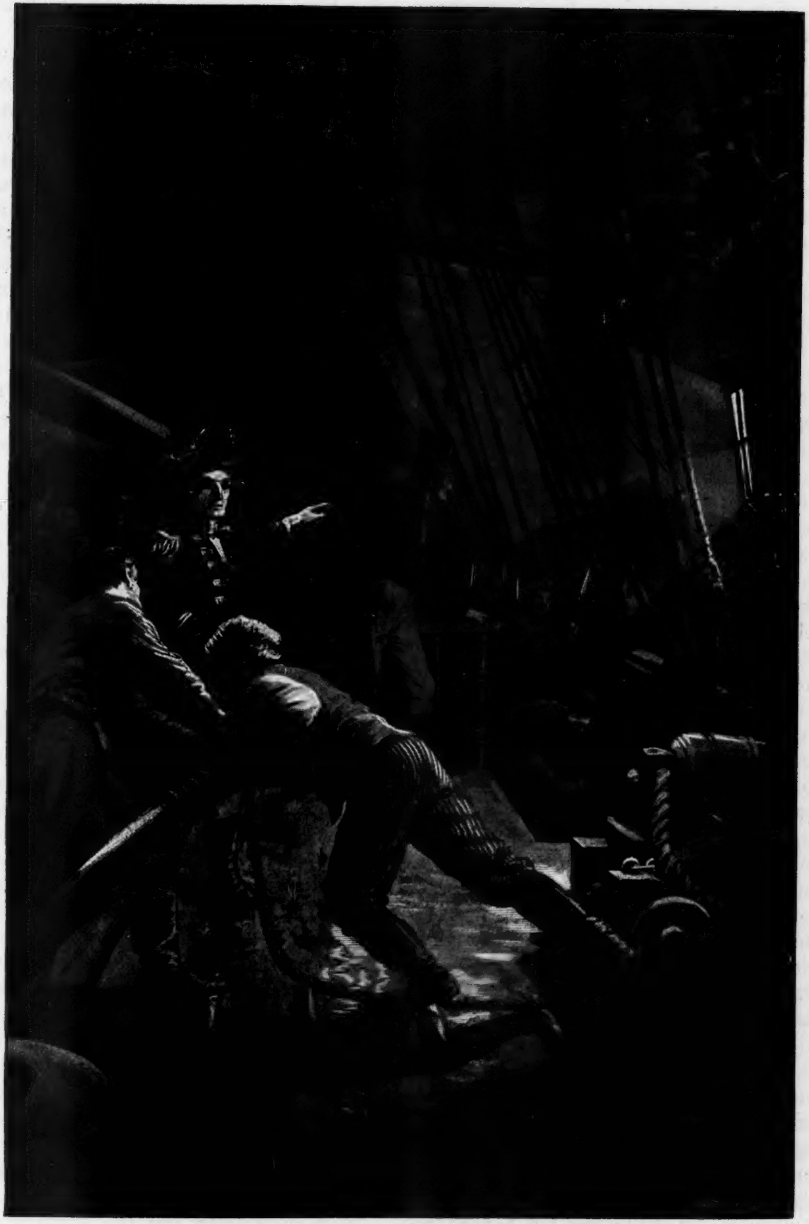
'The daft one whinnied with delight'.

CHAPTER III

SINCE the days of Henry III. of England the hawk of war that broods in France has hovered along that narrow strip of sea which divides the island of Jersey from the Duchy of Normandy. Eight times has it descended, and eight times has it hurried back with broken pinion. Among these episodes of invasion two stand out boldly: the spirited and gallant attack by Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France, and the freebooting adventure of Rullecour and his motley following of gentlemen and criminals. Rullecour it was, soldier of fortune, gambler, ruffian and adventurer, embezzler and refugee, to whom the King of France had secretly given the mission to conquer the unconquerable little island.

From the Chaussey Isles the filibuster saw the signal light which the traitor Olivier Delagarde had set upon the heights of Le Couperon, where, ages ago, Cæsar built fires to summon from Gaul his devouring legions.

All was propitious for the adventure. There was no moon, only a meagre starlight when they set forth from Chaussey. The journey was made in little more than an hour, and Rullecour himself was among



Rullecour himself was one of the first to see the shores of Jersey loom darkly in front"

the first to see the shores of Jersey loom darkly in front. Beside him stood the murderous pilot (secured by Delagarde) who was leading in the expedition.

Presently the pilot gave an exclamation of surprise and anxiety—the tides and currents had borne them away from the intended landing-place! It was now low water, and instead of an immediate shore, there lay before them a vast field of scarred rocks, dimly seen. He gave the signal to lay-to, and himself took the bearings. The tide was going out rapidly, disclosing reefs on either hand. He drew in carefully to the right of the rock known as L'Echiquelez, up through a passage scarce wide enough for canoes, and to Roque Platte, the south-eastern projection of the island.

You may range the seas from the Yugon Strait to the Erebus volcano, and you will find no such landing-place for imps or men as that field of rocks on the south-east corner of Jersey called, with a malicious irony, the Banc des Violets. The great rocks La Conière, La Longy, Le Gros Etac, Le Têton, and the Petit Sambière, rise up like volcanic monuments from a floor of lava and trailing vraic, which at half-tide makes the sea a tender mauve and violet. The passages of safety between these ranges of reef are but narrow at high tide, and at half tide, when the currents are changing most, the violet field becomes the floor of a vast mortuary chapel for unknowing mariners.

A battery of four guns defended the post on the landward side of this bank of the heavenly name. Its guards were asleep or in their cups. They yielded, without resistance, to the foremost of the invaders. But here Rullecour and his pilot, looking back upon the way they had come, found the currents driving the transport boats hither and thither in confusion. Jersey was not to be conquered without opposition; no army of defence was abroad, but the elements roused themselves and furiously attacked the fleet. Battalions unable to land drifted back with the tides to Granville, whence they had come. Boats containing the heavy ammunition and a regiment of conscripts were battered upon the rocks, and hundreds of the invaders found an unquiet grave upon the Banc des Violets.

Night wore on, and at last the remaining legions were landed. Presently the traitor Delagarde arrived and was welcomed warmly by Rullecour. A force was left behind to guard La Roque Platte, and then the journey across country to the sleeping town began.

With silent, drowsing batteries in front and on either side of them, the French troops advanced, the marshes of Samarès and the sea on their left, churches and manor houses on their right, all silent. Not yet had a blow been struck for the honour of the land and of the Kingdom.

But a blind injustice was, in its own way, doing the work of justice too. On the march Delagarde, suspecting treachery to himself, not without reason, required of Rullecour guarantee for the fulfilment of his promise to make him Vicomte of the island when victory should be theirs. But Rullecour had also promised it to a reckless young officer, the Comte de Tournay, of the house of Vaufontaine, who, under the assumed name of Yves Savary *dit* Détricand, marched with him. Rullecour answered Delagarde churlishly, and would say nothing till the town was taken; the *écrivain* must wait. But Delagarde had been drinking, he was in a mood to be reckless; he would not wait, he demanded an immediate pledge.

"By-and-by, my doubting Thomas," said Rullecour.

"No, now, by the blood of Peter!" answered Delagarde, laying a hand upon his sword.

The French leader called a sergeant to arrest him. Delagarde instantly drew his sword and attacked Rullecour, but was cut down from behind by the scimitar of a swaggering Turk, who had joined the expedition as aide-de-camp to the filibustering general, tempted thereto by promises of a harem of the choicest Jersey ladies, well worthy of this cousin of the Emperor of Morocco.

The invaders left Delagarde lying where he fell. What followed this oblique retribution could satisfy no ordinary logic, nor did it meet the demands of poetic justice. For, as a company of soldiers from Grouville, alarmed out of sleep by a distracted youth, hurried towards St. Helier's, they found Delagarde lying by the roadside, and they misunderstood what had happened. Stooping over him an officer said compassionately:

"See—he got this wound fighting the French!"

With the soldiers was the youth who had warned them. He ran forward with a cry, and knelt beside the wounded man. He had no tears, he had no sorrow. He was only sick and dumb, and he trembled with misery as he lifted up his father's head. The eyes of Olivier Delagarde opened.

"Ranulph—they've killed—me," gasped

the stricken man feebly, and his head fell back.

An officer touched the youth's arm. "He is gone," said he. "Don't fret, lad, he died fighting for his country."

The lad made no reply, and the soldiers hurried on towards the town.

He died fighting for his country! So that was to be it, Ranulph thought to himself: his father was to have a glorious memory, while he himself knew how vile the man was. One thing was sure—he was glad that Olivier Delagarde was dead. How strangely had things happened! He had come to stay a traitor in his crime, and he found a martyr. But was not he likewise a traitor? Ought not he himself to have alarmed the town first before he tried to find his father? Had Dormy Jamais warned the Governor? Clearly not or the town bells would be ringing, and the islanders giving battle. What would the world think of him!

Well, what was the use of fretting here? He would go on to the town, fight the French, and die; that would he the best thing! He knelt, and unclasped his father's fingers from the handle of his sword. The steel was cold, it made him shiver. He had no farewell to make. He looked out to sea. The tide would come and carry his father's body out, perhaps—far out, and sink it in the deepest sea. If not, then the people would bury Olivier Delagarde as a patriot. He determined that he himself would not live to see such shameless mockery.

As he sped along towards the town he asked himself why nobody suspected the traitor. One reason for it occurred to him: his father, as the whole island knew, had a fishing-hut at Grouville Bay. They would imagine him on the way to it when he met the French, for he often spent the night there: that would be the explanation. He himself had told his tale to the soldiers: that he had heard the baker and the Frenchman talking at the shop in the Rue d'Egypte. Yes, but suppose the French were driven out, and the baker was taken prisoner and revealed his father's complicity! And suppose people asked why he himself did not go at once to the Hospital Barracks in the town and to the Governor, and *afterwards* to Grouville Bay?

These were direful imaginings. He felt that it was no use, that the lie could not go on concerning his father. The world would know; the one thing left for him was to die. He was only a boy, but he could fight. Had not young Philip d'Avranche, the midshipman, been in deadly action many times? He was nearly as old as Philip d'Avranche—yes, he would fight, and, fighting, he would die. To live as the son of such a father was too pitiless a shame.

He ran forward, but a weakness was on him; he was very hungry and thirsty—and the sword was heavy! Presently, as he passed, he saw a stone well in front of a cottage by the roadside. On a ledge of the well stood a bucket of water. He tilted the bucket and drank. He would have liked to ask for bread at the cottage-door, but he said to himself, Why should he eat, for was he not going to die? Yet why should he not eat, even if he were going to die? He turned his head wistfully, he was so faint with hunger. The force driving him on, however, was greater than hunger; he ran harder. . . . But undoubtedly the sword was heavy!

CHAPTER IV

In the Vier Marchi the French flag was flying, French troops occupied it, and French sentries guarded the five streets entering into it. Rullecour, the French adventurer, held the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle captive in the Cohue Royale; and by threats of fire and pillage thought to force a capitulation. Taking the Governor to the doorway, he showed him two hundred soldiers with lighted torches ready to fire the town.

Upon the roof of the Cohue Royale sat Dormy Jamais. When he saw Rullecour and the Governor appear, he chuckled to himself, and said, in Jersey *patois:* "I vaut mux alouonyi l'bras que l'co," which is to say, It is better to stretch the arm than the neck. The Governor would have done better, he thought, to believe the poor béganne, and to have risen earlier. Dormy Jamais had a poor opinion of a governor who slept. He himself was not a governor, yet was he not always awake? He had gone before dawn to the Governor's house, had knocked, had given Ranulph Delagarde's message, had been called a dirty buzard, and had been driven off by the crusty, incredulous servant. Then he had gone to the

Hospital Barracks, had there been iniquitously called a lousy toad, and had been driven away with his quartern loaf, muttering through the dough the Island proverb, While the mariner dawdles and drinks the tide rises.

When the French soldiers first entered the Vier Marchi there was Dormy Jamais on the roof of the Cohue Royale, calmly munching his bread; and there he stayed, grinning and mumbling, when the flagstones of the square ran red with French and British blood, the one philosopher and stoic in the land.

Had the Governor remained as cool as the poor vagrant, he would not have yielded to threats and signed the capitulation of the Island. But that capitulation being signed, and notice of it sent to the British troops, with orders to surrender and bring their arms to the Cohue Royale, it was not cordially received by the officers in command.

"Je ne comprends pas le français," said Captain Mulcaster, at Elizabeth Castle, and put the letter in his pocket unread.

"The English Governor will be hanged, and the French will burn the town," responded the envoy.

"Let them begin to hang and burn and be damned, for I'll not surrender the castle or the British flag so long as I've a man to defend it, to please anybody," answered Mulcaster.

"We shall return in numbers," said the Frenchman, threateningly.

"I shall be delighted: we shall have the more to kill," Mulcaster replied.

Then the captive Lieutenant-Governor was sent to Major Peirson at the Mont ès Pendus, with counsel to surrender.

"Sir," said he, "this has been a very sudden surprise, for I was made prisoner before I was out of my bed this morning."

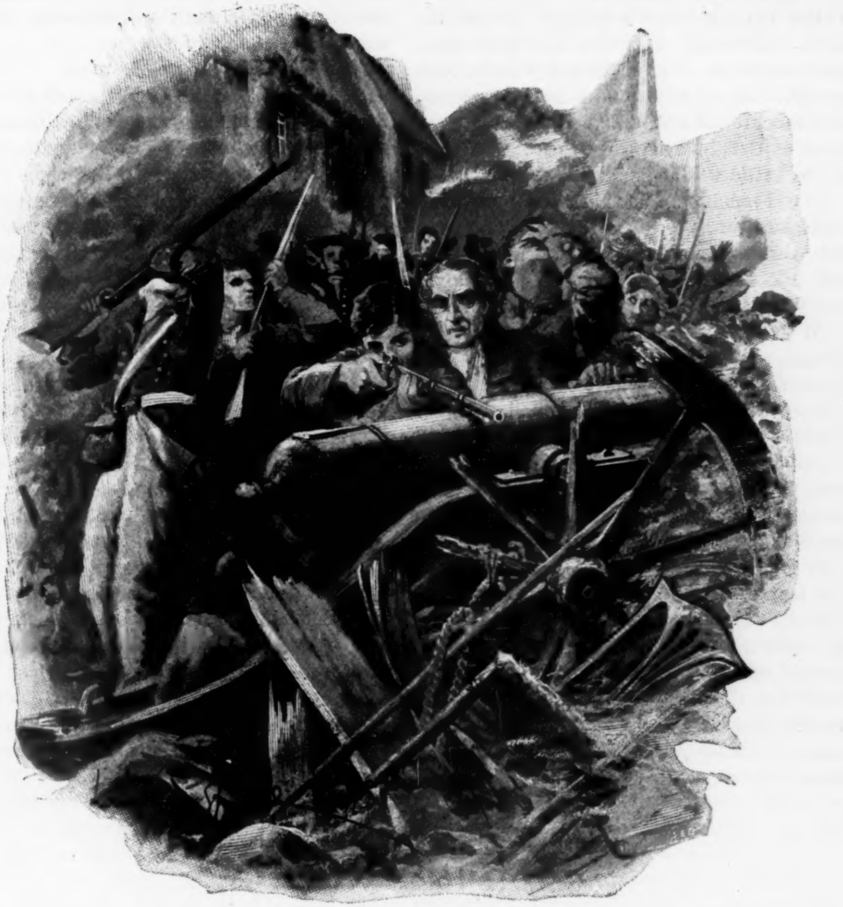
"Sir," replied Peirson, the young hero of twenty-four, who achieved death and glory between a sunrise and a noontide, "give me leave to tell you that the 78th Regiment has not yet been the least surprised."

From Elizabeth Castle came defiance and cannonade, driving back Rullecour and his filibusters to the Cohue Royale: from Mont Orgueil, from the hospital, from St. Peter's came the English regiments; from the other parishes came the militia, all eager to recover their beloved Vier Marchi. Two companies of light infantry, leaving the Mont ès Pendus, stole round the town and placed themselves behind the invaders on the Town Hill; the rest marched direct upon the enemy. Part went by the Grande Rue, and part by the Rue d'Drière, converging to the points of attack. And as the light infantry came down from the hill by the Rue des Très Pigeons, Peirson entered the Vier Marchi by the Route ès Couochons. On one side of the Square, that is, where the Cohue Royale made a wall to fight before, were the French. Radiating from this were five streets and passages like the spokes of a wheel, and from these now emptied the defenders of the Isle.

A volley came from the Cohue Royale, then another, and another. The place was small; friend and foe were crowded upon each other. The fighting was at once a hand-to-hand encounter. Cannon became useless, gun-carriages were overturned. Here a drummer fell wounded, but continued beating his drum to the last; there a Glasgow soldier struggled with a French officer for the flag of the invaders; a handful of Malouins doggedly held the foot of La Pyramide, until every one was cut down by overpowering numbers of British and Jersiais. The British leader was conspicuous upon his horse. Shot after shot was fired at him. Suddenly he gave a cry, reeled in his saddle, and sank, mortally wounded, into the arms of a brother officer. For a moment his men fell back.

In the midst of the deadly turmoil a youth ran forward from a group of combatants, caught the bridle of the horse from which Peirson had fallen, mounted, and, brandishing a short sword, called upon his dismayed and wavering followers to advance; which they instantly did with fury and courage. It was Midshipman Philip d'Avranche. Twenty muskets were discharged at him. One bullet cut the coat on his shoulder, another grazed the back of his hand, another scarred the pommel of the saddle, and still another wounded his horse. Again and again the English called upon him to dismount, for he was made a target, but he refused, until at last the horse was shot under him. Then he joined once more in the hand-to-hand encounter.

Windows near the ground, such as were not shattered, were broken by bullets. Cannon-balls imbedded themselves in the masonry and the heavy doorways. The



"He did not move, but took sight again and fired"

upper windows were safe: the shots did not range so high. At one of these, which was over a watchmaker's shop, a little girl was to be seen, looking down with eager interest. Presently an old man came to the window and led her away. A few minutes of fierce struggle passed, and then at another window on the floor below the child appeared again. She saw a youth with a sword hurrying towards the Cohue Royale from a tangled mass of combatants at the Route ès Vacques. As he ran a British soldier fell in front of him. He dropped the sword and grasped the dead man's musket.

The child clapped her hands on the window.

"It's Ro! it's Ro!" she cried, and disappeared again.

"Ro," with white face, hatless, coatless, pushed on through the mêlée. Rullecour, the now disheartened French general, stood on the steps of the Cohue Royale. With a vulgar cruelty and cowardice he was holding the Governor by the arm, hoping thereby to protect his own person from the British fire.

Here was what the lad had been trying for—the sight of this man. There was one small clear space between the English and the French, where stood a gun-carriage. He ran to it, leaned the musket on the gun, and, regardless of the shots fired at him, took aim steadily at Rullecour.

A French bullet struck the wooden wheel of the carriage, and a splinter gashed his cheek. He did not move, but took sight again and fired. Rullecour fell, shot through the jaw. A cry of fury and dismay went up from the French at the loss of their leader, a shout of delight from the British. The end of the battle was at hand.

The Frenchmen had had enough—they broke and ran. Some rushed for doorways and threw themselves within, many scurried into the Rue des Très Pigeons, others madly fought their way into Morier Lane.

At this moment the door of the watchmaker's opened, and the little girl who had been seen at the window ran into the square, calling out "Ro! Ro!" It was Guida Landresse.

Among the French who made for refuge was the garish Turk, Rullecour's ally. Suddenly the now frightened, crying child got into his path and tripped him up. Wild with rage he made a stroke at her, but at that instant his scimitar was struck aside by a youth covered with the smoke and grime of battle. It was Philip d'Avranche, who caught up the child to his arms, and hurried with her through the mêlée to the watchmaker's doorway, where stood a terror-stricken woman—Madame Landresse, who had just made her way into the square. He placed the child in her arms, and then staggered inside the house, faint and bleeding from a wound in the shoulder.

The battle of Jersey was over.

"Ah, bah!" said Dormy Jamais from the roof of the Cohue Royale; "now I'll toll the bell for that achocre of a Frenchman. Then I'll finish my supper."

Poising a half-loaf of bread on the ledge of the roof, he began to slowly toll the cracked bell at his hand for Rullecour the filibuster.

The bell tolled out, *Chicane—chicane! Chicane—chicane!*

Another bell answered from the church in the square, a deep, mournful note. It was tolling for Peirson and his dead comrades.

Against the statue in the Vier Marchi leaned Ranulph Delagarde. An officer came up and held out a hand to him. "Your shot ended the business," said he. "You're a brave fellow. What is your name?"

"Ranulph Delagarde, sir."

"Delagarde—eh? Then well done, Delagardes! They say your father was the first man killed out on the Grouville road. We won't forget that, my lad."

Sinking down upon the base of the statue, Ranulph did not stir or reply, and the officer, thinking he was grieving for his father, left him alone.

DEAN VAUGHAN

By Sir CHARLES DALRYMPLE, Bart., M.P.

"CHURCH and State are poorer for the death of Dr. Vaughan." "A brilliant scholar, a famous divine, and a voluminous writer on theological subjects has passed away in the person of the venerable Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff." "His death, at the age of 81, not only deprives the Church of England of one who in a special and influential sphere of her ministry stood absolutely alone, but will be recognised as a bereavement throughout the whole religious world." These, and many such expressions, have been recently employed regarding the death of one who filled a very large place in the hearts of those who knew and loved him; and it is possible that a former pupil and intimate friend of forty years and more may without presumption attempt to give some little account of him.

He was born in 1816, and belonged to a family which for over a century and a half was associated with Leicester, and could boast of many distinguished members. He was entered at Rugby in 1830, and was a favourite pupil of Arnold's. "That combination, so rare and so impressive, of boundless inquiry, of independent induction, and of intrepid utterance, of a rectitude which hated iniquity, and a faith which towered above the infidel, of a severity bordering on sternness and an earnestness on vehemence, held in check, both of them, by a tenderness passing the love of woman, and a piety instinct with the love of God, which made the character of Arnold a power unique and inimitable in the history of English education, fastened itself upon this one young disciple with a force and a tenacity which yet in him was destructive neither of individuality, nor of grace, nor of freedom." This is Dr. Vaughan's description of Arnold in his funeral sermon on Dean Stanley in July 1881, and the "young disciple" was Stanley himself, as Vaughan knew him at Rugby, and who was afterwards the biographer of biographers of his and Vaughan's beloved master.

At Cambridge, Vaughan's career was one of exceptional brilliancy. Dr. Arnold wrote to him, after hearing of his distinguished place in the honours list: "I am anxious to know your final decision as to a profession, but I do not like to attempt to influence you. Whatever be your choice, it does not much matter if you will follow steadily our great common profession, Christ's service."

As has lately been recorded, Vaughan was a candidate for the head-mastership of Rugby on Arnold's death, but Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) was elected. After three years' incumbency of St. Martin's, Leicester, he was elected Head Master of Harrow in the end of 1844. The school had sunk low in its fortunes, and but sixty-eight boys remained. Under Dr. Wordsworth (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln) two hundred and eighty-seven boys were entered in eight years; during the first seven years under Dr. Vaughan the number was eight hundred and twenty. The numbers of the school steadily rose to four hundred, four hundred and fifty, and nearly five hundred.

To the mind's eye there rises the recollection of the gracious dignity of the Head Master's appearance, as he passed up the hill to school or the parish church, or as he entered the school chapel. It used to be said that he saw behind him, and at least the boys believed that "nothing escaped his notice." Boys in the lower forms of the school naturally did not come under his personal influence, but if ever circumstances introduced them to his presence, the kindness combined with dignity, the gentleness which encouraged confidence, the evident desire to understand the boys' point of view, made a deep impression. Although I remember with delight the beauty of his style and the grace of his classical taste, I may better quote one who is more fitted to pronounce upon Dr. Vaughan's scholarship than any one else, I mean his successor at Harrow, Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

"As to his teaching, his brilliant scholarship and rare clearness of expression gave to almost every lesson something of the finish of a work of art. I have known many of the finest classical scholars of our day—many with whom in respect of mere learning he would never have thought of comparing himself—but for the sheer scholars' instinct, the thinking and feeling in the great tongues of Greece and Rome, more especially the Greek, the exact perception of the force of words, whether separately or in their junction and their cadences, there are few indeed that could be placed at his side."

The teaching from the pulpit of the school chapel was mainly the secret of his great influence. After more than forty years the memory of some of the school sermons remains fresh and vivid. The well-known volume, "Memorials of Harrow Sundays," is beside me as I write. The titles of many of the sermons give an idea of them: "Days of the Son of Man desired and not seen," "Ambition," "Levity," "Excuses," "Cultivation of the feelings a Christian duty," "Amen," "Excitement," "Loneliness," "Silence," "A single aim," "Intercession," "Gifts received and Gifts ministered," "Last words," "Yet once more."

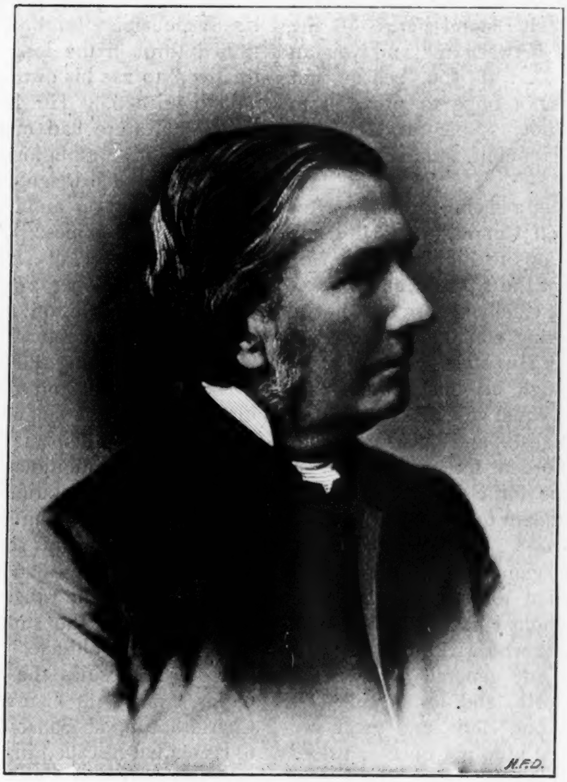
I remember in regard to the sermon entitled "Amen," that the parish clerk of St. Martin's, Leicester, was on a brief visit to Harrow by Dr. Vaughan's invitation, and he thought that the subject of the sermon was a special compliment to himself! In October 1857, when the terrible news of the Indian Mutiny was in every one's mind and a day of humiliation was appointed, the Head Master preached a memorable sermon, "The Indian sorrow and its lessons for the young," the recollection of which remains fresh in my mind.

It was when his career as Head Master was at its height that, to the astonishment of most people, Dr. Vaughan resigned. He had in his mind a dictum of Dr. Arnold's that fifteen years was a long enough period for a head-mastership, and he acted upon it at the end of 1859.

He took temporary duty at the church of St. Michael, Chester Square, London, for three months early in 1860, and preached twice every Sunday to large congregations. In the latter part of that year he became the Vicar of Doncaster. His splendid parish church, rebuilt shortly before his coming by Sir Gilbert Scott after destruction by fire, was for nine years the scene of a great and successful ministry. He went thence at intervals to take his preaching turn as Chancellor of York, and to preach before the University of Cambridge; and it was in May 1861 that he preached in the University Church on Trinity Sunday the sermon entitled "Choice of professions," which was the signal and the inauguration of the thirty-five years' work of training men for holy orders, with which I daresay his name will in the minds of countless numbers be specially appreciated. This is what he said (as an undergraduate I heard him say it):

"Where is the experienced pastor who would not gladly take under his general direction, from time to time, three or four candidates for holy orders? Great joy would it carry to the heart of one parochial clergyman—for him I can answer—to receive applications of such a nature; to find that there were men of blameless character, of steady purpose, of open mind, and of true devotion, who were willing to take up their abode in his parish, before ordination, to see what he could show them, and to render to him such services in his schools and amongst his poor as Church order may permit and mutual convenience arrange. Then, and not till then, would he feel that his parish was efficiently worked, and he would cherish the hope that what was thus given to him would be repaid in some measure by opportunities of widening experience, and growing in the knowledge alike of man and of God."

That very evening one man, a friend of my own, knocked at the door of the rooms in the great court of Trinity College, occupied during his visit by Dr. Vaughan, and asked to be permitted to go to Doncaster on the lines marked out in the sermon. The Bishop of Southwark (Dr. Yeatman) in a paper contributed to the *Church Times* of October 22 says: "The freshness of the Doncaster life was amazing. Imagine some twenty men just down from the University, but who had not lost an atom of their readiness still to hear and see some new thing, but in a Christian fashion. Think of them for the first time in their lives teaching in schools, visiting in districts, comparing experiences, and planning attacks on evil, yes, and dreaming future dreams, but yet all the while manly young English gentlemen to the very bone, and you can guess the tone of the life at Doncaster. . . . It was the same system by which public schools and colleges have brought out their great characters, only interpreted and wisely handled for men of two and twenty." Another sentence of Bishop Yeatman's, when he describes the advantages of the Doncaster life to these young men, I take leave to quote, because it introduces here the name of one who, after a married life of forty-seven years, as was lately said, "survives to share with the English Church, and with the Christian world, the loss of her gifted and esteemed husband." "And there was Mrs. Vaughan," the Bishop says, "Stanley's sister, in whose presence commonplaceness found it hard to live, who loved the thoughts which young people love, and could express them in epigram and newness such as they delight to hear, and yet who never ceased to be the standard of a good woman and a lady who reverenced her husband." "'What have I done to thee?'" the Bishop goes on to say, "was the title of the Dean's last address to his men. The answer might be: 'You have taught us sincerity; you have bid us look deeper and higher than party; you have shown us what the demand is which is made upon men responsible to God and the nation for England's religious life; you have shown us by example that it is not everything to arrive at place or power; you have interpreted dignity as applied to the ordinary clerical life; you have done all this, and you have founded it upon the closest examination of Holy Writ. By the Gospels, by the Epistles, read and re-read with the aid of every scholarly light, the standard has been tested. Some men might have given a more determined lead in theology, others might have dwelt on what was to be learned from ecclesiastical history, but what you have done to



(*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry*, 55 *Baker Street, W.*)

THE LATE DEAN VAUGHAN

us is that you have asked us to live in the company of Jesus Christ.'"

Dr. Vaughan's quiet manner was combined with a great strength of will, and when he took a decided line it must be within the experience of many that there was no appeal from it. In the early days at Doncaster he found that the custom was for the bells of the parish church to be rung repeatedly during the days of the races. He was determined to put a stop to the custom; and having possessed himself of the keys of the belfry, he went out for the day, taking the keys with him, and the bells rang no more in the race week.

In 1869 he accepted the Mastership of the Temple, a post of small emolument but of dignified responsibility, and for a quarter of a century the Temple Church was the scene of his eloquent and instructive preaching.

In his first sermon there he struck the keynote (as was lately said) of his own ministerial attitude.

"This is no common church—famous in its records, august in its impressions. Call it not the language of subserviency—God forbid!—if I dare to say in literal simplicity this is no common audience. You will find in all England, in all Europe, none exactly its like. Men have said to me in the prospect of this ministry, 'You must be careful what you advance in that pulpit. Say nothing there which is not sound in logic, whatever it be in rhetoric. Assume nothing—prove your points—recollect your audience.' My brethren, is there to be any misunderstanding then between us, between me and you, as to the basis, as to the foundation, on which I stand here? Is the Gospel to be as between me and you an open question? . . . If you believe not the Gospel, I cannot hope to prove it to you. If I may not assume the Gospel, I descend from this pulpit immediately and for ever."

Dr. Vaughan was a member of the New Testament Revision Committee. He made valuable contributions to Biblical scholarship by editing several of the Epistles, and a whole library of volumes, chiefly of sermons, issued from his pen during some forty years. It was lately said: "His style was very fascinating. All through his books there runs the same rich and equal vein of chaste, lucid, and forcible English, and his published sermons have afforded for many years an inexhaustible mine for clergymen too hard worked or too diffident to compose their own discourses."

Over and over again public opinion designated Dr. Vaughan for some high official position. One, whom I have already quoted, said lately, "Those who wield patronage are apt to have their one general, or their one lawyer, and so forth, and for a while Dr. Vaughan was the one cleric, and great preferment was offered him, not once or twice." "With a few exceptions," the *Times* said, "nobody knows how often he was asked to accept a bishopric, but it is a matter of common information that he was twice offered a mitre by Lord Palmerston between 1855 and 1865." These offers refer, no doubt, to the Bishoprics of Rochester and of Gloucester and Bristol. In Lord Grimthorpe's "Life" of his father-in-law, Bishop Lonsdale, it is mentioned that Lord Derby offered Dr. Vaughan the Bishopric of Lichfield; and one who knew him well in his last years, and who would hardly have hazarded a conjecture on the subject, adds the great See of Durham to the list. An old pupil, Mr. Henry Russell, son of the late Lord Charles Russell, mentioned at the memorial service in Doncaster Church, on October 20, that he had been desired by Dr. Vaughan to inform his uncle, Lord John Russell (then Prime Minister), that he did not wish the imminent offer of the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, to be made to him, and accordingly the offer was not made.

But, in truth, he preferred to remain in less responsible positions, and his work continued through the long years to be "distinctive," to use his own phrase, rather than "distinguished." He had had his ambitions. "Nature had meant him," said Dr. Butler, "for an ambitious man. This it was which gave such weight and momentum to all he ever said on ambition, and it was one of his favourite topics." The same attached friend and disciple of Dr. Vaughan's said at Llandaff on October 24: "In giving some thirty-five years without a break to the training of young men for the ministry of the Gospel, in becoming their lifelong counsellor, in keeping close, and renewing at not too long intervals, the singular tie which bound him to them—this was a new thing. . . . Here he was ambitious of distinctiveness, and gained his ambition. In these young men the childless man found his children, the old man found his sons. They were the renewal and more than the renewal of his Harrow youth, the wings as it were of his active intellect, the support, comfort, and romance of his old age."

He used, besides the triennial gatherings of his "men" at Cambridge, at Oxford, at Charterhouse, at Salisbury, and elsewhere, to issue what he called his "Advent Record," and year after year I was singularly favoured by receiving a copy. The last one is before me now. It is entitled, "Advent Record, Doncaster, the Temple, Llandaff, 1861–1896."

It contains a preface, as the "Records" of other years also did; a list of the committee, chosen by the men themselves, by votes of triennial periods, for the purpose of keeping alive their connection, even when the master himself might be gone; and next a pathetic list headed "The work of the following is ended," which includes as many as forty names; and then lastly and chiefly the names of upwards of four hundred clergymen, many of whom are among the leaders of the Church at home and abroad, and seven of whom are Bishops. Down to the summer of 1896 he had still a small number of men reading with him, and then, the annual holiday having begun early, a succession of illnesses ran its course. "My eightieth birthday," says the Dean, "occurred in the midst of them, and seemed to mark the natural close of a long life's work"

Writing to me on September 29, 1896, he said, "Four men are here—going on with their work, poor dears, alone, but clinging to the spot."

No account of Dean Vaughan would be complete which did not mention his charm of conversation and his playful humour. If he early checked himself in the exercise of a sarcastic power, his enjoyment of a good story, his interesting reminiscences of eminent persons whom he had known, his keen interest in public affairs, made him a delightful companion. For a number of years, when in residence at the Temple, he preached regularly on Sunday evenings at the great church of St. Andrew, Holborn, and took much pleasure in this duty. In later years, when his morning sermon in the Temple Church was all that he undertook, though he attended the afternoon service and sometimes read the Lessons, he was at leisure and often alone from five o'clock onwards. Having discovered this, I often ventured to visit him, and for an hour, sometimes for two or even three hours, enjoyed his society. He particularly liked to hear of House of Commons' doings, and to have his impressions of a great debate, derived from the newspapers, confirmed or modified by the evidence of an eye-witness. If any old Harrow pupils (and among their number are men belonging to past or present Cabinets) had taken an important part in a debate, he especially desired to hear what impression had been given. During his serious illness at the Temple in the spring of 1894, it happened to me to be permitted to see him twice. Thus I saw him on March 16, when the Parliamentary Session of the previous year lasted till March 5, and a new Session began, with a new leader of the Government, on March 12. When I saw the Dean a few days later, though he was very weak, he said, "You know my love of hearing what is going on," and he asked about Lord Rosebery, and about the strange incident of an amendment having been carried to the Address to the Crown, and of the Address being withdrawn and another introduced. Again on April 8 I was allowed to see him, after several alarming relapses, and I found him in much weakness. But even on that occasion he said, after talking of his illness and his hopes of being able to reach Llandaff, "I trust to you to tell me about the new Prime Minister."

On April 20 he was moved to Llandaff, and the change proved to be, as he had hoped, of the greatest benefit to him. He was never as strong as he had been after the illness at the Temple, but when I saw him at Llandaff in November of the same year he was "wonderfully like his old self," and full of interest in everything. On Christmas Day he again preached in his cathedral, and once a month, sometimes a little oftener, he continued to preach for a year and a half, till June 21, 1896, when he preached for the last time. The seventeen sermons preached during those months were all published in very simple form, and were in great demand. They have (as Dr. Butler said in the funeral sermon) "all the beauty and mellowness of his later years, with the least possible admixture of his decline."

Dr. Vaughan, in spite of age and illness, retained in an extraordinary degree the old vigour and acuteness of mind. He was never like an old man. I spent a Sunday (February 28) of the present year at the Deanery, and had the privilege of his company for several hours together. He talked of all the old familiar topics, and had the old interest in public affairs. On the second day of my visit—a Sunday—though less well and confined to bed, he discussed with much keenness the force of certain prepositions in the Epistles, suggested by a morning sermon in the cathedral of which I had told him, upon the text "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed."

In the evening of the same day I saw him (as it proved to be) for the last time. I am not disposed to describe the conversation, but I remember that even after he had taken leave of me (as I was to start early next day), he sent for me to give me a message to a former pupil, a member of the present Cabinet. "Tell him," he said, "with what pleasure I follow his career, and that I am mindful of him both in joy and in sorrow."

Although I saw him no more, I knew that outside news continued to interest him, and I wrote to him at intervals, always remembering his "love of hearing what is going on," and telling him of Parliamentary incidents.

On June 29 he wrote to me the last letter (of very many) that I had from him. After reference to his illness, he says: "But what is all this to what it might be? How free I am at present from sharp or repulsive maladies! Were I but more thankful!" Then follows the sentence which has received some publicity already: "On the great Jubilee Sunday I robed myself and occupied my own stall. I thought if it was even the last time, the effort was worth while in honour of that Gracious Lady who has been so good to me."

On the occasion of the great meeting of bishops at Glastonbury, on August 3, and when many bishops visited the cathedral city of Wells on the following day, a brief informal address to Dean Vaughan was drawn up by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and twenty-two bishops, by the Dean and Chapter of Wells, and others. The address, which was in the following terms, reached Dean Vaughan at Llandaff on August 6, his eighty-first birthday, and gratified him very deeply.

"THE PALACE, WELLS, SOMERSET,
"*August* 3, 1897.

"DEAR DR. VAUGHAN,—In the least formal manner that is possible, we who have met at this time in a county so near to your own, and on a day so near to your birthday, wish to take this opportunity of assuring you of our heartfelt appreciation of the great services you have done for our beloved Church, of the high standard of life and of pastoral care which you have set and have taught, and of our deep thankfulness to our God that He has enabled you to be of blessing to countless numbers throughout the world. We pray God to comfort and sustain you in your sufferings, and to grant you in peace an entrance into that life of eternal service to the hope of which you have lifted so many hearts."

"I am going downhill steadily, but with pauses," was the Dean's description of his condition after his eighty-first birthday. His mental faculties were always keen. Down to the day before his death he could remember almost any portion of Holy Scripture, was instantly ready to discuss critical passages, and if the person reading to him made a slip he would correct it. He retained his interest in current public affairs and the chief contents of the daily papers were read to him. He took delight in the "Life of Henry Martyn," Stanley's "Life of Arnold," and the "Life of Bishop Patteson." Sunday by Sunday he received the Holy Communion. The last occasion was on October 3, on the following Sunday he was too weak, and before another Sunday he had passed away. The day before his death he was "bright and cheerful," and talked for some time to a young clergyman, one of his "men" who had read with him for holy orders. He died on the evening of Friday, October 15. The funeral day was the following Wednesday, October 20, and it will be long remembered by those who were at Llandaff on the occasion. The funeral was very simple in its arrangements, but the attendance of friends and the vast crowds that assembled made it not merely a public but an impressive and august ceremonial. Flowers were declined by the family, so but one large wreath was carried in front of the coffin, and it bore upon it the inscription, "A mark of sincere regard. Victoria R. and I." The most touching sight was the pathway from the lych gate down the hill to the west door of the Cathedral, lined on both sides by surpliced clergy, some of them from the diocese of Llandaff, but the great bulk of them, to the number of some two hundred, being his dear "sons in the faith," his own men gathered at short notice from all parts of England. Six bishops (four of them pupils of his own) were in the procession, and two of them, besides the Bishop of Llandaff, officiated at the grave. So quiet and orderly was the vast crowd that scarcely a sound was heard. It seemed to be a relief to great numbers of people, when the prayers of the Burial Service were ended, to join in the hymn at the graveside:

Earth to earth and dust to dust,
  Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
  Till the Resurrection Day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

During Dean Vaughan's last illness his attention was called to the beautiful verses of Whittier entitled "At Last," and he printed them in his last "Advent Record," which has already been mentioned. These verses, which occupied his latest attention, may not unfittingly close this imperfect notice of him.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
Be with me then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold;

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,

Some humble door, among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song;
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

DEAN STANLEY WITH CHILDREN

By Lady FLOWER

EVERY one has heard of the beautiful and appropriate services for children, originated and carried out on successive Innocents' Days by Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey.

The Psalms were specially selected for the occasion, there was only one lesson, and the sermon was always short but full of interest, riveting the attention of even the youngest, and invariably containing something that not only every child present, but also those who accompanied the children there, could not hear without being the better for.

But it is not every one who knows how this kindly interest in children and sympathy with children was carried on in private as well as in public, and was accompanied by a playful tenderness wonderfully winning when associated with such powers and culture as those of "the Dean."

To those who were privileged to accompany their children into the Deanery after the service it must always be one of the most charming of memories. The Abbey looked specially beautiful, as in those short December days even the afternoon service saw the varied effects of twilight deepening into darkness and the lights bringing out mysterious beauties in the grand old building, in striking contrast to the thronging, bright young faces. From the crowded Abbey and myriad tread of busy feet we passed through the arched doorway and long corridor into the calm and warmth of the Deanery, with its pervading atmosphere of culture, refinement, and comfort, a true home of "sweetness and light." Pictures, books, and flowers abounded. A plentiful yet simple tea was always spread for the children and their friends, and as in so many other instances of the Dean's endeavour to keep up and carry on everything in his home as much as possible as it had been by his wife, the same children whom Lady Augusta Stanley used to invite were still invited on these occasions, only with the addition of the younger brothers or sisters.

After tea the children were encouraged to play games, the large rooms and numerous staircases of the Deanery affording great scope for hide-and-seek, acting charades, &c. The Dean himself would speak to one or another, and listen with the most courteous attention to the smallest child who addressed him, kissing them so kindly as quite to win their confidence.

In January 1876, near the close of Lady Augusta's long and grievous illness, the Dean christened a little child to whom by her own wish she acted as one of the sponsors, though, alas! unable to be present in the Abbey, and on the same evening he wrote to the parents: "I told my dearest one how at the christening the child opened its eyes upon me as if it understood what I was doing—making it almost an adult baptism—gazing into my face without fear and with perfect intelligence; she said 'Those eyes that opened upon you O may God grant that their opening on the new world on which the child was entering, may be a sign that my eyes too may be opened on my everlasting Home. And may those eyes that opened then upon you be a comfort and a strength to you in after years.'" After these touching words recorded by the Dean himself, and the characteristically playful act of Lady Augusta, forgetful for a moment of her own sufferings, drinking her little godson's health in her beef-tea, it is interesting to know that this same child, even as a baby, always smiled when he saw the Dean, and almost as soon as he could speak styled him "my friend." On seeing him appear in the distance the child would run forward with both little arms outstretched, exclaiming joyously, "My friend, my friend!"

At Christmas 1878 this little boy said he wished to send a Christmas card to his friend, and when asked further as to whom he meant, promptly replied "Dean Stanley." He was allowed to do so, and selected a large robin, which amid the innumerable letters received by the Dean it was supposed by the child's relations would not be noticed, but on going into the Deanery on Christmas Day, after the morning service, there was the robin on the drawing-room mantelpiece, and there it remained until the last sad dismantling came in 1881.

Very remarkable was the kind interest shown by the Dean in the elder children of the same family in desiring to see them act a little play of "Whittington and his Cat,"* which had already won his sister Mrs. Vaughan's warm approval, and when asked to fix a day for it, he exclaimed with that sudden movement and "eager sweetness" so peculiar to him, "Oh! delicious!"

On the 11th January 1879 the play came off, and the Dean thoroughly enjoyed the children's acting, his happy laughter being quite contagious, yet not forgetting the youngest one, asked so kindly, "What is baby doing all this time?" and then went into the bedroom where the little boy was sleeping peacefully, remarking, "He looks like an angel."

So real was the interest expressed by the Dean in the play and the young players that, amid all his active work and multifarious and important engagements, he volunteered an improved version, which he sent them the next day with some additional verses of his own composition, which are well worth recording, as exhibiting what to many will be a new phase in his many-sided character.

Among other changes he greatly added to the spirit and interest of the piece by making the "Black King" whose purchase of the cat caused all the fortune of the story, appear on the scene with the cat once more at the end of the piece. This entirely new character, "King Mumbo Jumbo," is made to exclaim:

"Where is the ruler of this mighty city
Who on my wandering steps will take some pity?
From the dark race with curly heads so greasy,
Who quaff the streams of Niger and Zambezi,
I come to ask what happy mortal owns
This treasure, worth a thousand ivory thrones?
In all the corners of my royal house
There cannot now be found one single mouse.
Not sinking ship could so have scared each rat
As this prodigious and omniverous cat,
And fearing lest she now should swallow me
I bring her back with her own lord to be."

To which Whittington replies:

"Thanks, sable Prince, with all this pomp and fuss
I'm still poor Dick and hail my long-lost puss.
Now for his dwelling-place I'll build a home
Where he for all his coming years may roam.
Historic Westminster's unfinished nave
I will complete and from destruction save;
And then as long as England's ages run
Shall men remember Richard Whittington,
And tell how all his gorgeous fortunes grew
From honest puss who could but scratch and mew."

It will be observed how characteristically the Dean has here seized on the historical fact of Whittington's having provided the funds wherewith Henry V. rebuilt the nave of Westminster Abbey, though most humorously combined with the cat's return, as a piece of poetic justice.

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* By Miss Corner.

In January 1880 the Dean came again to see the piece performed with his own additions; the baby who had slept in his little cot the last time now witnessed the performance seated on the Dean's knee, and many who were present that evening remember the beautiful picture made by the fair little child in white, with golden curls, sitting there so lovingly and confidingly, in contrast with the Dean's grey hair and his thoughtful, cultured face—well described as "the product of many centuries"—the spiritual, expressive face that so often, since his wife's death, wore such a sad, far-off look, but now bright and beaming with humour and pleasure whilst he laughed aloud and expressed warm admiration.

The attention and interest with which the Dean would read letters from children were very remarkable, considering the great amount of work always going on about him, both professional and social. But one of the most lovable qualities in his great character was the simplicity, the singleness of heart with which he would detach himself from "great affairs" to the individual before him, never too busy to be courteous and kind. In his short and busy visits to Oxford he would even remember to call on undergraduate friends, and his thoughtfulness and sympathy in cases of illness and suffering were most striking, and increased with his years. Whilst the great man could condescend to the amusement of children, he had always their highest interests at heart. Who can forget who heard on Innocents' Day 1879 his earnest appeal to parents, in teaching religion to their children, to teach them only that which "will bear the wear and tear of life, not that which will have to be unlearnt with advancing years"—advice so specially valuable in these days? Or how beautifully on Innocents' day 1878, when preaching on the legend of St. Christopher, he told the parents that "you bear upon your shoulders a burden like that which the giant of old carried, the burden of helping to form your children's characters, the burden perchance of the destinies of the coming age. *Rejoice* in them, and while remembering how heavy is the responsibility which presses upon you, be *encouraged* to carry your little burdens safely over the great river of life." It was often in the Dean's own remarks on the sermons of others that some of the most beautiful and important lessons might be learned, as one day when a great preacher had delivered an eloquent sermon in the Abbey on the text, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove to flee away," &c., bringing out forcibly the hollowness, the sorrows and the sins of this world, and longing to "flee away." The Dean afterwards, whilst admiring the power and eloquence of the sermon, said, "But it was too full of sighs, this world is not so melancholy," adding with a tender smile, that "even now though I have lost my happiness," alluding to his wife, "still, to *have had* such a treasure is something to be thankful for, and something to make this life beautiful."

So we must all try to feel; although the loss of the Dean caused the keenest sorrow, leaving *still* an unfilled blank, yet to have known such a high and noble nature is a blessing for which to be thankful, for he leaves an example which elevates human nature.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL

By the Rev. A. MORRIS MOODIE

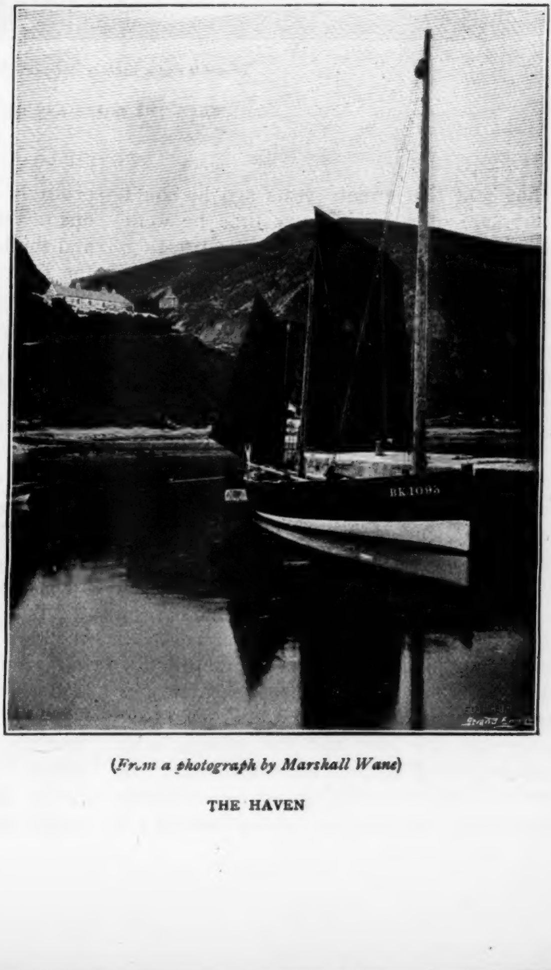
THE Berwickshire cliffs rise high, and present for the most part a bold and unbroken front to the stormy onslaught of the North Sea, but here and there a deep cleft in the rock bears witness to the terrible strength of the smiter. Looking down one of these clefts from the high road which touches the apex of the wedge-shaped indentation, you catch a glimpse of a little group of red-tiled cottages lying snugly together some three hundred feet below. These cottages mark the begin-

(From a photograph by Marshall Wane)

THE FISHERMAN IN EMBRYO

ning of a village of about five hundred inhabitants, altogether and exclusively fisherfolk. The village, made up of four detached hamlets, lies scattered along the foot of the cliffs, the waves all but washing the doorsteps of the houses, while the cliffs rise steeply behind. A little bit farther along there is another breach in the rock, and up the sides of this cleft wind the two principal roads leading from the village to the outer world. Well up the hill, on a little terrace levelled out of the hillside, stand the brilliantly white houses of the coastguard station, a landmark showing far to sea. A few other houses find precarious footing on different parts of the ascent, and at the foot of the gorge nestles the little harbour.

To view the village, however, you must put to sea. If you are staying in it—for a bed and a bit of fish can always be had—and muster up courage to leave bed somewhere between 2 A.M. and 5 A.M., and go out with the fisherman in his coble when he proceeds to lift his crab-creels—cruives, he calls them—you will be rewarded for your self-denial. If your trip is made in the springtime, you will find that the cliffs here, ashamed of their nakedness so near to human habitations, have clothed themselves in a mantle of green, picked out with masses of golden buttercups, crowfoot, and many-coloured vetches, and the air is fragrant with the odours of the wild flowers. If you are well out to sea, the village looks but a border of red and white on this mantle of green, but seen from the coble as you creep along the shore to the crab-pots, which at this season of the year are anchored among the rocks close in shore, you are able to master every detail of the picture. The picture, on the whole, is pleasing. You see an irregular line of red-roofed cottages, varying little in size or shape, scattered along the shore, with no attempt at order or symmetry, sticking to the most convenient bit of bank. Superannuated fishing-boats do service yet, if of a less noble kind, for before nearly every house stands half a boat, bottom up. It comprises within its limited area all the "offices" of the dwelling-place opposite. Once, and once only, is the half boat turned to a nobler use, for smoke is visible rising from the roof of one, showing it to be inhabited, and you involuntarily think of the home of Peggotty on Yarmouth sands. If you make the acquaintance of the inmates, you will find them to consist of an old couple who spend their days here not uncomfortably, for the old boat is cosy. The old man and the old boat were launched on the ocean of life together—it was the skipper's first command—and it is pleasing to think of it still standing, as in days gone by, between the fury of the elements and its skipper's grey hairs. Hauled up on the beach you see the heavy winter boats, the smaller herring-boats now being afloat; and probably some of them are just returning from the night's fishing, if the herrings are close in, or are already discharging their catch on the quay, the fish gleaming like silver as they are emptied into the baskets, though the glitter is not so bright as when, still living, they fell from the net into the hold. The smoke is beginning to rise from the chimneys, going straight up, for, under the cliffs, the faint breath of air you feel coming from the land is unfelt, and there is perfect stillness. Away to the east, the broad belt of flame which heralds the dawn is disappearing as the light softens and becomes more diffused, and all life awakes once again at the touch of day. Another day has begun, pregnant with joys and sorrows; to you, however, sitting in your boat with the quiet village on the one hand and the expanse of placid ocean on the other, it only speaks peace. There is little in the quiet slumbering of the monster to remind you of that wrath which is so terrible in its awakening, and which has proved so cruel to these homes. Terribly did they suffer in the great disaster of 1881. Of that time the men will only yet speak with bated breath, and at its mention the tears still gather in the eyes of the women. And, if you walk along the beach, you will see the keel and part of the hull of a boat, half buried in sand and gravel, lying where it was cast ashore that day. High upon the beach it lies, seldom touched by the tide, bearing eloquent testimony to the terrible strength of the waves, of which it is the castaway plaything. But your boat is passing the Bassle, a small headland, you lose sight of the village, and, simultaneously find your boat rubbing against the floats which mark the place where the crab-pots are anchored. And now the work of hauling in the pots and removing the crabs, or it may chance, the lobster, re-baiting and replacing the creels, proceeds rapidly. Much growling there will likely be on the part of the old skipper as he hauls up creel after creel with little or nothing in it, and he will launch forth on the degeneracy of the times,



(From a photograph by Marshall Wane)

THE HAVEN

(*From a photograph by Marshall Wane*)

WHEN THE BOATS ARE OUT

telling you that twenty years ago he could make sure of a catch every time he went out, and, what is more, could get a price for them. Nowadays, there are neither crabs nor prices to be got. And he will proceed to explain that it is all the result of a union among the fish salesmen—and, presumably, among the crabs—and that crab "corners" and lobster "rings" are ruining the poor fisherman.

In the summer time the white fishing is stopped, and the men, for the most part, leave home in pursuit of the herring, and during different parts of the summer they will be found at Ireland, Stornoway, Shields, Sunderland and Yarmouth. The fisher lassies, too, leave home for the herring stations to cure and pack the herrings. If you come here, then, on a warm July day, you will find the little village half-deserted, asleep in the shadow of the cliff. The sea lazily laps the pier, and the women, arms akimbo, stand at their doors discussing the news of the herring fishing just received from Sunderland and Shields. A few bathers will probably be seen disporting themselves in one of the very few creeks of this rocky coast, and the holiday feeling will be intensified by the sight of several artists sketching various picturesque "bits," for this is a great haunt for brothers of the brush. The villagers are well acquainted with the sight of easel and camera, and to one old fisherman it is a grievous and inexplicable thing that a "pictur" of his boat fetched more than the worth of the boat itself. He cherishes a sense of wrong.

A few hours, however, may suffice to change this holiday scene into one of bustling activity. Whales have been seen blowing off the shore, the herrings have at last come to the Berwickshire coast, and, in a tide or two, the harbour, erstwhile almost empty, is busy with the arrival or departure of the boats, and along the pier, or through the village you can hardly get, for barrels, and salt, and herrings, and curers block the way. The village is thoroughly roused. With apologies to the shade of the late poet laureate, we might say:

Blowing, a whale! the charm was snap't,
There rose a noise of clanking chains,
And men who cried, and sails that flap't,
And maidens hurrying down the lanes.
A bustling noise was heard through all—
"The barrels are here," "The salt is there,"
The curer cries, the coopers bawl,
Discord and clamour fill the air.

If you would enjoy the scene, however, you must climb the braes, and, lying on the slope above the harbour, watch the boats as they put to sea. Boat after boat hauls out to the pier-head, hoists its great spread of canvas, and sails away. By-and-by you will see other fleets of boats from the fishing villages along the coast creep out from behind the hill till a stately procession sails the sea:

Sailing out into the east,
Into the east as the sun goes down.

And if you despise the terrors of sea-sickness, or know nothing about them, put on an old coat and go on board one of the boats. You will find a spare bunk if it come to the worst. On arrival at the fishing-grounds, the sails are lowered, and, while the boat drifts with the tide, the nets are put overboard; fifty nets or so each boat carries, and the total length of material is something like two thousand yards. This done, the masts are partially lowered, the last net is made fast to the boat with the "swing" rope, and, as darkness is settling down, lights are hoisted, and the boat left to drift with the tide. The men go below, all but the watch, and, if the night is fine, perfect stillness, save for the ripple of the water on the boat's sides, reigns for three or four hours. You may please yourself and lie below, or, as is more likely, if the moon is near the full, you may prefer the more perfect ventilation of the deck, and spend the night not unprofitably with the fishermen on watch, learning all you can about the ways of fish and sea-birds, or listening to yarns of moving scapes by land and sea. The time will pass not too slowly, and you will be surprised to notice how soon the moon becomes pale in the lordlier presence of the sun. And now fisherman after fisherman appears on deck, yawns, stretches his arms, lights his pipe,

MARSHALL WANE

(*From a photograph by Marshall Wane*)

SUPERANNUATED

looks skywards and seawards, and is then ready to take his place for the hauling in of the net. And now comes the moment of excitement, at all events for the novice, as the sheet of burnished silver comes on board, and the fish are shaken from the nets into the hold. The last net is hauled on board, and all haste is made to reach the harbour, that the catch may be as speedily as possible in the curer's hands.

To really know, however, what fisher life means you must come, not in spring nor in summer, but at the end of October or beginning of November, when the waves are making a clean breach over the harbour wall, and stand with the wives and mothers, while they watch with misty eyes the little speck appearing on the horizon, and pray that the boats may make the narrow entrance safely; then you will understand that

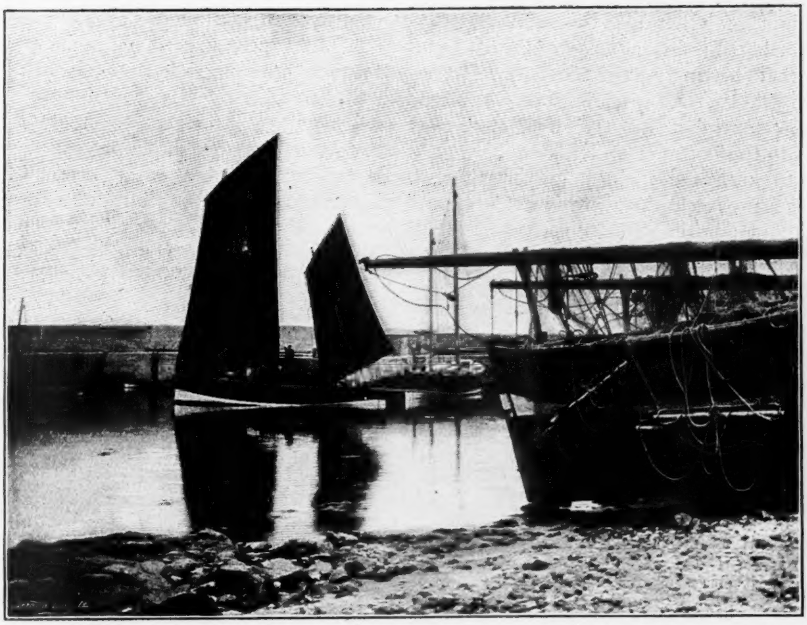
> Men must work, and women must weep,
> Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
> And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Ay, men must work, and women must work as well as weep, and the lives of men must be risked and lost all too often, and but for a sorry pittance. Do not haggle with the fish-wife over the price of the haddocks, for they are truly

> The lives of men.

In winter the toil of the fisherfolk is unremitting. Each line is six hundred and sixty fathoms, or thirteen hundred and twenty yards, long, and bears eleven hundred hooks; and every sea-going day the wife or daughter or hired help has to bait this line, a labour which occupies from three and a half to four hours, and this in addition to the gathering and shelling of the bait-mussels, brought from the Irish coast or Boston deeps, which are kept alive by being stored on the shore below high-water mark. Each boat carries seven of a crew, and as each man has a line, the total length of a boat's lines when set for the fishing is over five miles. Every minute not spent at sea is occupied by the fisherman in "setting up" his line—that is, in tanning it, twisting the hair to which the hooks are attached, fastening the hooks to the hair, and the hair again to the lines. The short time that can be spared from the preparation of the lines is given to the mending of herring-nets. A pretty full programme, indeed, has the poor fisherman for his winter's work! And, alas! in these days the return is but small. The trawler has well-nigh ruined the line fisher. At the present time the fortunes of the fisherman have sunk very low. Pray God there come a change for the better. They deserve it. The work of the miner is laborious and dangerous, but his day in the pit is not long, and when he leaves the pit he leaves his work. Neither has his wife or daughter anything to do with it. The dangers of the sailor's life are not few, and his wife and family may spend anxious days, but they do not share his labours. The fisherman adds to all the dangers that beset the sailor unremitting toil, shared in by every member of the household, while the fisherman's wife spends even a more anxious life than the wife of the sailor.

So far the fishing. What of the fishers? Turn out of bed at five o'clock some winter's morning, and I will introduce you to "Peg's Will," "Big Tom," "Tony," "Nancy's Mag's Jim," "Little Dick," "Big Dick," "Grace's Phem's Peter," and almost the whole male contingent above the age of seventeen or so. We shall find them probably around the weather-glass discussing the day's prospects. All night it has been blowing fresh, but the wind has now fallen. The barometer, however, is very low, and the fishermen would rather have a perfect gale than a low glass with perfect calm. He has not forgotten the lesson of the "disaster," as the great storm of 1881 is pre-eminently called. On the morning of the day of that terrible storm the barometer, notwithstanding that the sea was almost perfectly calm, stood phenomenally low. And so the low glass is looked at this morning somewhat dubiously, and the weighty question is raised and discussed "To sea or not to sea"; and there is much lighting of pipes and scrutinising of sky and sea—more lighting of pipes and scrutinising of sky and sea than words in fact, for in the matter of words the fisherman is not spendthrift. A stolid, hard-working, phlegmatic-looking lot they are. However, "Big Tom" hazards a "Weel, lads, I think we should try't; the weather's fresh, and the lines (*i.e.*, the bait on the lines) 'll no keep. An' look at thae cloods, the wind's gaun roon' to the nor'ard." "Little Dick" is not very sure: "The wind's richt aff the laun', men, and if



(From a photograph by Marshall Wane)

HAULING OUT

it freshens up a bit it'll be an ugly job to get in." "What d'ye say, lads?" is asked by everybody, and answered by nobody. "Peg's Will" and "Jean's Sandy" will go if their neighbours go. They have chosen the safe path in life, and always vote with the majority. The barometer is tapped once again, and its advice as earnestly entreated as if it were a Delphic oracle—and no Delphic oracle was ever so well worth consulting. A good deal of tobacco smoke pollutes the air, heads are scratched, and many faces peer earnestly seawards. At length "Kirsty's Peter" knocks the ashes out of his pipe, pockets it, and breaks the silence that has again intervened. He is one of the oldest of the group, and his opinion is of no little weight. "I think, men, we'll risk a shot close in shore. We were ower far oot yesterday onyway, and some o' the north country boats had guid hauls gey close in." That decides the matter. "Weel, we'll try't," is all that is said. There is a general movement to the side of the quay, and through the dim light you can see the figures tumbling into the boats. A few minutes later a shadowy procession may be seen rounding the harbour head.

The fisherman is a quiet, independent, dependent mortal. He leads a self-centred life, almost as much shut off from the world mentally as he is physically. The world which lies away back from the top of the cliff he regards with a certain suspicion, and the stranger has uphill work before he is able to overcome that suspicion and gain his confidence. When you have fisherfolk and a landward community worshipping together in the same edifice, they mix no more than do oil and water; the fishermen take to the "laft," the others are left in possession of the "low kirk." He will become enthusiastic about one thing, and one thing only, and that is fish. He will talk with you almost for hours without tiring of herrings and haddocks, baits and lines. He does not read a great deal, but, what cannot be said of every class of professional man or workman, he takes care to read everything that appears in the newspapers bearing on his own occupation, and can do so with ease, for that is not much. He talks with a quiet contempt of "that man in Edinburgh"—presumably Professor Cossar Ewart—who says that herring spawn floats. "Herrin' spawn float! Na, my man. There would be gey few herrin' if the spawn floated. It sticks to the bottom; and it's as hard as a rock to keep the ither fish from aitin' 't. That's a proveesion o' Providence." Try to lead him along the slippery paths of politics, and you will generally find him as helpless as a child. Yes, they have heard "o' thae folks ca'ed Tory," and know, at least by name, of that product of the day named Unionist, but of his connection with Ireland and Irish politics the fisherman has the haziest idea. Ireland, politically, he knows not, but he knows that there is good herring-fishing at Howth, and he appreciates it so much that he generally goes there in the season.

His faith is simple, childlike, unquestioning. Indeed, it often leads to fatalism. He will do nothing to provide life-saving apparatus for his boat. When a man's time has come he will drown, though the boat were filled with life-saving apparatus. "Providence"—that one word stops all argument. Religion, with a great many of them, however—and in this they do not greatly differ from the rest of the world—is little more than a kind of superstition; it is a system of belief, not a code of morals. At the same time some of the most beautiful Christian characters it has been our privilege to see have been found among the fisherfolk of our East Coast villages. Nineteenth-century enlightenment has done much to banish even the fisherman's superstition, but has not quite succeeded. Some of the older men have a very great aversion to meeting, when going to their boats in the morning, a woman carrying an empty pail. Next to boring a hole in the bottom of the boat, the fisherman could do nothing worse than name, when at sea, a minister, a pig, or a pig's trough. One young wag, sceptical of his father's beliefs, horrified a boat's crew one day by remarking, as a log floated past, "That wud mak' a fine trough for oor minister's pig." The fate of that unlucky boat is unrecorded.

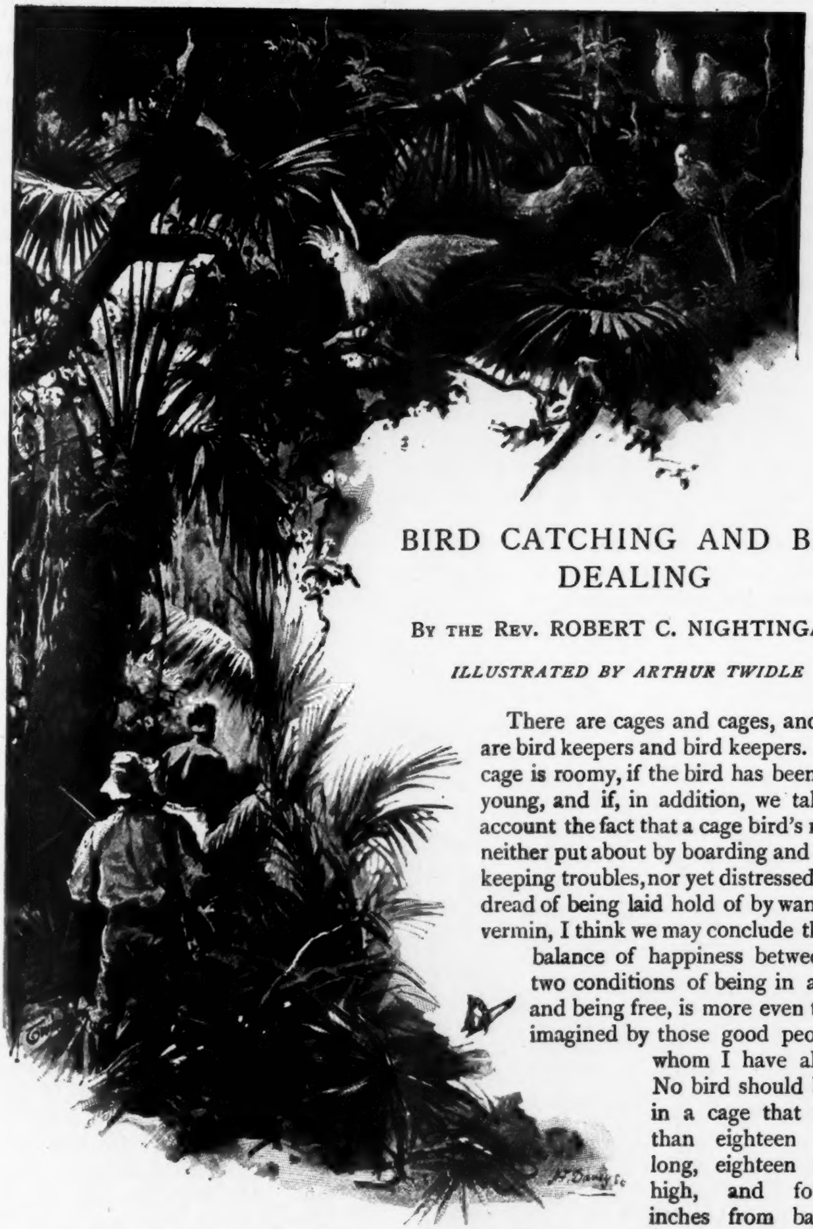
When a young fisherman goes to look for a wife, he does not ask is she good-looking, or is she a good housewife. He only asks, "How can she bait a line?" That is the test-question. Baiting the line requires dexterous fingers, and, to a stranger, nothing is so remarkable as the quickness with which the women perform the work. The fisher-lass is not perhaps ideally beautiful, but perfect physical health makes her, as a rule, very pleasing in appearance.

Shut off as it is from the world, there are but few changes in the little village. Old faces disappear from year to year, and new faces take their place. The news of the village may be found, for the most part, in the column of births, marriages, and deaths in the local paper. Therein is its history written.

ROCKS OF OFFENCE

Life's ways are rough. Lord, help our will
To hallow every obstacle
With sacrifice and praise;
Even as the heathen Cingalese,
Who in each stone an altar sees,
On each a blossom lays.

W. V. T.



BIRD CATCHING AND BIRD DEALING

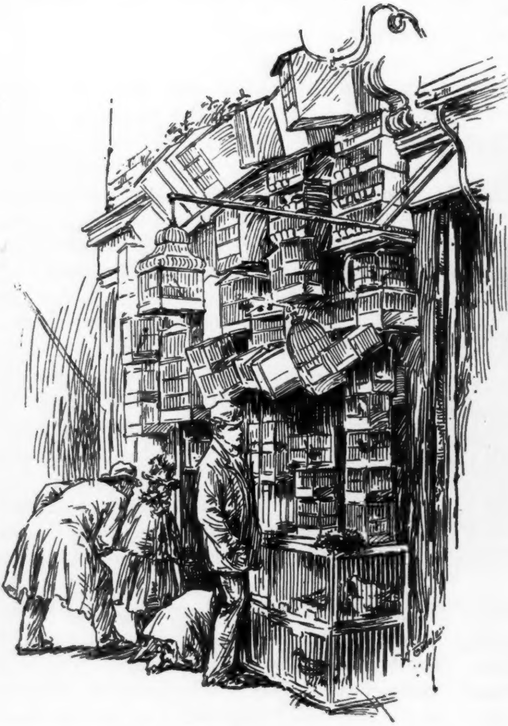
By the Rev. ROBERT C. NIGHTINGALE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

TO some people the idea of a bird in a cage is synonymous with cruelty and unhappiness, but there are modifying circumtances that, to say the least, do something to abate this harsh judgment.

There are cages and cages, and there are bird keepers and bird keepers. If the cage is roomy, if the bird has been taken young, and if, in addition, we take into account the fact that a cage bird's mind is neither put about by boarding and housekeeping troubles, nor yet distressed by the dread of being laid hold of by wandering vermin, I think we may conclude that the balance of happiness between the two conditions of being in a cage, and being free, is more even than is imagined by those good people to whom I have alluded. No bird should be put in a cage that is less than eighteen inches long, eighteen inches high, and fourteen inches from back to front. There should be one long perch in the cage two inches from the bottom, and two short perches twelve inches apart and four inches from the top. The best cage in every way is the "box" cage with the sides and back made of wood, and with a combined half oval front and top of wire. If the birds are kept for the sake of their song, two cock birds at least should be kept in separate cages of this kind, and hung where the birds can talk to but not see each other. If birds are kept for the purpose of studying their habits, or on account of the beauty of their plumage, then a pair of the same species should be kept in one of these cages. When more than one pair are kept together, there is too much quarrelling and too much confusion either for the birds to be happy or for their ways to be natural. Perches too close for the birds to fly from one perch to the other, and too many birds in one enclosure, are constant and fruitful causes of cage birds being miserable both in mind and in body. Unless the aviary is unusually large it is much better to keep birds in the fashion I have described than to keep several pairs together.

Horrible to say nearly all birds, the soft-billed ones speecially, think chopped onion or food flavoured with it the greatest delicacy. If you want to delight a lark and interest yourself, give him some oats in the ear and then watch him threshing them out.



A SEVEN DIALS BIRD SHOP

One argument certainly in favour of bird keepers is that their birds sing much more than those that are wild, because while the singing of a bird is no sign that it is having thrills of joy, it is a definite proof that the bird is warm and well fed, and is enjoying the passive happiness belonging to such a condition. How sweet, too, are the thoughts that the sounds of birds' voices raise in the jaded townsman's ears, bringing to him, if country bred, memories that are the sweetest of those that come to him amid the noise and striving of his town life.

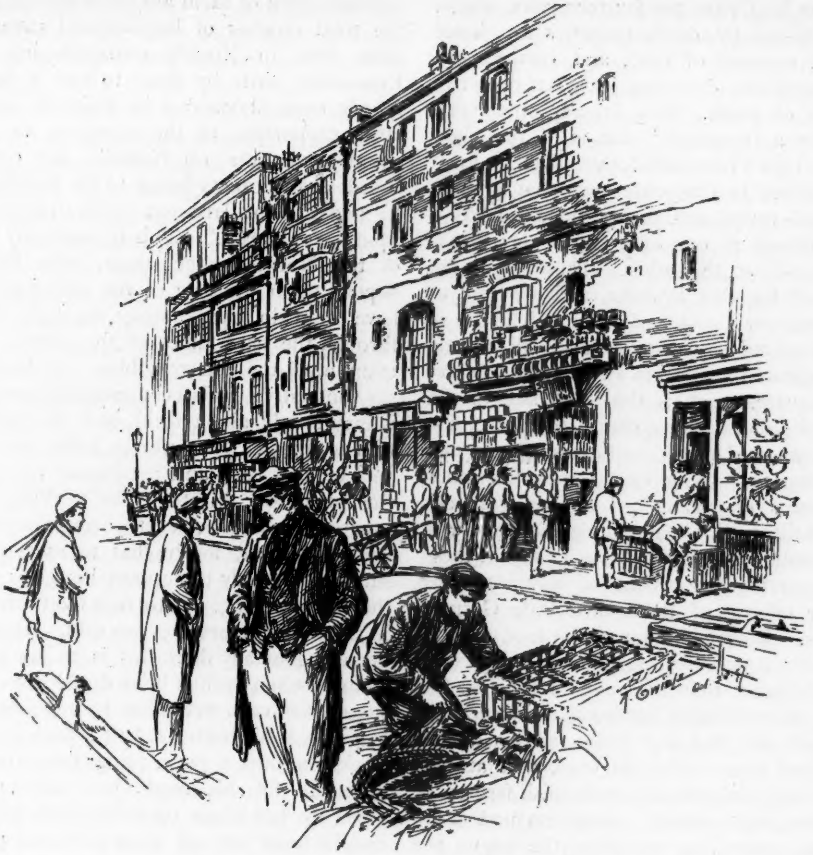
At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven.

I always trust, that although they cannot logically defend the unjust imprisonment of a bird, bird keepers will find mercy because of the pure joys their birds bring to them and to others who are circumstanced like "Poor Susan," and also because if the bird is properly kept I do not think that he misses his liberty much, or that on the whole he is very much worse off than if he were free.

There is one bird, however, that can be kept in a cage by the most sensitive without their feeling a qualm of conscience. I mean, of course, the canary, which is as much domesticated as the dog and is more truly domesticated than most of the cats are that I know. Few persons outside the trade have any idea what important articles of commerce canaries are. At a moderate estimate 400,000 change hands every year in the United Kingdom alone, the value of them being about £100,000. Of the total number of canaries sold by British dealers 100,000 at least are "made in Germany," for it would seem that the very air of England is so enamoured



BIRD AND ANIMAL MARKET, SCLATER STREET BETHNAL GREEN

of freedom that while its native wild birds are the finest singers in the world, German canaries far outmatch English canaries for beauty and persistency of song. I have often heard German canaries continue a single trill for a minute and a quarter, and I have been told of one whose trill lasted for two minutes, and had at least twenty changes of note in it. This bird was sold for £10. Chiefly bred in the Tyrol, round the Hartz Mountains and in Thuringia, by weavers and shoemakers, the German birds are collected in August and September by the dealers, and begin to arrive in England in October. The greater part of them come by the Harwich and Rotterdam steamers. From Harwich they are taken to London, generally to the "Brown Bear" in Leman Street, Whitechapel, where they are bought by dealers gathered from all parts of the country. But few of the very best birds come to England, and when they do it is generally as birds of passage. In the earlier part of the season the usual retail price is from five shillings to ten shillings per bird according to the quality of the song, these prices rising fifty per cent. by the end of the year. It is seldom that the finest songster is thought to be worth more than thirty shillings by the commercial Englishman, consequently the very fine birds are either bought by German bird keepers or sent to the United States, where they readily make from twenty to forty dollars each. The average price for the birds in Germany is five shillings a pair. The average return to the exporter is £5 10s. per fourteen pairs, which, when losses by death (canaries are kittle cattle), expense of food, and carriage are accounted for, does not leave an excessive margin of profit. It is literally only "one bird in a thousand" that is of the high-priced type I have called "very fine." Each bird arrives in a separate cage that is made of small round splints of wood, and has a seed trough at one end, and a clay drinking vessel at the other. These cages are fastened together by laths, and are sold at so much per "stick" of seven. The din of two hundred emulative canaries all singing one against the other in a room about twelve feet square, which is the usual size of the smaller dealers' shops, cracks the ear of the unaccustomed visitor, and gives quite a new meaning to "being cloyed with too much sweetness of sound." I am going to ask the Editor to let me mingle advice with information in this article, so I will add these precepts for the benefit of any intending buyer of one of these dear little German Herrs. Bring him away in the cage you buy him in; if possible put him into a cage only a little larger than that one for the first few days after you take him home. *Be sure that he finds his food and water*—all his life he has had them *inside* his cage, and at first does not understand our English fashion of putting them outside. Keep him moderately warm, cover him up when the nights are cold, hang him out of the reach of draughts and below the level of burning gas; give him no dainties. If you do not care about doing all this, besides speaking at least half-an-hour every day in snatches of conversation with him, let somebody else have him. Birds are not for you.

Canary breeding is one of the illustrations of the fallacy that croakers against England are so fond of uttering about "English people, and English workmen in particular, having no taste"; when in reality in producing real gracefulness as distinguished from mere fancifulness of form our people come nearer than any to the ancient Greeks—but that is another story. For beauty of shape, and soft, tender hues, the "Norwich Mealies" and "Lancashire Coppies" bred by the shoemakers and weavers of Norfolk and Lancashire are untouched by the canaries bred in any other part of the world. I have named these two varieties because the numbers bred of them are quite one-third of the total number of English-bred canaries, those bred in Norfolk outnumbering the Lancashire birds by three to one at least. Nearly every shoemaker in Norwich, and a large proportion of the cottagers in the country districts of Norfolk, are canary breeders, the canary being to its breeder as his pig is to the Irishman—"the gintleman what pays the rint." This is especially true of the Norwich shoemakers, who largely depend upon the sale of the canaries they have bred in the summer to help them through the hard times of the winter. In many ways the canary hobby—or should I say "industry?"—is a commendable one. It is easy to talk about thrift, and the practice of it is always a praiseworthy habit, but it is very often a hard and unpleasant virtue for the poor to cultivate. The working man canary breeder, however, combines thrift and enjoyment, for he has to save in the summer not only to support his birds while they are breeding, but to find food for them in the winter before they are sold. How the breeder generally does this is to buy in the summer when work is brisk double the quantity of seed each week that he requires; for instance, if his birds eat half a peck of seed weekly he buys a peck, using the surplus to gradually fill his seed chest with; then when the bad times come his birds are safe, and he need not sell them at forced prices. Norwich has long been noted for its freedom from serious crime, and I believe this is mainly due to the devotion of the bulk of its working-class population to this innocent pursuit and rivalry of bird breeding. Judge of the pride as well as of the solid satisfaction a poor bird breeder has in breeding "one of the birds of the season," when his little girl brings a message like that which was sent by Mr. J. Mackley, the leading dealer in English canaries, to the breeder of a bird I was admiring when I called on him for the purpose of getting some information for this article. The breeder's little girl had brought the bird round to be valued, and this was the message she took back: "Tell father it is a very good bird indeed, and I will give him ten pounds for it."

The firm I have alluded to buys and sells every year 25,000 birds, 20,000 of which are Norfolk-bred canaries. Six men are constantly employed in feeding and watering the birds it has in stock. Besides aviaries and store cages, there are 2000 separate cages on its premises, each one of which will be housing a bird in the busy season. These cages are distributed into rooms each of which is used exclusively for birds of one sex and one variety of colour or shape, so that the buyer can select his one or half-dozen or dozen birds without going from room to room. The price of ordinarily good birds at a dealer's of this class ranges from fifteen to thirty shillings per pair. When once the latter price is passed, and the "show fancy" birds are reached, the ignorant layman in canary matters can only gasp in astonishment, and think that he must be among Cymbeline's "royal birds that prune immortal wings." Here is one entry I take from a day book:

"Miss Blank, of Cheltenham, six canaries, £250."

"Yes," says Mr. Mackley in reply to a remark of mine, "and the lady thought they were cheap at that. She telegraphed for me 'to take her the best birds I had,' and when I objected owing to the distance, she only telegraphed back, 'Come.' I said to her as soon as I saw her," Mr. Mackley goes on, "'Madam, I think you have made a mistake. These birds have taken many prizes and are very valuable. I want £60 for this bird if I sell him, and I want £40 for that hen.' 'They are sold,' she says, and in a short time she had bargained for four more birds for £150." Mr. Mackley continues: "She also gave me £10 for my expenses. I undertook, as she acted so handsomely, to prepare the birds for exhibition whenever Miss Blank wished it done, and," ruefully adds the teller of the tale, "she beat me everywhere for the next eighteen months, as I could get no birds good enough to replace those she bought of me. She even sent them here to Norwich, and won the highest prizes against me. That was a bitter blow!"

I can only say in reply, "Well, you know, 'When woman says she will, she will, and there's an end on't' even in canary keeping."

While the above incident may be a little out of the common, the following entries that I take from one of the books I looked at are quite ordinary specimens:

"Twelve canaries, £62; one cock canary, £12 12s. Two cock canaries, £40; two hen canaries, £10."

These last four birds were bought by a bird fancier in Sydney, New South Wales.

"The highest value in every-day life that we place upon a thing is that it is as 'good as gold,' but, bless me! I say to myself, these canaries are above rubies; they work out at about £50 an ounce!"

It is time, however, that I come down to humbler birds and bird dealers than such as those I have been speaking of. In London, in certain districts—such, for instance, as that surrounding the old Seven Dials; in Old Street, E.C., at the eastern end of the street; and above all in the streets leading out of Shoreditch into Bethnal Green—the small bird shop is to be found. There are few towns in the provinces either that are without bird shops. In large towns, especially in the North of England, they abound. Most of them deal in anything which flies or goes on four legs, and that can be got into a pen of an ordinary size. In the provinces they are haunted by eager, animal-loving boys from morning till night; in London, owing to their customers generally living at some distance from the shops, this is not so much the case.

What a boy's Paradise it is inside a bird shop, and what a Babel,—and what a smell! Pigeons, always in large numbers; on one side of the shop and stacked at the door, cheap canaries, finches of all kinds, two or three blackbirds, a few thrushes and starlings, several larks, scores of linnets, a litter of mewing kittens, an Angola cat that spends one-half her time in yawning and the other half in spluttering at the three or four yelping dogs that are chained to the posts which support the wide board on which the stock of cages is displayed; cages of tame mice that blink and blink, and move their heads from side to side in their white fur coats, like Lords Justices summing up a case; a box of tortoises, that seem to move more slowly than lagging Time himself; parrots and cockatoos that yell and set up their crests as every now and then the snakes move their heads up and down the glass front of their cage; rabbits, guinea-pigs, and perhaps a monkey or two, their long skinny arms ready to be thrust through the bars of their cages and grab at anything that comes within reach; squirrels spinning round their wire drums as if they were Thibetans in purgatory condemned to dwell inside their praying-wheels till they had offered countless millions of requests. These creatures' cages so fill up the space that we can hardly turn without rubbing against the front of one or the other of them; and when at a buyer's request the shopkeeper shakes some peas or bits of nails in a tin box to set the birds off singing—a piece of bacon fizzling on the fire will have the same effect—the noise passes all bounds, and we wonder how the walls of the shop can keep together. As a rule, the bird-men in these smaller establishments are not very nice to look at, but most of them are better than their looks, and, like all small dealers—so far as my experience goes—they are scrupulous in keeping to an agreement when once it is made; and so long as you are honest, and do not assume to know more than they do, they will, while they are hard in making a bargain, not vary from it in the least. This class of dealer is supplied with canaries from the poorer stock of the wholesale dealers, and by the breeders of common canaries. Their supplies of wild birds they get from the catchers. Many of the East End bird dealers contract with one or more pairs of bird catchers to take all the birds they catch. A few of the shopkeepers have catchers in their employ at regular wages and a fixed commission on each dozen birds they bring home. Others buy birds as they want them at so much each, or per dozen, according to the state of the market.

The birds most plentifully caught are larks; linnets come next, then chaffinches; that is by the London bird catchers, as in the provinces chaffinches are seldom kept; then goldfinches and bullfinches. Siskins are sometimes largely taken in the winter months; blackbirds and thrushes are caught constantly but not numerously; starlings are also taken in large numbers; hawks often pounce on the decoy birds, and are captured; robins, yellowhammers, and tits of all kinds—the last the most delightful of British birds as pets—are taken. A few blackcaps and nightingales are also caught; most of the former and nearly all the latter die shortly after they are caught, and the taking of them, and, indeed, of all our migratory soft-billed birds, ought to be prohibited. I have known a kingfisher to fly into the nets, and at one time or another specimens of almost every kind of English bird are taken in them.

Immense numbers of larks are taken at night in square nets drawn across the fields. Chaffinches are often caught by means of a caged decoy bird that is placed out of sight and near a stuffed cock chaffinch mounted on a thick twig, with one or two thin twigs smeared with bird-lime put close to it. On hearing the decoy bird singing, the wild chaffinch darts on the stuffed bird, thinking that it is he who is challenging him to battle, and is caught by the limed twigs, from which he cannot release himself. One advantage of this plan is that no hens are taken, and the bird catchers also say that the finest and best singing cock birds are captured by it.

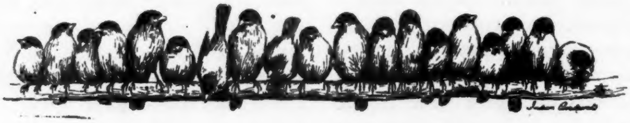
The usual and most successful mode of taking all birds, with the exception of larks, is by the use of "clap nets." These nets have a half-inch mesh and are worked in pairs, each net being about fifteen feet long by about four feet wide. Four or more pegs are driven into the ground at a distance from each other which is lengthways equal to the length of the net, and in breadth is a few inches less than the width of the pair of nets when lying side by side. The ends of the two nets are fastened to poles, which have staples at their ends. These staples are then placed within rings on the top of the pegs; cross ropes are fixed to the tops of the poles and the long edges of the nets that are farthest from the pegs. These cross ropes are finally attached to leading ropes, twenty or more yards in length, in such a manner that when the leading ropes are tightened the nets rise, and then fall towards each other, "clapping" over anything that is in the space between the pegs to which the net poles are fastened. In this space are placed cock birds in cages (goldfinches more especially); and hen birds tethered to pieces of string, by braces passed over their shoulders, and close to them are put bunches of thistles and dock-stems. As soon as the wild birds are seen or heard the decoy birds begin singing and fluttering, till they alight on the ground near them. The catchers then pull the leading ropes with all their strength, so that the nets flash over in an instant, and the wild birds are caught. It must be quite as interesting to watch a decoy goldfinch who is old at the game as it is to watch an old decoy elephant endeavouring to befool her bulky wild associates. As soon as the tame bird catches sight of the wild one he begins to sing at the top of his voice, and if he succeeds in calling down the other he spreads and twists and scrapes his wings and tail, and challenges the other in every possible way. "I declare 'e spits at 'im," I once heard an old bird catcher say in ecstasy when describing the merits of one of his favourites. If the wild bird is cautious, and will not come near the cages, the two birds endeavour to outsing and outspread and out-twist each other in the most ambitious manner. It often does happen that the wild goldfinch will not leave the twig or the growing weed on which he is perched, except to fly away altogether. The caged bird will then mope and sulk perhaps, and be of little use for the rest of the day. Linnets generally drop between the nets at once if they stop at all, and are mostly taken in batches. When caught, the birds are put in "store" cages. These cages are thirty inches long and eight inches in height, and wired only in front. A round hole is cut in the top in which the leg of a stocking is placed; through this stocking the birds are put in the cage as they are taken out of the nets. The cages are covered with twine netting or canvas on the top if intended for larks, so as to prevent them injuring their heads when they jump up. Autumn, when birds are either migrating or on the move from place to place inland, is the season in which most birds are caught, although the catching goes on through the winter, and many, unhappily, are caught during the spring migrations. A large number of these spring-caught birds perish, and it would be well if all bird catching were prohibited between January and August. From day break till about nine o'clock in the morning is the most favourable time in the day for the bird catcher's operations, as after that hour the birds are too intent on looking for food to stir far from one spot. After about that hour the bird catcher, as a rule, lays by his apparatus for some hours, or packs it up and goes home. If my readers meet a clean-shaven, close-cropped man on a country road, or near a bird-man's quarter, with a flat canvas bundle about a yard across, three-quarters of a yard from top to bottom, and ten inches in breadth, they may conclude that he is a bird catcher returning home with his bag of nets, decoy birds, and "store" cages. If it is on a country road, and there are chaffinches in the bag, proof positive will often be given by the rattle-headed way in which the chaffinches will be shouting to each other.

The bird catcher receives about two shillings per dozen for larks, and the same price for linnets and chaffinches; about one shilling a couple for blackbirds and thrushes; and two shillings a pair for bullfinches and goldfinches. The dealer charges double these prices for them for the first day or two after the birds are caught, and he doubles that price for them again after they have been caught a week. It is seldom that untrained ordinary birds make much more than these prices, with the exception of larks, for which the price varies from fifteen to thirty shillings when they are well "on song." A goldfinch or a linnet that has bred with canaries is much sought after, and much more than the common prices will be given for such a bird, especially if the former is a "cheveril"—that is, a goldfinch which has a partly or entirely white chin. (There is a word in heraldry, "chevronel," a small chevron, from which I suspect this word comes, as that is the shape of the patch of colour on the bird's chin. It is supposed that these "cheverils" are great helps towards the attainment of the mule-breeder's ambition—a "mule" is a bird bred between a canary and some other bird—which is to breed a bird the colours of which are broken or variegated.) The highest sum I have known to be given for a British wild bird was £10. This sum was given for an entirely white blackbird.

A great many of the British non-migratory soft-billed birds are sent to the colonies and the United States, the American buyers being especially fond of English robins and starlings. Of late years, we, in our turn, have imported large numbers of bullfinches, goldfinches, and siskins from Germany and Russia, as those caught in England are not sufficiently numerous to supply the home trade. The finches brought from Russia are finer and bolder birds than those reared in England, being on the average one-fourth larger than the English birds of the same species. These Continental finches rank in value with the higher priced English ones, and are sent over by the same dealers as export the German canaries.

The London bird traffic is chiefly carried on on Sunday mornings from nine to one o'clock. The bird shops, particularly from October to April, are then crowded, and, if the weather is fine and clear as well, the dealers place every bird they can on the outside walls of their shops. In Sclater Street, Bethnal Green, the scene is as lively a one as the Stock Exchange presents on settling day. The noisy babble attending the bargaining is similar to what it is there, and shows that the warmth of men's feelings is quite irrespective of the greatness of the matters they are concerned in. It is only a few pence and the fate of a dilapidated bird cage or two that are at stake in Sclater Street, but the passion for gain and the keen desire to "get on to a good thing," are even more apparent than where the dealings are in millions. There is also in Sclater Street—in the street itself—a recognised bird and animal market on Sunday mornings. The street is thronged with buyers and sellers of every kind of imaginable pet. Every possible receptacle for live stock is used by these outside brokers. One boy's pockets are bulging with guinea-pigs, another boy is holding the pocket of his waistcoat tightly closed, so that its contents—white mice—do not run over and away. Rabbits, fowls, and ducks are pulled out of bags, hats, and caps. One man has hedgehogs in an old coal-scuttle, and another is showing off a hen and her brood of chickens in a patched-up meat safe. Live fresh-water fish in pickle bottles and small globes abound in every direction. A lanky boy of about eighteen is carrying two owls in a tiny carpet bag, the mouth of which is kept open by having a broken gridiron tied to it. Another boy is carrying several cigar boxes with glass lids, inside which are lizards and snakes. These and the fluffy little chickens in the meat safe are the only healthy clean-looking creatures to be seen. Poor living, squalor, and cunning have left their mark alike on almost all the things that are being offered for sale and on those who are offering them. These "outside brokers" are regarded by the regular dealers, to make the similarity that I have mentioned complete, as "brokers on the pavement" in Throgmorton Street are regarded by the members of the Stock Exchange; and certainly if appearances go for anything, this Sunday morning market is one in which petty rascality figures very largely, so that the regular dealers are justified in their dislike of it.

Quite an important trade in foreign birds has sprung up in England of late years, owing to the opening of the Suez Canal. The voyage from Australia, India, and Eastern Africa being so much shortened, the expense of freight and the loss through birds dying on the passage are not one-half what they were, and the beautiful and graceful birds of those continents are now imported into England by thousands every year. St. George's Street, formerly Ratcliffe Highway, and Liverpool are the headquarters of this trade. Tiny waxbills from Africa, the still smaller avadavats and the various mannikins from India, the different species of small finches from Australia, and grey parrots from Western Africa are regular merchandise; other birds are imported in twos and threes. Macaws and the rarer parrots are often brought over by a sailor as a private speculation: having seen the bird in the hands of the black brother of the Whitechapel bird catcher and been attracted by its gaudy plumage, the sailor has invested in it in the hope of selling it at a large profit in England. The spread of knowledge, however, has of late interfered with this pleasant prospect, as the Asiatic or African bird trapper has often learned what the value of his bird is on the English market better than Jack has, so that when Jack gets his bargain here, he cannot find a market for it unless he sells it at a loss, and thus discovers for himself how easy it is on land as well as on the sea for our best-laid plans to go astray.



INDIAN AVADAVATS

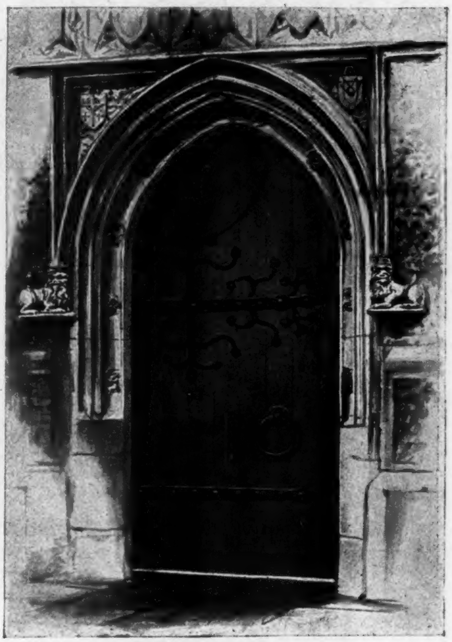
THE MEDIÆVAL BLACKSMITH AND HIS WORK

By WILLIAM FLETCHER

IN every age of history the blacksmith has been much esteemed, and has always occupied a foremost place among handicraftsmen. During the time of war his great skill and intelligence were in constant request. It is interesting to find the smith repeatedly spoken of in very remote times.

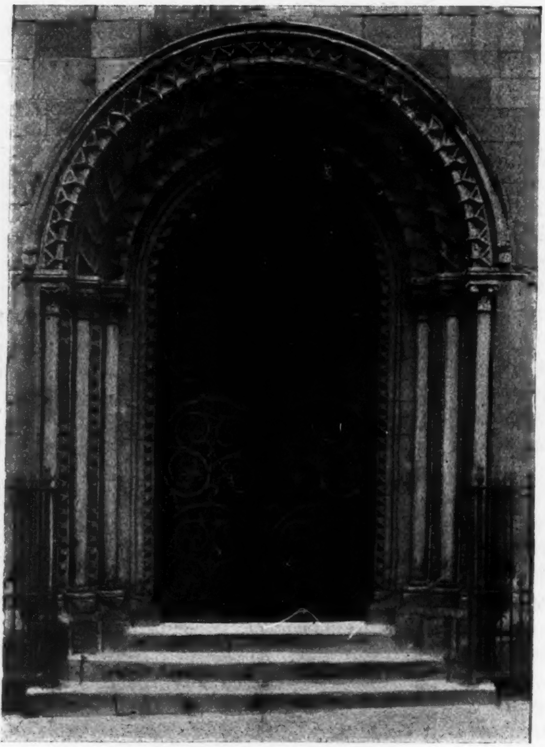
The Philistines carried into captivity the smiths of Judæa so that no weapons could be forged. In the book of Samuel this calamity gives rise to the pathetic expression: "There was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel."

During a later period Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Babylonians. The Hebrew smith and "cunning workmen" were again taken as captives to Babylon, consequently the Jews in both these instances, when deprived of their armourers, fell an easy prey to their enemies, and so it has been in the history of every nation. Cases could be multiplied to illustrate this fact, and to show also how those nations who possessed good smiths in their camp were mostly victorious in times of war. The smith's handiwork was equally prized during more peaceful times. When Solomon was building the Temple at Jerusalem he called to his aid "Hiram, a man of Tyre, a worker in brass," whom we are told was "filled with wisdom and understanding and cunning to work in all kinds of brass." And although the smith is not named separately as being among the artists and workmen employed by King Solomon, yet it is most probable that he was thus engaged, and we allow the imagination to picture the esteemed smith at work preparing and keeping in order the various tools and instruments of the mason who hewed the stones—the sculptor who carved the columns with "lily work"—the carpenters who made the doors of olive-tree, on which were carved "open flowers," and the tools required for the execution of the lovely handiwork of Hiram the brass worker, and those who fashioned the vessels of gold. Yes, the smith was surely at work here, the recognised maker of the tools, and when Solomon called the workmen to a feast after the completion of the Temple, the smith was among the honoured guests who sat at the King's right hand. Solomon then exclaimed, "The chiefs of my workmen are but men, but thou art more." So the smith was honoured at Solomon's feast, and he has occupied an esteemed position ever since.



ST. MARY KEY CHURCH DOOR, IPSWICH

History relates how in Anglo-Saxon times the person of the smith was protected by a double penalty, and awarded the first place in precedency. He was ranked before the physician. In the royal court of Wales he sat in the great hall with the king and queen, next to the domestic chaplain. To show the importance of the blacksmith, Dr. Smiles relates the story of some delinquency having been committed by a Highland smith, on whom justice must be done; but as it was impossible to dispense with



WORKSOP PRIORY DOORS

the smith, two weavers were generously offered to be hung in his stead.

Much more might be said respecting the importance of the smith, but we will refer to his handiwork in order to ascertain the character of the mediæval smith, for it must be remembered that every piece of ironwork illustrates the mind and even the character of the worker. The smallest detail unmistakably exhibits every evidence of care that has been bestowed upon its production; the honesty and consciousness of the worker are indelibly stamped on his endeavour, because our work is part of ourselves.

The contemporaries of the mediæval smith were the artists who built the cathedrals, the masons, architects, sculptors, and carpenters who put their religion into their work. His workmates were men of rectitude who reared these monuments of "chiselled music," which have so often been referred to as the pride and boast of the civilised world. We find the worthy smith was not one whit behind his contemporaries, for he also was an artist, and beautiful specimens of his handiwork remain to this day. He wrought the most graceful forgings by means of the fewest possible number of tools—forgings which showed his love of the beautiful, and a painstaking desire to turn out work of great merit. The numerous exquisite examples of his handicraft which exist in our old gateways, church doors, altar railings, weathercocks on old buildings, signboards of quaint wayside inns, still serve as types for continual imitation.

We will now turn to our illustrations of artistic ironwork, which show some of the most graceful forgings ever wrought by the hand of man. The hinge on the door of St. Mary Key Church, at Ipswich, shows a perfect specimen of early English wrought-iron ornamentation. The bottom hinge has either perished or been torn off, as the marks of a similar hinge remain on the door. By this engraving we see the beautiful work of the smith of the eleventh century, and the clumsy plain bar of iron, termed a forging, taking the place of the bottom hinge, made by an uncultured nineteenth-century blacksmith. "The birth of Gothic architecture, with its scientific construction and refined ornament, is reflected after a time in the increasing grace and elegance of the ironwork. A rich system of easy flowing yet elaborately foliated scroll-work was the first result." One of the most beautiful examples, and probably the earliest, is preserved on the entrance doors to the Priory Church, Worksop. It lines the doors, unconnected with the hinges, and completely covers them with its graceful scroll-work. The ironwork on the door of the Chapter House, York Cathedral, has often been referred to.

"Where there's a will there's a way," is strikingly exemplified in the life of Quentin Matsys. Smithing appears to have been brought to the highest pitch of perfection by the Matsys family of Louvain. It is said that Josse Matsys held the position of architect, clockmaker, and smith to the municipality, and executed some rare specimens of ironwork, many examples of which have perished. The world-renowned well-cover against the cathedral of Antwerp is generally attributed to Quentin Matsys, the son of Josse Matsys.

The celebrated smith who produced this artistic piece of ironwork became acquainted —and ultimately fell in love with—the daughter of a well-known painter, who had resolved that she should marry no one but an artist. Matsys forthwith abandoned the forge and hammer. He appears to have worked very hard with the palette and pencil, but despaired of ever being able to paint; but being told by his master that only on producing a picture of merit within six months could he have his daughter's hand, Quentin, urged by pure love, worked vigorously, and soon produced the "Misers," a masterpiece of art, which connoisseurs have admired for ages. He was then able to claim the hand of the painter's daughter; and Quentin to-day is better known as an artist than as a blacksmith. We must now briefly describe the well canopy.

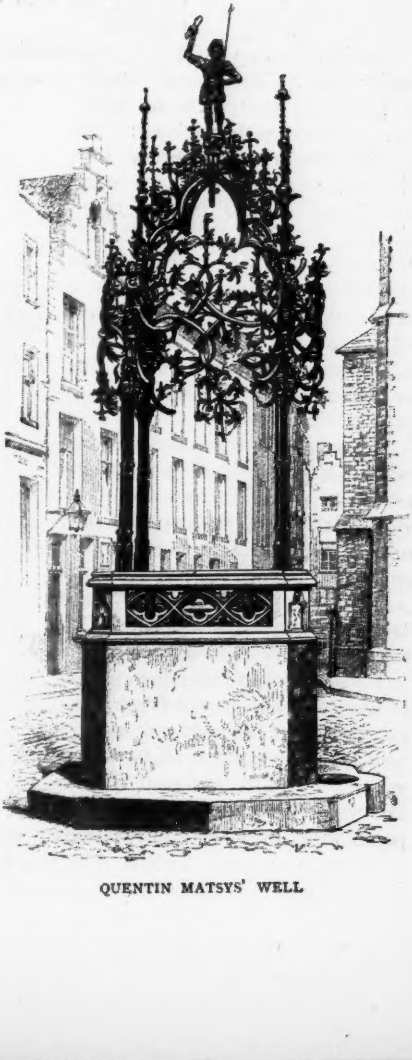
"In this imposing work no use has been made of stamps. The cover is carried by four clustered columns, supporting four cusped arches, converging to a centre. What might be termed the roof of the canopy is a tangle of interlacing branches and leaves, intended probably for the vine, and a conventional flower which both droops to form pendants and soars upward into pinnacles. The whole is crowned by the figure of Salvius Brabo, in Roman costume, holding aloft a spear and the hand of the giant Antogus, and the springing of the arches is marked by four smaller figures. The design, though mediæval in feeling, is executed with a grace and freedom not known in ironwork of the period, and from the ambitious introduction of figures in the round, with the crispness and vigour of the beaten iron foliage, appears to have made a profound and lasting impression on the art."*

The sheet-iron embossed stamped work, round the handle on one of the doors of St. Lawrence Church, Ipswich, shows that the least details were just as faithfully treated as the larger ones. It is evident from the marks of care and elaborate design which many of these early works exhibit, that the workman's heart was in his work, and his object was not to get it out of hand, but to execute it in fine style. No matter where we meet with mediæval ironwork, we find the result of unhurried labour of love. Chaucer says:

There is no workman
That can both worken well and hastilie;
This must be done at leisure, perfectlie.

In the old-time workman we find soul work—fidelity in little things, whether seen or not seen.

It is related that when Phidias, the great sculptor, who carved statues for one of the temples of antiquity, when labouring with minute fidelity upon the hair upon the back



QUENTIN MATSYS' WELL

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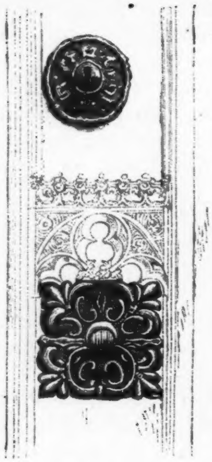
* Mr. J. Starkie Gardner.



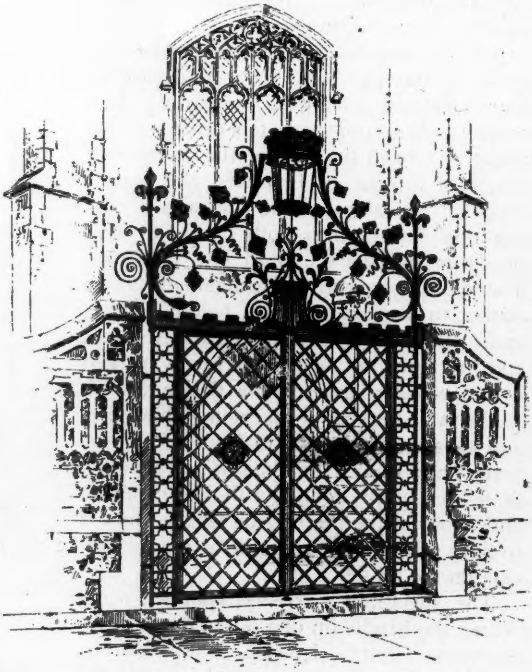
HANDLE ON
ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH
DOOR, IPSWICH

of the head of one of the historic figures, which was to be elevated from the pavement to the very apex of the building, or placed along the frieze, some one expostulated with him, saying, "Why do you take such great pains with the hair? It is never to be seen." His simple reply was, "The gods will see it." So he laboured in the minutest things, not for the eyes of men, but for the eyes of the gods.

The Middle Age smith was prompted by a similar spirit. The obscure details were just as faithfully dealt with as those that showed themselves; the handicraftsman possessed a love of good work for its own sake, and found abundant pleasure in bringing it to pass, so that whether the forging was destined to fill an important position, or occupy a more humble place, the work was equally good; nothing was slurred, there was no scamped work. The work was always sincere and in good taste.

We see, therefore, that in every period of our past history the smith possessed rare skill, and as a consequence he always occupied a prominent position among handicraftsmen.

At the present time we have multiplied tools and appliances for turning out work cheaply. It will be noticed that in every department of labour skill in hand-work has declined, and in the matter of smith's work, hand forging is all but a lost art. The smith has degenerated. His workmanship cannot be compared with the artistic productions of his ancestors. When we consider the work of the mediæval smith of honourable name, it seems almost a desecration to call the modern forge-man a smith; he is more worthy of the name of nay-smith. It is true, there are smiths and smiths. We know a few who can turn out clean well-formed forgings by hand; but there are myriads who call themselves smiths who turn out work that is a disgrace to the trade. It will be urged that ornamental ironwork is still made at a cheap rate. Some of the modern work is creditable, but is so designed that all handwork is avoided, and cast-iron work is mostly substituted for the genuine article. When good examples of ironwork are required to deck off modern structures, which are built in some styles of architecture, we repair to our old models—we mimic the good, honest work of our forefathers, who with few tools and rectitude have produced beauty of form and such work as cannot be copied in our day.



ENTRANCE GATE, ST. PETER'S CHURCH, IPSWICH

MRS. BROWNING*

WITH the few connecting "links of narrative" which have been interspersed with excellent taste and brevity by the editor, these volumes present a fairly complete record of Mrs. Browning's life from her twenty-second year down to the close in Florence in June 1861. They are practically an autobiography, written with all the frankness and absence of afterthought which one expects to find in letters to old friends. Virtually, too, they have been printed as they were written. Some repetitions and some passages which contained little or nothing of interest have been omitted, but the editor assures us that the number of passages "that have been removed for fear of hurting the feelings of persons still living is almost infinitesimal"; the marked absence of bitterness (except on certain political topics), of controversy, of personal ill-feeling of any kind, is due, not to editorial discretion, but to the sweet and kindly nature of the writer. It may be admitted that a biography would have helped us to a clearer understanding of the mystery and methods of the poet; one might have gained some larger insight, such as was recently given us in the case of Lord Tennyson, into the mode of observation, the artistic craft, the sources of thought and emotion, the vital connection between the poet and the poems; but no "Life" could have succeeded in bringing the very woman herself more close to our sympathies. And even with respect to the deficiency which I have ventured to indicate, materials are not wholly wanting. The scene of her early life has already been made familiar to us in her letters to Richard Hengist Horne, the author of "Orion"; we know the Malvern Hills, "the hills of Piers Plowman's visions," and Hope End, which is associated with "Hector in the Garden" and "The Lost Bower," and under whose trees she had her "fits of Pope and Byron and Coleridge, and read Greek as hard as some of your Oxonians in the Bodleian, and gathered visions from Plato and the dramatists," and produced when she was eleven or twelve her epic of "The Battle of Marathon" in four books—"of which fifty copies were printed, because papa was bent upon spoiling me." In the present volumes we read a little in defence, or rather in palliation, of her theory of rhyme—and here let it be asserted that, however hopeless "angels" and "candles" may be as modern English rhymes, they are historically unimpeachable assonances—and we make acquaintance with the veritable Flush of whom she wrote:—

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
    Up the woodside hieing;
This dog only watched in reach
Of a faintly-uttered speech
    Or a louder sighing.
And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears
    Or a sigh came double,
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast
    In a tender trouble.

In one of her early letters she writes: "Lazarus would make a fine poem, wouldn't he?" And one wonders whether that notion recurred to her many years afterwards and became the seed which blossomed in her husband's imagination into "The Strange Medical Experience of Karshish." At the same time, it does at first strike the reader as curious that there are so few references to matters of any considerable intellectual interest, especially during the fifteen happy years spent in companionship with Robert Browning. Balzac, Dumas, George Sand, and a few English novels make up, roughly speaking, the range of her reading. It is only after considering the time absorbed by ill-health and by devotion to her child that one begins to understand that her reading was solely her recreation, the relaxation of nerves too keenly strung, and that her real intellectual work was her poetry, of which so little is recorded. Husband and wife worked apart, and probably this was the one condition on which it was possible to preserve mental independence and distinctness of individuality; but the absence of any epistolary details as to the work of either may be in some degree regarded as the result of this wise, if somewhat unusual arrangement. Of Mrs. Browning's *obiter dicta* there is a temptation to make a little too much. In the main they were kindly, appreciative, singularly free from any feeling of rivalry. Occasionally they were oddly mistaken, but one of the worst of this kind should be associated with the date to which it belongs. "Bulwer," she writes, "has quite delighted me. He has all the dramatic talent which Scott has, and all the passion which Scott has not, and he appears to me to be besides a far profounder discriminator of character." One smiles at the judgment, but after all it was only the judgment of clever, imaginative six-and-twenty. Bulwer was "heady" fiction in those days, and indeed for a quarter of a century afterwards.

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* "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Edited, with biographical additions, by Frederic G. Kenyon. With portraits. Two vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

Of Mrs. Browning's life until her marriage there is little to relate. As she herself once wrote, "a bird in a cage would have as good a story"; and she added significantly enough, "Most of my events, and nearly all my intense pleasures, have passed in my *thoughts*." In the summer of 1835, when she was in her twenty-ninth year, the family removed to London, and shortly after that time her health, which had never been strong, broke down completely, and for the next eleven years she struggled with the depressing existence of an invalid. In 1840, when she was trying the effect of change in the genial air of Torquay, her favourite brother was drowned while boating, and the horror of the tragedy overshadowed her long after her marriage. In the autumn of that year she was not expected to survive till the following spring. When things were at the worst, however, she began slowly to mend and to gather sufficient strength to admit of her removal to London, far out of sight and sound of the sea, which had become intolerable to her. In the monotonous story of these eleven years of suffering and prostration one learns to know something of the sweet, enduring nature of the woman who seems to have had her secret compensations, who never really lost sparkle and gaiety during that long period of trial. In the world of thought there were "intense pleasures," which perhaps can never be relished so completely as on the invalid's couch. She was able to compose, and the sympathy of friends was not withheld. Strangely bright and playful is the intercourse with the blind scholar, H. S. Boyd, who has been generally described as her old tutor—one of the most charming things indeed in these letters. "Yes, indeed," she writes:

> Yes, indeed: you *do* treat me very shabbily. I agree with you in thinking so. To think that so many hills and woods should interpose between us —that I should be lying here, fast bound by a spell, a sleeping beauty in a forest, and that *you*, who used to be such a doughty knight, should not take the trouble of cutting through even a hazel-tree with your good sword to find out what had become of me! Now do tell me, the hazel-tree being down at last, whether you mean to live at Hampstead, whether you have taken a house there and carried your books there, and wear Hampstead grasshoppers in your bonnet (as they did at Athens) to prove yourself of the soil.

And again, to spare room for one of many passages of the correspondence which the reader lingers over:

> It was very kind of you to pat Flush's head in defiance of danger and from pure regard for me. I kissed his head where you patted it; which association of approximation I consider as an imitation of shaking hands with you, and as the next best thing to it. You understand—don't you?—that Flush is my constant companion, my friend, my amusement, lying with his head on one page of my folios while I read the other. (Not *your* folios—I respect your books, be sure.) Oh, I dare say, if the truth were known, Flush understands Greek excellently well.

It is in one of these letters that we come across the amusing confession:

> Why, when I was a little girl (and, whatever you may think, my tendency is not to cast off my old loves!) I used to think seriously of dressing up like a boy and running away to be Lord Byron's page.

How often in those isolated years of broken health must it have been a hard struggle to throw off "the pernicious languor, the tendency to lie down to sleep among the snows of a weary journey." There is ample evidence that her deep faith sustained her. "I read the Scriptures every day," she writes—without any reference to her own personal condition—"thinking as little as possible of the controversies engendered in that great sunshine, and, as much as possible, of the heat and glory belonging to it. It is a sure fact, in my eyes, that we do not require so much *more knowledge* as a stronger apprehension, by faith and affections, of what we already know." Yet as year went past after year, with temporary recoveries and inevitable relapses, how cheerless and disquieting the future must have become! Surely few women can have passed through a severer novitiate to happiness.

The one supreme event in Mrs. Browning's life was her meeting with the man who was to snatch her from the brink of the grave and give her, at his own peril, fifteen years of wedded love and happiness. In one of the most beautiful and simple letters ever penned, Mrs. Browning relates what happened—how she regarded his love as "a bare impulse—a generous man of quick sympathies taking up a sudden interest with both hands"; how she showed him that he was "throwing into the ashes his best affections"; while she "had not strength, even of *heart*, for the ordinary duties of life"; how his only and sufficient reply was that he loved her and would to his last hour. Few episodes in actual life read more irrationally cruel and selfish than her father's refusal to allow her to winter abroad, and, what seems to have been of a piece with it, his determination that none of his children should marry. There was but one egress from this labyrinth of paternal folly. On September 12, 1846, she slipped out of the house and was married to Robert Browning in Marylebone Church. A week later she left her home, to which she was never to return, crossed the Channel with her husband, and travelled to Paris. Her father never forgave her. Many overtures were made, but he would not be reconciled. Five years later he returned to her husband all the letters she had written to him, with the seals unbroken. "What went to my heart," writes Mrs. Browning—and this is the hardest thing she says of him—"was that some of the seals were black with black-edged envelopes, so that he might have thought my husband or child dead, yet never cared to solve the doubt by breaking the seal." Five years later still—by this time a second daughter had revolted and left his house—a final attempt to bring about a reconciliation was met with the answer that his children had "disgraced his family," and, "although he professed to have forgiven them, he refused all intercourse." One thinks of the epic of "Marathon," and the edition of fifty copies; one remembers the tender dedication of the volume of 1844, "To my father"—and one is hardly more perplexed by the man's sullen savagery than by the woman's clinging affection, which still had tears to give after eleven years of banishment.

If her novitiate of suffering was severe, her married life was throughout a period of almost indescribable happiness. "For me, I take it for pure magic, this life of mine," she writes after two years' experience. "Surely nobody was ever so happy before. I shall wake some morning with my hair all dripping out of the enchanted bucket." "Could everything be well in England [her father reconciled], I should only have to melt out of the body at once in the joy and glow of it." In March 1849 her son was born—"so fat, and rosy, and strong, that almost I am sceptical of his being my child." Thenceforth we have delightful glimpses of child-life—"Penini's" tentative theology ("God lives among the birds"); Penini's attachment to his nurse (who still lives with him in Venice in her old age); Penini's British pluck among British boys ("Don't be impertinent, sir," doubling his little fist, "or I'll show you that *I'm a boy*"); Penini's first poem and his royal flirtations. In the poems, too, he takes his inalienable place:

> Shall I speak like a poet, or run
> Into weak woman's tears for relief?
> Oh, children!—I never lost one—
> Yet my arm's round my own little son,
> And Love knows the secret of grief.

And as the years slip away the facile pen runs again, and again, and again, into some gracious little revelation of the unchanging love between husband and wife, till at the close the poet himself inscribes the last record:

> At four o'clock there were symptoms that alarmed me: I called the maid and sent for the doctor. She smiled as I proposed to bathe her feet, "Well, you *are* determined to make an exaggerated case of it!" Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again and longer—the most perfect expression of her love to me within my whole knowledge of her.

Always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's, and in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek.

In this brief survey many matters of interest have been inevitably crushed out; but the principal things, the long years of suffering, the compensating years of love and motherhood, have found their place. If in the later letters one is conscious of a certain over-accentuated eagerness in the matter of spiritualism and politics, the excitement of the time, the febrile, fragile temperament must be taken largely and generously into consideration. Her poetic work is the truest and fairest expression of what she was, and of what she felt. All that was woman in her work will live, despite every defect of art, in virtue of its womanhood. In many of the poems the tears drop thick and fast. In the least inspired of them there was a graciousness of fancy, a sweetness of nature, a tenderness of feeling, a rectitude of intention which entitles them to respect if it does not ensure them permanence in memory.

PAGES FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL IN THE CRIMEA

BY THE LATE SIR GEORGE H. B. MACLEOD, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., ETC.,
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

FIRST PAPER

SMYRNA, May 1855.—The hospital is rapidly emptying, and there are many rows in the air arising from idleness, so, having the good excuse of an attack of Smyrna fever, I have asked for leave, and intend making tracks for "the front," being determined to see active service somehow.

We meet crowds of officers "going up," clean and fresh and happy; more "coming down," dirty, worn, unshaved, and disheartened. The Black Sea, so often enveloped in mist, seemed to shroud a mysterious land which devoured shiploads of our people. Through the Bosphorus day by day flowed a constant stream of big ships with French, English, Turks, and Sardinians—all cheering and piping. They passed beyond the misty veil and into the silence which was only broken by the return of draggled vessels laden with skeletons, who were disembarked in hammocks, or wearily drew themselves along—often the sole survivors of whole regiments and battalions. But the very risk was half the attraction. We could not, even when face to face with these mutilated and fever-stricken men, realise that the Crimea was a place where those whose duty did not specially call them there should avoid, but, on the contrary, we longed to be in the thick of it, and see for ourselves what rumour did so much to exaggerate. The whole air was full of rumours

[Several circumstances at the outset of his professional career led to the appointment of Sir George Macleod to important posts in connection with the army. Being then on a cruise in the Mediterranean, he went to Constantinople when the war broke out, and on his return to Scotland he was commissioned to bring home an officer who had been wounded in the cavalry charge at Balaclava. When he reached London with his patient, he was taken to the War Office, and there described the scenes of confusion and suffering he had witnessed, and was invited to suggest methods for meeting the requirements of the wounded. The plan he recommended was adopted; and as the Government were then taking steps to send out a "civil staff" of surgeons to supplement the military doctors, he was asked to go back to the East, receiving senior rank. He accordingly joined Major Storks, who had been entrusted with the duty of organising hospitals for the wounded at Smyrna. That place was reached on the 25th February 1855, and Macleod found himself at once made Senior Surgeon and Interim Superintendent. He remained at Smyrna till the end of May 1855, when, anxious to see service at the front, he obtained leave, and, being furnished with an introduction to the late Sir John Hall, principal Medical Officer in the Crimea, he received from that gentleman a hospitable welcome, and in a few days found himself in General Orders posted with military rank, and senior in charge of the hospital at the front.—ED.]

—"shaves" of every kind. The smoking-rooms were full of men who had been up—military, and above all civilians—and the scenes and turmoil in front did not suffer diminution in their narratives.

On June 12th, we got off in the *Severn*, after a terrible search for her, as she lay in the stream "somewhere." We found her at Beikos. She was a hospital-ship and dirty and uncomfortable, and I was out of sorts, so I embarked in rather low spirits, and with the nasty forebodings which usually spring from physical causes. We passed the Cyanean Rocks, at the entrance to the Black Sea, where the Argonauts had so much difficulty in their celebrated voyage after a wool market, and then sailed 275 miles to the curious old harbour of Balaclava in thirty-six hours. We had a large shipful of horses in tow, but as the sea was on its good behaviour we did very well.

June 13th, 1855.—In sight of land! The Crimea at last!

As we got nearer, the old Genoese castle which stands over the entrance to Balaclava came into view, a relic of the days when these remarkably "pushing" bagmen ransacked the world in their commercial ventures. The great gale of last November has strewn the rocks with the spars and wreck of ships.

We see nothing of the enemy and have no fear of him at sea, so completely has he been driven from his own "lake" by the cruisers of the Allies.

The occasional rumble or low growl of the big guns, which comes at intervals upon the breeze, was the only token of the struggle which was going on a few miles away.

There is a large fleet of store-ships and transports about, and troops are coming in from the Kertch expedition, which was a brilliant success. Such a row and hurry! Every one was intent on something which seemed to him of the first consequence, and men of every arm were mixed up in the motley crowd which struggled about the quays. Officers and men were hairy and sun-burned, and mules and horses were dirty and overworked. Guns, shot, shells, and stores heaped in every corner, and the Queen's English mingled with every Eastern language, and seasoned with the strangest and most powerful expletives. A riding party of ladies went by and seemed oddly out of place in such a scene.

I was quite bewildered, and having no *raison d'être*, was stranded with my luggage amidst the seething mass. Colonel Napier was good enough to take compassion on my helplessness, and gave me his pony, on which I put my pack and set off to trudge to the "front," a distance of four miles.

The road, or rather worn track, up to camp was thronged with English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish soldiers, and troops of the nondescripts of every nation who hang about an army. Greeks, Jews, and Proselytes yelled and struggled, ready to aid you when they were paid, or, if not, by robbing you or cutting your throat. Every house was in ruins except that used for headquarters, which, though dilapidated, had still a roof and enclosures of farm buildings which served very well amidst such desolation for the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, and his Staff. It was placed on the top of the plateau, and amidst a city of white tents whose extent seemed without limit, as they stretched as far as the eye could see.

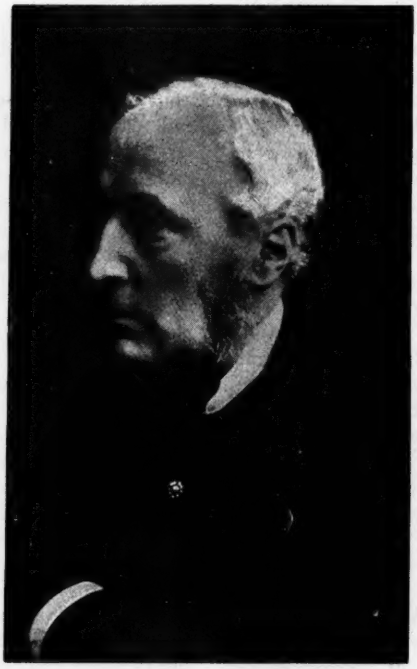
I went straight to Dr. Hall.* He was most kind and took me in. I remained with him for a week, and was able to make myself useful arranging papers, returns, &c.

It was "eerie" at night. I slept in a sort of shed. My bed was a hospital bedstead, but I had otherwise only a coverlet and my plaid, and for a pillow a very small travelling bag, but I got on wonderfully! Just before retiring for the night, word came that a large force of Russians was collecting on the right to attack, as was supposed, the French at the Mamelon. This was followed by the marching of heavy columns through the camp, and after I went to bed the frequent flashes of the big guns lighted up my den; the bit of sky visible was constantly traversed by the comet-like passage of twinkling shells; and finally a terrible outburst of musketry told that the attack had begun. As all this seemed to go on at my very door, and the combined row was sufficient to waken the Seven Sleepers, it was no wonder that a novice should have sat up and quaked. After a time, however, the "collieshangie" ceased or faded away into the normal regular "thud, thud"; and I went to sleep, not,

* **Afterwards Sir John Hall, principal medical officer in the Crimea.**

however, without a thought of those whose long sleep had begun during those few moments of onslaught.

I heard much from Dr. Hall of the cruel lies and exaggerations regarding his department which had got currency in England, and he gave me proof from the returns of their venomous character. It is a terrible ordeal our public men have to go through when they are thus attacked and misrepresented, while they are from the usages of the service prevented from replying. Miss —— did much harm at first by her sensational stories and the facility with which she gave heed to every complaint and currency to every statement. Afterwards she suffered herself from the prevailing mendacity, and so became more tolerant and cautious. Two facts I noted. Miss —— wrote that there was an almost total want of "lint" for dressing wounds in the hospital at Scutari, yet the returns for that period, which I saw, showed that an enormous quantity lay in store quite close to her quarters. Mr. —— wrote that the Crimean hospitals were destitute of sago, arrowroot, port wine, and lime-juice in January and February, while the returns showed that at that very time over 1000 lbs. of these very stores and 580 dozen of port wine had been actually *used* in these very institutions.



(*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London, W.*)

THE LATE SIR GEORGE H. B. MACLEOD, M.D.

The weather was splendid. The day after I arrived I rode with Dr. Hall and soon learned the chief localities. As we passed headquarters old Lord Raglan was sitting peaceably at his door.

The great plain of Balaclava and the scenes of the wonderful charge of the Light and Heavy Brigades were points of much interest. The valley up which that rash but extraordinary charge of the Light Cavalry took place was a good way from the camp, and led to the position well *behind* our army where Liprandi held his battalions in the winter ready to pounce on our communications. A line of hungry Cossacks constantly shuffled up and down a line of low hills on their hairy ponies, watching everything that was done. From where we lived Sebastopol was invisible, lying as it did behind the fold of the hills below, but the huge forts at the mouth of the harbour could be seen, and the great blue sea beyond, calm and unruffled, with many white sails and long streaks of black smoke where the fleet and merchantmen lay. The camp was in constant commotion—troops moving to "tuck of drum," bugles sounding, artillery flashing along, and movement and activity in everything.

We went down another day to a point where the whole panorama of the city was laid out at our feet, and what a heart-stirring sight it was! There lay the great white city of which I had for months heard so much, with its buildings basking and glittering in the summer sun as if pervaded by peace and happiness. The blue harbour with the Russian fleet, the great many-cannoned forts rising tier above tier near the entrance to the fiörd-like arm of the sea which constituted the "Grand Harbour." Steam-tugs kept pottering about, and beyond we were able with our glasses to examine every nook of the "North side," where there were large dense bodies of troops under arms. Near at hand, apparently within stone's throw, were the oft-described Mamelon, Redan, and Malakhoff, which were low hills heavily fortified with ramparts of earth which compassed them about as with a great brown wall. Seaming the whole ground immediately in front of us were the "trenches," deep zigzag ditches, along which our "approaches" to the enemy's fortifications were made. The air was clear and full of light. The sky was almost cloudless, and hardly a sound was heard as the firing had for the moment ceased, though now and then a white puff would come from some of the batteries, followed by a heavy thud and a cloud of dust, as a gun was fired just to show they were on the alert.

In some places, as in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," which we rode up, the ground was literally paved with iron, round shot, and fragments of shell.

A surgeon attached to the general hospital having died (very opportunely for me), I was placed by Dr. Hall in order to succeed him, and that in certainly the most responsible surgical position in the army, as the general hospital was of considerable size and was "general," *i.e.*, for no special regiment or division. It was in the "lines" of the 3rd Division, and I had for colleagues Dr. Rooke, surgeon of the *Dreadnought*, and Dr. Alex. Smith, who had been in the "Bays," and nicer, more gentlemanly, or better fellows could not be found. We had several assistants, and the P.M.O. was Dr. Mowat, *V.C.* This was a tremendous affair for me, and realised my "wildest dreams." I was given army rank (that of major of comparative rank, and first-class surgeon in the Medical Service) and was told to provide myself with uniform, &c. I was quite startled when I saw my name in "General Orders," and suddenly found myself such a "swell." I remained "Senior Surgeon to the General Hospital before Sebastopol" from the time I joined until the Crimea was evacuated in June 1856.

Sunday, June 17th.—A glorious, bright, sunny day indeed. The fourth great trial of endurance began to-day, and a bombardment of great violence is to precede the assault, which being made on the anniversary (to-morrow) of Waterloo, is to be evidence to all the world of the *entente cordiale* which reigns.

At daylight when I awoke there was an ominous silence. Nature seemed to hold her breath, and then suddenly a big gun rang out the signal, and the crash began which with no intermission shook earth and heaven for twenty-four hours.

At noon the troops collected in the camping-ground of their respective divisions to hear prayers read, and a curious sight it was to see these men, who were so soon to be engaged in the deadly struggle, listening to the words of peace, while the cannon shook the earth on which they stood and filled the air with thunder!

The view of Sebastopol in the evening was very grand. High in the air a thick pall of smoke hung over it, while immediately beyond the city a long strip of sea was lit up with a lurid light, which dimly revealed the fleet at anchor beyond. Flash after flash waved along the lines of cannon, and the air was filled with a sulphurous smell. Through the black cloud the shining shells moved tremulously along, sometimes singly, but more frequently in brilliant masses, and the loud report with which they exploded sounded high above the roar of the cannon. From either flank Congreve rockets ascended with a shriek which drowned for a time every other sound, and shot in long beams of light across the sky. Then the variety of sound produced by the various species of projectile was curious—the sharp whistle, like the twang of a crossbow, caused by some, and the singing-sawing note produced by others. Some produce a noise exactly like the rush of a locomotive, and appear to fill the whole upper air, while others are but little heard till their quick sharp note sounds close to your ear. The night between the 17th and 18th was one in which every one was awake and in anticipation. Men were grave, and though attempts were made to appear at ease, it was but too evident that a dread seriousness hung over and oppressed all. I felt a most oppressive weight on my heart, a catch in the breath, an awe as if some fearful catastrophe was overhanging me. One could discern, however, throughout it all, a determination to succeed, yet a clear knowledge of the difficulties and of the sacrifice required.

There were many cowards, who tried by every expedient to be taken to the hospital. They came with pale perspiring faces and complained of all sorts of assumed ailments. We had to be inexorable. Every man was required, and even then we would be terribly short. One man—a noted coward—turned away with a look of abject despair, saying, "O God! then I shall surely fall!" He did not, however, for he managed to crawl up early, assisting a less fortunate comrade. It is at such a time under such circumstances that those who had so ordered their lives as to be ready for either fate (and there were many such) had the pull.

The hospitals were cleared, the ambulances arranged, and the night passed in making preparations. No one doubted the success of the attack, and many made appointments to meet afterwards in the city who did not live to know of our repulse.

As Lord Raglan and his Staff rode past, just before dawn, his name was passed along the crowd in a whisper. The passage down to the *mêlée* of the "forlorn hope," or anyhow of those who represented that intrepid body, and finally the Guards and Highlanders, who had been brought up to lead or support the last great rush, made one's blood flow back to the heart with a very unpleasant feeling. On all the eminences around groups of spectators could be indistinctly seen through the grey mist, all gazing in anxious expectation on the devoted city. Slowly the dawn spread over the landscape, and with its first faint streaks the firing redoubled. The veil which concealed the town slowly rose, and was carried seaward by the morning's breeze. Rapidly the whole scene became unfolded. Below us lay the city, purely white and beautiful; the harbour beyond was like a lake of quicksilver, reflecting the rays of the rising sun; and beyond, the dark masses of the enemy could be seen covering the northern shore. From daybreak onwards, no imagination can portray, nor pen describe, the scenes which took place! It was war in its most fearful and repulsive features. War is, in truth, one of the few things in which the reality far exceeds any idea which can be formed of it, or any description which can be given of it.

None but eye-witnesses can conceive such a scene as that which took place before Sebastopol on the 18th of June! The air above the works of the enemy was filled with living shells, whose explosion left in the atmosphere little knots of pure white smoke, and along his parapets the great round shot struck thick as hail. At half-past three in the morning the assault began by the advance of the French against the Malakhoff. The musketry now began to rattle on both sides, and for a length of time there was one long cordon of fire kept up along the lines of attack and defence. Then the fleet began to join in the cannonade, and their fire was so rapidly delivered as to sound like the continued roll of great drums. Conflagrations burst out at three several points in the town, and completed a scene which resembled more nearly one's conception of hell than anything the world contains. Amidst all the storm the Russian flag waved from the ruins of the Round Tower; sometimes it was concealed by the smoke, and the cry passed along that it was down, but a puff of wind would clear the atmosphere, and reveal it again fluttering free above the swaying battle.

That flag was the barometer of the fight, and will long be remembered from the anxiety with which we watched it. The wounded soon began to pass to the rear. First came a man with his arm bound up, and evidently glad to escape at so light a sacrifice; then a young naval officer was carried past on a stretcher; and before long there followed ambulances full of men covered with blood and dust.

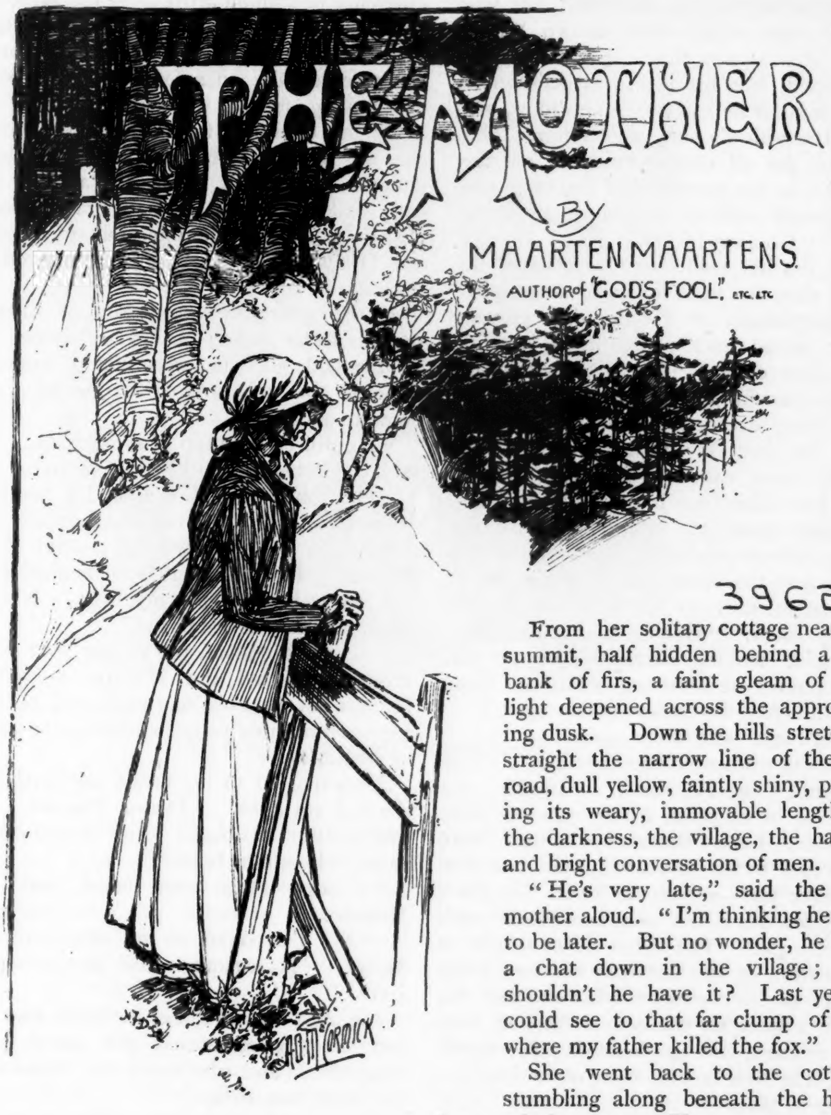
From where I was stationed I could see the dense masses of the attacking columns advance up the slope; then the torrents of grape which met them would obscure their ranks for a moment, and hardly a man would be seen to remain. I at one time saw a body of men, many hundreds strong, so completely swept away by one discharge that only a few of the rear rank remained when the iron storm went past! The dead and dying could be clearly distinguished lying in piles on the hillside, and over their prostrate bodies fresh troops crowded on to meet the same fate. Many a manly heart and nervous arm went down in the deadly struggle on that green hillside! No valour availed; the cannon's force was greater than the strength of man. How many ardent hopes were extinguished, how many home circles destroyed, and lives rendered miserable by the havoc of that hour, none can tell, no more than they can imagine the bodily agony or the grief for home and friends which was there endured. What would be the value of what is called "glory" if weighed on the field of battle and among the dead?

THE MOTHER

BY

MAARTEN MAARTENS

AUTHOR of "GOD'S FOOL," ETC. ETC.



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I

IN the long grey twilight of the chilly autumn evening the old woman stood gazing down the far descent of road. Around her the inhospitable pine-woods sank into the distance, darkling, on both sides of the desolate hill. Not a leaf stirred; the solemn stillness lay unbroken, but for the monotonous dripping of many thousand trees.

From her solitary cottage near the summit, half hidden behind a low bank of firs, a faint gleam of fire-light deepened across the approaching dusk. Down the hills stretched straight the narrow line of the by-road, dull yellow, faintly shiny, pointing its weary, immovable length to the darkness, the village, the haunts and bright conversation of men.

"He's very late," said the old mother aloud. "I'm thinking he gets to be later. But no wonder, he likes a chat down in the village; why shouldn't he have it? Last year I could see to that far clump of firs, where my father killed the fox."

She went back to the cottage, stumbling along beneath the heavy damp of the trees. The supper-pot was bubbling over. A magpie hung by the darkening window. "All right!" said the magpie. "Go away!"

"La, Blackie, it's me!" replied his mistress, lifting a skinny arm to light the lamp. "You surely don't want me to take myself off? I'm thinking you'd lose the only companion you ever had. You stupid, you took me for a tramp!"

"All right!" said the magpie, who may,

or may not, have had recollections of other companions across field and forest, but who certainly now would have known Widow Quint's step at any time. His vocabulary was limited, like his list of acquaintances. Of these latter he had two: the widow, who loved, the widow's son, who ignored him. Likewise, for all contingencies of his tiny existence, he was possessed of two utterances which amply sufficed his philosophy—"All right!" "Go away!"

"La, it's not really late!" exclaimed the widow, who, like most lonely persons, spoke frequently aloud. "'Tis the days growing shorter misled me!" She stood, studying the cuckoo clock. "Not yet five o'clock, and the paraffin two cents dearer! But I always have dreaded the boy's being late. Now, 'tis just my foolish fancy. Yes, Blackie, your mistress is simply a fool! Dear, how often my John would say that, and never mean it! Nor he couldn't bear any one else to repeat it; well he knew who it was had the clearer head of the two!" She laughed softly to herself, a tender little pitying laugh. "God 'a mercy on him," she said, looking into the supper-pot. "The onions are browning beautiful. Isaac 'll be in before the cuckoo strikes again!"

"Go away," said the magpie.

The old woman stopped stirring. "Drat the bird!" she ejaculated. "Blackie, you ought to be whipped, if only you was built accordin'. I can't think why the little brute never took to the boy, and he the best boy that ever was—ay, or will be! No, that's saying too much, but one soon thinks one's owl an eagle." The widow never sought an explanation in the fact that the boy, being jealous of his mother's affection, had not shown a liking for the bird. She had been slow to learn, through her own life's experience, that love is with most of us largely a matter of take.

For more than sixty years she had lived in this lonely cottage; she had been born in it, an only daughter, and after her mother's death, she, then being fifteen, had taken the vacant place by the taciturn widower's side. When the bloom of her youth had faded away from her, the father, also dying, left Mary alone in an unknown world. She had been an under-keeper in the service of the Baron to whom the woods belonged. A new man, some seven years her junior, was appointed to the post and the cottage; a difference of opinion arose as to the value of her father's old bureau; he proposed that she should settle it by marrying him, and she accepted the offer, for why should she do anything else?

By the time her first babies were born she was nearing forty. The three eldest children successively died, in infancy or in early childhood, torn from a grasp whose despair might have vanquished any power but Death. The youngest only survived—Isaac.

It was after two long years of silence that his feeble puling once more seemed to fill the cottage; she never for a moment doubted that this son of her decline had come to stay.

"He will be the prop of my old age," she said. "I shall live to kiss his children."

"Our times are in God's hand," said the Minister, sitting by the bedside, very solemn.

"And a good thing, too," replied Mary Quint. "I'm thinking God remembered that when he sent me my Isaac. I shall laugh over him as Sarah did."

"My good woman, you've got your facts wrong," objected the Minister peevishly. He was hot from his long walk, and he disapproved of poor people's talking nonsense, or sentiment.

Mary hugged to her breast one small fact she had got right. "Please, Dominé," she said a little anxiously, "you won't object to my calling him Isaac?"

"I hope it's a family name," said the Dominé.

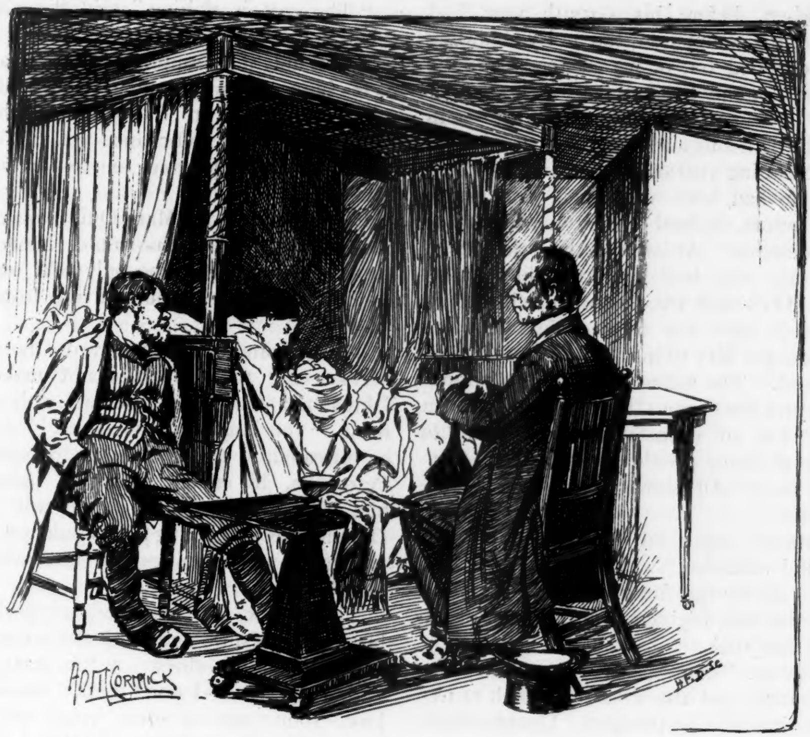
"Oh, it's bound to be that," replied Mary. "'Tis a name in your family, isn't it, John?"

"Surely," assented her husband, who was sometimes good-natured and never over-scrupulous, and who cared for nothing in the world but drink.

"Isaac let the young child be then," declared the Minister, rising pompously, "and may he indeed prove a Son of the Promise! Quint, I'm going. It's an hour and a quarter from here to the village."

"Surely," said the under-keeper again, rising to accompany his rare visitor to the door, "for a gentleman it would be. The likes of me does it in fifty-five minutes; but what is the likes of me?"

"All men are alike, Quint—ahem!—



" Mary hugged to her breast one small fact she had got right "

before God," replied the Minister, annoyed; "but our physical powers undeniably vary. That is of little consequence, however, for the Bible expressly warns us that bodily exercise profiteth nothing."

"Does the Bible tell such a—thing as that?" cried the keeper, amazed.

"Certainly," replied the stodgy little parson, reprovingly. "You should read your Bible, Quint." He paused just outside the threshold. "How old is your wife?"

"Thirty-nine come next April, God willing," replied the keeper promptly. He always deducted a couple of years from his consort's actual age: he called this "splitting the difference."

The Dominé meditatively shook his big head.

"She has foolish ideas," he said. "I fear she is rather a foolish woman, Quint."

"Yes, Dominé, so she tells me herself," replied the keeper, "over and over again; but still I can hardly believe it. There never was any one like her for cooking and baking. She's got no book-learning to boast of; but then, as I'm always a-telling her, we can't all get clothed and educated at other people's expense"—the Dominé winced: he was a charity-boy. "Now what use would your Reverence, saving your presence, be in a family, with washin' and bakin'? She sees it at once, sir. No use at all."

"Good-day," said the Dominé. The keeper went back to the inner room, where his wife lay. "John, come and look at little Isaac," said a voice from the press-bed. "He's got a dimple in his chin, John, just like what my father had."

"You're a fool," replied the husband, filling his pipe. "You always was."

Little Isaac grew up, and his dimple deepened. He was an easy-going child, all good-nature and love of tranquillity. He took an early dislike to his father's vehement caresses and violent abuse: on the whole, he experienced a distinct sensation of pleasure when, before his seventh year had reached its completion, the noisy, brawling voice dropped out of his existence, and he was left alone in the cottage with a mother whose love and whose anger were both equably righteous and calm.

The closing year or two of John Quint's poor life had been one black tempest of drunkenness, lighted up by fierce flashes of repentance. At last the thing happened which the wife had long tremblingly foreseen. On a dark December night the keeper stumbled once too often. Next morning they brought him to his cottage shot through the head. The widow thanked the sympathetic and the curious before she bade them go. "I'm not accustomed," she said, "to seeing so many people about me. It confuses me." All slunk away, except the Minister.

"Mary," began the Minister, "this is a dreadful visitation."

She sat by the fireside, her face averted from the bed, frightened, little Isaac plucking at her knee.

"Ahem!" continued the Minister, "it is a visitation, and also a warning to all of us" ("us," indeed! he thought). Unconsciously he fingered the blue ribbon at his buttonhole. "Alas! there can be no doubt that your husband was under the influence"—mechanically he bent over the bedside: at one leap the woman lay between him and the corpse!

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the Minister, starting back. Little Isaac, upset on the hearthstone, began to cry shrilly. "Hist!" said his mother. And he stopped.

"Why this futile palliation?" cried the Minister, audibly snuffing. "Mary, I trust you have not learnt to feel sympathy for your poor husband's failing. Your life is too lonely up here, my good woman. Well, an end will now soon come to that. You will live in the village henceforth, and your child——"

"Dominé, please go away," said the widow, shielding the dead man behind her.

"Oh, of course, if you wish it," replied the Minister, in high dudgeon. "But, observe, I shall not soon come again. The distance from the village is more than an hour and a quarter, and if it had not been for John Bost's meeting me with his cart——"

"The cart is waiting," said the widow; "I hear the harness jingle."

"Certainly it is waiting. He was afraid of his horse catching cold up here. But I said I must speak to the widow. What is the chance—the off-chance—of a horse catching cold, compared to—to—a human soul?"

"The Widow!" Mary Quint winced at the novel title which would henceforth always be hers. But she only held out her hand to her son without stirring from her guard.

The Dominé departed towards the door. "Take care that you do not make an Ishmael of your Isaac," he said with suave relish, "you Hagar in the desert!" Thus he retreated, in triumph, eager to repeat to Petronella, his sister, who was proud of him, this new specimen of his wit. The Dominé was still young; he would yet have numerous opportunities of increasing in foolishness.

The widow, left in peace, sat gazing at her dead husband, and gradually a few tears rolled down her cheek. "I'm sorry," she said softly. "I—I don't think it was exactly love, John; not as some wives feel; but perhaps that is my fancy. I think I did my best—and you did yours. I'm very sorry." The boy, pulling at her skirts, whined for her to come away. She followed him to the window; a wintry drizzle fell slanting against the black outline of the firs. "Isaac," she said, but she spoke to herself—"Isaac!" She lifted his face to her own. "Isaac, if I'd never had children, I don't think I'd ever have known!" She let the boy's head drop and looked out into the rain.

A few days later, when the funeral was over, and everybody had forgotten her, and everything went on again, she dressed in her best mourning, took her boy by the hand, and trudged away to the village and the great house beyond. She left the child at the lodge: then she faced the hall door, the big dog, and the butler.

"Quint!" said the grey-haired Lord of the Manor, glancing over his glasses and joining his finger-tips. "Yes, of course, Quint! Very sad." Then he looked down at his writing-table, and being a kind-hearted man, reflected what a bore things were.

"Yes, it certainly was very sad," he repeated, wheeling round to the figure in black, "and also——" he checked himself, "very sad."

"Mynheer the Baron, my father served you faithfully," said the widow, "for more than forty years."

"Yes, of course," replied the Baron. Then the incongruousness of his expression, in our present dispensation, struck home to him. "I mean, of course, I am aware of the fact."

"And my husband—did his best," continued Mary tremulously. "Mynheer the Baron, I don't mean to speak about that, but I've lived in the cottage more than half a century!"

"Whew!" said the Baron. "I see. 'Tis a lonely cottage. You'll be much better down in the village."

"And now my one hope and prayer is this, that Mynheer will let me stay on up there with the child! I've never asked anyone anything. I don't know how to speak properly—much less to Mynheer the Baron." The widow clasped her hands in front of her. "I've always lived alone."

"Seems to me you know how to ask right enough," said the Baron with testy good-humour. "The cottage has invariably gone with the place."

"I could do a certain amount of the work, Mynheer, saving your presence." Baron Varik laughed, glanced up, and suddenly steadied his features. "I could look after the firewood, for instance, and keep off children and vagrants——"

"And catch the poachers," interrupted the Baron.

"No," said the widow; and yet, but for womanly unobtrusiveness, she might have told him how twice her keen watchfulness had enabled her muddle-headed husband to effect an arrest. "No, I couldn't pretend to be aught of a gamekeeper or claim aught of a gamekeeper's pay."

"Oh, of course, I must make some arrangement when you leave," said the Baron hastily. "A small pension——" He paused, unwilling to commit himself, for these things were done by rule.

"'Tis the cottage I want!" cried the widow, forgetting all timidity. "I've been born there, Mynheer the Baron: and there's no habit grows on one like loneliness. And my boy, that's seven already, must grow up to be the Baron's keeper, and live in the cottage as the rest of us have done!"

"Seven!" exclaimed the Baron, still fretfully smiling. "He'll take time, my good woman, to grow up!"

"He'll do it as fast as he can," replied the widow. "Nobody shall do it faster. It don't take long to grow up!"

"Good Lord, no, that's true!" exclaimed the Baron. "It seems only yesterday I was a small boy myself!" and he went into the next room, where his wife was sitting with some fancy-work before her.

"My dear, here is the Widow Quint," he said, "and she asks to be my under-keeper!" and then he told her all. "My father built the cottage on purpose for the under-keeper to live in," he grumbled, "and she can't support herself on the pension, besides."

"My dear," said the Baroness, smiling, "your reason for wishing a thing to be done is always that it has been done before."

"And a very good reason too," retorted her husband. "If you wish her to have the cottage, of course she must have it. She ought to go down to the village and work."

"Surely I expressed no opinion," replied the Baroness, still smiling over her work. "Far less did I give advice. If she does half a keeper's work, couldn't she get half a keeper's pay?"

The Baron drummed his fingers against the window-pane. "But, then, how am I to *book* that?" he burst out at last, in evident distress. "The pension I can book as has always been done. It comes under 'III.—The Estate.'"

"Book it as treasure laid up in heaven," said the Baroness.

"That is 'Charity—VIII.,'" replied the Baron. "I wonder whether my steward will consider that correct."

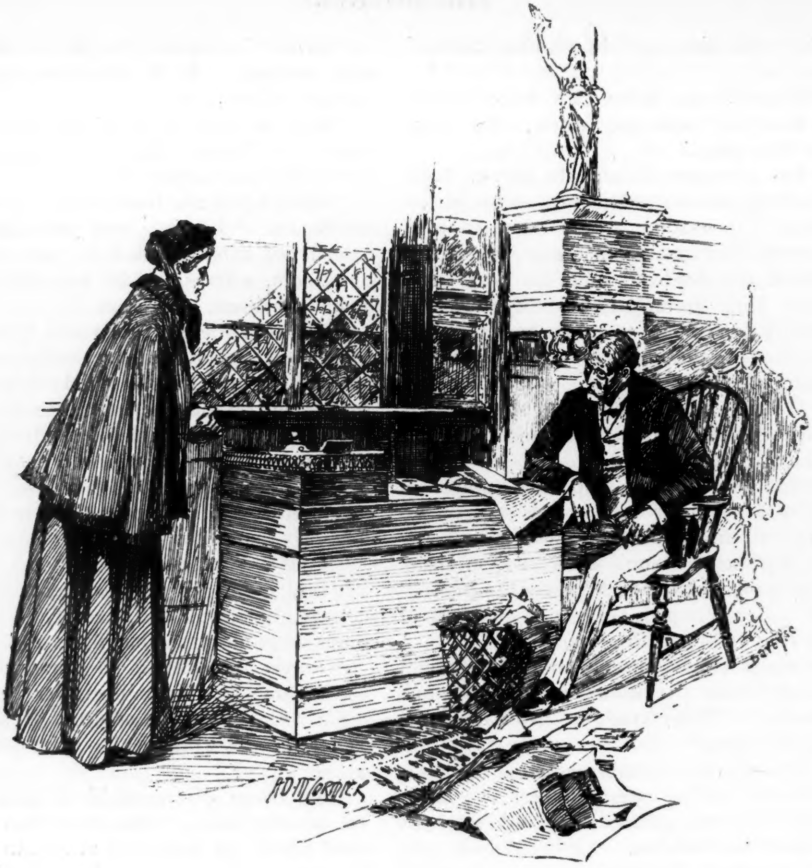
"Before I married you," continued the lady smoothly, "I imagined that only shop-people 'booked.'"

"My dear, do not let us return to that fruitful, and fruitless, subject of discussion. I will do as you wish about the widow," he sighed. "She might at least have been young and good-looking."

"Vrouw Quint? She has a very striking appearance. I notice her every Sunday in church."

"Every Sunday you go," corrected the Baron, and, with that parting bit of compensation, he went back to Vrouw Quint.

"You can have the cottage," he said



“ ‘ ’Tis the cottage I want ! ’ cried the widow.”

quickly, “and half your husband’s wages, and the usual pension. And you must do half your husband’s work. You must arrange about that with the head-keeper, Basset.”

For a moment the widow stood silent. “I’m a bad hand at speaking my thanks,” she said then, “but I’m thinking Mynheer the Baron feels them.”

“Egad, my wife’s right,” thought the Baron; “the woman has fine eyes.”

“Oh, I hope Basset won’t mind!” exclaimed the widow.

The Lord of the Manor bit his lip. “You must distinctly understand that a certain amount of work will be required of you, for the pay—you understand me?—must come out of the estate.”

“I understand, Mynheer the Baron,” said the widow, in the doorway. “And Isaac, when grown up, must make good all my deficiency.”

The Baron followed her, fearing he had seemed unkind. “So Isaac is to be trained for my service?” he said pleasantly.

The widow stopped under the hall lamp. “Please God,” she said vehemently, all her gratitude bursting forth, “he shall learn to be such a servant to your honour as few masters have had before!”

“Tut, tut! I am nearly sixty-five,” said the Baron.

“Who knows what may befall?” replied the widow. “Was I not an old maid at thirty-five? And see, I am a widow before fifty!” She went back to the lodge and fetched Isaac, giving a penny to each of the lodge-keeper's stolidly astonished children. That night she cried over the boy long and silently: he always remembered those tears as the last he saw his mother shed.

Then the current of their lives, unbroken now by squalls, flowed smoothly onward. But Isaac easily comprehended that absence of storm-winds did not mean licence to drift, and he opened his sails, as small mariners will, to a gentle, but consistent, breeze. He grew up conscious that he might do what he liked as long as he liked no wrong. There came a period, vainly delayed, when he must frequent the far-off village-school. His mother could not leave her forest, where less wood was now stolen (as Basset unwillingly admitted) and fewer snares were set than on any other part of the estate. She bade the boy "God-speed," and ridiculed his dread of the lonely roads; but she spent days and nights in anxiety and supplication. Every morning she watched his shiny knapsack out of sight; every evening she toiled to the turnpike to meet him. She loved the glint of the knapsack, and polished it long after other children's had dulled to a rusty brown.

Isaac, with his good looks and good humour, all blue eyes and broad dimples, did well at school, and wherever he went. He preferred not to exert himself by nature, but whatever duty gave pleasure to his mother he was always prepared to perform. Once or twice he was first of his class for her sake, and on the occasion of a national festival he recited a patriotic poem in the courtyard of the manor-house before all the school, half the manor-house servants, and the manor-house family itself. "The boy's a good boy," said the Baroness graciously. "He has a good mother. But he's very unlike you in face, Vrouw Quint."

That night his elation was damped by his mother's unreasonable crossness, a thing he was least of all accustomed to. He burst out at last with suppressed irritation.

"Why, mother, whatever have I done?"

"Hush!" she said. "Nothing, Isaac. You can't help it, boy. I was only thinking. The Baroness was right: you are much like your father in manner as well as in face."

"Is that what you are angry with me for?" he questioned sullenly.

"God forbid!" she exclaimed with superfluous vehemence. "Isaac, never dare to say anything like that again!"

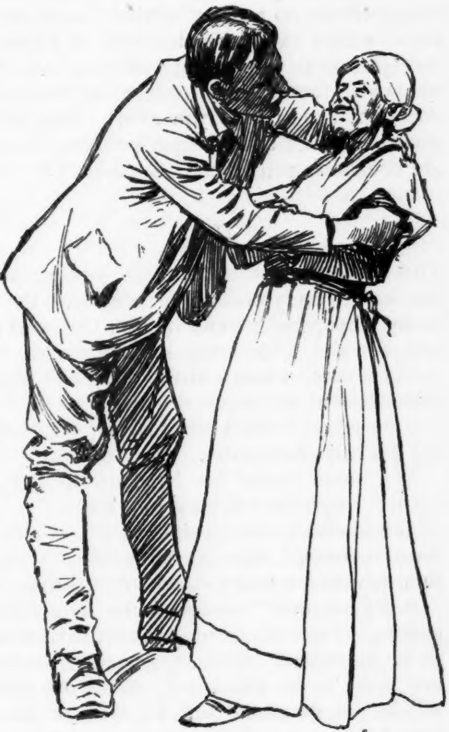
The boy shrank back, cowed.

An hour later she crept up the few steps to his garret. "You are a good boy," she said in the dark. "Oh, Isaac, you are all I have! Promise me you will always be good."

"I promise," he answered under the bedclothes. And then she kissed him—an unusual thing — kissed him through the sheet.

He was thirteen now, and schooldays were over. She got him taken as odd boy at the home farm. He brought his first week's single florin home to his mother, and, whatever may have happened before or after, that remained the proudest moment of Mary Quint's whole life.

"Isaac," she said, "you are not a man



"Before he knew what he was doing, he had thrown his arms round her neck" yet; but, also, you are no longer a child. You are one of Mynheer's servants. Remember this—remember what I told you—whatever you do for Mynheer, you can never repay our debt."

"I intend to do my best," he answered. But she caught him by the arm.

"Isaac, my Son of the Promise," she cried, drawing him towards her, "I have toiled night and day for this moment! Isaac, you will be faithful, will you not?"

He looked up into her pallid face. "Why, yes, mother," he said. "Oh, you've been a good mother to me, mother! I love you heart and soul!"

A couple of years later the steward sent him to assist the widow, and gradually he took upon himself all the work that had once been his father's. The Baron, meeting Vrouw Quint in a plantation, informed her, with a sigh of relief, that she now would receive only her pension. "And mind you henceforth do no manner of work," said the Baron with a twinkle in his eye. "I have no objection to your living with your son if you wish. But should I catch you feeding pheasants I must send you away. You are pensioned as an under-keeper's widow. You are booked as pensioned. Good-day!"

II

THE widow sat by the fireside waiting, as she waited every evening of her life. Presently Isaac would come in from his work, and then she would forget she had waited.

There came a knock at the door, and the widow looked up surprised.

"Go away!" cried the magpie, for that was his rule after sunset.

The widow placed her hand on the bolt, but the voices outside reassured her.

She admitted two "neighbours"—a mile across country!—the big farm-wife, Vrouw Brodel, with her pretty daughter Christine.

"We are late," remarked the farm-wife, panting; "one of our men should have met us at the village. Woman, I wonder you're not afraid to be murdered. Some day you will be. I *am* afraid, and I'd thought perhaps Isaac—— Hold your tongue, Christine, I shall say as I choose."

Pretty Christine had been shaking her head to the widow. The latter flashed her eyes on her. Pretty Christine looked away.

"Men murder with an object," said the widow's grave voice. "I expect Isaac in every minute. He will gladly walk home with you."

"Oh no, no," murmured pretty Christine, with deep energy. "Please tell mother, Vrouw Quint, the roads are perfectly safe!"

"I have been out on them, and in the wood these sixty-three years, night and day," said the widow, "and never met with injury from man or from beast."

"Quite possible," replied the farm-wife, and insolently jingled her heavy gold earrings. "But *I* am afraid. It seems to me, widow, your Isaac comes home very late!"

"Yes, yes, we can't possibly wait for him! We *can't* wait for Isaac," cried pretty Christine.

"All right. Go away," said the magpie.

The widow lifted her gaze to Vrouw Brodel's red face. "Ah, what time, pray, neighbour," she said coldly, "do you deem that my son should be in?"

But the other, vexed to find herself thwarted, replied with much spite: "At the time when all other men are back with their wives. 'Tis not good for young blood to remain single, neighbour Quint."

The widow's eyes flashed. "Isaac always leaves work last," she said proudly. She tapped on the floor with her foot.

"It's going to rain, mother," interposed the girl's voice from the window. "We must hurry if we want to get home!"

At these words the farm-wife, who had on her best cream-ribboned bonnet, hastened out to inspect the black sky.

"Well," she said desperately, "Isaac may not be here before midnight! You should keep him in better order. Catch *my* sons not turning up at meal-times! Well, neighbour, good-night!"

The widow's indignation did not permit her to answer. She sat by the table, and was angry with the cuckoo for his ostentatious proclamation of the half-hour. "But the woman is a fool," she said aloud. "A mother, and not to fathom her own daughter's heart! Aha! little Christine, I found out your secret six months ago—in one flash of the eye, at the church door, in passing! You won't cheat *this* mother, Christine—that's his step!"

The keeper came in, accompanied by his dog, Beppo. He was a tall fellow, well-built, in his faded brown clothes, and his boyish good looks suited well with the great leather boots and the gun.

"You have just missed Vrouw Brodel," said his mother. "She was here not ten minutes ago."

"Indeed!" said the son, hanging up his empty game-bag.

"But I suppose you don't mind about that? She wanted you to see her safe home."

"Another time I shall be very willing. After supper, if possible."

"Christine was with her. Christine is very pretty, Isaac."

"Yes, mother, but I couldn't have seen much of her good looks in the dark. I'm very hungry."

"Well, supper has been waiting some time."

They ate in silence. Constant seclusion had made them a taciturn pair.

Besides, the widow was screwing up her devotion to a lengthily meditated step. As she cleared up the remnants—at a moment when her face was turned away from him—she began:

"You're a grown man now, Isaac, nearly four-and-twenty. It's time you were marrying, I sometimes think." Her own voice startled her, saying the terrible words.

He had risen to light his pipe. He stopped in the act. "Why, mother, are you tired of looking after me?" he said.

She did not answer, but turned. They stood facing each other for a moment, then, before he knew what he was doing, he had thrown his arms round her neck.

"Have done, Isaac, have done!" cried the widow. "For shame! A grown man to be kissing! You haven't done that since you was quite a small boy!"

The keeper went back to the hearth.

"Nor you haven't talked of turning me out," he said; then his face grew long and he puffed in silence at the freshly lighted pipe. At last he said gravely: "I don't intend to marry."

"Why?" exclaimed the widow, anxiety mingling with exultation in her accent. And as he did not immediately answer: "Men ought to marry. Don't think I'm selfish; I should rejoice to see you marry a good girl like Christine!"

Isaac drew the dog towards him, perhaps hardly conscious that he did so. Presently, looking his mother full in the face, "Would you really?" he asked. For a moment she did not answer; then she simply said, "Yes." She sat down in her usual armchair, and began at her interminable knitting. The clock ticked.

"Isaac, how strange your manner is!" she said, after a very long silence; she was knitting on fast. "Why, boy, if I didn't know all your heart, and you an honest lad from your earliest youth upward, as I well know you are and always will be—why, Isaac——"

"Well?" he said, his chin set firm on the palm of his hand.

"Well! Nothing. If I didn't—but you see, I do!"

"Mother, I don't understand you."

"Yes you do, Isaac. You and I have always understood each other, thank God! And I thank Him, too, that, when your time comes, there'll be nothing to prevent your asking an honest maiden to be your wife. I hope it'll come soon, Isaac. Before God, I do." She rose to quit the room that he might not see her face.

"Mother!" he cried after her, "wait a moment. I must be off again to-night."

"Off!" she exclaimed, in troubled amazement. "Why, it's getting to be every night, it is! It didn't use to be so in your father's time. I can't think what Basset means by it!"

"Basset?" repeated the son. "'Tisn't Basset. I like to take a look round before turning in."

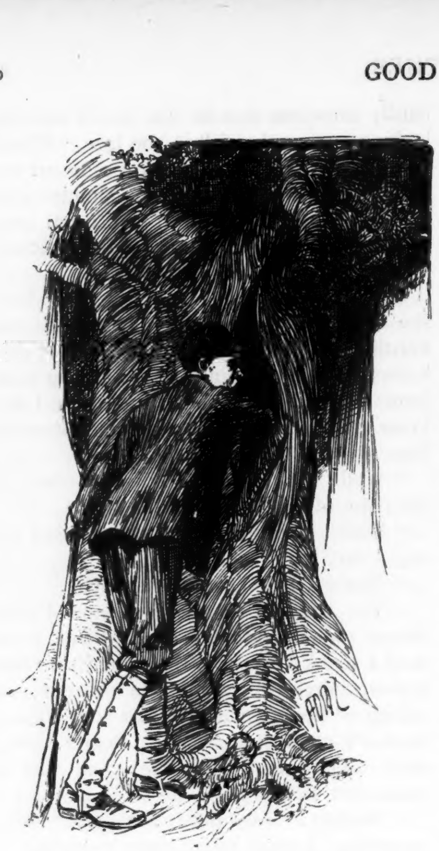
"Ah, I told Susan Brodel that was *your* view of work!" said the widow triumphantly.

He reddened in the glow of the fire. She drew nearer and began gently stroking his yellow hair.

"Don't," he said, "don't!"

"It rejoices my heart to see how faithfully you serve your master. But, Isaac, I can't help disliking your being out thus night after night. I lie and think of those long hours when I used to wait for your father. And one morning they brought him me, dead!" She shuddered ever so slightly.

The son smoked. Again a heavy silence sank between them. At last he said: "I have never asked you before. I have never asked any one. To-night we are speaking of many things—strange things. Tell me—what made my father's gun go off?"



"Plunged a feverish hand into the hidden recesses of its stem"

She stood behind him immovable.

"Keepers' guns don't," said the son, smoking.

"Hush!" The cuckoo burst out, hooted eight hideous calls, and disappeared. The room grew doubly silent.

"Was it a poacher killed him?"

"No."

"Then he was drunk!" Isaac spoke thickly. The words came pouring out. "It was that, I am sure of it. I have always known it, though I never dared to ask. You spoke of him, mother, so—so tenderly. I was very little when it happened; nobody told me. Somehow I have always known it, dreaded it. My God, he was drunk!"

She neither moved nor spoke.

"That is why you hate drunkenness so madly!" His voice rose to a cry. "Now I understand! I have always understood. My God!"

"Hush, Isaac. Be silent. It is not for you to judge your father. Be thankful you have not his temptation. He was a good man. We all have our failings. Be humble, and, above all, give thanks!"

"Nay, I do not judge him. I do not judge him," said Isaac. "I, least of all." Then for more than an hour they sat side by side without exchanging another word. Once or twice the dog, half rising, licked his master's hand. From time to time, as the hands neared the hour, Isaac glanced up almost apprehensively at the clock.

"I hate that cuckoo," he said suddenly. And he went to get his cap and gun.

"Why, Isaac, how silly you are! You said that the other day."

"Well, I do. One never knows when it is going to burst out at one."

"At the hour and the half-hour," said the widow coolly. She picked up her ball. "Jane, at the turnpike, has one that calls out the quarters."

"Well, that would almost be better." He walked to the door. "How you can endure him and the magpie in the silence is more than I understand. Well, mother, you've a good conscience. Remember your promise; you won't sit up. Beppo, look after your mistress."

The widow gazed up at the offending clock, at the fast-closed little door, which, in another moment or two, would fly open with a bang. "La! he couldn't wish me," she reflected, "not to know what o'clock it was! And how should I know he was near coming home? 'Tis my one comfort, is the cuckoo and Blackie. All right, Blackie; all right; all right."

"Go away!" replied Blackie, who hated being disturbed of nights.

Isaac walked on very fast at first through the drip-drop of the woods; then, presently, he slowed down, as a man who comes to himself and realises that he is hurrying nowhere. He paused, struck off to the right with apparent resolve, hesitated, walked on a few paces, turned back again.

"O God!" he said, under his breath. "O God!"

Something stirred in the black masses of underwood beside him. Some bird, half aroused in its sleep. He went on through the dripping darkness, twisting backwards and forwards with swift indecision, not as if stalking or doubling, but like an animal attracted to one spot, and as fatally repelled.

A grey stain showed on the footpath a few yards in front of him. It rose, screeching, across the dense branches—an owl! For a space its shrieks followed him through the stillness. Then again all was silent: the cloud-masses deepened, in swift changes, overhead.

"What a night for the poachers!" he thought. "Would to Heaven they but came!"

He was walking quite fast again, away into desolate spaces, the wide mist of the heath. He stood still.

"'Tis no use," he said aloud, "I can't help it. O God, you see that I can't!" He faced round, and soon the swiftness of his steps almost changed to a run.

In the thickest of the forest, he broke away from the narrow footpath and dodged rapidly amongst the trees. At last, pausing for breath, he halted before a big oak, no more noticeable than the others around it. But Isaac, without any hesitation now, plunged a feverish hand into the hidden recesses of its stem, and, drawing forth a bottle, drank greedily and long.

"Ah!" he said in a deep sigh which seemed to linger on the stillness. He walked leisurely now, up and down, with the bottle in one hand. And from time to time he took a slow draught, in the tranquil dark and the silence, sometimes with a half-suppressed shudder of content.

He was thinking of his mother's words about her dead husband: "Your father was a good man, Isaac. He had his weaknesses—who has not? But he was a good man." Never had he realised his powerlessness more deeply than to-night. "Mother, you would say the same of me. God grant you may never have occasion!" He lifted his handsome face as if to the lowering clouds above him. "I can't help myself!" he cried aloud, and then his voice dropped to a whisper. "Never," he said. "No, little Christine, I may be a coward, but I'll never be a cad." With a swing of the arm, he flung his gun back and started homewards. "Some day I shall end like father," he thought, "but not until mother is dead." He began whistling a music-hall tune of the day.

From a thicket he had just passed, whistling, two men crept forth and looked after him.

"Whistle away, Master Isaac," said one; "here's a hare you may whistle for!"

"Shut up, Tom," replied his elder companion; "he's as smart a keeper as ever stepped, and a very good fellow. There's a hollow oak I've noticed will do first-rate to hide things in. Come along."

Isaac stopped his whistling long before he neared the cottage. And as he crossed its threshold he mechanically drew himself up with a jerk. In the dark the dog, Beppo, struck a light tail along the floor.

"Good-night, mother!" said Isaac steadily, before the half-open door.

"Good-night, boy; good-night!"

He tramped upstairs to his garret.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JANUARY

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

"TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST."—Phil. i. 21.

FIRST SUNDAY

A NEW year is a milestone on the road, telling us how far we have travelled, but giving no hint of the length of the way that still lies before us. It seems a fitting time, then, to pause and think for a little; only no pause is possible, and we must do our thinking just as we go on. What the new year may bring to any of us we do not know, but we ought to have some idea what we intend to make of it. For life is not a mere journey from one point to another with an uncertain number of stages between the start and the arrival, and we can hardly be said to live at all if we merely fill up the measure of our days. What is the aim we have in view, then—what do we hope to make of it, supposing that we see this year to its close?

Down in the basement story of the social edifice there are vast multitudes who appear to have no other object in life except just to provide themselves with meat and drink and raiment, and to enjoy what little pleasure these things can give them. Of these not a few have, at least, this excuse to plead, that they can hardly, with unremitting toil, keep body and soul together. They labour from morning till night with spade and barrow, or needle and thread, or they wait wearily on some unwearying machine, and can hardly think of anything but how to feed their craving hunger, or warm their starving frames. To them life is mere animal existence, varied now and then by some animal indulgence. Perhaps even the hardest driven of them have dreams now and then of something higher, or at any rate misgivings about their poor, unfruitful years. It is hardly possible for a man not to feel the dreary monotony of such a life; yet there are many thousands among us thus ground down by the hard condition of the modern labour market, where the task is unremitting, and the wage is only just enough to enable them barely to exist.

Those who have this hard battle to fight have a right to the heartfelt sympathy of all Christian men. It is not for us to judge them hardly. Very likely we, in their position, would do no better than they. Let us cordially enter into their trials, then, and make allowance for their infirmities, and do what we can to lighten their burdens, which cannot be greatly lightened, however, by the scanty doles of benevolence, but only, were that practicable, by some more equitable adjustment of the reward of labour among us. It is hard to bear so bitter a lot, and see others rolling in wealth which has been produced, as they often believe, by the pinching and impoverishing of their lives. Yet while they are fully entitled to our sympathy, it must not be of that kind which is fain to justify their errors and failures. There is no worse friend they could have than one who would excuse the wrong they may do, or the neglect they may give way to. Doubtless, they have a sore fight to fight, but they are men, with human powers and responsibilites, and it is not for a man to give up the struggle, and conclude that life is not "more than meat," and the body not "more than raiment." Still less is it for them to yield to the craving for mere animal pleasures, which only aggravate the wretchedness of their lot, and bind them over to a more miserable helplessness. They should have a higher aim than merely to live on from day to day. Therefore it is not only sympathy that they need, but also stimulus, something to rouse in them a desire not only to live, but to use their life to some purpose. We do not blame the locomotive for doing little serviceable work if it has but a scanty supply of fuel; yet we should reckon it a singular waste of power to keep it agoing if all it did was to move from the coal heap to the water tank, and from the water tank back again to the coal heap. Why have such a complex and expensive machine, and turn it to no use but just to feed itself? Yet that is very much what happens with multitudes of human beings among us, more finely compacted and infinitely more precious than any machine, and I venture to think that society ought to see to it that they are not wasted in the mere effort to provide their daily bread. But whatever be the duty of society to them, they themselves should not readily conclude that there is nothing they can do with their life but just keep it agoing. If they only try they will find that there is more they can do with it than they are apt to suppose. While we pity their hard lot, then, we would like to remind them that, if it would be a foolish business to keep a machine for no other end than to provide its own fuel, it is surely as unreasonable for a man to have no object in life but to get food for his body. No one ever felt for the heavy-laden poor as Jesus did, or entered more thoroughly into their cares, or laboured more diligently to relieve their troubles, and to lighten their burdens. Yet He began His teaching among them by a stirring exhortation not to be "careful about what they should eat, and what they should drink, and wherewithal they should be clothed, but to seek first the Kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof." So far was He from thinking that all they could be expected to do was simply to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. On the contrary, He held that they could, as readily as any, and more readily than some who appeared to be more favoured, make life noble and beautiful and divine. For in His view it was hard for the rich to enter into the kingdom—as hard as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, but that kingdom has come to the poor, and it shall be theirs if they only set their hearts to obtain it. And He who said that was Himself as poor as any—a homeless man who had not a place to lay His head; yet what a rich life He made of it, fruitful of blessing to all the ends of the earth and all ages of time! Better days, we trust, are coming to the poor, when the spirit of Christ shall animate all His people; but they never can come if the poor man himself is content to maintain a mere animal existence, and snatch at mere animal pleasures. Is that all you hope, then, to find in this new year? Is that what you would call life? Do you think you could be satisfied with that and nothing more?

SECOND SUNDAY

THE question with which our last reading closed is one that not a few could readily answer with a distinct, and quite honest, negative. The vigorous and ambitious man of business, *e.g.* would not hesitate to say: "Nay, but to my thinking such an existence would not be life at all, and I would as lief be dead at once as drag through so dull, barren, monotonous days, with 'nothing accomplished, nothing done' when the end shall come at last." For life to him means activity, movement, progress, success. It is to be doing the world's business and earning its profits, to watch its fluctuations and be carried along by its excitements, to share in the bustle of its manifold interests and in the management of its affairs, to win its honours and taste its refinements, and enjoy its social intercourse. It is not merely to hold on, but always to be moving on, increasing his ventures, adding to his substance, and growing in importance as he grows in wealth. Without that feeling of energy and progress, life in his view would be mere stagnation and rust; and when it ceases to stir him with its ever-fresh interests, he for his part would rather be done with it than continue on any other terms.

Such men as these abound among us, and very useful people they are. The world without them would be not a little poorer and duller than it is. They keep it agoing with their various schemes. They keep alive its interest with their restless activities. They even appear to many people to be the mainspring of its well-being. Yet what, after all, does their energetic life come to? What is the fruit of their labours under the sun? Perhaps it provides work and daily bread for more or fewer of their fellow-men; and so far well. Perhaps it yields some, more or less, wise guidance to the affairs of the country, which also is so far well. Perhaps it brightens, and now and then even sweetens, the circles of social intercourse; and so far again it is good. These results may incidentally arise from it, though they do not necessarily belong to it. For the chief object the man has in view is simply to "get on" in the world, to become a person of consequence, to heap up wealth, and to get by that means the credit for wisdom which, perhaps, he is far from possessing. He has a distinct aim in life, then, but it is not a very lofty one. All that he seeks to make of it is to accumulate capital, and thereby wield more or less influence over other men. In order to do so he has to be shrewd and observant, and to use his wits to practical purpose, and sharpen them by not being too nice or scrupulous. And when by this means he is borne along on a full tide of prosperity, his heart is lifted up in him, and he says that this is life indeed.

What, then, if he gets all that he seeks? What, if the year on which you are now entering should provide your minds with many promising schemes, and fill your hands with many profitable occupations, and add to the store of wealth which is your main reliance both for influence and honour? Will you be very much better after all than the poor toiler who manages just to keep the breath in his nostrils by the sweat of his brow? Will you have much more than he to show for all your busy thoughts and restless activities? It is true that your days will have been more cheerful than his, more hopeful, and after a fashion more prosperous. And not only so, but while his may well have been filled with complaints of one kind or other, yours may seem to abound in grateful praise for all the goodness and mercy that have followed you. You have been diligent, and God has blessed your labour. You have cleverly applied your mind, and Heaven has helped you because you were wise to help yourself. You have done your duty, and you have reaped your reward. So you are thankful as, of course, you ought to be, and have a feeling of pious superiority over the man who, indeed, has been half starved, but who was always rebelling against the ways of Providence. Suppose that that is the outcome of another year of success—you have a fuller purse, and a heart full of such religious thoughts as these.

But if that is to be all the fruit of it, I fear you will have very little reason to be satisfied with your life, and I am very sure that God will have little pleasure in it. What is the difference after all between the poor man's desire to have plenty of bread, and your ambition to heap up wealth? Nay, is not the necessity of food a more creditable motive than the craving for riches? It is well to have an object to live for, but it had need to be a higher one than that to make one man's being worthier than another's. You fancy that your apparent gratitude, which in a way may be quite real, lifts you up above one who is given to complain of his lot. But if you had his fate, his struggle, his want, it may be doubted if you would be any less rebellious than he. "Doth Job serve God for nought?" It was the devil who put that question, but it was a very shrewd one, and though it did not apply to the man of Uz, it may be very fitting for you, for your pious gratitude may well be only skin-deep, and may leave you selfish, worldly, with no faith in anything but just your heap of gold. Once more, then, can that be reckoned a life fit for a man to live? May he who spends his days and his labours for such an object as that fairly look down on the squalid labourer who cares for nothing but to earn his scanty bread, and keep himself in being?

THIRD SUNDAY

Put that question to the man of thought and large speculation—the scholar and lover of wisdom—to know what his view is, and you shall probably find him ready enough to say that both of the parties we have been speaking of are equally wrong, the one quite as much as the other. Life, as he looks at it, is something different alike from animal dulness and worldly bustle. It is not eating and drinking, and as little is it buying and selling, though all of them be needed in order to carry it on. Life to his mind, is thought, inquiry, growth of knowledge, and understanding; the ever-widening vision of higher mental attainment. If the intellect lies dormant, if the realm of darkness is not being narrowed by fresh inroads of light, if our being is not being enlarged by the growth of our faculties, that may be existence, but it is not life. So far as he cares for it, to live is to think, to learn, to discover, to have, every new day, new ideas that quicken the soul, and give it fresh consciousness of vitality and power. When that is no longer possible, existence would be a burden and a weariness to him. Only so long as he can prosecute his favourite inquiries, and find occupation for his active mind, does it hold out any prospect to interest him, or give him any pleasure.

It will hardly be doubted now, that this man has a higher idea of what one should do with his life than either of the two we have hitherto spoken of. To acquire knowledge and understanding is a worthier aim than to heap up wealth, or just to eat and drink and keep the breath in our nostrils. It is true that sometimes "knowledge puffeth up," especially when it is not very thorough and profound. Certainly it does not always build up a very noble character, but is apt to breed contempt for others who are less well informed, and impatience with their ignorance. A little love is a deal more helpful than varied attainments to the development of the kind of man who is entitled to our highest esteem. Yet those who are most deeply thoughtful, and most widely informed are commonly the most humble after all, for they have learnt what are their own limitations, and how vast is the field that yet remains unknown. Therefore the preacher spoke truly when he said, "With all thy gettings, get understanding." Those are really fruitful days which increase our stores of knowledge, revealing the secrets of Nature, or explaining the mysteries of life, or clearing up the facts of history, or in any way adding some fresh truth to what we have already attained. There are few pleasures to be compared with the satisfaction that comes from such enlargement of our vision, and there are also few things that are more helpful to the deepening and strengthening of our character. For after all it is only a little knowledge that puffeth up, and no one ever yet achieved any real greatness who had not studied much, and learnt much, and grown wise and humble by absorbing the wisdom of others. Assuredly he is turning the days of his years to no unworthy or unprofitable use who is diligently cultivating his mind, and increasing the stock of things he has searched and understood. I would that all were more devoted to this task. It would redeem life from a great opprobrium, were men seeking knowledge more than silver and gold.

Yet is even this, after all, "the chief end of man"? Was it for this supremely that he was created and so variously endowed? Shall he find perfect peace in gratifying the cravings of his mind? Or can he in that way reach "the measure of the stature of the perfect man"? His truly is a kind of riches that greatly transcends the wealth which the worldling toils for, and his also is a type of happiness infinitely more desirable than the pleasures which the throng of men so eagerly pursue. But is it the true riches, which moth and rust do not corrupt? Is it the joy that endureth for ever, and never palls, or fails to bring fresh gladness to the soul? We must take into our consideration the whole scope of our existence if we are to be sure that we have found its real object, and shall be able to give a good account of our days in the end. It is only in view of our future that we can determine with any confidence whether our present pursuits are the fittest ones or no. A youth may be prosecuting the study of wholesome learning with all his powers, and so far occupying himself far more worthily than those of his compeers, who are wasting their days in idle amusements, or drudging for no higher end than for the lucre of gain. Yet while he has chosen a better part than they, it may still be a question whether he has chosen the best. For it is quite possible that his studies, so eagerly followed, may not be of a kind to fit him for the future that lies before him, and thus, however good in themselves, they may be even a disadvantage to him, tending to unfit him for the work and duty of his life. That is not a very uncommon thing. Men have been diligent, even brilliant students whose very success in youth tended to disqualify them for the burden and battle of their subsequent career, and, beginning with good promise, they have ended in utter failure. Therefore have we to consider, not merely whether the pursuit of knowledge is better than the pursuit of wealth, but whether the knowledge we aim at is of a kind to qualify us both for the here and the hereafter of our whole existence. There is one test, then, by which to ascertain whether our idea of life is the right one or otherwise. We cannot know truly what it is to live unless we take into account what it will be to die. The one question cannot be correctly answered without the other. Granted, then, that the pursuit of knowledge is so far good, yet is it the kind of knowledge which will serve our purpose, not to-day only but also to-morrow, not in this world only, but also in that which is to come? Will death be a gain to us, or will it be loss? That event comes, sooner or later, to all, and it crowns the hope of some, while it frustrates the hope of others. To those who seek only the things of this world it is loss, for they can carry none of it with them there; but to those who aim at the true wisdom, death is simply a new starting-point of fresh and fuller being. Therefore it is a terrible mistake if we do not grasp the idea of our existence as a whole, and prepare for it accordingly, carrying the present into the future, the seen into the unseen, the temporal into the eternal, so as to find, in the great transition point, its gain and greater abundance.

FOURTH SUNDAY

AND now Paul gives us his view of the matter. "To me," he says, "to live is Christ." From the context we gather that at this time the Apostle had an abounding sense of the joy and power of life; and yet he was a prisoner, chained to a Roman soldier, and waiting a trial that was only too likely to end in his death. But though he was bound, the Word of God was not bound. On the contrary, through his bonds the truth was setting many free. The things which seemed to be against him were tending to "the furtherance of his Gospel." Many were waxing bold to speak without fear. Christ was being preached, sometimes indeed in a contentious spirit, sometimes also in love, but whether in pretence or in faith, the truth of God was preached, and therein Paul "rejoiced and would rejoice." The city was being moved with strange, new thoughts about God. The fierce Pretorian guards were discussing them in their canteens. They were making some way even in Cæsar's household. As he thought of this—of the rude soldiery, the degraded citizen, the jaded voluptuary, waking up to more or less interest in the doctrine of the Cross, his heart swelled within him, and he felt that his life was enlarged. What if that mass of moral corruption were about to be vitalized and healed? What if that terrible power which lay with such a leaden weight on the nations were about to become as beneficent as it was now malignant? Christ could do this, for "He was the wisdom of God and the power of God for the world's salvation," and as the Apostle saw some faint signs of this divine energy stirring around him, it seemed to bring to his old age the fresh vigour of youth for "to him to live was Christ." The joy and fulness of life abounded in him just as the Gospel was winning fresh victories for his Lord. Whether he was rich or poor, sick or sound, bond or free, was a matter of comparatively little moment to him, but it was as marrow to his bones when the cause of his Master was prospering, and therefore it was in Antioch, or Ephesus, or Corinth, or Philippi, or Rome that you might best feel the beat of his pulse, and know whether it was well or ill with him. His heart rose or fell according to the growth or decline of Christian faith in them. He was full of exulting life when the name of Jesus was exalted, and His kingdom coming. That was life indeed to him.

In all this, however, he was only feeling as any staunch ecclesiastic may feel, and it is certain that a strong and even passionate devotion to the Church may be found in men who have little or no spiritual religion. Endowed in many lands with exclusive honours and privileges, the Church there presents a large enough sphere to tempt men who are possessed by the ambition of greatness, and thus it attracts some who care little for its higher, and only real, object, but who for all that feel as if their very life were bound up with its well-being. And even there, where the Church possesses none of these worldly advantages, yet has it often a mysterious sway over certain minds—and these by no means the least noble—so that, while their religion may have little real depth or moral force, yet are their vital energy and gladness so identified with it that they are grieved or glad, depressed or delighted just as far as it prospers or declines. It would be easy to show, in many characters of history, that the churchman, quite apart from the Christian, holds a singular place in the religious world, as a man honourable, sincere, self-denying, devoted, and yet possibly with little or no real spirituality of mind. The passion of the mere ecclesiastic is one of the strongest growths of all the ages; for there are some of whom we might truly affirm that to them to live is to see the Church prosper, and yet perhaps the spirit of Christ is as alien to them as to any.

This, however, is as far as may be from the mind of Paul. He lived, indeed, in the life of the Church, but first of all he lived because Christ lived in him. There are few men whose inner life has been more fully revealed than his; and if there is one thing which it discovers more clearly than another, it is that Christ was at once the fountain and fulness of his religious hope. He rejoiced in the progress of the Gospel because he believed and was sure that it was able to transform the moral character of the world, and he clung to that assurance because he had experienced its transforming power on himself. He knew what it was to have once been "dead in sin," and now to be "alive unto God," and he knew that that change had been wrought in him solely by the faith of Christ. It is here then, that we must seek for the key to that saying, "To me to live is Christ." He traced all the bliss and peace of his existence to Jesus as its source, and therefore he would not live unto himself, but unto Him. It was as much as if he should say, "He began this life in me, and He only maintains it. Only as I live by Him do I live at all; only as I walk with Him do I know the joy of living. Now, indeed, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. To me to live is Christ."

And now, because he could truly say that, he could also add, "To die is gain." Very likely his first thought here was that the progress of the Gospel in Rome might gain more by his dying than by his living. His bonds had been for its furtherance, and he gloried in that; and now if death was to be the end of it, he felt sure that "Christ would be magnified in his body whether by life or by death." So, to die would be gain, if not for himself, yet for others, and he was content that thus it should be. Yet the reflections that immediately follow point to another line of hope. For he goes on to say that he is "in a strait between two, whether to abide and minister to the Church, or to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Death would not be the end of that life in Christ, but a more abundant entrance into it. Instead of shrinking from death therefore, it had become a consoling thought to him, "the far better state" which, as soon as God willed it, would be very welcome to him. That is the test of a true life, "better is the end of it than the beginning."

FIFTH SUNDAY

It is true, then, that death "is gain" to the Christian both by what he loses, and by what he gets, and so it is the final test of the choice we have made, showing whether it has been right or wrong. Yet this test, however absolute in itself, is not practically of much avail, because it can only be applied when life has already come to a close. Certainly the hope it calls forth may cheer and comfort us when we are passing through deep waters, and help to keep us stedfast when pressed by sore temptations. He who walks by faith in the unseen and eternal may well keep up a brave heart; and go on fighting the good fight, because he is sustained by an abiding conviction that the victory shall be his in the end, and that the fruits of it shall be worth all the struggle of the conflict. The man who has that hope should be able both to do and to endure what another might naturally shrink from. Without it, indeed, existence can hardly fail to appear a poor and futile business, a discipline for training our character which has no sooner done its work than it drops us into the grave, providing no sphere in which the ripened character may exercise its virtues. There are not many, I think, if indeed there be any, who would consent to toil and suffer and never give in, with no prospect in the end but nothingness and oblivion. For even should the battle be won for others, it is still a very blank conclusion if those who gained it are not to share in its triumphs, nor even to know what are its results. Life, on such terms, were not a task one could very strenuously perform, or a boon one would very greatly desire.

Yet this after all is only a hope, however sure and certain we may feel it to be, and whatever strength it gives us in the strain and pressure of trial. The end has to come before we can actually know whether death is gain or no, and we need a test which can be used now, and leave no sort of doubt about the choice we have made. But ours is no "other-world" religion whose blessedness is postponed to a dim and distant future. Its perfect reward, indeed, can only then be reached when "this mortal shall have put on immortality;" but the Christian's life now is truly as much a gain as his death will then be. "Godliness is profitable both for the life that now is, and for that which is to come," though its profits are not of the kind that men chiefly desire. Worldly gain, wealth of silver and gold, that may or may not be yours; most likely to the great majority of you it will not; but you shall obtain that which will make it of little moment to you whether you be rich or poor. Yea, "having nothing, you shall yet possess all things," for "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord"—all, all are so ordered as to minister to the fulness of their being, the abundance of their love and joy and peace. The test of the true life after all, then, is that it is even now clearly the better life, nobler, more worthy, and more beautiful than any other, bringing richer blessings and a more satisfying reward. It is not its hopes, precious though they be, nor yet its glorious outlooks, that form its essential excellence; but the spirit which animates it, its faith in the right and the true, its love that does good to all, its charity that thinketh no evil, and its single-minded sincerity which can always be trusted. Whosoever tries it will very soon find that it needs no other confirmation of its claim to be "the better part which shall not be be taken away." It stands the supreme test of experience, for its reality is even better than its promise. He who can truly say, "To me to live is Christ," can also truly add, "I have a goodly heritage."

This will be a year of blessing to you, then, just as you use its opportunity to enter more really into the Christian life. That life assuredly is not without its trials, its losses and crosses of many kinds. For that matter it is, perhaps, even more chequered by these than that of the ordinary worldling. But then it has hidden wells of consolation which the other does not know, and a power that gives it a mastery over all things that threaten its peace. Its trials only bring out more clearly the "preciousness" of Him from whose love nothing shall be able to separate us. It is destined to be a grander life in the future, but is a great life now, however lowly it be, and however heavy its burdens. Instead of the dull monotony of fruitless toil which falls to the lot of so many, it is daily brightened by fresh tokens of mercy and goodness which call forth an ever-new song of praise from the glad and grateful heart. Instead of the feeling of vanity and emptiness which comes sooner or later to the most successful worldling, the Christian's thought is, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the children of God," and that fills him with a never-ending wonder. And instead of the doubt and disquietude which gather like chill mists around the highest thoughts of the wise, there is a great peace and a tranquil hope resting on those heights which faith and love attain. To every other form of life there comes one day or other a sense of disappointment, but no one ever really tried the life in Christ, and turned away from it as from "a broken cistern." He more than keeps his promise to every one who will receive His Spirit.

GLOAMING

The green sky!
The far hills!
My heart fills;
I sigh—sigh!

Spirits blest
Surely lie
In green sky
In God's rest.

My heart fills;
I sigh—sigh.
The far hills!
The green sky!

VIDA BRISS.

FROM · HIGHWAYS AND · BYWAYS ·

BY · WILLIAM · CANTON ·

AND it's oh! for the west wind on Exmoor with the smack of salt and grass and gorse and ling, and it's oh! for the boulders and brown heather of Dunkery, and it's oh! for a vision of a lord of the forest with the brow, bay, trey, which is the coronet every good stag wears. I have just been reading "The Story of a Red Deer,"* set down with much skill for Mr. Hugh Fortescue, aged nine, by a kinsman who is or hath been a mighty hunter, even as the noble Count Gaston de Foix was in the old days, and who in many a long ride and stirring chase hath pieced together the legend of the forest and the mighty race of the hunted. As he dreams over this book of his on these long December evenings, I can realise how Mr. Hugh Fortescue will see and hear inside his clear, breezy little head all that is written here; how he will come not only to know many wonderful secrets of the ways and thoughts of the glorious Red Deer, and to learn much woodcraft and water-lore, but to have a feeling that there is something kindly and neighbourly in the wild birds and beasts, if one would but be at the pains to learn their language. Mr. Hugh Fortescue is of a mind, I take it, that no man outside the blue bounds of sea and sky that hold Exmoor together hath a better knowledge of the deer than this kinsman of his, or knoweth how with happier mother wit to turn into plain English and good Devon the pleasant and racy speech of rabbit and weasel and vixen and badger, of snipe and wild duck, trout and salmon, of old ancient pheasant and braggart woodcock from Norway; and I am of one mind with him, for in these delightful pages there is more real knowledge of wild life, and it is told more delightfully, than in most of the serious natural history books that I have read. And all through this story of the wild deer there runs a human love-story—very pretty and odd and puzzling, just as the Red Deer saw it; and all through there is a murmuring song of Devon waters running to the sea. Most boys, and most girls, and, let me add, some thousands of grown-up girls and boys—will find it hard to close this book after they have once begun it. And when they have read it they will put it among the books they keep, and as they do so they will think, "When I feel dull and troubled and depressed, I know how to get by a short cut into the heather of Dunkery and down into the deep combes where the free streams babble merrily"; and perchance when it is stormy and the winds moan and whistle through the streets they will read once more the story of the great gale, in which the little petrel could not find the sea and perished in the covert where the deer and the fox and the hare all lay together for shelter.

I have been looking into a number of other books which, I was going to say, would suit other young readers; but it is the unsafest thing in the world to take it for granted that you know what any small person will like. I remember little Willie Rowan Hamilton reading Latin, Greek and Hebrew when he was four years and five months, and learning Sanscrit when he was nine and a half. True, he was a bright, roguish little fellow in spite of it all; he only learned because he couldn't help it. Any way, the small folk will be hard to please if they do not like "The Professor's Children,"* and all their wild pranks, and the scrapes they got into, and the droll things they said; and if they do not love the baby who knelt down and put his head on the ground whenever he was offended, and laugh—grown-up people will laugh too—at the curious father-professor who was always taking learned notes of everything. Miss Fowler has obviously been as busy with her note-book as the professor himself; how otherwise could she have managed to make Peggy, Roger and Oliver say so many amusing and childlike things? I am doubtful, however, how far the grave professors of the newest psychology will condone her frivolous caricature of their scientific methods.

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* "The Story of a Red Deer." By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 4*s.* 6*d.*

"Master Skylark" is a bright, interesting, exciting story of the days of Shakespeare.† The little hero was a Stratford-on-Avon boy, who had a voice like the sweet singer at heaven's gate, and who was carried off to London by one of the Lord Admiral's players. How he sang before Queen Elizabeth and spoke with her Majesty, and how at last he got back to Stratford with a charming little companion, and how Master Shakespeare reconciled him with his stern old father, are matters that must be read in the book, which is delightfully illustrated with old-world pictures of Stratford-on-Avon and London town. The story is excellent as a story; as a first glimpse of the spacious days of Elizabeth and Shakespeare it is a capital book for young readers.

Will the boys like "Captains Courageous"?‡ Most of them, I fancy, if boys are still of the hardy sort I used to know—the sort that enjoyed adventure and strange sights, and relished the notion of a fellow being licked into good manly shape by hard work and hard weather and rude fare and a rough reasonableness of control. They will not care for the Grand Banks or the mighty slaughter of cod in the way they care for Mowgli and his friends of the Jungle, but for once in a way the wash of salt water and the smell of the keen wind will exhilarate them, and when they get to the close they will admit that nothing better could have happened to Harvey Cheyne, the spoiled son of the Railway King, than to have been washed off an Atlantic liner and picked up by Disko Troop and 'prenticed to the mighty toil of cod-fishing.

For the very little people let me mention "Spring Fairies and Sea Fairies" (George Allen, 3*s.* 6*d.* net), a simple little book of pleasant fancies by Miss Mockler, very quaintly and prettily illustrated by Miss Benson; and—if they like poetry—Mr. Hamish Hendry's "Red Apple and Silver Bells," a rare book with many charming pictures by Miss Alice B. Woodward (Blackie & Sons, 6*s.*). And one word about an exceptionally attractive book of old-world Nursery Rhymes, with a characteristic preface by Mr. Andrew Lang and illustrations by Mr. L. Leslie Brooke (Warne & Co., 6*s.*). The illustrations are fresh, sprightly, racy, full of humour and imagination, full of grace and beauty, too, when occasion allows. Mr. Brooke has done much excellent black-and-white work; here, I think for the first time, he reveals his true artistic self, revelling with subjects after his own heart.

So much for some of the pleasant literature published at the Sign of the Holly and the Mistletoe.

"Wellington: His Comrades and Contemporaries"* is a handsome and exceedingly interesting companion volume to "The Nelson Memorial. Nelson and his Companions-in-Arms." It contains a masterly sketch of the Great Duke from his boyhood to his burial in Westminster Abbey, written with the insight and sympathy of a soldier, and the main story is excellently supplemented by sketches of many of the distinguished men—Cotton, Hill, Beresford, Graham, Picton, and others—who won renown under his orders, and afterwards achieved glory on other fields. Character and conduct are strikingly illustrated in such a life as Wellington's; here I will only touch on two points—his conviction that "success can only be attained by attention to the most minute details," and his tenderness, which was masked by an impassive coldness. Major Griffiths writes: "Dr. Hume, in whose arms Alexander Gordon expired at 3 A.M. the morning after Waterloo, woke the Duke to tell him the sad news. He sat up in bed, his face covered with the dust and sweat of the previous day, and extended his hand to me, which I took and held in mine, whilst I told him of Gordon's death, and of such of the casualties as had come to my knowledge. He was much affected; I felt the tears dropping fast upon my hand, and looking towards him, saw them chasing one another in furrows over his dusty cheeks. He brushed them away suddenly with his left hand, and said to me, in a voice trembling with emotion, 'Well, thank God, I don't know what it is to lose a battle, but certainly nothing can be more painful than to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends.'" There are not wanting, of course, certain stories of hardness and severity, but, however pitiable the cases may have been, one has faith in the man and in his resolution to do what was right and best in the difficult circumstances in which he was often placed.

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* "The Professor's Children." By Edith Henrietta Fowler, author of "The Young Pretenders." With 24 illustrations by Ethel Kate Burgess. Longmans, Green & Co. 6*s.*

† "Master Skylark: a Story of Shakspere's Time." By John Bennett. Illustrations by Reginald B. Birch. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 6*s.*

‡ "Captains Courageous: a Story of the Grand Banks." By Rudyard Kipling. With illustrations by I. W. Taber. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 6*s.*

* "The Wellington Memorial. Wellington: His Comrades and Contemporaries." By Major Arthur Griffiths, author of "The English Army," &c. &c. With 31 illustrations. George Allen. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

I wonder how many of my readers are familiar with the story of the "Four Sons of Aymon," which was translated by William Caxton four centuries back, and again, if my memory does not mislead me, by Hazlitt some sixty years ago. It is a wonderful old folk-epic, "of the very life of the people amongst whom it grew, the most dearly loved and best remembered of these half-forgotten tales" of mediæval Europe, to use the words of Mr. Robert Steele, who has abridged and retranslated the saga, on the basis of Caxton's version.* "Other stories of success and glory have died out and been forgotten centuries ago—this of unmerited wrong, of brave resistance, of final triumph, of humility and patience, has lived in the hearts of the people, who have found their strength and their success in the same resistance of patience and endurance." A singularly vivid and curious picture one gains of the eighth century, or of what later story-tellers supposed the eighth century to be like, in these naïve and stirring pages. "Really and truly, to my mind," Mr. Steele observes, "the hero of the tale is neither Renaud nor Roland, but Bayard the good horse." And there is some truth in this. The old folk-singers and story-tellers had been touched with sympathy for the dumb creatures, and especially for the noble charger which counted for so much on the stricken field and in the fierce raid of the avenger. Though Bayard was flung by Charlemagne from the bridge of the Meuse, he did not perish, but shattered the millstone tied round his neck and fled into the forest, "where the folk of that country say he is still alive." He still lives in the sign of the little *estaminets* of the villages between the Seine and Rhine, and in the cold winter nights the old people may still hear his neighing and the clatter of his hoofs.

By a fortunate chance the reader may turn at once from this old-world legend of Charlemagne and his paladins and rebellious underlords, to the real Carolus Magnus of history.* With the essential completeness which only a consummate scholar could realise, Dr. Hodgkin has compressed the main events of the true story of the first Frankish Emperor of Rome into two hundred and fifty engrossing pages, and, since there seems to be a revival of the notion of reading history by the light of the historical novel, one may well take the two books together. Here I need only mention that, besides wreaking his vengeance on poor Bayard, Charlemagne secured the addition to the Nicene Creed of the well-known phrase "Filioque," which asserted that the Holy Spirit "proceedeth from the Father *and the Son*"—an addition which was one of the causes of the schism between Eastern and Western Christendom, and one of the barriers against any attempt at reunion.

"Undine"† is one of the books that will be read as long as nature keeps her glamour and youth dreams "the dreams that come without a sleep." It is the human love-story of the woods and the peaks, the running waters and the white mist. It is one of the perfect books which no man outgrows. To read it for the first time is to find oneself in a strange world of beautiful and fantastic dreams—the world of the elemental creatures, merry spirits of fire, air, and water, who have no souls and know no cares, but who perish with the leaf and the flame, unless, indeed, through the love of a mortal, they acquire a soul, and with it all the sorrows and limitations of humanity. In illustrating this exquisite legend Miss Pitman has brought into play a subtle and very charming symbolism, but I fear that much of the fancy and suggestiveness of her work has suffered from the excessive "reduction" of her drawings. In some instances I have been obliged to use a magnifying-glass to perceive details mentioned in her descriptive list of illustrations. One or two of her notes are as quaint as they are unusual. For instance, "Initial letter T. Designed from waterlilies and leaves taken from a garden in Saffron Walden"; "This initial, I, is made from a sketch of a stump of wood forming part of a breakwater at Chapel, on the Lincolnshire coast." At first, I must confess, this seemed to me to be carrying "the precious" to extremes, but on reflection—and Miss Pitman bestows the grace of reflection—I saw that I was wrong. I recollected Smetham's counsel, "to get more life *outside* of you. . . . Monday's face, Tuesday's hand, Wednesday's foot, Thursday's flowers and foliage, Friday's drapery, Saturday's flying touches—all these just as you thought, counting for you the fled moments of the past, and destined to live in hours and moments when *you* have fled beyond all moments." Or put the matter in another light. Suppose some Saffron Walden exile picked up this book and saw these lilies and leaves in a log-house in the Far West! Or, again, let us project ourselves into a future when the Lincolnshire coast shall have advanced far inland, or, if you like, when the North Sea shall have shrunk into a mere river running through a green strath. With what a curious thrill of interest a reader would linger over this initial I from the vanished breakwater of ages long gone by! But, to remain nearer home, what would I not give for an initial showing the old post to which we moored our raft when we were sea-rovers, in the ancient years when the Spanish Main was water (not land, as it is nowadays), and a couple of railway sleepers made a rakish little craft?

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* "Renaud of Montauban." First done into English by William Caxton, and now abridged and retranslated by Robert Steele. With nine illustrations. George Allen. 7*s*. 6*d*.

* "Charles the Great." By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 2*s*. 6*d*.

† "Undine." By F. de la Motte Fouqué, with illustrations by Rosie M. M. Pitman. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 6*s*.

The conception of invisible elemental spirits striving to attain an intenser and a more tangible joy of existence through human passion underlies several of Turgenev's "Dream Tales"*; but with what a sombre and eerie power the great Russian fashions his material! There is here none of the dreamy tenderness and idealism of Fouqué; all is strong, fierce, almost malignant. It is not a question of winning a soul, but of acquiring a body and with it the means of materialising wild irrepressible desires. Uncanny writing, and hardly suited for every one's reading. I could have wished that the "Prose Poems" had been issued in a small volume by themselves. Hackneyed as the title has now become, none could be more strictly applicable. These wonderful little creations are perfect in form, in thought, in emotion, in that impalpable quality of the imagination which one may call magic. Two of them strike me forcibly: one, a vision of the desert—yellowish sand, dead dust, the detritus of immeasurable geological epochs—and above the sand the huge head of the Sphinx. But it is not the Sphinx of Egypt; it is the peasant of Yaroslav, the moujik of the steppe. What is *his* riddle? The other is the effect produced by the cry "Pan is risen!" There is laughter in the mountains, a clapping of hands in the woods; and nymphs, dryads, Bacchantes troop from green places in their marble beauty. Diana suddenly stops, turns deadly pale. On the far sky-line gleams a cross on a Christian church. There is "a long broken sigh, like the quiver of a broken string," and the vision of the ancient myths has vanished. Pan has *not* risen! And one more I could add—the sketch of a little female monkey, crossing from Hamburg to London.

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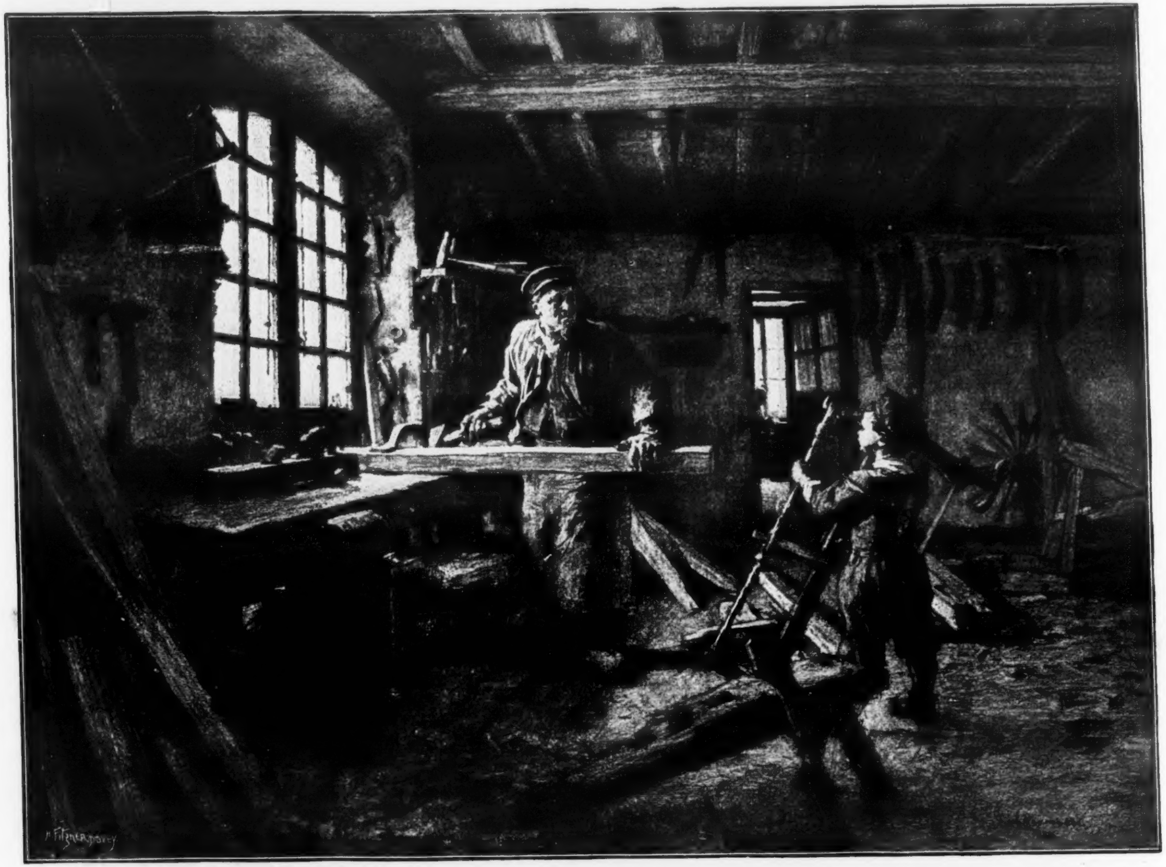
* "Dream Tales and Prose Poems." By Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. William Heinemann. 3s. net.



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LENDING A HAND

By Lhermitte

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

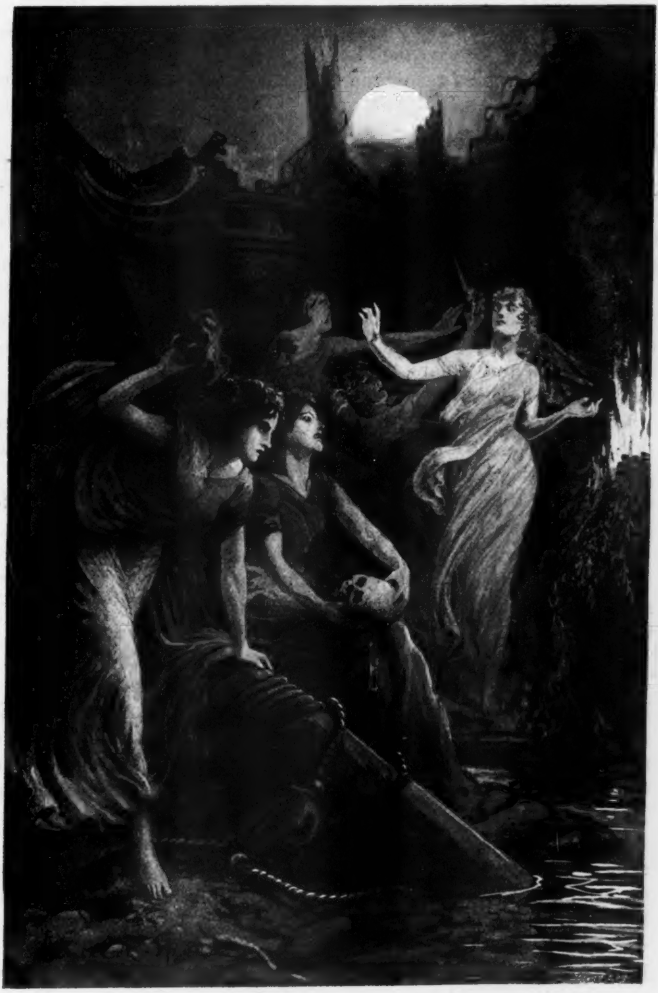
CHAPTER V

ELEVEN years passed.

The King of France was no longer sending adventurers to capture the outposts of England, but rather was beginning hopelessly to wind in again the coil of disaster which had spun out through the helpless fingers of Neckar, Calonne, Brienne, and the rest, and in the end was to bind his own hands for the guillotine.

The Isle of Jersey, like a scout upon the borders of a foeman's country, looked out over St. Michael's Basin to those provinces where the war of the Vendée was soon to strike France from within, while England, and presently all Europe, should strike her from without.

War, or the apprehension of war, was in the air. The people of the little isle, always living within the influence of natural wonder and the power of the elements, were superstitious; and as news of dark deeds done in Paris crept across from Carteret or St. Malo, as men-of-war anchored in the tideway, and English troops, against the hour of trouble, came, transport after transport, into the harbour of St. Helier, they began to see visions and dream dreams. One peasant heard the witches singing a chorus of carnage at Rocbert; another saw, towards the Minquiers, a great army like a mirage upon the sea; others declared that certain French refugees in the island had the evil eye and bewitched their cattle; and one peasant woman, wild with grief because her child



"Singing a chorus of carnage"

had died of a sudden sickness, meeting a little Frenchman, the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir, in the Rue des Très Pigeons, made a stroke at his face with her knitting-needle, and then, Protestant though she was, crossed herself several times, after the custom of her forefathers.

This superstition and fanaticism, so strong in the populace, now and then burst forth in untamable fury and riot. So that when, on the sixteenth of September 1792, the gay morning was suddenly overcast, and a black curtain was drawn over the bright sun, the people of Jersey, working in the fields, vraicking among the rocks, or knitting in their doorways, stood aghast, and knew not what was upon them.

Some began to say the Lord's Prayer, some in superstitious terror ran to the secret hole in the wall, to the chimney, or to the bedstead, or dug up the earthen floor, to find the stocking full of notes and gold, which might perchance come with them safe through any cataclysm, or start them again in business in another world. Some began tremblingly to sing hymns, and a few to swear freely. These latter were mostly carters, whose salutations to each other were mainly oaths because of the extreme narrowness of the island roads, and sailors, to whom profanity was as daily bread.

In St. Helier's, after the first stupefaction, people poured into the streets. They gathered most where met the Rue d'Drière and the Rue d'Egypte. Here stood the old prison, and the spot was called the Place du Vier Prison.

Men and women with their breakfasts still in their mouths mumbled in terror to each other. A woman shrieked that the Day of Judgment was come, and instinctively straightened her cap, smoothed out her dress of molleton, and put on her sabots. A carpenter, hearing her terrified exclamations, put on his sabots also, stooped whimpering to the stream running from the Rue d'Egypte, and began to wash his face. Presently a dozen of his neighbours did the same. Some of the women, however, went on knitting hard, as they gabbled prayers and looked at the fast-blackening sun. Knitting was to Jersey women, like breathing or talebearing, life itself. With their eyes closing on earth they would have gone on knitting, and dropped no stitches.

A dusk came down like that over Pompeii and Herculaneum. The tragedy of fear went hand-in-hand with burlesque commonplace. The grey stone walls of the houses grew darker and darker, and seemed to close in on the dismayed, terrified, hysterical crowd. Here some one was shouting the word of command to an imaginary company of militia; there an aged crone was offering, without price, simnels and black butter, as a sort of propitiation for an imperfect past, and from a window a notorious evil-liver was calling out in frenzied voice that she had heard the devil and the witches from Rocbert revelling in the dungeons of the prison the night before. Thereupon a dishevelled, long-haired fanatic, once a barber, with a gift for mad preaching and a well-known hatred of the French, sprang upon the Pompe des Brigands, and calling out that the Last Day had come, cried:

"*The spirit of the Lord is upon me! He hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound!*"

Some one thrust into his hand a torch. He waved it to and fro in his wild harangue; he threw up his arms towards the dark sun and the ominous gloom, and with blatant fury commanded them to open the prison doors. Other torches and candles appeared, and the mob trembled to and fro in their helpless delirium of excitement.

"The prison! Open the Vier Prison! Break down the doors! Gatd'en'àle—drive out the devils! Free the prisoners—the poor vauriens!" the crowd shouted, and they rushed forward with sticks and weapons.

The prison arched the street as Temple Bar once spanned the Strand. They crowded under the archway, overpowered the terror-stricken jailor, and, battering open the door in frenzy, called the prisoners forth.

They looked to see issue some sailor arrested for singing too loud on a Sabbath, some profane peasant who had presumed to wear patins in church, some profaner peasant who had not doffed his hat to the Connétable, or some slipshod militiaman who had worn sabots on parade, thereby offending the red-robed dignity of the Royal Court.

Instead, there appeared a little Frenchman of the most refined and unusual appearance. The blue cloth of his coat set off the extreme paleness of his small but serene face and the high, round forehead. The hair, a beautiful silver grey which time only had powdered, was tied in a queue behind. The little gentleman's hand was as thin and fine as a lady's, his shoulders were narrow and slightly stooped, his eye was large, eloquent, and benign. His dress was amazingly neat; it showed constant brushing, and here and there signs of the friendly repairing needle.

The whole impression was that of a man whom a whiff of wind would blow away; with the body of an ascetic and the simplicity of a child, while the face had some particular sort of wisdom, difficult to define and impossible to imitate. He held in his hand a tiny cane of the sort carried at the court of Louis Quinze. Louis Capet himself had given it to him; and you might have had the life of the little gentleman, but not this cane with the tiny golden bust of his unhappy monarch.

He stood on the steps of the prison and looked serenely on the muttering, excited crowd.

"I fear there is a mistake," said he, coughing a little into his fingers. "You do not seek me. I—I have no claim upon your kindness; I am only the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir."

For a moment the mob had been stayed in amazement by this small, rare creature stepping from the doorway, like a porcelain coloured figure from a noisome wood in a painting by Boucher. In the instant's pause the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir took from his pocket a timepiece and glanced at it, then looked over the heads of the crowd towards the hooded sun, which now, a little, was showing its face again.

"It was due at eight, less seven minutes," said he; "clear sun again was set for ten minutes past. It is now upon the stroke of the hour!"

He seemed in no way concerned with the swaying crowd before him. Undoubtedly they wanted nothing of him, and therefore he did not take their presence seriously; but, of an inquiring mind, he was deeply interested in the eclipse. His obliviousness of them and their intentions was of short duration.

"He's a French sorcerer! he has the evil eye! Away with him to the sea!" shouted the fanatical preacher from the Pompe des Brigands.

"It's a witch turned into a man!" cried a drunken woman from her window. "Give him the wheel of fire at the blacksmith's forge."

"That's it! Gad'rabotin—the wheel of fire'll turn him back again to a hag!"

The little gentleman protested, but they seized him and dragged him from the steps. Tossed like a ball, so light was he, he grasped his gold-headed cane as one might cling to life, and declared that he was no witch, but a poor French exile, arrested the night before for being abroad after nine o'clock, against the orders of the Royal Court.

Many of the crowd knew him well enough by sight, but that natural barbarity which is in humanity, not far from the surface, was at work, and, like their far ancestors who, when in fear, sacrificed human victims, these children of Adam maltreated the little refugee now. The mob was too delirious to act with intelligence. The dark cloud was lifting a little from the sun, and the dread of the Judgment Day was declining; but as the pendulum swung back from that fear towards normal life again, it carried with it the one virulent and common prejudice of the country—radical hatred of the French—which often slumbered but never died; which sometimes broke forth relentlessly and unreasoningly, as now it did against du Champsavoys of Beaumanoir.

The wife of an oyster-fisher from Rozel Bay, who lived in hourly enmity with the oyster-fishers of Carteret, gashed his cheek with the shell of an ormer. A potato-digger from Grouville parish struck at his head with a hoe, for the Grandvillais had crossed the strait to the island the year before, to work in the harvest fields for a lesser wage than the Jersiais, and this little French gentleman should be held responsible for that. The weapon missed the Chevalier, but laid low a centennier, who, though a municipal officer, had, in the excitement and terror, lost his head like his neighbours. This only increased the rage of the mob against the foreigner, and was another crime to lay to his charge. A smuggler thereupon kicked him in the side.

At that moment there came a cry of indignation from a girl at an upper window of the Place. The Chevalier evidently knew her, for even in his hard case he smiled—and then he heard another voice ring out over the heads of the crowd, strong, angry, determined.

From the Rue d'Drière a tall, athletic man was hurrying. He had on his shoulders a workman's hand basket, from which peeped a shipbuilder's tools. Seeing the Chevalier's danger, he dropped his tool-basket through the open window of a house and forced his way through the crowd, roughly knocking from under them the feet of two or three ruffians who opposed him. He reproached the crowd, he berated them, he handled them fiercely, and by a dexterous strength he caught the little gentleman up in his arms, and, driving straight on to the open door of the smithy, placed him inside, and blocked the passage with his own body.

Like all mobs, this one had no reason, no sense. They were baulked in their malign intentions, and this man, Maître Ranulph Delagarde, was the cause of it—that was all they knew. It was a strange picture: the preacher in an ecstasy of emotion haranguing the foolish rabble, who now realised, with an unbecoming joy, that the Last Day was yet to face; the gaping, empty prison; the open windows crowded with excited faces; the church bell from the Vier Marchi ringing an alarm; Norman lethargy roused to froth and fury; one strong man holding two hundred back!

Above them all, at a hus in the gable of a thatched cottage, stood the girl whom the Chevalier had recognised, watching the affray with anxious face. She was leaning across the lower closed half of the door, her hands in apprehensive excitement clasping her cheeks, the fingers making deep indentations in the soft flesh. The eyes were bewildered and, though quivering with pain, watched the scene below with an unwavering intensity.

A stone was thrown at Delagarde as he stood in the doorway, but it missed him.

"Oh—oh—oh!" the girl exclaimed, shrinking as if the stone had struck herself. "Oh shame! Oh you cowards!" she added, her hands now indignantly beating the hus. Three or four men rushed forward on Ranulph. He hurled them back. Others came on with weapons. The girl fled for an instant, then reappeared with a musket, as the people were crowding in on Delagarde with threats and execrations.

"Stop! stop!" cried the girl from above, and Ranulph seized a blacksmith's hammer to meet the onset.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" she called again, and she aimed her musket at the foremost assailants.

Every face turned in her direction, for her voice had rung out clear as music: it had a note of power and resonance like an organ. For an instant there was silence—the levelled musket had a deadly look, and the girl seemed determined. Her fingers, her whole body, trembled; but there was no mistaking the strong will and the indignant purpose.

In the pause another sound was heard. It was a quick *tramp, tramp, tramp!* and suddenly under the prison archway came running an officer of the King's Navy with a company of sailors. The officer, with drawn sword, his men following with drawn cutlasses, drove a way through the mob, who scattered like sheep; for, at this time, far more dreaded and admired than the military were the sailors whom Howe and Nelson were soon to make still more famous throughout the world.

Delagarde threw aside his hammer, and saluted the officer. The little Chevalier lifted his hat, made a formal bow, and begged to say that he was not at all hurt. With a droll composure he offered snuff to the officer, who nodded and accepted, and then turned to the window where the girl stood, and saluted with confident gallantry.

"Why, it's little Guida Landresse!" he said under his breath. "I'd know her anywhere. Death and Beauty, what a face!" Then he turned to Ranulph in recognition.

"Ranulph Delagarde, eh?" said he good-humouredly. "You've forgotten me, I see. I'm Philip d'Avranche, of the *Narcissus*."

Ranulph had forgotten. The slight lad, Philip, had grown bronzed and rosy-cheeked, and stouter of frame. In the eleven years since they had met at the Battle of Jersey, events, travel, and responsibility had altered him vastly. Ranulph had changed only in growing very tall and athletic and strong; the look of him was still that of the Norman lad of the Isle of Jersey, though the power and intelligence of his face were most unusual.

The girl in the cottage doorway had not forgotten at all. The words that d'Avranche had said to her years before, when she was a child, came to her mind: "My name is Philip; call me Philip."

The memory of that day when she snatched off the Bailly's hat brought a smile to her lips, so quickly were her feelings moved one way or another. Then she grew suddenly serious, for the memory of the hour when he saved her from the scimitar of the Turk came to her, and her heart throbbed hotly. But she smiled again, though more gently and a little wistfully now.

Philip d'Avranche looked up towards her once more, and returned her smile. Then he addressed the awed crowd. He did not spare his language; he unconsciously used an oath or two. He ordered them off to their homes. When they hesitated (for they were slow to acknowledge any authority save their own sacred Royal Court) the sailors advanced on them with drawn cutlasses, and a moment later the Place du Vier Prison was clear. Leaving a half-dozen sailors on guard till the town corps should arrive, d'Avranche prepared to march, and turned to Delagarde.

"You have done me a good turn, Monsieur d'Avranche," said Ranulph.

"There was a time you called me Philip," said d'Avranche, smiling. "We were lads together."

"It's different now," answered Delagarde.

"Nothing is different at all, of course," returned d'Avranche carelessly, yet with the slightest touch of condescension and vanity, as he held out his hand. Turning to the Chevalier, he said: "Monsieur, I congratulate you on having such a champion"—with a motion towards Ranulph. "And you, Monsieur, on your brave protector." He again saluted the girl at the window above.

"I am the obliged and humble servant of Monsieur—and Monsieur," responded the little gentleman, turning from one to the other with a courtly bow, the three-cornered hat under the arm, the right foot forward, the thin fingers making a graceful salutation. "But I—I think—I really think I must go back to prison. I was not formally set free. I was out last night beyond the hour set by the court. I lost my way, and——"

"Not a bit of it," d'Avranche interrupted. "The centenniers are too free with their jailing here. I'll be guarantee for you, Monsieur." He turned to go.

The little man shook his head dubiously.

"But, as a point of honour, I really think——"

D'Avranche laughed. "As a point of honour, I think you ought to breakfast! *A la bonne heure*, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

He turned again to the cottage window. The girl was still there. The darkness over the sun was withdrawn, and now the clear light began to spread itself abroad. It was like a second dawn after a painful night. It touched the face of the girl; it burnished the wonderful red-brown hair which fell loosely and lightly over her forehead; it gave her beauty a touch of luxuriance. D'Avranche thrilled at the sight of her.

"It's a beautiful face!" he said to himself as their eyes met and he saluted once more.

Ranulph had seen the glances that had passed between the two, and he winced. He remembered how eleven years ago Philip d'Avranche had saved the girl from death. It galled him that then and now this young gallant should step in and take the game out of his hands. He was sure that he himself, and alone, could have mastered this crowd. It would seem that always he was destined to stand fighting in the breach, while another should hoist the flag of victory and win the glory.

"Monsieur—Monsieur le Chevalier!" the girl called down from the window, "grand-pèthe says you must breakfast with us. Oh, but you must come, or we shall be offended!" she added, as Champsavoys shook his head in hesitation and glanced towards the prison. She disappeared from the window.

"As a point of honour——" the little man still persisted, lightly touching his breast with the Louis Quinze cane and taking a step towards the sombre prison archway. But Ranulph interfered, hurried him inside the cottage, and, standing in the doorway, said to some one within:

"May I come in also, Sieur de Mauprat?"

Above the pleasant welcome of a quavering voice came another, soft and clear, in pure French:

"Thou art always welcome, without asking, as thou knowest, Ro."

"Then I'll go and fetch my tool-basket first," Ranulph said cheerily, his heart beating more quickly, and, turning, he walked across the Place.

CHAPTER VI

THE cottage in which Guida lived at the Place du Vier Prison was in jocund contrast to the dungeon from which the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir had complacently issued. Even in the hot summer the prison walls dripped moisture, for the mortar had been made of wet sea-sand, which never dried, and beneath the gloomy tenement of crime a dark stream flowed to the sea. But the walls of the cottage were dry, for, ten years before, Guida's mother had herself seen it built stone by stone, and every corner of it was as free from damp as the mielles which stretched in sandy desolation behind it to the Mont ès Pendus, where the law had its way with the necks of criminals. In early childhood Madame Landresse had come with her father into exile from the sunniest valley in the hills of Chambéry, where flowers and trees and sunshine had been her life. And here, in the midst of irregular grimness of architecture, her heart travelled back to the valley where she was born and the château where she had lived before the storm of oppression and tyranny drove her forth. She spent her heart and her days in making this cottage, upon the western border of St. Helier's, a delight to the quiet eye.

Yet it was not a French, but a Jersey, cottage. There were scores like it throughout the island; but hers had a touch of unusual lightness and of taste, while it followed to the smallest detail every fashion of the life of the community. The people of the island had been good to her and her dead husband during the two short years of their married life and had caused her to love the land which necessity had made her home. Her child was brought up after the fashion of the better class of Jersey children, wore what they wore, ate what they ate, lived as they lived. She spoke the country patois in the daily life, teaching it to Guida at the same time that she taught her pure French and good English, which she herself had learned as a child, and cultivated later here. She did all in her power to make Guida a Jersiaise in instinct and habit, and to beget in her a contented disposition. There could be no future for her daughter outside this little green oasis of exile, she thought. Not that she lacked ambition, but in their circumstances she felt ambition could yield but one harvest to her child, and that was marriage. She herself had married a poor man, a master builder of ships, like Maître Ranulph Delagarde, and she had been very happy while he lived. Her husband had come of an ancient Jersey family, who were in Normandy before the Conqueror was born, scarcely a gentleman according to the standard of her father, the distinguished exile and retired watchmaker, but a man of genius almost in his craft. If Guida should chance to be as fortunate as herself, she could ask no more.

She had watched the child anxiously, for the impulses of Guida's temperament now and then broke forth in indignation as wild as her tears and in tears as mad as her laughter. As the girl grew in health and stature, she tried, tenderly, carefully, and strenuously, to discipline the sensitive nature, bursting her heart with grief at times because she knew that these high feelings and delicate powers came through a long line of refined ancestral tendencies, as indestructible as perilous and joyous.

Four things were always apparent in the girl's character: sympathy with suffering, kindness without partiality, a love of nature, and an intense candour.

Not a stray cat wandering into the Place du Vier Prison but found an asylum in the garden behind the cottage. Not a dog hunting for a bone, stopping at Guida's door, but was sure of one from a hiding-place in the hawthorn hedge of the garden. In the morning the little patch of gravel at the kitchen door was always white with crumbs for the birds, and you would see them in fluttering, chirping groups upon the may-tree or the lilac-bushes, waiting for the tiny snowstorm of bread to fall. Was he good or bad, ragged or neat, honest or a thief, not a deserting sailor or a homeless lad, halting at the cottage, but was fed from the girl's private larder behind the straw beehives in the back garden, among the sweet lavender and the gooseberry-bushes. No matter how rough the vagrant, the sincerity and pure impulse of the child seemed to throw round him a sunshine of decency and respect.

The garden behind the house was the girl's

Eden. She had planted upon the hawthorn hedge the crimson monthly rose, the fuchsia, and the jonquil, until at last their cottage was hemmed in by a wall of flowers. They streamed in profusion down the hedge, and the hedge expanded into clumps of peonies, white lilies, snowdrops, daffodils, dog-violets, and wild strawberries. The walls of the cottage were covered with vines, like a *loggia* in Sardinia, hung with innumerable clusters of white grapes. In this garden the child was ever as busy as the bees which hung humming on the sweet scabious and the wild thyme, until all the villagers who were friendly disposed, and even those who were envious, said of Guida's garden that it was "fleuri comme un mai."

In this corner was a little hut for rabbits and white mice; in that, there was a hole dug in the bank for a porcupine; in the middle a little lath flower-grown enclosure for cats in various stages of health or convalescence, and a small pond for frogs; amongst all of which wandered her faithful dog, Biribi by name, as master of the ceremonies.

Besides the mother, there had been one other proud but garrulous spectator of the growth of the child to girlhood and maidenhood. M. Larchant de Mauprat, the grandfather, was not less interested in Guida than her mother; but in a different way. He saw no fault, admitted no imperfection. He was rhetorical over her good qualities, indeed very demonstrative for a Huguenot, and confident that Guida would restore the humbled fortunes of his house.

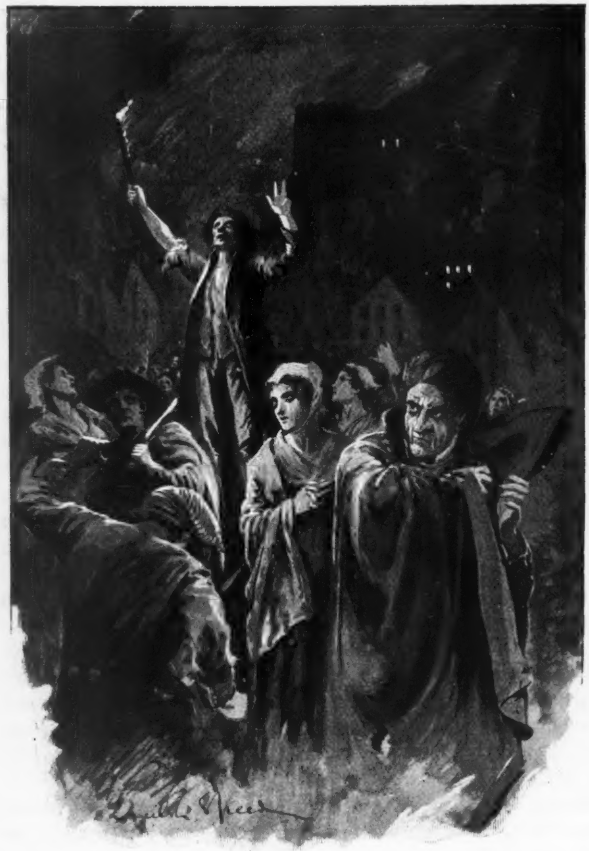
Madame Landresse's one ambition was to live long enough to see her child's character well formed. She knew that her own years were numbered. Month by month she felt her strength going, but a beautiful tenacity kept her where she would be until Guida was fifteen years of age. Her great desire had been to live till the girl was eighteen. Then—well, then might she not perhaps leave her to the care of a husband? At best, M. de Mauprat could not live long. He had at last been forced to give up the little watchmaker's shop in the Vier Marchi, where for so many years, in simpleness and independence, he had wrought, always putting by secretly, from work done after hours, Jersey bank notes and gold, to give Guida a *dot*, if not worthy of her, at least a guarantee against reproach when the great man came who should seek her in marriage. But at last his hands trembled among the tiny wheels, and his eyes failed. He had his dark hour by himself. Then he sold the shop and his tools and his stock to a native, who thenceforward sat in the ancient exile's place; and the two brown eyes of the stooped, brown old man looked out no more from the window in the Vier Marchi; and then they all made their new home in the Place du Vier Prison.

Until she was fifteen Guida's life was unclouded. Once or twice her mother tried to tell her of a place that must soon be empty, that the linked initials carved in stone above the cottage door (after the Jersey custom) would ere long be but a monogram of death, an announcement to all who entered in that once lived here Josephe and Josephine Landresse. But her heart failed her, and so at last the end came like a sudden wind out of the north.

One midnight the life of the woman chilled. She called aloud, "Guida! Guida! my child! . . ." And when the sun crept again over the western heights, the little fire of life had died down to ashes, and henceforth Guida Landresse de Landresse must fight the fight and finish the journey of womanhood alone.

When her trouble came, white and dazed in the fresh terror of loss, she went for comfort to her grandfather, but she ended by comforting him. He sat in his arm-chair looking straight before him, with close-pressed lips and hands clasped rigidly upon the ivory handle of his walking-stick, all the colour gone from the dark eyes, the blood from his cheek, the sound from his voice—he only spoke in whispers. So long used to being cared for, the selfishness of the aged was developed in him more than he knew.

Though that which had bereaved them had taken the blood from his cheek, it had squeezed the blood from out her heart. That octopus which we call Nature, in the operation of its laws, had drawn from her the glow and pulse of life. Sometimes the house seemed weighing down on her, crushing her. Going to the door of the room where her mother lay, and leaning against it with her head upon her arm, she would say in the homely and tender Jersey patois, "*Ma Mèthe!*



"Calling out that the last day had come"

Ma p'tite Mèthe! mais que je t'aime, ma Mèthe!" Then she would go into the little garden. There she was able to breathe; there the animals she had made her friends came about her softly as if they knew: the birds peeped at her plaintively; the bees came humming around her, settling on her, singing in her ears. Did the bees understand, she wondered. She remembered the words which the old Huguenot preacher had once uttered in the little church in the Rue d'Drière: "The souls of men are as singing bees which God shall gather home in a goodly swarm." Who could tell? Perhaps these very bees were the busy souls of other people who had lived and not fulfilled themselves, but here in her sweet-smelling garden were working out an industrious livelihood until their time might come again. Presently the thought linked itself to the ancient Jersey legend of telling the bees.

Remembering it, she went softly into the house and brought out several pieces of crape. Upon every beehive she tied the crape, according to the legend. And then she told the bees of the cavalcade which had come in the last shadows of the night, which had ridden to and fro through the house with soft but furious impatience until a beloved spirit, worn with the foot-travel of life, mounted the waiting chariot and was gone. And she said, according to the legend:

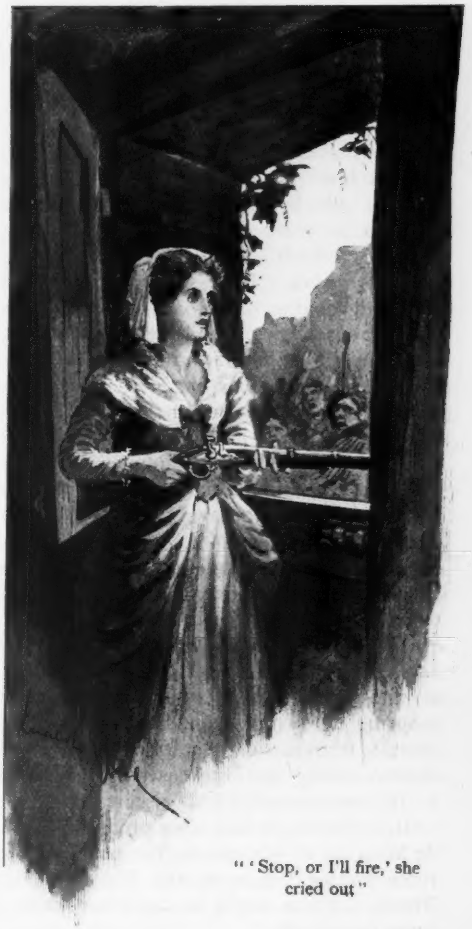
"Gather you home, gather you home! *Mèthe, ma Mèthe*, she is dead and gone! Honey is for the living; flowers are for the dead! *Mèthe, ma Mèthe*, she is dead and gone! Gather you home!"

This time was the turning-point in Guida's life. What her mother had been to the Sieur de Mauprat, she soon became. They had enough to live on simply. Every week her grandfather gave her a fixed sum for the household. Upon this she managed, that the tiny income left by her mother might not be touched. She shrank from using it yet, and besides, dark times might come, when it would be needed. Death had once surprised her, but it should bring no more amazement. She knew that M. de Mauprat's days were numbered, and when he was gone she would be left without one near relative in the world. She realised how unprotected her position would be when death came knocking at the door again. What she would do she knew not. She thought long and hard. Fifty things occurred to her, and fifty were set aside. The immediate relatives of her mother in France were scattered or dead. There was no longer any interest at Chambéry in the watchmaking exile, who had dropped like a cherry-stone from the beak of the black bird of persecution upon one of the Iles de la Manche.

There remained the alternative which was dropped into the ears of Guida by the Sieur de Mauprat as the months grew into years after the mother died—marriage, a husband, a notable and wealthy husband. That was the magic destiny M. de Mauprat figured for her. It did not elate her, it did not disturb her; she scarcely realised it. She loved animals, and she saw no reason to despise a stalwart youth. It had been her fortune to know two or three in the casual, unconventional manner of villages, and there were few in the land, great or humble, who did not turn twice to look at her as she passed through the Vier Marchi, so noble was her carriage, so graceful and buoyant her walk, so lacking in self-consciousness her beauty. More than one young gentleman of family had been known to ride down through the Place du Vier Prison, hoping to catch sight of her, and to afford her the view of a suggestively empty pillion behind him.

She understood it all in her own way. Her mind saw clearly, but it saw innocently. She would have been less than human if she had not had in her a touch of coquetry, though she loathed deceit. She was forceful enough to like power, even in this small way of attracting admiration, yet she would not have gone far out of her path to receive incense or attention. She was at once proud and humble, and as yet she had not loved. She had never listened to flatterers, and she had never permitted young men to visit her—save one. Ranulph Delagarde had gone in and out at his will, but that was casually and not too often, and he was discreet and spoke no word of love. Sometimes she talked to him of things concerning the daily life with which she did not care to trouble M. de Mauprat.

The matter of the little income from her mother—it was Ranulph that advised her to place it with the great Fishing Company, whose ships he built in the little dockyard at St. Aubin's. In fifty other ways, quite unknown to her, he had made her life easier for her. She knew that her mother had thought of Ranulph for her husband, although she blushed hotly whenever—and it was not often—the idea came to her. She remembered how her mother had said that Ranulph would be a great man in the island some day; that he had a mind above all the youths in St. Helier's; that she would rather see Ranulph a master shipbuilder than a babbling *écrivain* in the Rue des Très Pigeons, a smirking leech, or a penniless seigneur with neither trade nor talent. Her husband himself had been the laborious son of a poor, idle, and proud seigneur. Guida was attracted to Ranulph through his occupation, for she loved strength, she loved all clean and wholesome trades—that of the mason, of the carpenter, of the blacksmith, and most of the shipbuilder. Her father, whom she did not, of course, remember, had been a shipbuilder, and she knew that he had been a notable man—every one had told her that.



"'Stop, or I'll fire,' she cried out"

But as to marriage, there was one influence—unconscious of it though she might be—which, balanced against all others, would weigh them down—rightly or wrongly: the love between man and woman, which so few profess to believe in, and so many waste lives and lands to attain.

"She has met her destiny," say the village gossips, when some man in the dusty procession of life sees a woman's face in the pleasant shadow of a home, and drops out of the ranks to enter at the doorway, and cry *Mio destino!*

Was Ranulph to be Guida's destiny? Fine and handsome though he looked as he entered the cottage in the Place du Vier Prison, on that September morning after the rescue of the Chevalier, his tool-basket on his shoulder, his brown face enlivened by one simple sentiment, she was far from sure that he was, far from sure.

CHAPTER VII

THE little hall-way into which Ranulph stepped from the street, led through to the kitchen. Guida stood holding back the door for him to enter this real living-room of the house, which opened directly upon the garden behind. It was so cheerful and secluded, looking out from the garden to the wide space beyond and the changeful sea, that since Madame Landresse's death the Sieur de Mauprat had made it a reception-room, dining-room, and kitchen all in one. He would willingly have slept there too, but *noblesse oblige:* the last glimmer of family pride, and the thought of what the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir might think, prevented him. There was something patriarchal, moreover, in a kitchen as a reception-room; and both he and the Chevalier loved to watch Guida busy with her household duties—at one moment her arms in the dough of the kneading trough; at another rubbing the pewter plates or scouring the wooden trenchers; picking the cherries from the garden for a jelly, or perchance casting up her weekly accounts with a little smiling and a little sighing too.

If, by chance, it had been proposed by M. de Mauprat to adjourn to the small sitting-room looking out upon the Place du Vier Prison, a gloom would instantly have settled upon them both.

On one memorable occasion the Sieur had made a last attempt to revive the glory of bygone days. In the little front room there was an ancient armchair, over which hung the sword that the Comte Guilbert Mauprat de Chambéry had used at Fontenoy against the English. Here then, one day, he received the Chevalier, who on his part flourished the cane the gracious Louis had given him.

After an interchange of aristocratic passwords, as it were, they both became gloomy and irritable, they stiffened into bas-reliefs. Their excellent tempers developed a subacidity which might have spoiled at least one day of their lives, had it not been for the Chevalier's ingenuity. He was suddenly stricken with a pain in his right leg, where, as he had often told the Sieur in confidence, he had, in youthful days, been wounded in a duel. For so innocent a man, his unrehearsed dissimulation was good. He caught his knee with a hand, straightened up in his seat, compressed his lips, frowned, looked apprehensive, and the apprehension developed into a spasm.

That was enough: de Mauprat knew those signs of anguish! He begged his visitor to lean on him, and, with a flickering smile on the side of his face turned from the Chevalier, he led his distinguished friend to the kitchen. There the well-known remedy was administered by Guida—three thimblefuls of cherry-brandy, dashed with a little elderberry cordial, had never been known to fail.

This day the cure was almost instantaneous. De Mauprat watched with grave solicitude the pouring of each thimbleful, and its absorption; and he sat back at last with a sense of almost jocund relief, meeting the satisfied smile of Du Champsavoys. And the three smiled at each other in the simplicity of an elementary happiness.

So it was that this cheerful, housewifely room became like one of those ancient corners of *camaraderie* in some exclusive inn where gentlemen of quality were wont to meet. The floor was paved with square flag-stones and sanded. It was a spacious room, the full length of the cottage and more than one-half its depth. The fireplace was huge, and inside it were oak benches where one might sit on a cold winter night. At the left of the chimney was the huge settle, or veille, padded with baize, flourished with satinettes, and spread with ferns and rushes. The spinning-wheel was in one corner of the room, to the right of the fireplace, with the bread trough near it; and at the end was the dreschiaux, covered with pewter pots, hanaps, wooden trenchers, wooden spoons, and a little old china worth the ransom of a prince at least. Not far from it was the table, from which, looking out at the door, the hills and sea were in pleasant prospect. At the side of the table, opposite the doorway, were the two great armchairs where in summer time for ever sat the Chevalier and the Sieur.

These, with a few constant visitors, formed a coterie or compact—the huge, grizzly-bearded boatman, Jean Touzel, who wore spectacles, befriended smugglers, was approved of all men, and secretly worshipped by his wife; Amice Ingouville, the fat *avocat* with a stomach of gigantic proportions, with the biggest heart and the tiniest brain in the world; Maître Ranulph Delagarde, and lastly M. Yves Savary *dit* Détricand (in truth the Comte de Tournay, of the house of Vaufontaine), that officer of Rullecour's who, being released from the prison hospital, when the hour came for him to leave the country was too drunk to find the shore. By some whim of negligence the Royal Court was afterwards too lethargic to remove him, and he stayed on, between every carousal and another vainly making efforts to leave. In sober hours, which were none too frequent, he was rather sorrowfully welcomed by the Sieur and the Chevalier.

All these, if they came—and when they came—sat on the veille, loitered in the doorway, or used the three-legged stools scattered here and there. If it was winter, they all sat on the veille save the Chevalier and the Sieur; and Guida had her little straight-backed oak chair beside her grandfather. If they came while she was at work, it made no difference to her, for it was a rule with her that no one should suggest that he was in the way, nor offer help of any kind. At first, if by chance she wished to roll the churn from its corner near the dresser towards the oaken doorway, they would all move; the Sieur putting his snuff-box carefully on the chair-arm, the Chevalier laying his cane upon the table, Jean Touzel dropping his huge pipe on the sanded floor, and the fat avocat making apoplectic efforts to rise; all producing a commotion of politeness quite disconcerting, till she insisted that no one should stir or lift a hand for her, unless she requested it.

If she left the room, conversation flagged, although maybe she had had no part in it. If, perchance, she hummed a little to herself, conversation strayed after her, requiring all the elaborate and affected precision of the fat avocat's mind to get it to its natural amble again.

In winter the fire of vraic with the little lozenge-paned windows of bottle-glass gave light enough in the daytime, and at night the cresset filled with colza, suspended by osier rings from the ceiling, lightened the darkness. And sometimes on a particular night, such as Christmas Eve or the birthday of M. de Mauprat, the two horn lanterns hanging from the raclyii were lit also.

If Maître Ranulph chanced to be present on these fête nights he became master of the ceremonies, by virtue of the favour of M. de Mauprat, who could not have endured him as the prospective husband of Guida, but admired him for his skill as a shipbuilder and his ability to speak three languages—French, English, and the Jersey patois.

When Ranulph entered the kitchen this morning, his greeting to the Sieur and the Chevalier was in French, but to Guida he said, rather stupidly, for late events had embarrassed him: "*Ah bah! es-tu gentiment?*"

"*Gentiment*," she answered, with a queer little smile. "You'll have breakfast?" she said in English, for she spoke it better than he.

"Et ben!" Ranulph repeated, still embarrassed, "a bouchi, that's all."

He laid aside his tool-basket, shook hands with the Sieur, and seated himself at the table. Looking at du Champsavoys, he said:

"I've just met the Connétable, and he regrets the riot, Chevalier, and says the Royal Court extends its mercy to you."

"I should prefer to accept no favours," answered the Chevalier. "As a point of honour, I had thought that, after breakfast, I should return to prison, and——" He paused reflectively.

"Gentlemen of the Isle of Paris stand upon points of honour. If they break the law, they ask no favours. Punishment has its dignity as well as its indignity!" interposed the Sieur, helping out his friend's hesitation, for the Chevalier seemed always searching in his mind for the exact meaning of his thoughts, often without immediate success.

"The Connétable said it was cheaper to let the Chevalier go free than to feed him in the Vier Prison," somewhat drolly explained Ranulph, helping himself meanwhile to roasted conger eel, and eyeing hungrily the freshly-made black butter which Guida was taking from a wooden trencher. "The Royal Court is stingy," added Ranulph, "'nearer than Jean Noé, who got married in his red queminzolle,' as we say in Jersey."

"There's cause for it now, Maître Ranulph," answered the little brown watchmaker. "Two shiploads of our poor French refugees arrived from St. Malo yesterday, and corn is getting scarcer and scarcer."

"They must work—they must work," said the Chevalier, drawing himself up. "You, de Mauprat, you and I have set the example to our race; we—we have established the right of our class to labour with our hands."

He spread out his thin, almost transparent, hands before him, clasped them, and shook them with a gentle energy, suitable to the filmy quality of the conception of labour in his mind. "We are all workers here, you, de Mauprat, Maître Ranulph there, and this friend of each of us, the dear Guida, who has taught us so much—so much!"

He fixed his eyes on Guida with an expression at once benevolent and reflective. Guida would have smiled if she had dared. Often before had the Chevalier spoken of this brotherhood of labour: it was a pleasant fiction with him. He talked with a warm, magnanimous simplicity of the joys of his own handiwork; but not even the Sieur knew what was this labour, of which he spoke so eloquently. His suite of rooms were on the top floor of the house of one Elie Mattingley, a fisherman by trade and a piratical smuggler by practice, with a daughter, Carterette, whom he loved passing well.

"They must work—our countrymen must work," repeated the Chevalier. "Then the people of this amiable isle will have no reason to disturb us."

"Amiable isle—nannin-gia!" interjected Ranulph bitterly. "Yesterday two good priests of your country were set upon in La Colomberie by a drunken quarryman. A lady—Madame la Marquise Vincennes de Miraman—was insulted in the Rue Trousse Cotillon the day before by drunken fisherwomen from St. Clement's, and was only saved from violence by the brave Carterette Mattingley."

"Ah yes, the dear Carterette, my brave young friend, Carterette Mattingley," said the Chevalier with a reflective enthusiasm.

"As you were saying, Chevalier ——" began M. de Mauprat.

But he got no further at the moment, for shots rang out suddenly before the house. They all started to their feet, and Ranulph, running to the front door, threw it open. As he did so a young man, with blood flowing from a cut on the temple, stepped inside.

CHAPTER VIII

It was M. Savary *dit* Détricand.

"Whew—what a lot of fools there are in the world! pish! you silly apes!" the young man said, glancing through the open doorway again to where the Connétable's men were dragging two vile-looking ruffians into the Vier Prison.

"What's happened, Monsieur Détricand?" said Ranulph, closing the door and bolting it.

Détricand did not at once reply. The kitchen door was open, and as he came towards it the anxious faces of the three occupants of the room drew back. The morning sun, streaming through the open doorway beyond, threw a brilliant light upon the young man, showing up his pale face and the gash in his temple. He was smiling, however, and as he came towards them he nodded nonchalantly and good-naturedly.

"What was it? What was it, monsieur?" asked Guida tremulously, for painful events had crowded upon her too fast that morning.

M. Détricand was stanching the blood from his temple with the scarf he had snatched from his neck.

"Get him some cordial, Guida!" said de Mauprat, "he's wounded!"

Détricand waved a hand almost impatiently, and dropped upon the veille, swinging his leg back and forwards.

"It's nothing, I protest—nothing whatever, and I'll have no cordial—no, not a drop. A drink of water—a little of that, if I must drink."

Guida caught up a hanap from the dresser, filled it with water, and passed it to him. Her fingers trembled a little. His were steady enough as he took the hanap and drank the water off at a gulp. Again she filled it and again he drank. The blood was running in a tiny little stream down his cheek. She caught her handkerchief from her girdle impulsively, and gently wiped away the blood.

"Let me wash and bandage the wound," she said. Her eyes were alight with compassion, not because it was the dissipated, reckless French invader, M. Savary *dit* Détricand—no one knew that he was the young Comte de Tournay—who had come over with Rullecour eleven years before; but because he was a wounded fellow-creature. She would have done the same for the poor béganne, Dormy Jamais, who still prowled the purlieus of St. Helier's, or for Elie Mattingley, the piratical smuggler, or for any criminal, for that matter, who needed medicament and care.

It was quite clear, however, that Détricand felt differently. The moment she touched him he became suddenly still. He permitted her to wash the blood from his temple and forehead, to stanch it first with jèru-leaves preserved in brandy, then with cobwebs, and afterwards to bind it with her own 'kerchief.

Ranulph had offered to help her, but his hands were big and clumsy, and in any case she needed no help. So the others looked on with an admiring simplicity which suggested almost a cult of worship, while Détricand thrilled at the touch of the warm, still slightly trembling fingers. He had never been quite so near her before. His face was not far from hers. Now her breath touched him. As he bent his head for her to bind his temple, he could see the soft pulsing of her bosom, and hear the beating of her heart. Her neck was so full and round and soft, and her voice—surely he had never heard a voice so sweet and strong, a tone so well poised and so resonantly pleasant to the ear.

When she had finished, he had an impulse to catch the hand as it dropped away from his forehead, and kiss it—not as he had kissed many a hand, hotly one hour and coldly the next, but with an unpurchasable kind of gratitude which is the characteristic of this especial sort of sinner. He was just young enough, and there was still enough natural health in him, to know the healing touch of a perfect decency and a pure truth of spirit. Yet he had been drunk the night before, drunk with three non-commissioned officers—and he a gentleman, in spite of everything, as could be plainly seen.

He turned his head away from the girl quickly, and looked straight into the eyes of her grandfather.

"I'll tell you how it was, Sieur de Mauprat," said he. "I was crossing the Place du Vier Prison when a brute threw a cleaver at me from a window. If it had struck me on the head—well, the Royal Court would have buried me, and without a slab like Rullecour's. I burst open the door of the house, ran up the stairs, gripped the ruffian, and threw him through the window into the street. As I did so a door opened behind, and another cut-throat came at me with a pistol. He fired—fired wide. I ran in on him, and before he had time to think he was through the window also. Then the other brute below fired up at me. The bullet gashed my temple, as you see. After that, it was an affair of the Connétable and his men. I had had enough fighting before breakfast. I saw an open door—and here I am—Monsieur, Monsieur, Monsieur, Mademoiselle!" He bowed to each of them and glanced towards the table hungrily.

Ranulph placed a seat for him. He viewed the conger-eel and limpets with an avid eye, but waited for the Chevalier and de Mauprat to sit. He had no sooner taken a mouthful, however, and thrown a piece of bread to Biribi the dog, than, starting again to his feet, he said:

"Your pardon, Monsieur le Chevalier, that brute in the Place seems to have knocked all sense from my head! I've a letter for you, brought from Rouen by one of our countrymen who came yesterday." He drew from his pocket a packet and handed it over. "I went out to their ship in the harbour last night, and this was given to me for you."

The Chevalier looked with surprise and

satisfaction at the seal on the letter, and, breaking it, spread open the paper, fumbled for the eyeglass which he always carried in his vest, and began reading diligently. Presently, under his breath he made exclamations, now of surprise, again of pain. It was clear that the letter was concerned with unpleasant things.

Meanwhile Ranulph turned to Guida. "To-morrow Jean Touzel, his wife, and I go to the Ecréhos Rocks in Jean's boat, said he. "A vessel was driven ashore there three days ago, and my carpenters are at work on her. If you can go and the wind holds fair, you shall be brought back safe by sundown."

Guida looked up quickly at her grandfather. She loved the sea; and she could sail a boat, and knew the tides and currents of the south coast as well as most fishermen. Jean Touzel had taken her out numberless times even while her mother was alive, for Madame Landresse, though solicitous for her safety, had been concerned that she should be fearless, though not reckless. Of all boatmen and fishermen on the coast, Jean Touzel was most to be trusted. No man had saved so many shipwrecked folk, none risked his life so often; and he had never had a serious accident at sea. To go to sea with Jean Touzel, folk said, was safer than living on land.

M. de Mauprat met the inquiring glance of Guida and nodded assent, and she then said gaily to Ranulph: "I shall sail her, shall I not?"

"Every foot of the way," he answered.

She laughed and clapped her hands. Suddenly the little Chevalier broke in: "By the head of John the Baptist!" said he.

So unusual was strong language with him that Détricand put down his knife and fork in amazement, and Guida almost blushed, the words sounded so improper upon the Chevalier's lips.

Du Champsavoys held up his eyeglass, and, turning from one to the other, looked at each of them imperatively yet abstractedly too. Then, pursing up his lower lip, and with an air of growing amazement which carried him to a distant height of reckless language, he said again:

"By the head of John the Baptist on a charger!"

He looked at Détricand with a fierceness which was merely the tension of his thought. If he had looked at a wall it would have been the same. But Détricand, who had an almost whimsical sense of humour—when sober and in his right mind—felt his neck in an affected concern as though to be quite sure of it.

"Chevalier," said he, "you shock us—you shock us, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

"The most painful things, and the most wonderful too," said the Chevalier, tapping the letter with his eyeglass; "the most terrible and yet the most romantic things are here. A drop of cider, if you please, Mademoiselle, before I begin to read it to you, if I may—if I may—eh?"

They all nodded eagerly. Guida handed a hanap of cider, and the little grey thrush of a man sipped it, and in a voice no bigger than a bird's began:

"'From Lucillien du Champsavoys, Comte de Chanier, by the hand of a most faithful friend, who goeth hence from among divers dangers, unto my cousin, the Chevalier du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir, late Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the best of monarchs, Louis XV., this writing:

"'MY DEAR AND HONOURED COUSIN'"—The Chevalier paused, frowned a trifle, and tapped his lips with his finger in a little lyrical emotion: "'My dear and honoured cousin, all is lost. The France we loved is no more! The twentieth of June saw the last vestige of Louis' power pass for ever. That day ten thousand of the sans-culottes forced their way into the palace to kill him. A faithful few surrounded him. In the mad turmoil, we were fearful, he was serene. "Feel," said Louis, placing his hand on his bosom, "feel whether this is the beating of a heart shaken by fear." Ah, my friend, *your* heart would have clamped in misery to hear the Queen cry: "What have I to fear? Death? it is as well to-day as to-morrow; they can do no more!" Their lives were saved, the day passed, but worse came after.

"'The tenth of August came. With it too, the end—the dark and bloody end—of the Swiss Guard. The Jacobins had their way at last. The Swiss Guard died in the court of the Carrousel as they marched to the Assembly to save the King. Thus the last circle of defence round the throne was broken. The palace was given over to flame and the sword. Of twenty nobles of the palace I alone escaped. France became a slaughter-house. The people cried out for more liberty, and their liberators gave them the freedom of death. A fortnight ago, Danton, the incomparable fiend, let loose his assassins upon the priests of God, and Paris is made a theatre where the people whom Louis and his nobles would have died to save have turned every street into a stable of carnage, every prison and hospital into a vast charnel-house. One last revolting thing alone remains to be done—the murder of the King; then this France that we have loved will have no name and no place in our generation. She will rise again, but we shall not see her, for our eyes have been blinded with blood, for ever darkened by disaster. Like a mistress upon whom we have lavished the days of our youth and the strength of our days, she has deceived us; she has stricken us while we slept. Behold a Caliban now for her paramour!

"'Weep with me, for France has robbed me and has tricked me. One by one my friends have fallen beneath the axe. Of my four sons but one remains. Henri was stabbed by Danton's ruffians at the Hôtel de Ville; Gaston fought and died with the Swiss Guard, whose hacked and severed limbs were broiled and eaten in the streets by the monsters who mutilate the land. Isidore, the youngest, defied a hundred of Robespierre's cowards on the steps of the Assembly, and was torn to pieces by the mob. Etienne alone is left. But for him and for the honour of my house I too would find a place beside the King and die with him. Etienne is with de la Rochejaquelein in Brittany. I am here at Rouen.

"'Brittany and Normandy still stand for the King. In these two provinces begins the regeneration of France: we call it the War of the Vendée. On that Isle of Jersey there you should almost hear the voice of de la Rochejaquelin and the marching cries of our loyal legions. If there be justice in God we shall conquer. But there will be joy no more for such as you or me, nor hope, nor any peace. We live only for those who come after. Our duty remains, all else is dead. You did well to go, and I do well to stay.

"'By all these piteous relations you shall know the importance of the request I now set forth.

"'My cousin by marriage of the house of Vaufontaine has lost all his sons. With the death of the Prince of Vaufontaine, there is in France no heir to the house, nor can it by the law revert to my house or my heirs. Now of late the Prince hath urged me to write to you—for he is here in seclusion with me—and to unfold to you what has hitherto been secret. Eleven years ago the only nephew of the Prince, after some compromising escapades, disappeared from the Court with Rullecour the adventurer, who invaded the Isle of Jersey. From that hour he has been lost to France. Some of his companions in arms returned after a number of years. All with one exception declared that he was killed in the battle at St. Helier's. One, however, strongly maintains that he was still living and in the prison hospital when his comrades were released from confinement.

"'It is of him I write to you. His name—as you will know—is the Comte de Tournay. He was then not more than seventeen years of age, slight of build, with brownish hair, dark grey eyes, and had over the right shoulder a scar from a sword-thrust. It seemeth little possible that, if living, he should still remain in the Isle of Jersey, but would rather have returned to obscurity in France or have gone to England to be lost to name and remembrance—or indeed to America.

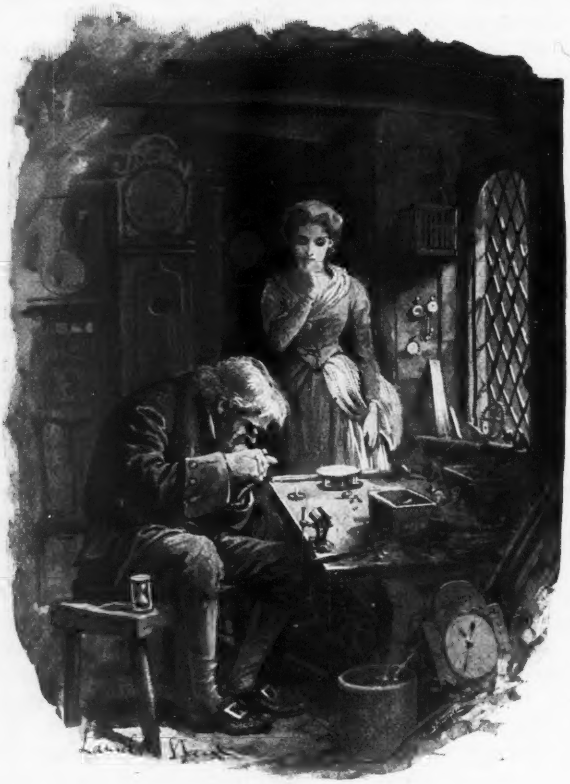
"'That you may perchance give me word of him is the object of my letter, written in no more hope than I live, and you can guess well how faint that is. One young nobleman preserved to France may be the great unit that will save her.

"'Greet my poor countrymen yonder in the name of one who still waits at a desecrated altar; and for myself you must take me as I am, with the remembrance of what I was, even

"'Your faithful friend and loving kinsman,
"'DE CHANIER."

"'All this, though in the chances of war you read it not till wintertide come, was told you at Rouen this first day of September 1792.'"

During the reading of this letter, which was broken by many feeling and reflective pauses on the Chevalier's part, the listeners



"His hands trembled among the tiny wheels"

showed emotion after the nature of each. The Sieur de Mauprat's fingers clasped and unclasped on the top of his cane, little explosions of breath came from his compressed lips, his eyebrows beetled over till the eyes themselves seemed like two small glints of flame. Delagarde dropped a fist heavily upon the table, and held it there clinched, while his heel beat a tattoo of excitement upon the floor. Guida's breath came quick and fast; as Ranulph said afterwards, she was "*blanc comme un linge.*" She shuddered painfully when the slaughter and burning of the Swiss Guards was read. Her brain was so swimming with the horrors of anarchy that the latter part of the letter dealing with the vanished Comte de Tournay passed by almost unheeded.

But this matter interested Delagarde and de Mauprat greatly. They both leaned forward eagerly, seizing every word, and both instinctively turned towards Détricand when the description of the Comte de Tournay was read.

As for Détricand himself, he listened to the first part of the letter like a man suddenly roused out of a dream. For the first time since the Revolution had begun, the horror of it and the meaning of it were brought home to him. He had been so long expatriated, and so busy in dalliance and dissipation, loitered so long in the primrose path of daily sleep and nightly revel, had fallen so far, that he had not realised how the fiery wheels of Death were spinning in France, and how black was the smoke of the torment of the people. His face turned scarlet as the thing came home to him. Once during the reading his features seemed to knot with a sudden spasm of pain. Conscience, ghostlike, rising from the ghastly pictures drawn by the aged fugitive at Rouen, struck him in the face, and he winced from the blow. He dropped his head in his hand as if to listen more attentively, but it was in truth to hide his emotion. When the names of the Prince of Vaufontaine and of the Comte de Tournay were mentioned, he gave a little start, then suddenly ruled himself to a strange stillness and listened with quiet intentness. His face seemed all at once to clear; he even smiled a little. But at last, conscious that de Mauprat and Delagarde were watching him, he appeared to listen with an inquisitive but impersonal interest, not without its effect upon his scrutinisers. He nodded his head as though he understood the situation. He acted very well; he bewildered the onlookers. They might think he tallied with the description of the Comte de Tournay; yet he gave the impression that the matter was not vital to himself. But when the little Chevalier stopped and turned his eyeglass upon him with a sudden startled inquiry, he found it harder to preserve his composure.

"Singular! singular!" said the old man, and returned to the reading of the letter.

When he finished there was absolute silence for a moment. Then the Chevalier lifted his eyeglass again and looked at Détricand intently.

"Pardon me, Monsieur," he said, "but you were with Rullecour—as I was saying."

Détricand nodded with a droll sort of helplessness, and answered: "In Jersey I never have chance to forget it, Monsieur le Chevalier."

Du Champsavoys, with a naïve and obvious attempt at playing counsel, fixed him again with the glass, pursed his lips, and with the importance of the greffier at the ancient Cour d'Héritage, came one step nearer to his goal.

"Have you knowledge of the Comte de Tournay, Monsieur Détricand?"

"I knew him—as you were saying, Chevalier," answered Détricand lightly.

Then the Chevalier struck home. He dropped his fingers upon the table, stood up, and, looking straight into Détricand's eyes, said:

"Monsieur, you are the Comte de Tournay!"

The Chevalier involuntarily held the situation for an instant. Nobody stirred. De Mauprat dropped his chin upon his hands, and his eyebrows contracted in excitement. Guida gave a little cry of astonishment. But Détricand answered the Chevalier with a look of blank surprise and a shrug of the shoulder, which had the effect desired.

"Thank you, Chevalier," said he with a quizzical humour. "Now I know who I am, and if it isn't too soon to presume upon the relationship, I shall dine with you to-day, Chevalier. I spent my last sou yesterday. One can't throw oneself upon charity; but since we are distant cousins I may claim grist at the family mill, eh?"

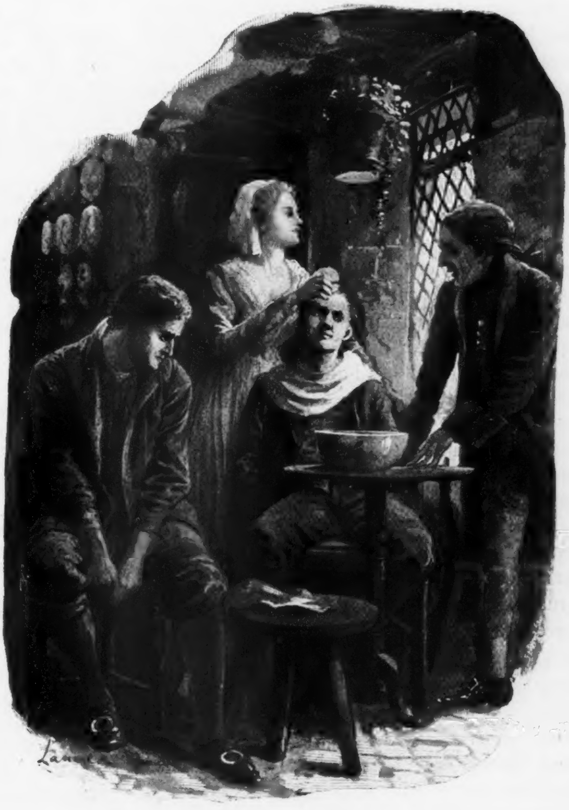
The Chevalier sat, or rather dropped into his chair again.

"Then you are not the Comte de Tournay, Monsieur!" he said hopelessly.

"Then I shall not dine with you to-day," said Détricand gaily.

"You answer the description," said de Mauprat dubiously.

"Let me see," rejoined Détricand. "I've been a donkey farmer, a shipmaster's assistant, a tobacco pedlar, a quarryman, a miner, a wood merchant, an interpreter, a fisherman: that's very like the Comte de Tournay! On Monday night I supped with a smuggler; on Tuesday I breakfasted on *soupe à la graisse* and limpets with Manon Moignard the witch; on Wednesday I dined with Dormy Jamais and an avocat disbarred for writing lewd songs for a chocolate-house; on Thursday I went oyster-fishing with a



"He permitted her to wash the blood from his temple and forehead" native who has three wives, and a butcher who has been banished four times for not keeping holy the Sabbath Day; and I drank from eleven o'clock till sunrise this morning with three Scotch sergeants of the line: which is very like the Comte de Tournay, as you were saying, Chevalier! I am five feet eleven, and the Comte de Tournay was five feet ten ("which is no lie," he said under his breath). I have a scar, but it's over my left shoulder and not over my right ("which is also no lie," he said under his breath). De Tournay's hair was brown, and mine, you see, is almost a dead black ("fever did that," he said under his breath). De Tournay escaped the day after the Battle of Jersey from the prison hospital. I was left, and here I've been ever since—Yves Savary *dit* Détricand, at your service, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

A pained expression crossed over the Chevalier's face.

"I am most sorry; I am most sorry," he said hesitatingly. "I had no wish to wound your feelings."

"Ah, it is the Comte de Tournay to whom you must apologise," said Détricand with a droll look.

"It is a pity," continued the Chevalier, "for somehow all at once I recalled a resemblance. I saw de Tournay when he was fourteen—yes, I think it was fourteen—and when I looked at you, Monsieur, his face came back to me. It would have made my cousin so happy if you had been the Comte de Tournay and I had found you here." The old man's voice trembled a little. "We are growing fewer every day, we Frenchmen of the noble families. And it would have made my cousin so happy, as I was saying, Monsieur."

Détricand's manner changed; he became serious. The devil-may-care, irresponsible shamelessness of his face dropped away like a mask. Something had touched him. His voice changed too.

"De Tournay was a much better fellow than I am, Chevalier," said he ("and that's no lie," he said under his breath). "De Tournay was a brave, fiery, ambitious youngster with bad companions. De Tournay told me that he repented of coming with Rullecour, and he felt he had spoilt his life—that he could never return to France again and to his people."

The old Chevalier shook his head sadly. "Is he dead?" he asked.

There was a slight pause, and then Détricand answered: "No; he is living."

"Where is he?"

"I promised de Tournay that I would never reveal that."

"Might I not write to him?" asked the old man.

"Assuredly, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"Could you—will you—deliver a letter to him from me, Monsieur?"

"Upon my honour, yes!"

"I thank you—I thank you, Monsieur; I will write it to-day."

"As you will, Chevalier. I will ask you for it to-night," rejoined Détricand. "It may take some time to reach the Comte de Tournay; but he shall receive it into his own hands."

De Mauprat trembled to his feet to ask the question which he knew the Chevalier dreaded to ask:

"Do you think that Monsieur le Comte will return to France?"

"I think he will," answered Détricand slowly.

"It will make my cousin so happy—so happy!" said the little Chevalier, and his voice quavered. "Will you take snuff with me, Monsieur?" He took out his little silver snuff-box and offered it to his vagrant countryman. This was a mark of favour which the Chevalier had shown to no one save to M. de Mauprat since he came to Jersey.

Détricand bowed, accepted, and took a pinch. "I must be going," he said.

LIFE'S MINOR MORALITIES

By LADY MAGNUS

"LET me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws,"* is the recorded exclamation of a certain "wise man" of the seventeenth century, and the pregnant saying would lose nothing of its significance if Andrew Fletcher's unnamed sage had limited his famous aspiration to the domain of morals. For, make laws as precise and as profound as you will, and none the less will law-breaking continue to be a terror to the few and a temptation to the many. For the peace and plenty of a nation we must look to its songs, songs with no written system of notation, set for the most part to the simplest of tunes, and sung with few solo parts by a choir invisible. When the racket of life does not make them inaudible too, it is songs of this sort which make the music of the world. It may be urged, and there would be some force in the contention, that the ballads of a nation can only inspire those whom its laws have trained. But no more than man can live by bread alone can he live by law alone. Heart and brain and nerve would soon starve on a regimen of "musts" served by a policeman. And since every code worth the preserving could on a pinch, and in a sense strict enough to satisfy the Heralds' Office, trace its descent straight from Sinai, we may be certain that the hand which planned the divine harmony of the universe did not leave out its music.

It seems to us that the part which the minor moralities of life take in relation to the Ten Commandments is something akin to what that "wise man" had in his consciousness when he wrote about the ballads and the laws of a nation. For in truth it is terribly easy, without transgressing any one of the Ten, to he a daily and most aggravating sinner. And a dull and prosaic one to boot if one lacks ear or voice for the songs. Many of us, it it to be feared, from pure conscientiousness and precaution "set our virtues" as Aurora Leigh said Lord Howe did his,

> on so raised a shelf
> He had to mount a stool to get at them.

And there will be always, at least, half a dozen good reasons on hand, ranging from laziness to lumbago, to prevent the mounting on the stool save for very special occasion.

And hence these papers on behalf of the violets among the virtues, the small, sweet-scented, unshowy ones. Like the folk-songs of a law-abiding people, life's minor moralities go far in making the music of the world.

I.—LITTLE KINDNESSES

"THESE three—and the greatest of these is charity," wrote St. Paul, and one of his race, that race to whom charity is law as well as sentiment, agreeing with the dictum, as was natural, has added to it that "Greater than charity is the doing of kindness." The passage occurs in the *Succah* section of "The Babylonian Talmud," that vast storehouse of discursive lore, where the needles are many and the hay in which to seek them not even bottled! The author of the pronouncement gives three fine if fanciful reasons in support of it, and pages on pages follow of definitions and distinctions between charity and kindness.

Disentangled from the flux of words and the wealth of comment and quotation, the point seems to lie in the value of what we in these days should call personal service, on the giving of one's "body" as the Hebrew quaintly translates, rather than of that which many "have not" and some "covet not." Our charity, so said the Rabbis, we can bestow only on the living and on the poor, but our kindnesses we can show to the dead and to the rich. That last touch strikes one as particularly pretty and apt, for there is no doubt that in these days of fashionable slumming the poor rich people do get dreadfully neglected, and have some reason to regret that their flowers must be always bought and their little attentions always paid for. They have been known to complain even that such loaves and fishes as do fall to their share have a watery taste about them, the insipid flavour attaching to bread cast upon the waters. They fully acknowledge that their sorrows and their solitudes, their aches and their anxieties, are all less interesting in the light of their large and furnished houses; they realise to its extent the drawback of a drawing-room, and hesitate to plead that worries are rarely less worrying by reason of upholstery. In her passion of repentance Guinevere was wise perhaps to limit her resolves of a holy life with the good nuns, to the promise of "fasting with their fasts and grieving with their griefs." To feast with them and to rejoice with them would have needed a larger and a wholesomer and a more sympathetic nature than the beautiful Abbess of the future could boast. "From confessing my sins, I grew to love them," says Renan, and there has always seemed to us a touch of this curious complacency about Guinevere. Her charity was to be an expression, not a repression of herself, and something of self-indulgence, something of the luxury of woe, peeps out in her remorse. Such charity may serve as expiation, but as kindness it certainly falls far short of the ideal. To picturesquely perform each lowly office of a holy house, with possibly an admiring audience looking on, would be easier to most of us in our earnest moods, than to be prosaically and pleasantly equal to "every day's most quiet need, by sun and candle light."

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* The passage occurs in a letter from Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun (1653–1716) to the Earl of Montrose.

And something of this seems to have been clearly perceived by those ancient and discursive law-makers of the Talmud, for in their dicta concerning the doing of kindness, trinkets and coffins are equally obligatory "charities," and need and occasion being set forth with all fulness of detail, the giving of the wherewith to bury people, or to physic them, is accounted no whit more nor less of a charitable duty than is the giving of gifts designed merely to please people and to make them comfortable. "Visit the sick" is an ordinance, but so equally is "accompany the bride," and to "receive every one with pleasant looks" is raised to the dignity of a religious obligation. One dares to wonder whether people in those days had as many to "receive," or if they had more leisure, and so had more time to be amiable; yet even in these, perhaps, it might help one if shut up, say, with a bore and a headache and much work waiting, if one might believe that in "continuing to smile" one was as dutiful as in the giving of tithes. It is, at any rate, an old-fashioned view of things that deserves some consideration, for after all it is much easier to be charitable than to be merely kind. If even we make the conventional distinction which is claimed for it, and which is just, between charity of deed and charity of thought, and own the latter to be the rarer and the higher form, we are still only making a step in the right direction, for when we have got to the "doing of kindness" the very distinction disappears. It takes thought to be kind, and without expression in speech or in deed the word is meaningless.

If there were no other thing to be said for kindness than its absolute need of expression, its betterness and its beauty would be sufficiently proved. For the silence where "there is no speech and no language" settles down on us all surely and sadly enough, and bequests make poor bridges across "seas of misunderstanding." Yet the comfort remains, that we need not be like "islands calling to each other in the dark" unless we choose. We can speak out, clearly and cheerily, and shame that cynical saying which Carlyle so honoured in the breach, about speech being silver and silence gold. The wise king did not indulge in such cheap wisdom when he said of the word in due season, "how good it is!" and it was surely in sarcasm that he wrote of the valuable reputations that are won by silence; "Even a fool, if he holdeth his peace, is accounted wise." A cheque will of course have always an eloquence of its own, and the silence of golden guineas may be welcome and useful too, yet nevertheless is it fact that "the gift without the giver 's bare," and the penny, or the pound, in the slot is charity in its barest form.

In olden days there was a Silent Court in the Sanctuary where a certain class of scrupulous folk called "fearers of sin" might deposit their alms in a special chest and then depart, unknown, unquestioned, and unthanked. These very particular people would seem to have wholly lacked the characteristics of our modern Charity Organisation Society; they equally feared to hurt the feelings of the poor by investigation, or to encourage imposture by abstaining from any; and thus, scrupulous of any possible share in any possible sin, they satisfied their charitable instincts in this safe, not to say selfish, fashion. A good many people in these days seem to contrive a similar chest for their kindnesses; we have known some even who carry their conscientiousness so far that they will not praise your baby or your bonnet from fear of fostering conceit. To exorcise one poor little possible devil, such modern "fearers of sin" keep winged angels in a leash, for surely outspoken words of affection and of appreciation rank high among the angels that come with healing in their wings.

But platitudes, especially of the prudent sort, die hard, and a great deal of eloquence is always being expended on behalf of silence. "From saying nothing comes no harm" is an axiom we have all had to listen to in our time; and true as it may be—and its truth is questionable—it is at least equally true that no harm is still a very little way indeed on the road to much good. The word in due season, and which is very rarely out of season, is the kind word and the helpful, the suggestive and the cheery, and nothing in the way of deeds can ever take its place. And then there are so many people to whom it is impossible for kindness to take upon itself any solid, sordid form of expression. Think of the host of friends and acquaintances to whom it is out of the question to give anything the very least in the shape of bread, meat and coal tickets—people who could by no possibility take, people to whom one could by no possibility offer, real, hard, tangible benefits. These are they, and they in truth no less than the poor are always with us, who need the unsought and unbought, and unbuyable, little services which the wise old writer characterised as giving of one's "body." And with a "body" never quite free from its own especial aches, such services often call for real effort. The worst of us rarely give to those who hunger a stone in place of bread, but the best of us perhaps are a little sparing with the milk of human kindness to those who thirst.

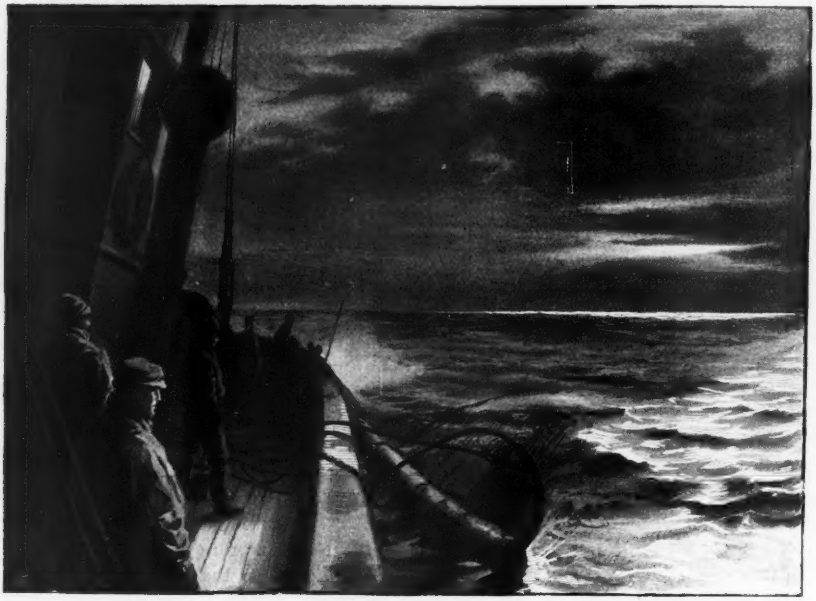
It is active sympathy which is wanted for the draught; to feel sorry, or even to feel glad, which is harder, is not enough. A kindly soul is an articulate one. Said a mother once to an old family friend, "What shall I bring up my boy to be?" The boy in question was in his cradle, and a Lord Chancellor's wig was perhaps among the least of the adornments that the mother pictured for the little flaxen head. "Bring him up to be good-natured" was the answer, and it fell chill on her ambitions. Yet what better training for a child—what better promise of happiness for all about him—than was implied in that advice? Discipline, self-restraint, active helpfulness are all included in it; good nature is the home and homely side to the biggest of philanthropists. Charity, says an ancient proverb, is the salt which keeps wealth from corruption; but salt after all is more or less a luxury of the table, and some wealthy folks seem quite content to run the risk, and to put up with the merest pinch by way of flavour. Yet if we reckon it essential, and moreover, delighting in its taste, call charity the salt of life, no less certainly is the doing of kindness as the bread of life—that bread which is a daily need and a daily prayer with all of us, and which, it is written, "strengtheneth man's heart," and not only feeds, but "satisfyeth her poor."

STEAM TRAWLING

By W. GARDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

OUT of sight of land in the Atlantic, off Cape Wrath, beside a huge red-brown rock, its top snowy-white with clamorous sea-fowl, five or six small steamers are slowly describing circles. Sometimes they all go round in a ring, then one or two gyrate off in endless circling. Occasionally one stops and sends out from its 'scape pipe a long white jet of steam, when in a moment it is beset by



SHOOTING THE TRAWL

swarms of screaming sea-mews. What is all this strange procedure? Steam trawling—scraping up food from the sea-bottom for the toiling millions of Manchester and London.

I had long wondered vaguely how trawling was done, how the huge net could be dragged about uninjured over the bottom, and above all, how in the waste of waters, and even the blackness of night, the sandy oases beside submarine rocks (where most fish are got) could be found and swept clean of their finny denizens. An invitation to come and see was eagerly accepted from a friendly captain, whose courtesy and kindness made the trip a pleasure. Accordingly, 5 A.M. found me aboard a smart little steamer in Aberdeen Harbour, gazing at the scores of fishing boats and steamers just in from sea. We slipped out quietly and soon gained the offing. There we learned our destination. Northward, off the Shetlands, we were to explore new ground.

All that morning, on a calm sea glittering in the sun, we coasted the shores of Aberdeenshire, obtaining fine views of its bold granite cliffs, until, rounding its eastern extremity, we steamed northward across the Pentland Firth. Over huge charts spread on the deck the skipper and mates pored earnestly and chatted eagerly, finally settling our destination. Next morning we were off the Shetlands, and in sight of their long rocky promontories and bleak moorlands. And now commenced the interesting operation of sounding, the expert trawler's guide and lantern in the obscure depths of ocean, which reveals their hidden secrets by signs that to him speak volumes.

We were five miles from land near a spot we wished to find, where the chart showed "sand"—other soundings, marked "rocks," being not far off. The sounding lead, with a cup-shaped hollow in its bottom filled with tallow, was hove overboard and the depth ascertained. When it was pulled up the sand or shells adhering to the tallow were minutely inspected. Our captain was a great believer in the lead, and made use of a magnifying glass, much as Sherlock Holmes would have done, to read the secrets of the sea. In this case a series of soundings were taken in a circle, and the lead showed mere indentations on the tallow, caused by the lead striking rock or barnacles, with occasionally broken shells adhering. These latter, however, the captain declared, looked too old, or dark in colour, for fish to be found upon them, while the frequent sounding on rock indicated there would be risk of damage in dragging the huge trawl over such ground. Accordingly, steaming further out, we tried again. The lead showing sand and mud, the trawler's "dan" or floating buoy—a long flagstaff floated on a mass of cork with a lamp on top for night time—was anchored on the spot, and the steamer moved off half a mile, and at that radius a series of soundings were taken in a huge circle round the "dan." These casts all showing sand, it was of course inferred that the trawl-net could be made to sweep round in the circle of the soundings without meeting any rocky obstacles. The net was at once put down.

The beam-trawl net is a huge triangular bag of netting, its mouth 56 feet wide, distended by a stout wooden beam resting upon heavy iron hoops, the under sides of which slide or skate along the bottom of the sea. Between the irons on the bottom and parallel with the beam on top stretches the ground rope, and to it and the beam the net is fixed, 120 feet in length, and tapering from 56 feet broad at the mouth to four or five feet at the cod-end. The meshes, too, are large near the mouth, permitting little fish to escape, but get gradually smaller. The beam-trawl thus described has, however, within the past year been almost superseded by another called the "otter," which, instead of being on a beam, depends on a large board at each side for the distension of the mouth, much on the principle of the kite flying at an angle against the wind. The "otter" takes more round fish than the beam-trawl.

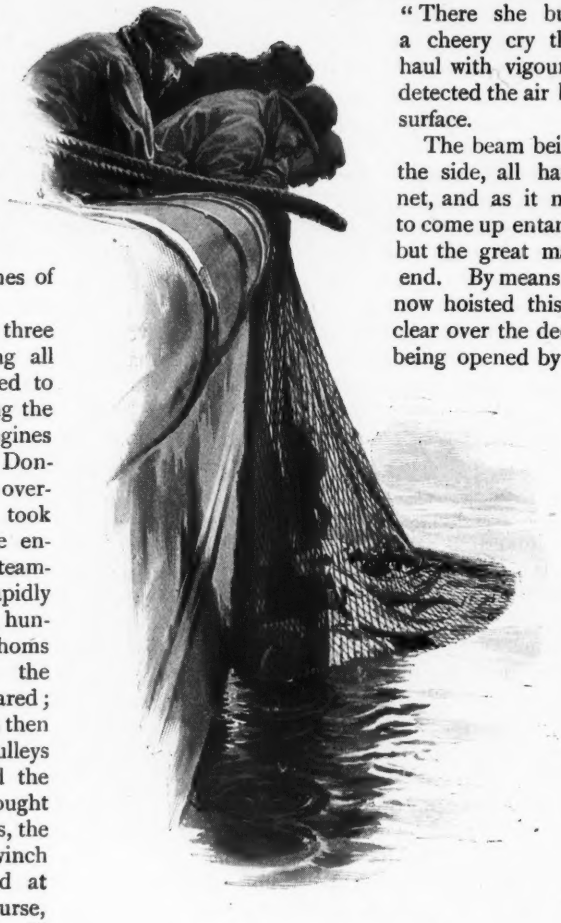
My curiosity was much excited to see how the heavy trawl was placed on the bottom in position for fishing. All being ready, the steamer was sent full speed ahead with the helm hard down. The cod-end was thrown overboard, then the rest of the net, the steamer meantime describing a sharp circle so as to keep the net clear of the propeller. At the word "Go," the fore-iron was released, and was immediately hauled overboard by the immersed net: two seconds later the after-iron was unloosed, plunging heavily into the water, and the trawl was thus delivered free of the steamer. Three steel wire ropes, called the "bridle," attached to each iron and to the middle of the beam, disappeared over the side like lightning; when their point of junction was reached the single rope followed until sufficient warp had gone out, then the revolving barrel of wire-rope was stopped by brake, and the ship began dragging the trawl. All this occupied but a few seconds. It was a continual mystery to me how the seamen managed to escape being dragged overboard by the serpent-like coils of steel-rope that covered the narrow deck, and I understand that men are sometimes lost in this way.

The brake plays an important part in trawling. A good deal of rope still remained on the barrel of the steam-winch, the brake being tightened just sufficient to drag the trawl on ordinary ground. If the net be caught by any obstacle, the strain overcomes the resistance of the brake and the barrel revolves, paying out line, not without loud rasping shrieks, which alarm the pilot, and he thus has a chance of stopping the ship before damage is done.

We had now settled down to regular fishing. Having got over my sea-sickness, I began to enjoy the interminable fish yarns of the old salts in the wheelhouse. The steamer went round the circle at three knots an hour, "Give her sixty-two, Bill"—the skipper's order to the engineer—had mystified me. It was explained that during daylight the "soil," or sand-eels, on which the round fishes, cod and haddock, prey, rise up in the water and their pursuers with them. On the bottom, therefore, mostly flat-fishes are to be found, and these being easily caught by the trawl the speed may be slow—sixty-two propeller revolutions per minute. At nightfall, when the round fishes sink to the bottom, a greater speed is required to capture these more active fish. Sixty-seven revolutions are then needed.

Nothing could more excite the wonder of a landsman than to sit in the engine-room of one of these steamers and see the boiler-fires blazing and the steel pistons plunging up and down in regular cadence, the careful attendant moving about his duties, and then to think that three hundred feet beneath there was a machine catching fish on the ocean floor in direct conjunction with all this machinery. It is the triumph of mechanical science applied to deep-sea fishing. One has only to contrast the boy with the crooked pin and the worm to realise the distance we have gone in improving engines of fish-capture.

After about three hours of trawling all hands were called to assist in hoisting the net. The engines were stopped. Donning immense overalls, the crew took their places, the engineer at the steam-winch, which rapidly hauled in the hundred and fifty fathoms of warp until the "bridle" appeared; the after-rope was then passed through pulleys at the stern and the beam was brought over the bulwarks, the fore-end at the winch and the after-end at the stern. Of course, the long net was still in the water, and at this juncture the liveliest interest was excited as to what the coming cod-end would reveal. Frequently, through the green depths of water, we could see white phosphorescent gleams from the bag of fish one hundred feet below, but this occurred mostly in the daytime with draughts of flat-fish, which are heavier than round, and which keep the net hanging perpendicularly down. When large catches of cod and haddock were got, the air contained in the bladders of these fish buoyed up the mass, so that the end would, balloon-like, reach the surface first and lie bobbing on the waves. At all times a continual stream of air-bubbles were emitted by the fish, much like the bubbles rising from a diver: this was a sure indication of a good catch.



WHAT'S IN THE LUCKY BAG?

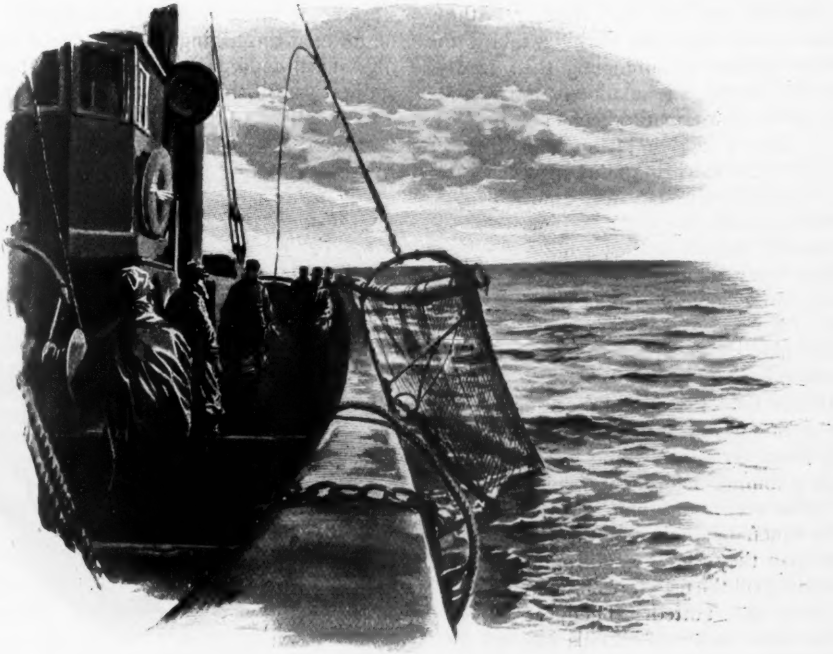
"There she bubbles, boys!" was a cheery cry that made all hands haul with vigour as some keen eye detected the air bells breaking on the surface.

The beam being brought in over the side, all hauled lustily at the net, and as it narrowed, fish began to come up entangled in the meshes, but the great mass was at the very end. By means of tackles the winch now hoisted this pear-shaped mass clear over the deck, and, the bottom being opened by hauling on a slip-knot, the fish rushed out like an avalanche into the fish ponds on deck, all flopping and gasping, in surprising colours of white, blue, red, and grey. There were skate with wonderful butterfly designs on their backs, huge red hermit-crabs, haddocks, grey cod and living red gurnard, soles, plaice, dabs, with also rough-skinned dog-fish, and cat-fish with formidable tusks in their mouths, which they gnashed and bit with vigorously. The cod-end was at once tied up again, and the net shot after an interruption of only twenty-five minutes or so.

Meanwhile the crew gutted all the haddocks, which were then soused with sea water, and along with the cod, ling, and plaice were packed in ice on shelves in the fish hold. The dog- and cat-fish were summarily disposed of by a stab with a knife or a blow on the head, and a toss overboard. Sometimes a facetious trawlerman would put the head of a dog-fish inside the gaping mouth of a "cat," which would at once close its jaws viciously and smash the intruder with its stumpy teeth. The immature fish, which to my surprise, usually amounted to but two per cent. of the catch, were flung back into the sea.

No great haul of fish being got there, we steamed north, passing round Muckle Flugga, the Ultima Thule of Britain, and in the morning saw Foula with its gigantic cliffs, like a blue-grey cloud on the water. Nine miles off Foula we began searching for a submarine knoll, and spent some hours in sounding. About forty-five soundings were taken before the knoll was found, but, when found, the continual indication of rock, shells, and big gravel, proclaimed ground too hard to trawl over; so much toil and skill being only rewarded with disappointment. Passing Foula, with its majestic cliff of 1200 feet, the highest in Britain—we steamed southward and next day were in the Atlantic out of sight of land. We tried a bank in forty fathoms water, which was found to be all sand, and trawled there with only fair results. Away in the west there appeared slight smoky clouds, which moved about. The big mate, in his easy way, declared they were from passing steamers, but the keen-eyed skipper, after long study through the binocular, pronounced him a "softy," and read the riddle in his own way. "Them smokes are from a trawling fleet, so we'll go and see what they're doing."

We found half a dozen trawlers there, a huge red-brown rock, rising in solitude from the Atlantic, forming a distant landmark. We trawled steadily along with them for several days and nights, shifting our ground a mile or two when it was thought the fish had been cleaned out. Our biggest catch was a night drag, from 11 P.M. till 2 A.M., and consisted of two and a half tons of cod, haddock, and plaice. I was roused by the skipper, who, in great glee, told me he had something worth photographing now. When I got on deck they were hoisting in over the side a monster ball of fish, for so it seemed in the grey morning light. To photograph at 2 A.M., on the unsteady deck of a ship at sea, a swinging fish-ball, was an appalling order to an amateur, but the attempt was made. Next night a similar catch was expected at midnight, but a rock had apparently torn the net, and to our chagrin it was taken



HOISTING THE TRAWL

THE COD-END INBOARD. LETTING GO THE SLIP-KNOT

up empty. Another night a thick fog enveloped us. At the time three other steamers were dragging their trawls round in the same circle as ourselves, one of them circling in the *opposite* way to us. And yet these trawlers coolly kept on working, taking the risks of collision or entangling their trawls! How the doleful sirens tooted and wailed! I remember one dramatic spectacle. At one time a sudden lift of the fog, like a quick tearing away of a veil, revealed only sixty feet away another steamer, her black outline silhouetted sharply against a blaze of light from the northern sky. A hoarse interchange of fishing news took place for a moment, then, spectre-like, she suddenly disappeared again.

All this time the seagulls came in a screaming, gyrating multitude to us whenever our trawl was lifted. While a minute before not a bird was to be seen, no sooner did the steam-winch begin hauling up the trawl than they were flying around us, waiting till the fish were emptied on deck and gutted. Then, as bucket after bucket of entrails was emptied into the sea, they fell upon the mass almost before it touched the water, screaming, fighting, and plunging for the livers. Then they disappeared, to pay attentions to other steamers.

It was now time to think of market. With several days of trawling, night and day, the men were so tired, from labour and broken repose, that they were almost sleeping on their feet. The trawlerman is paid by results, and no man works harder than he. There had been much net-mending, through trawling on rocky ground. Our skipper decided to leave, and, pulling up his trawl, gave several toots on his siren as goodbye to the other crafts, and steamed off as for home. He meant, however, to alter course as soon as he had sunk the other steamers below the horizon and visit a bank where he had got good catches. We had run for two hours, when the skipper's quick eye noticed we had steamed amongst a flock of "divers," one of which he saw coming up to the surface with a sand-eel in its beak. Where there are sand-eels there are fish. He stopped the steamer at once, sounded, and finding sand he lowered the fishing buoy, and took soundings at half-mile radius around it. These all showed good fishing bottom, and the depths

A FISH "POND"

also proved there was a knoll of several fathoms shallower water, and that the captain had managed to stop the steamer right over the top of the knoll. It seemed to me amazingly clever to find this out in the waste of waters out of sight of land. We spent the rest of the day and night there, and had several drags, which gave us a quantity of splendid haddocks and monster cod. Then we steamed off to Aberdeen, where our catch turned out to be about eleven tons of fish, of which a ton and a half were valuable plaice and turbot, the balance cod and haddock.

THE SCIENCE OF ANONYMITY

By HARRY SMITH

FROM the earliest ages writers, from that spirit of modesty and self-effacement with which even their enemies credit them, have done their "good by stealth," lest they should have cause to "blush to find it fame." In other words, writers, ever since there have been writers, have, in giving forth to the world their thoughts, suppressed their identity, that their thoughts, ideas, creations, might be taken for what they were worth in themselves. Not infrequently, a fictitious name or title was chosen, either to convey some information about the purpose of the writing, or simply to keep an identity of some kind for reference or for future use. Hence the overwhelming number of writings come down to us whose authors are either absolutely unknown or merely conjectural. Take three outstanding yet widely distinct examples: Homer, Koheleth, Junius. So little is known of Homer's personality that it has even been argued, not without a show of probability, that the word Hŏmēros, meaning bound or joined together, is meant to be applied to the long series of ballads and folk-songs united as one in the "Iliad," and does not denote a person at all; or that if a person is meant, he is referred to as "The Binder-together," and not as to an individual of the name of Homeros. The writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes in the Old Testament canon refers to himself as "Koheleth" or the Preacher, doubtless to emphasise what he has to say; and the identity of Koheleth is one of the nice points in Old Testament criticism. The famous letters of "Junius" caused the most extraordinary attempts to be made to discover the real writer, and inspired the most diverse conjectures. Latterly the authorship has been usually assigned to Sir Philip Francis whose grandson a few years ago published a small volume claiming to prove, by specimens of handwriting and by various arguments, that Sir Philip was in very truth "Junius." But the problem has once got into history, and doubtless will remain a problem for coming generations to try their wit upon.

This desire of appealing to the public without betraying one's personality has been during all the century, and still is, as common as ever. The great names of the century in literature were revealed only after their ***noms-de-guerre*** had marked them out—Professor Wilson, Thackeray, Dickens, the Brontës; and "George Eliot" never gets any other name. Tennyson started his magnificent career of song concealed as one of "Two Brothers." And if the writer did not choose a name for himself, the public speedily gave him one; and so we have for all time only one man who was and is pre-eminently "The Great Unknown"—Sir Walter Scott. The rule holds in the present decade—F. Anstey, Ralph Irons, Gavin Ogilvy, Ian MacLaren, Gabriel Setoun, Anthony Hope, all wrote or write as such, though their real names are now known to every one. Mr. Fisher Unwin, with his usual enterprise and with an excellent knowledge of inquisitive human nature, actually inaugurated a regular series of books written under confessedly fictitious names—the famous "Pseudonym Library." And there again, no sooner had any one book made a stir than the identity of the writer was revealed. Witness "John Oliver Hobbes," known to all the world as being Mrs. Craigie in private life.

Now the motive underlying all this suppression of the "ego" (as I presume some of our recent, female, novel-philosophers would style it) is, as I have indicated, the desire on the part of the writers to have their work judged on its own merits. Into that, however, I do not enter. The point that I wish to make, and shall endeavour with a few examples to illustrate, is that there is a motive also in the choice of any particular *nom-de-plume*. In other words, anonymity is a science, working according to certain rules, and reducible to certain principles. A friend of my own once wrote a book and —I am afraid the name will not be generally recognised—signed it "Esme Hope." That signature had not the remotest resemblance to his own name, and, when I asked him what induced him to adopt it, he gave an explanation at once ingenious and simple. "Esme," he said, was the nearest approach to a real name that could be made out of the Sanskrit root represented in Latin by *sum* and in Greek by *εἰμι* (*eimi*) meaning *I am*. It was his first literary venture, and "Esme Hope" simply meant, "I am hopeful of success." Similar motives and reasons, I hold, would account for every *nom-de-plume;* and the object of this paper is to give some that are acknowledged, some that are conjectured, and some that are unknown. Why, even when a man writes "Letters to the Editor," we know that his anonymous signature (too rarely is it anything else) has a deep world of meaning in it. "Disinterested" means that the writer has something at stake; "Justice" shows a man swearing black is white; "Observer" implies that the writer has been "put up" to air a grievance he knows nothing about; and when a man's conscience tells him he is hitting below the belt, he invariably signs himself "Friend" or "Fairplay." But let us to our subject.

There are three broad principles according to which pen-names seem to be chosen; a little inexactness is unavoidable and will doubtless be overlooked in this experimental paper on a new "science."

I. The simplest method is the adoption of *Initials*. In fact the method is so simple that a difficulty immediately arises from the confusion created. Does "J. S." stand for John Smith? And if so, which John Smith? The initials require to be of a peculiar combination, or to be recognised as belonging to a certain well-known personage, before they gain any distinct individuality. "A. K. H. B." for instance, the initials of the Rev. Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd, of St. Andrews—these letters are of such an unusual combination as to render it unlikely that they will ever belong to another essayist, while they must also have been noticeable on the very first occasion of their use. Similarly "A. L. O. E." is a combination not likely to occur frequently, while the long and honourable use of these initials by the late Charlotte Maria Tucker has fixed them as hers *par excellence* with her own meaning attached—A Lady of England. On the other hand the letter or letters used may be comparatively commonplace: and it is only the greatness or the popularity of the writer that imparts a definite meaning to the letters. "C. S. C." are common initials: but in literature they mean only Charles Stuart Calverley, the poet and parodist. Had greater length of days been granted to Mr. J. K. Stephen, the author of "Lapsus Calami," the initials "J. K. S." would have been equally widely and equally honourably known. "L. E. L." were the initials under which the gifted and prolific writer Lætitia Elizabeth Landon first attracted attention by her poems in the *Literary Gazette;* and as for "G. A. S.," once the private property of George Augustus Sala, they would nowadays point, if at the end of a theological contribution especially, to (Professor) George Adam Smith. One or two people have written under the letters, "H. H.," but they are the especial mark of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, being the initials of her maiden name. When a single letter is adopted, the danger of confusion is increased; yet "Q." nowadays means the young Cornish novelist and critic and no one else, although it has been a popular journalistic figure-head before now, having done duty for Douglas Jerrold and Edmund Yates among others. The author of "Dead Man's Rock" has adopted "Q" as being the most distinctive initial in his name, A. T. Quiller Couch. It is a grand name wherewith to make mistakes. Frequently it is spelled Quilter-Couch, or even Quilter-Crouch. Sometimes "Q" used to sign the full A. T. Q. C. (perhaps he does so yet on occasion), and that has been quoted as if the initial referred to a gentleman who wore silk —A. T., Q.C. A publisher got so impressed with the value of "Q" that he made it run A. T. C. Q. Another famous writer in his day, happily not yet forgotten, also used only one initial of his name; but to render that more distinctive, he used its Greek equivalent. David Macbeth Moir did not sign himself "D" but "Δ," or more fully "Delta." Other expedients have been devised to give nerveless initials some "smeddum." Mr. George Alfred Townsend, the American author, ran his initials together and for euphony added *h*, making the well-known "Gath." So "W. M. L. Jay" does not denote, as it seems to do, a person of the name of Jay. Julia L. M. Woodruff merely placed her initials in inverted order and for J. wrote Jay. "Aitiaiche" is no Red Indian on the literary war path, but is the equivalent to A. T. H., *i.e.*, Annie T. Howells.

II. The second general principle in this science is to *invert* or to *alter fancifully one's real name* or part of that name. That is to say, the writer's name in whole or in part gives the suggestion of a play upon words, and is accordingly retained, however unrecognisable be the form. "Barry Cornwall" is practically an anagram of the real Bryan Waller Procter. There can be little doubt that "H. A. Page" is merely an inversion in initials and in surname of the widely known and learned A. H. Japp, though Dr Japp in his day has used more than one *nom-de-plume*. "Edna Lyall" is obviously an inexact anagram of the novelist's full name —Ada Ellen Bayly. The poet Sydney Dobell in his first correspondence with his good friend, the Rev. George Gilfillan, concealed his real name by simply dropping his surname and placing his inverted Christian name in its stead—thus, "Sydney Yendys." And talking of George Gilfillan reminds one that his father, the Rev. Samuel Gilfillan, used to write in the *Christian Magazine* regularly above the signature "Leumas," his Christian name inverted. A perfect anagram is "Nicias Foxcar," adopted by (Rev.) Francis Jacox; while of the nature of puns are Mr. Thomas Towle's pen-name, "Tommy Dishclout," and Dora Henrietta Havers' equivalent, "Theo. Gift." Examples have already been given of the use of only a part of the real name. Perhaps the most striking example is that of "Ouida," or to give her full-dress name, Louisa de la Ramé. Her baby-sister was able to manage "Weeda" and no more, and so "Ouida" she became. Of the same nature, though less concealed, is the popular Kail-yarder and American god, "Ian MacLaren." "Ian" is the Gaelic form of plain John; "MacLaren" seems to have been the name of a favourite uncle; while the combination "Ian MacLaren" has a fine peaty flavour about it, suitable for one who sets out to describe the Logiealmond folk. Thus, doubtless, did the Rev. John Watson sink his identity; to find fame. Still more transparent examples are "F. Anstey" for F. Anstey Guthrie, and "Anthony Hope" for Anthony Hope Hawkins. "Ascott R. Hope" prefixed the fine-sounding "Ascott" and dropped his surname, he being in private life Mr. R. Hope Moncrieff. The American poet "Joaquin Miller" has kept his proper surname, but has not unwisely changed the preliminary *Cincinnatus H.!* Another American writer manufactured her pseudonym in rather a neat way. Mary Abigail Dodge was born at the town of Hamilton, Mass., and tacking a syllable of her name on to her birthplace blossomed out as "Gail Hamilton." And this mention of a town recalls the accidental origin of a well-known and esteemed name. Mr. James B. Brown, of Selkirk, wrote a book, "Bible Truths," and modestly signed it as being by "J. B., Selkirk." A London organ (the *Spectator*) in its notice of the work referred to the author as "J. B. Selkirk," and by that name he has chosen to be known ever since. Under this head it may be remarked that women writers who marry usually, and naturally, prefer to keep the maiden-name under which success was won: *e.g.* Miss Mary Elizabeth Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell), Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith), Annie Thomas (Mrs. Cudlip), &c. But there are many instances to the contrary: Mrs. Craik (Dinah Maria Mulock), Mrs. J. H. Riddell (*née* Charlotte E. D. Cowan, but first known to literature as F. G. Trafford), &c.

III. The third and last broad principle in the choice of pseudonyms has its root in the desire of the author to find an *absolutely false name*, yet one having, perhaps, some connection, more or less remote, more or less fantastic, with self. The real name of the actual writer is completely tabooed; but the names of relatives may be laid under tribute in one form or another, or incidents in early life may be found suggestive, or characters in books may lend their signatures, or a feigned name may merely have a fine, attractive sound about it. That is to say, the name is obviously or confessedly fictitious, but still there is a *reason* for its choice. It is probable that this class includes the majority of pseudonyms, and it is evident that the motive guiding the author in his choice is more difficult of discovery here than anywhere else. For clearness it is better to make a few subdivisions.

(A) *Pseudonyms adapted from names of relatives.*

Every one knows Dickens's early "Sketches by Boz." Dickens had a brother whose pet name was Moses, and who, as the baby of the family, like "Ouida's" sister, and like babies all the world over, mangled Moses into "Boz," which Dickens adopted when he began to write. "Mrs. Alexander," noted especially by her first novel, "The Wooing O't," adopted her husband's Christian name, for in private life she is Mrs. Alexander Hector. Mortimer Collins borrowed for a great deal of his work the name of his wife's grandfather, "Robert Turner Cotton." Charlotte Brontë in choosing a pseudonym, kept her own initials, C. B. Her father's curate, whom she afterwards married, was named Arthur Bell Nicholls, and it is usually thought that his name gave the suggestion of "Bell," more especially as the initials were the same. "Currer" was adopted to conceal her sex. The first literary attempt of the sisters was a joint volume of poetry; and to be in keeping with Charlotte, Emily adopted the name "Ellis" and Anne the name "Acton," so that the title-page ran—"By Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." These names they kept up in their novels, subsequently written. The genial, witty Frenchman, M. Paul Blouet, had a good reason for calling himself "Max O'Rell." From the nature of his first book, taken in connection with his then position as a teacher, he did not wish his own name to appear on the title page; so he discreetly borrowed his father's Christian name, Max, and his mother's maiden name, O'Rell, or O'Reilly, and the thing was done. A somewhat similar motive induced James Matthew Barrie to adopt "Gavin Ogilvy." As all the world knows now, Ogilvy was his mother's name, and his mother gave him all his Thrums stories. What better compliment could he pay her than put her name to them? "Gavin" is a favourite name with him, and was probably either a family name or one common among the old weavers. "Hesba Stretton," the author of "Jessica's First Prayer" and similar books, was born as Sarah Smith, and her pseudonym originated as follows. "Hesba" is made up of the initials of her brother, her sisters, and herself, viz., *H*arriet, *E*lizabeth, *S*arah, *B*enjamin, *A*nne; while "Stretton" was suggested by Church Stretton in Salop, where they lived for some years.

(B) *Names suggested by circumstances in life, or by early associations.*

When Samuel Langhorn Clemens was casting about for a signature to some of his earliest newspaper sketches, he remembered his early days on a Mississippi steamer, and the leadsman shouting out the results of his soundings—"Mark twain"; and the quaint form of expressing "Mark two" decided him to adopt that which he could never afterwards afford to drop. A very similar story is told of Charles Farrer Browne. In his youthful days he was much struck with the name of an early settler, Artemas Watt, and, never forgetting it, put it to some of his now well-known sketches in the changed form of "Artemus Ward." The brief-lived "Hugh Conway" was led to prefix that name to his famous "Called Back," from the fact that he spent several years of his boyhood on board the training-ship *Conway*. His real name was Frederick J. Fargus. The author of that rollicking book "Verdant Green" was the Rev. Edward Bradley, who was educated in Durham. The patron saints of that venerable cathedral city (Cuthbert and Bede) he irreverently appointed joint-authors of his volume—"Cuthbert Bede." When Charles Lamb began his brilliant series of essays in the newly started *London Magazine*, he "borrowed for a joke the name of a foreigner who had been fellow-clerk with him in the office." He continued the use of that name, and the collected essays were published in book form under that name—never-to-be-forgotten "Elia." A more personal reason explains why Alexander Anderson signs himself "Surfaceman"; he was one when first he began to write poetry. And for a like excellent reason

James Hogg was "The Ettrick Shepherd," and Hugh Miller "A Stonemason." More voluntary as to the fact, as is implied in the title, but equally good as to the reason, we have James Greenwood, "The Amateur Casual." We find it stated that the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D., of Ballachulish, "chose 'Nether Lochaber' as his signature simply because it was his humour." ("Modern Scottish Poets," v. 78.) But surely his residence in, and his love for, Lochaber guided his choice. The Hon. James Inglis, author of "Oor Ain Folk," was influenced by his long residence in New Zealand to adopt the name "Maori." And the recent death of the novelist "Tasma" reminds us that Madame Auguste Couvreur, *née* Charlotte Huybers, meant her pen-name to stand for Tasmania, where, though born in England, she spent all her youth. Sir Theodore Martin found his *nom-de-plume* of "Bon Gaultier" in the prologue to the first book of "Rabelais"; and when Professor Aytoun joined him, they kept the signature for their joint work, the best-known part of which is the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." Under this subdivision it may not be inappropriate to mention the report that the Very Rev. Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, has been writing fiction under the name of "F. T. L. Hope." This is interpreted as "Faintly Trust (the) Larger Hope," and it is a plausible explanation when one recalls the Dean's well-known attitude on the subject of eternal punishment and his (at the time) sensational volume of sermons "Eternal Hope."

(C) *Signatures adopted to be in keeping with the nature or the purpose of the writing, or to be suggestive of that purpose.*

The most obvious modern instance of this is Mr. H. W. Lucy's account of Parliamentary doings in *Punch* under the name of "Toby, M. P." Toby, of course, is the dog in the Punch and Judy show. So when W. D. Latta began his popular Scotch sketches in his *Journal* dealing with incidents in the life of a tailor, he chose the appropriate signature of "Tammas Bodkin," a name that had been already invented by "Delta" in his inimitable "Mansie Waugh." The quasi-philosophical nature of Dr. Robert Macnish's writings induced him to adopt in "Blackwood" and elsewhere the title "A Modern Pythagorean"; and to go outside literature for a moment, Mr. Martin Anderson displays the purpose of his sketches by the title "Cynicus." The late Charles Bradlaugh described himself frequently, with appropriateness, as "Iconoclast": and Mrs. E. Rentoul Esler, desiring to prove herself "a friend" to the readers of the *British Weekly*, chose the pseudonym "Amica." No doubt the nimble wit of Robert Barr (formerly joint-editor of the *Idler*) suggested the need of his readers to "look sharp"—hence "Luke Sharp," the name under which he wrote for a considerable time. A versatile Scottish journalist and minor writer is John Dougall Reid, whose self-chosen *sobriquet* of "Kaleidoscope" may be intended to refer to his varied powers as poet, essayist, and story-teller. Or is there any fanciful reference to Tennyson's "Broken Lights"? A reference to the merely mechanical side of writing seems to be the design of the well-known "A. Crowquill," the *nom-de-plume* of Alfred Henry Forrester.

(D) *Names transferred from the character to the author.*

It is a very usual thing for popular creations to impart in return their names to their creators. In this country we have Professor John Wilson, known still better as "Christopher North," from his representative in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of "Blackwood"; and "Thomas Ingoldsby" is intimately known where his creator, the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, is an utter stranger. It is said that Mrs. Arthur (or Henrietta E. V.) Stannard, when casting about for a pseudonym, was advised by her publisher to adopt the name "John Strange Winter," which occurred in one of her first stories. And when we go to America, the case is even more striking. Who has not heard of "Sam Slick" or "Josh Billings"? And yet how few know the real names of their wise and witty creators! Thomas Chandler Haliburton, born in Nova Scotia, educated in London, first a judge in Nova Scotia and then an English M.P., established his literary reputation by "The Clockmaker," or "Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville," and all his other books of the same nature were signed "Sam Slick." "Josh Billings" was similarly a creation of Mr. Henry M. Shaw. "Hans Breitmann" is eagerly devoured where the works of Charles Godfrey Leland are unknown, or would, for the most part, be tabooed if they were known. The "Hans Breitmann Ballads," with their quaint dialect and bright humour, at once caught the fancy of the public and Mr. Leland became himself "Hans Breitmann." The name of Washington Irving is, of course, perfectly well known; but almost as well known—and always associated with his "History of New York"—is the fanciful "Diedrich Knickerbocker." It may be of interest to mention that when Irving first began to write he penned a number of sketches as from "Jonathan Old-style."

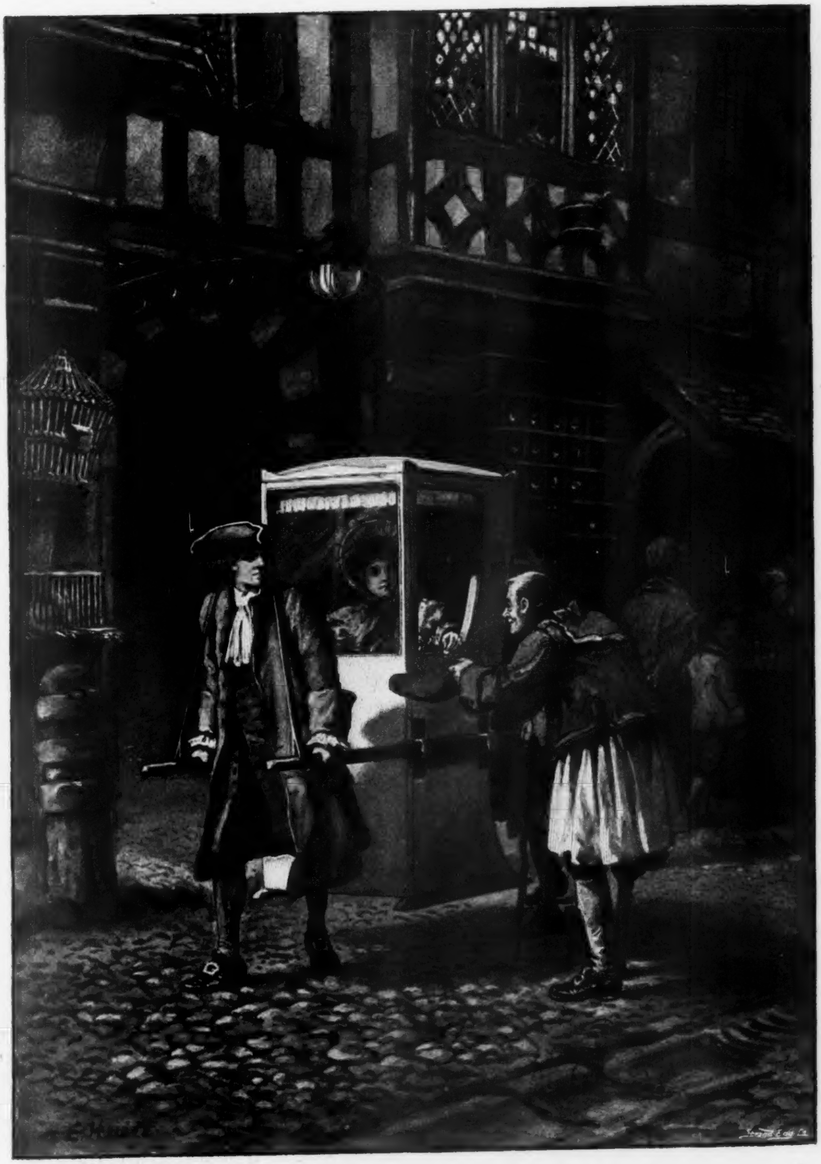
(E) *Names chosen for the mere sound.*

The first letter to Mrs. McLehose in which Burns signs himself "Sylvander" and addresses her as "Clarinda," contains the suggestive words: "I like the idea of Arcadian names in a commerce of this kind." And the great army of writers still "like the idea" of names more or less "Arcadian": for proof, examine the title-pages of still-born novels and, especially, volumes of minor poetry. But people whose novels are not still-born and whose poetry *is* poetry are not above the weaknesses of smaller fry: in any case they have always Burns on their side. "George Eliot" has not a particularly Arcadian sound about it, yet Marian Evans chose it because it could be uttered easily and naturally. "Hugh Haliburton" is distinctly Arcadian (a Scottish Arcady as befits the man who wrote "Horace in Homespun") and no doubt that explains why the poet and essayist of the Ochils, J. Logie Robertson, adopted it. Alliteration and a somewhat *un*-Arcadian leaning to social display induced the Baroness Nairne to write her first poems in *The Scottish Minstrel* under the pseudonym "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan," sometimes contracted to "B. B." Had "Arcadia" anything to do with (Rev.) Samuel Rutherford Crockett's choice of "Ford Bereton," when some years ago he published his slim volume of poems—"Dulce Cor"? And one wonders whether the initials F. B. were decided on because they happen to begin such a pair of words as First-Born—the best loved whether in books or in children. An insatiable desire to pun made Mr. Robert H. Newell appoint as Editor of his papers "Orpheus C. Kerr," *i.e.*, office seeker! And there is a fine, *smart detective* flavour about "Dick Donovan" that explains why Mr. J. E. Muddock adopts it when he hunts criminals.

Such, then, are some of the principles according to which writers seek to sink their identity while they aim at preserving an individuality in their own eyes and in the eyes of the public. A fair case has, I venture to think, been made out; and it could not fail to be strengthened by further research in this interesting by-path of literature. There are many known pseudonyms I have not mentioned. "Bill Nye" and "Bret Harte," despite their suspicious sound, are genuine —Edgar William Nye and Francis Bret Harte being the full names. Mr. Hepburn's "Gabriel Setoun" strikes one as being chosen for effect, and "M. E. Francis" has an obvious connection with Mrs. Francis Blundell. "Lewis Carroll" of imperishable nursery fame cannot be doubted to have manufactured that name by some fantastic reasoning out of his every-day Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. "Sydney Grier," the rising and clever novelist, has likely some subtle connection with Miss Hilda Gregg—as she is called in private life. But why did Adelaide Anne Procter choose "Mary Berwick" more than any other name when she sent her first poetical efforts to Charles Dickens, and adopted a *nom-de-guerre* lest Dickens should feel constrained to accept the poems because of his friendship with her father, "Barry Cornwall"?

And why did Olive Schreiner take "Ralph Irons"? When Mrs. Mannington Caffyn wrote "A Yellow Aster," and signed it "Iota," did she mean it was a trifle? And does "Nunquam" imply that Mr. Robert Blatchford is *never* to give in? Or does it portend that he will *never* get what he wants? Why does Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll call himself "A Man of Kent" in one place, and "Claudius Clear" in another? What is the bond between Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo and "Edward Garrett"? Or between "Lucas Malet" and Mrs. Harrison? Or between Edward Robert Bulwer, Lord Lytton, and "Owen Meredith"? Is there aught beyond the initials to connect Miss Mary Gleed Tuttiett with "Maxwell Gray"? Why does Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who enjoys the unique distinction of being a poet in five languages, call herself "Carmen Sylva"? Why is Madame de Martel "Gyp"? Why is Mrs. Otto Booth Douglas "Rita"? Why is——?

"*And who was the Man in the Iron Mask?*".



"A PENNY IN THE URN OF POVERTY"

Drawn by A. E. Huitt

PAGES FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL IN THE CRIMEA

By the late Sir GEORGE H. B. MACLEOD, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., etc.,
Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow

SECOND PAPER

THE first drive into fire—your first baptism — is very nasty indeed. There is such an uncertainty about such a shooting "at large" as was going on, such a wild chance game in darkness or, at best, twilight, that I felt by no means a hero. I could not but think what a fool I would be thought if I, who had no "call" to be there at all, were killed in these hollow ways we passed down, just as the sky was streaked with faint light; and what would my people at home say of it? Very soon we lost fear, however, as we were "in for it," and there was no use fretting. One great fragment of shell which fell near me—within two yards certainly—cut a poor fellow down as if he had been hewn with a hatchet. That rather sickened me, I admit. We were soon, however, busy, and thought no more of it; and all that day, all night, and most of next day we were at it as hard as we could before our work was done. It is this horrible work among the dead and dying which is the real trying ordeal of battle, as there is no excitement, no bugle-call or drum-beat to stimulate you, but sheer fag for body and mind. For a time the scene was quite inhuman. It seemed as if the powers of evil had been let loose, and men's blood was let to flow like water. Thousands joined in the carnival, and the mass of mutilated and lifeless forms which were strewed and, in some cases, piled up on the slopes of the Malakoff was an awful and heartrending sight to behold on that glorious June morning. I was in the advance field hospital behind the advanced trenches. It was a tent pitched under a projection of rock. The men were brought in stretchers to be attended to, and soon the whole surrounding ground was covered with the wounded. Many operations were done while the shells burst all about, and the row was appalling and incessant. The wounds received were of the most fearful description, as they were nearly all caused by shell or grape. Limbs torn off, skulls half carried away, and chests laid open were common accidents. From the advanced position occupied by many of the worst wounded when they were hit they could not be got at till the night of the 19th, and then many of them lay unassisted for two whole days under a scorching sun and the dew of the intermediate night. The sufferings were very awful, and in many cases we could do very little to mitigate it. A Captain A—— had both his limbs carried away! In his and in other cases, I was much struck with the *camaraderie* of the great public schools. Whenever an Etonian or Harrovian or Rugbean was injured crowds of his old schoolfellows would be about him at once. A—— was a "swell," and was very loth to die, poor fellow! He refused to take champagne even when at his lowest, because it was "sweet"! I was satiated with operations and terribly overworked. For two days and nights we had hardly a pause—six hundred men to look after, and a very large proportion severely wounded. The depression caused by the failure of the attack was very great. The men lay in groups under the shelter of the rocks out of the broiling sun; and I am sure that not even the army in Flanders swore as ours did that morning. I saw several men lying on stretchers killed by fragments of shell.

The disappointment, however, soon wore off, and preparations for another "go at it" were begun at once. A few days afterwards it was all forgotten, and the same old reckless spirit prevailed. The comrade who had stood beside them, and who now lay on a bed of agony, was well-nigh unremembered; to him alone the scene now appeared a reality. The camp assumed its wonted appearance, and nothing was spoken of but when there was to be another attack. The bands are playing and games are rife all over the place.

The pathologist, Dr. Robert Lyons, of Dublin, lives with me now. We have a very rough *ménage* in a hut which is neither sun-proof nor water-tight. When it rains at night we have constantly to shift our beds to get out of the drip, and the rats are so numerous and cheeky that we can hardly guard our food. Our table is a board slung from the rafters, our chairs a box and a bed-trestle. We have two tin plates and one jelly-mug, one fork and our pocket knives for table furniture, and "nothing else whatever." Our provender too is very unattractive. The beef seems to be mule and the pork flesh of the ass. Tough beef or "high" pork with very hard biscuits, and rum with lime-juice, is our daily dinner, while ditto ditto with tea (without milk but having "a taste" of Worcestershire sauce put in) is our morning and evening refreshment. It is not a kind of feeding that is suggestive of the Palais Royal or Véfour's, but we are quite happy on it and we enjoy good health. I never had a regular bed with clothes on it until June 25th, and I considered myself a no end of a swell when I was able to take off my clothes and regularly "turn in." I am as strong as a lion, however, and as black in the face as a negro.

The pluck of the men in hospital is most remarkable. They submit to whatever one recommends without a question or a murmur, and when they are told that their condition is hopeless they accept their fate with perfect calmness and without a trace of bravado. The Irish, however, are terrible howlers, especially when slightly hurt. Daily when my work is over I ride about with some one, often with Fitz Hunter. I have thus visited all accessible places, and wonder more and more at the enormous number of men.

July 3rd.—Lord Raglan is dead of cholera and worry. He is to be buried to-day, or rather his body is to be put on board ship for England. It is only a very few days since he came here and I took him over the hospital in apparent health.

The stories one hears of last winter's sufferings are enough to freeze the blood. Most of it was preventable, which makes the thought of it more terrible. Men going down to the trenches (*i.e.*, on actual duty) have again and again laid themselves down with a simple "Good-by, sir," to the officer, and died there and then. "Dysentery and exhaustion," says the official return; the most cursed carelessness and want of forethought in plain English. The coffee served out in unroasted berries, and no fire to roast and no mills to grind it, was only one of the ingenious devices for supplying a stone in place of bread.

The flies are an unspeakable annoyance, a veritable plague to which Pharaoh was justified in succumbing. At the first streak of light they leave the places where they have perched in thousands for the night, and fasten on your nose and ears with so much obstinacy that you have to put your hand on them before they move, and then the survivors only move for a moment to return with a host of friends. We have to fight with them for every scrap of food which the rats leave. To the sick and dying they occasion annoyance which cannot be prevented or described.

In the latter end of the summer (1855) the camp got into good order. The huts were much improved both outside and in, and better provisions were obtainable, as many "stores" had been set up by adventurers of many nations. It is funny to see how attempts have been made to adorn many of the encampments and huts, and even flowers have been tried. Bottles, however, built up in curious and fantastic designs, chiefly predominate. They are at hand and lend themselves to various architectural effects, while they are at the same time got rid of, no small advantage. Thus the huts are called "Carlton House," "Fitzroy Place," "Auld Lang Syne," "The Auld House at Hame," "The Club," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," &c.

The life, however, were it not for our rides and the "shaves," is becoming tiresome. Men are sick of what is mere butchery, and the end seems as far off as ever. Every one who can get up an excuse goes to Constantinople or home. A storm, though disastrous to our gingerbread city, is a valued sensation. Often it is a "dust-storm," and anything more diabolical the great Nicholas himself could not invent. Every crevice gets filled with dust. Your meat tastes of it, your bed is full of it, your clothes reek of it. There is no spare water to wash, so you have to go along with your hair gritty and your clothes a mud-colour. It often gets up in a moment, and whole rows of tents go down in dust and ashes before it. One night I was sleeping in William Mure's tent when it was overthrown, just as a deluge of rain followed the dust, and we had to turn out naked (to save our clothes) in order to set it up again. On one memorable occasion, in which such a storm as I have been speaking of came on, the floods burst like a river into my hole, and soon floated me and all my belongings. It was miserable—too miserable for endurance at the time—the want of fires to dry your things, no cooking, no hot food only potted meat and biscuits, and a damp, cold bed at night!

August.—The battle of the Tchernaya* has been fought, and I was engaged in looking after the wounded for eight hours, and hard work it proved. Early in the morning word came that a great fight was going on along the river behind us, and we were asked to give assistance. When I got up to the crest of the hill looking down on the plain of Balaclava and the low hills along the Tchernaya, the worst of the fight was over, and great masses of Russians were retreating, rent by shot and shell from the batteries which had been planted on the near side. The plain beyond the river and extending to the M'Kenzie Heights was covered with troops, and all along the river on both sides hundreds of dead and dying were lying about in long ridges like waves or swathes in a hayfield. Russians, French, and Sardinians were mixed up together, many of the first having penetrated into the position of the Allies, though they had to cross the plain under a heavy fire, wade the river and a canal, and advance up a considerable slope. In one of the small ravines leading up from the river I saw a long line of men and horses lying dead, evidently the work of one round shot.

August 17th.—There has been another bombardment, and a pretty heavy one too. It was said to be merely intended to warn them off; anyhow it was not followed by an assault. Nothing could be more beautiful than the practice as we saw it from Cathcart Hill, until we were forced to absquatulate by the enemy finding our range and sending some round shot all round us as a warning. From our side the great shells were dropped as neatly as could be into both the Malakoff and the Redan, and the round shot was constantly playing upon their embrasures, so that so far as appearance was concerned these great earthworks soon began to look very funny, and might without impropriety be said to have been "knocked into a cocked hat." Night, however, put a stop to the affair; and lo! in the morning every line and angle of the forts were as trig as ever, and all the pitting and disfigurement gone!

Complin came up to camp and was doing duty with me, when, as the result of all the surroundings combined—food, sleeping quarters, smells, bad water, fatigue and *ennui*—we both took "camp fever." It was a low typhoid. I had avoided the water as much as possible, and so far had escaped, but the toil and want of food, and the absence of the most ordinary comforts, ultimately told hard on me.

Complin was down before me and in the same hut. We had almost no nursing. The sun streamed in through the chinks of the boards with fury, and the wind and rain were not slow to follow when it was their turn. Salt pork fried in slices and biscuits, with rum and water, constituted the staple of our food, and I need hardly say we ate nothing. All day we were left alone, and I confess my thoughts then turned to home in a way they never did before or since. I know I was often delirious and sometimes unconscious, and as both my eyes were closed up by the swelling, I had only retrospection, introspection, and anticipation to feed my thoughts on. The two first were not interesting, and the last was decidedly gloomy, as I was very weak, among strangers who had enough to do with their own complaints and ill-luck, and I was "nobody's child," so the odds were certainly against me.

Complin was taken away and died at Smyrna. I did not hear of his death till some time after, but when I did it did not not help to mend the idea I had of matters. He was a far stronger man than I was, but *he* lost heart and *I* did not. One day Dr. Hall came to see me, and I heard him say, "Poor fellow, I am afraid it will run hard with him." I was fully determined not to die, so I pulled myself well together, and begged them to send me to sea, as I knew that would restore me. This was done as soon as it safely could be, and I found myself on a mule "cacolet," or litter, on my way to Balaclava, having in my heart such an abhorence at the hole I was leaving, which filled every sense to the exclusion of any other sentiment. The smell of the burning dung, which filled the whole camp and seemed to fill your head as well and to flavour all your food, stuck to me for days. I had an insatiable longing for fresh air and milk, and could very perfectly realise the parable of the Prodigal Son, for had not my father's hired servants bread to spare, while I was, if not exactly perishing of hunger, anyhow deprived of the kind of food which was alone suitable? On August 18th I left, and just remember being hoisted like a bundle of rags to the *Brandon.*

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* I got the Sardinian medal for this, and the British and Turkish one also. I lost the Legion of Honour through the carelessness of the Director-General, who, after promising to return my name for it, said he had forgotten to do so.

Next day I felt the old fire kindling within me, and some of the horrid limpness leaving; and so by the time I got to Therapia, where I was bound, I was nearly myself again. No words can express the glories of that week at Therapia, the Paradise of the Bosphorus! The place itself is Elysium, but the change from dirt and depression of every sort, to sunlight unmixed with the smoke of dung-heaps, and to air which was like liquid sunshine, and to the enjoyment of baths, and soap, and tablecloths, and a bed with sheets! To rise when I liked, and lie down without the surprise of shot falling or the tiresome salvoes of artillery; to eat white bread and drink Christian tea, with *cream* and not catsup or Worcestershire sauce, out of clean cups and no longer the dirty "tot"; to get milk and fruit and fresh meat and fish, were like new revelations of a higher world. The enjoyment was so great that it seemed almost worth while to have undergone the deprivation which made the resumption of civilisation so agreeable. Then the arid, brown-trodden plain, covered alternately with dust or mud, so contrasted with the exuberant vegetation, the wealth of trees and grass and herbs which covered the whole land, that they seemed like different worlds. Day and night the blue sparkling sea raced past with a gurgling song of purity and brightness, and into its depths, far down among the swaying seaweed, you could see the fish diving and playing. The breeze was always fresh and warm, and the very birds flew about with gladness in their motion. There were endless walks in bosky woods, up winding valleys and arches of wood, and wild flowers in profusion; neat cottages with brilliant gardens, which seemed to have extracted from the resplendent sky some of its brightness and colour. Hour after hour, stately ships swept past, some carrying up fresh victims to the great Moloch of war, some returning with the used-up residuum.

After a week of this luxury I went to Scutari and then on to Smyrna. I only waited a week there, and on my way to Constantinople was horrified by hearing that after many false reports Sebastopol had really fallen! What a "sell" for me after all I had borne! However, there it was, and had to be faced. I hurried on, as I knew that there would be much work to do.

I am to remain all winter! So far good, though in many respects the prospect is not cheering, as I cannot find out definitely where I am to be stationed, and, as the cold will be severe, I cannot prepare for it as the others are doing.

All my late comrades at Smyrna have gone or are going home.

Fitz Hunter has built himself a splendid abode, a palace—bedroom and parlour—and may be as comfortable as if he were at home.

Since my return to camp I have had to sleep at one end of the operating-hut, and try, by blankets hung upon the wall, to keep out the wind, which at night is most trying. The operating-table is my dressing-table, and a small tub and a form my furniture.

There is no Mess or cooking-place, and I have to walk a long way to a miserable French restaurant for food. This is the most trying part of it, as I have no servant and have to do every thing for myself.

The mud is terrible, and more tenacious, I think, than mud ever was before. It is literally knee-deep.

After returning I went with Fitz Hunter to have a look at Sebastopol now that it is accessible. The maze of parallels, trenches, and batteries was most confusing and remarkable.

The whole is now a place of desolation, where the owl may hoot at his leisure and the lizard bask and crawl to his content. The splendid docks, which had been cut out of the rock and cased with cement at enormous expense, and had only been finished when the war began, had been so blown up by our people as to be hardly recognisable.

November 17th.—The rain began to-night, and I am not ready! The rats are most enormous and numerous. They have no ideas of either propriety or common decency. They sit down before your face like dogs, and scratch themselves audaciously. Nothing withstands their teeth, and as to ingenuity in reaching your food, Todleben himself could not excel them. They are certainly Russian, as their countenances plainly show, and if they were set on terriers' backs they would be perfect Cossacks!

November 20th.—The cold has fairly begun, and such cold! Straight from the frozen Siberia and brought specially for our use. Snow covers the ground, and the icicles of the frost king pierce to the marrow. When I awoke this morning I found my bed covered with snow, and my clothes the nucleus of various tumuli or chains, or rather boxes. The place I slept in was so open to the air that the snow had drifted in through the interstices between the boards. It was heartless work, as there was little prospect of getting my things dry again. After looking disconsolately at my unhappy abode, I rose and warmed myself by clearing the snow out.

November 23rd.—A physician connected with the London Hospital, and who served in the Spanish Legion with Sir De Lacy Evans, was for a time doing duty in the general hospital, but he is to go home, and I am to have his quarters, which are a shade better than the almost open shed I have been inhabiting. They are bad enough in all conscience, but there is a door that can be fastened, and a chimney, and these are great gains over my present den. I accomplished my "flitting" without a ban, strange to say. A camp bed and mattress, a box for my provisions, another box to sit on, a board for a table, and my clothes and cooking utensils. I, however, set to work to line the place with hospital coverlets, of which we had many to spare, and out of boxes constructed some luxurious pieces of furniture to fill in corners and adorn the noble hall. I constructed also, with amazing ingenuity, a grate, and made a can for my chimney, which hitherto would not "draw," but was supreme at puffing backwards; out of a small barrel, which, with prophetic prescience, I had saved from the wreck of a neighbour's goods when he became defunct, I made the chimney. I fixed that said barrel with cords so that it could be slewed round according to the set of the wind. Unfortunately the barrel took unaccountable "thrawn" turns, and *would* face the wind, and that usually when it came from the most nippy quarters; so all of a sudden when I was "crooning" close to the ribs on a cold night, holding a commissariat dip in one hand and a book in the other, down would come such a gale of wind as to extinguish my light, blow the embers of my fire into the middle of the floor, and fill my skin with such a draught of cold that I would be chilled to the bone. If I am to be punished for all the strong language that chimney occasioned I fear my fate is sealed. If I had had the faintest hope of ever getting another barrel I would have kicked that one into matchwood, for I had a strong notion that there was an evil spirit in it, but I prudently withheld my foot and, after venting my rage on the hot embers to prevent a conflagration, I went out and spoke it fair, and made it turn its back to the tempest. Many a night, however, the cold was so great that even in running round the hut to get at that wicked barrel my hands have been so benumbed that I could not pull the string which regulated it, and I have returned pained as if whipped by scorpions.

December 7th.—Still very uncomfortable. I have, however, built a good stable and have got my three beasts under cover and warm, but very shortly after I had it finished, stalls, mangers, &c., and a door with a lock on it, it was nearly wrecked by a big Irishman I had got the loan of from the 39th Regiment, in whose "lines" our hospital lies. One night the cold was awful. My firing was done. I told the Celtic ruffian to get me anywhere wherewithal to burn. He said he did not know where he could get "a suspicion" or a "sup" of wood for love or money. I replied that it must be got and told him to find some. After a time he returned grinning, with his arms full of fine wood splinters. I complimented him, never asking where they came from (for at that moment I did not care), lit my fire, made myself a glass of hot grog, and had a pipe before turning in. Alas! next morning my mangers were gone, and I did not dare to complain. I believe the youth knew perfectly the place was mine, but we both, as if by agreement, avoided the subject. He was a cunning fellow that "Tom." Every morning he brought me my allowance of rum in a tot, and showed it to me with much ostentation. He poured it into the bottle I kept for it, holding it up the while to the light and making some observation on its colour. I almost never touched it, but the bottle never got any fuller; so one day I drew his attention to the curious phenomenon, and told him it was a difficult thing to explain. He looked at me with a smile, and said "It was indeed very 'quare,' as he did not think it was an article the rats would touch."

The cold is intense. It has been repeatedly below zero, and with half a gale blowing. The French sentries are frequently frozen. If you wish a bottle of beer you have to break the glass, and take the solid stuff to the fire to be thawed. We *eat* porter and soda-water to dinner.

This wild free gipsy life, however, agrees admirably with me, for hard as my work is and scanty the food, and the cold Tophetic, I am in perfect health, strong and even fat.

SCIENCE OF SOME TOYS

By JAMES SWINBURNE

THE scientific principles underlying many of the most familiar toys are not only most interesting, but frequently very intricate. The ways of the commonest spinning top, for instance, have given the ablest mathematicians a great deal of trouble, while many of the most ingenious and complicated mechanical toys are merely made up of groups of the simplest mechanisms, which demand no explanation, as a little inspection shows at once how they work. It would be of little use, for instance, discussing clockwork toys, as any one with any mechanical sense sees how they work directly he looks inside them. I will therefore refer to a few toys that seem to me interesting.

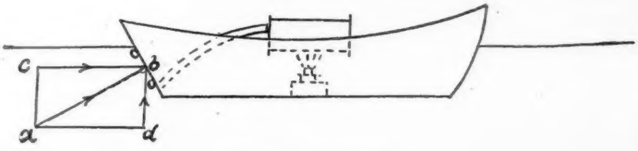


FIG. I. STEAMBOAT

There are several forms of toy steamboat. One of the oldest has a little copper boiler like a cotton-reel, which sits in a rest over a spirit lamp, and has a pin-hole opposite the end of a tube. This tube is carried down under a sloping stern, and opens into the water there. When the boiler is at work it blows a jet of steam into the bent pipe. The end of the pipe does not fit the boiler closely, and the jet of steam carries air with it, and the air and steam are forced down the pipe into the water. The steam is

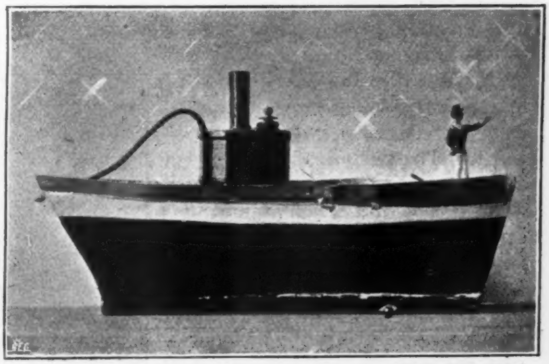


FIG. 2. STEAMBOAT

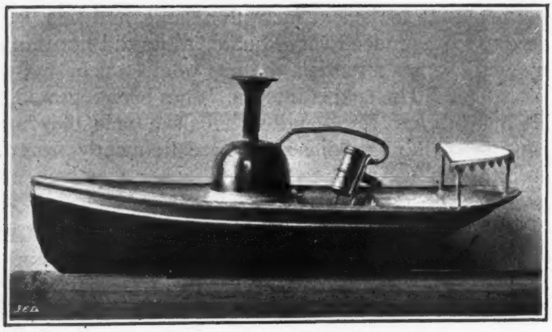


FIG. 3. STEAMBOAT

condensed, but the air runs up under the sloping stern in little bubbles. This pushes the steamer forward. Why bubbles, which have only the power to rise in water, should push a boat in a direction at right angles can be made clear by a diagram. The bubbles, which may be regarded as if they were little balls of cork, cannot rise directly to the surface, as the sloping stern is in the way, so they have to move up and aft, or astern, at the same time, and the aft, or sternward, movement necessitates a forward push to the boat. The bubbles can slide up the stern, so they can only push the stern in a direction perpendicular to it, as shown by the arrow *ab* (Fig. 1.) But a push in the direction *ab* is equivalent to two simultaneous pushes in the directions *cb* and *db* respectively. The push in the direction *db* tends to lift the stern up, and it lifts it a very little. The push *cb* sends the boat forward. This is an example of the parallelogram of forces, which sounds complicated, but is really very simple. It will be referred to again in connection with the kite.

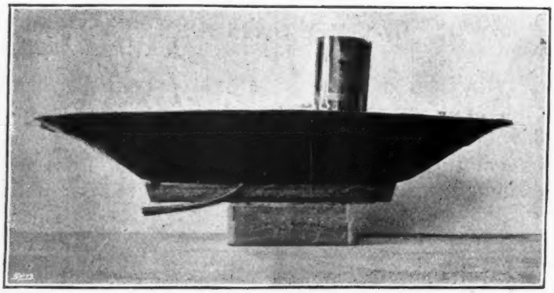


FIG. 4. TORPEDO BOAT

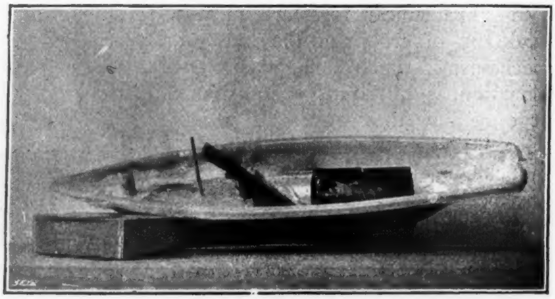


FIG. 5. TORPEDO BOAT

Another kind of steamer (Fig. 2) has a pipe direct to a nozzle, which is brought to the stern to look more like a steamer. In a closed boiler under steam there is pressure on all parts of the boiler, but the boiler as a whole does not move, because pressure on each part is balanced exactly by the pressure on some other part. But if there is a small hole, the balance is destroyed, and the pressure on the part opposite the hole is no longer balanced, so that the boiler is moved in the direction opposite to the hole, and of course takes the boat with it.

Another form of boat has a small engine on board. The little cylinder (Fig. 3) has a piston inside, and a piston rod, which works on a crank which cannot be seen. The cylinder oscillates on a central pin. There is a hole in the cylinder which comes opposite the steam pipe when the piston is to go down, and opposite an opening in the plate on which it oscillates to let the steam escape when the piston is to rise.

The next steamer (Figs. 4 and 5) is by far the most interesting. The funnel almost puts the *Umbria* and *Etruria* in the shade, but in this case it has the engines, such as they are, inside it. A second view shows

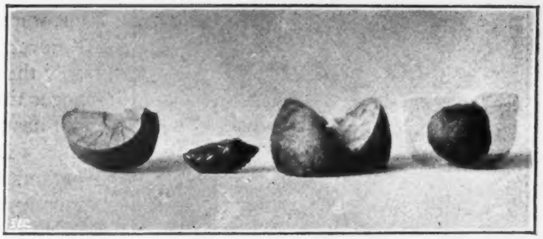


FIG. 6. JUMPING BEANS

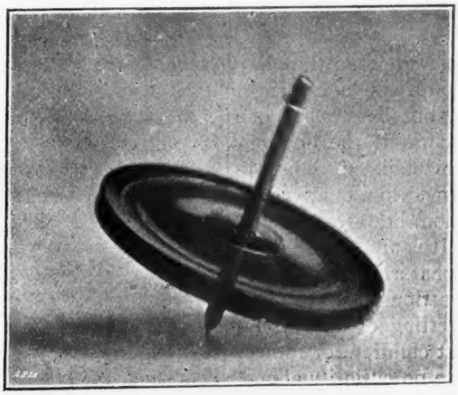


FIG. 7. TOP

the boat with the funnel taken off and laid inside. There are two tubes, which are seen sticking out at the bottom in Fig. 4. They are soldered into a single tube (Fig. 5), which is closed at the top, and sticks up towards the pin. The whole of the front is a tank for methylated spirit. In the extreme bow is a tube for filling in the spirit, and the wick is seen just under the closed tube and playing on it. The pin is for holding the funnel. The tube arrangement has to be filled with water, all air being displaced by water. It is to make it easy to fill that there are two tubes. The lamp is then lighted. After a little, the water in the closed upper end of the double tube generates steam suddenly, and forces the rest of the water in the system out with great force. This exposes the steam to a large surface of cold pipe, which condenses it, and causes a vacuum. The water then runs up and fills the tubes, and closed head, and so on, its inertia carrying it on after the vacuum is destroyed. The system really gets into a state of vibration; forcing the water out and in about four times a second. The steam is never blown out at the stern, only water. The theory of this sort of vibration is exceedingly complicated. Rayleigh has shown how self-induction is necessary to make an electro-magnetically driven tuning-fork vibrate, and, on the same principle, there is a time lag in the effect of the heat on the water. It thus gives a much higher pressure when forcing the water out than when it is coming in. Another point is that, though the amounts of water that go in and out are equal, the ejection is under greater pressure and for a not proportionally shorter time, making the forward impulse greater, so that the boat moves forward. This toy works beautifully.

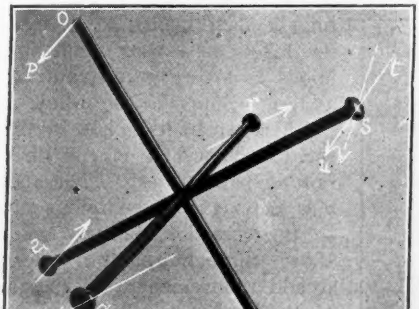


FIG. 8. SKELETON TOP

I do not know if jumping beans (Fig. 6) are toys. If you warm the beans gently they think it is summer, and soon begin to jerk about—they scarcely jump. This is really due to an insect inside. I have read that it punches a hole with its hard chisel-shaped head. On opening a bean, an insect will be found, but it has not a hard, chisel-shaped head, and the inside of the bean shows no sign of any hole being punched. As I have had the beans for a very long time, in fact, almost since I promised this article, the insects are pretty well done up,

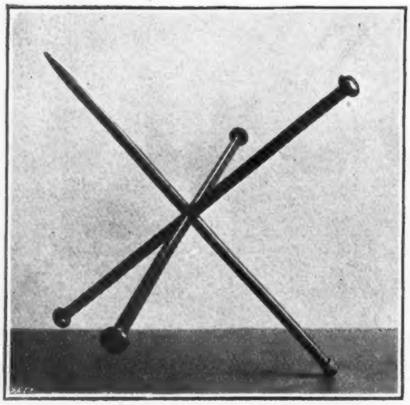


FIG. 9. SKELETON TOP WITH BLUNT PEG

and will not jump. I played upon the one in the centre of the group with a camera-lens as a burning-glass, but he would not jump a bit. He merely waved the end of his person he thinks is his tail. I did not frizzle him, I merely warmed him gently and kindly. In the illustration, however, one of the beans has moved. It is always so when an amateur photographs a group. The patients will not take it seriously.

By far the most interesting of all toys is the top. No doubt most children, or rather most boys—for girls have no curiosity about things, only about people—have wondered why a top stands up. It is a puzzle like that as to weight and mass. As a child, I remember asking why I could throw a stone higher than a ball of paper, though its weight pulled it down; but the grown-ups gave answers that had to be received respectfully, but were obviously absurd. As to the top, I never got even an absurd answer. The only theory I could evolve, was that it had never time to fall down on one side before the heavy part had moved off to the other side. But this was obviously a wrong explanation, when the whole top was inclined and waving round. The top in Fig. 7 is leaning over, and in addition to its rapid motion it is describing a cone with its axis. That is to say, it would if it were really spinning. The supporting thread has not been touched out of the negative, which tells a tale.

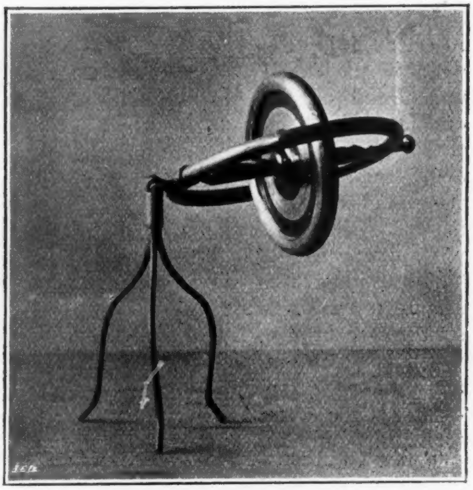


FIG. 10. GYROSTAT

Fig. 8 shows a sort of skeleton of a top. Suppose the arms very light (or massless), and let us consider the knobs. A ring of such knobs would make the felloe of a wheel, but four knobs as shown would spin like a top. Suppose the whole is pulled down by its weight so that the top is pushed in the direction *op*, parallel to *rq*. The knob *q* is moving at an enormous rate in the direction of the arrow shown through it, and it is easy to add a movement at right angles to the knobs *qr*. But now consider the knob *s*. It is moving rapidly in the direction *tu*, and if the top began to fall down towards *q*, the knob *s* would be

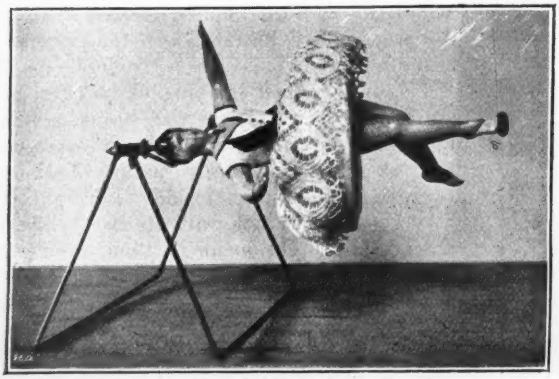


FIG. 11. BALLET DANCER

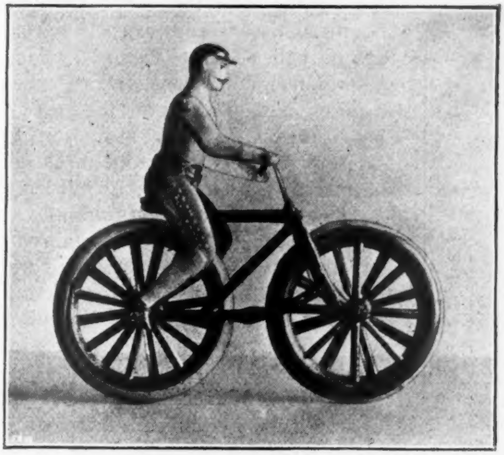


FIG. 12. CYCLIST

constrained to alter its direction of motion into that of the dotted arrow. But it has an enormous velocity along *tu*, and, rather than move along the new inclined direction, it exerts a force tending to bend its arm upwards, or to rotate the top round the axis *qr*. The knob *v* is similarly moving in the direction shown by its arrow. The result is that, instead of falling round the axis *sv*, the top tends to turn round the axis *qr*. The top, therefore, instead of falling, "precesses" or "precedes," I do not know which is the correct word, but as precesses sounds less like English, it will be preferred by scientific men. That is why a top with a sharp point makes its axis describe a cone. But suppose it does precede, how is it to oppose its weight, when the motion is at right angles to it?

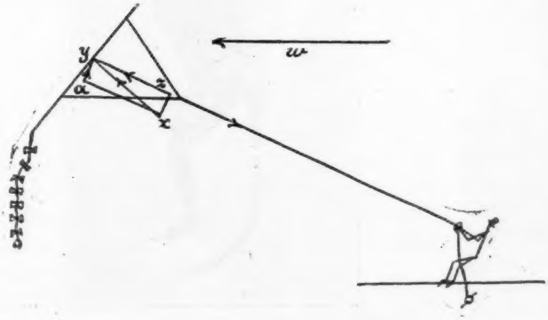


FIG. 14. GENTLEMAN AND KITE

If the reader will now follow out the action of the precession in exactly the same way as before, he will find it, on its part, exert a force at right angles, so that gravity pulling the top round the axis *sv*, makes it turn round *qr*. Turning round, *qr* exercises a force turning it round *sv*, against the action of gravity. This force depends on the speed of precession and speed of spinning, and the top will just precede fast enough to balance the force of gravity. The slower it spins the faster it precedes, till the precession itself becomes so rapid as to introduce new forces. If its precession were helped, instead of falling down, the top would rise into a vertical position. In Fig. 9, the skeleton spins on a round end, so that the end rolls when the top is not vertical. This gives a motion to the top exactly like precession, and if the rolling increases the precession, the top will stand up. That is why a top with a sharp peg which digs a little hole and does not roll, remains oblique and precedes, while a blunt-pegged top stands up.

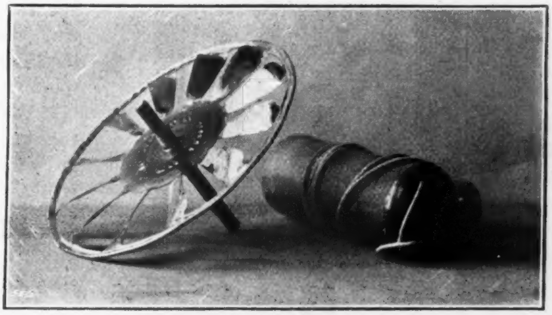


FIG. 13. CEILING TOP

This is not the form in which Professor Perry, in a small work of genius on spinning tops, gives the explanation, nor is it found in these words in Routh, but it

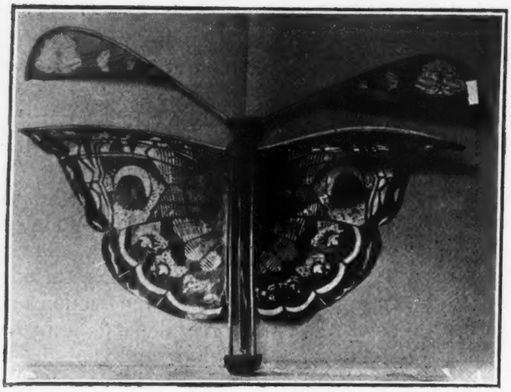


FIG. 15. FLYING NONDESCRIPT

seems to me a simple way of putting the same thing.

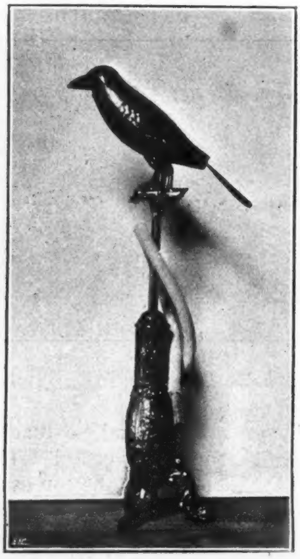


FIG. 16. BIRD

The next picture (Fig. 10) shows a gyrostat, which is merely a top spinning in a frame. It looks as if it would fall, and its centre of gravity is right outside the base of the stand. But it is quite happy, because it precedes. The whole top moves round on the stand. The faster it is spun, the slower it precedes. Every boy ought to have a gyrostat. Professor Perry says that women's intellectual inferiority may be due to their not playing with tops; but he may be mistaking effect for cause.

The ballet dancer (Fig. 11), who is shown reclining gracefully with her head on a tight-rope and the rest of her in the air, has really a gyrostat inside her. She will pirouette slowly on her foot or her head; or will hang in apparently impossible positions.

The bicycle in Fig. 12 has a gyrostat in its front wheel. It, therefore, does not fall down, and the friction of the gyrostat-axle moves the front wheel slowly, so that the cyclist goes forward slowly without falling. This gyrostatic action comes in in a real cycle. Take a rolling penny. If it leans say to the left it tends to fall to the left, but as it is spinning this makes it precede or turn as a whole to the left. It thus rolls round a curved path, and the centrifugal force just balances gravity. If it did not, it would precede a little more till it did. If you ride a bicycle slowly with hands off you will come to grief, for even if, owing to its construction, it has some self steering tendency, it is too small. But if you ride fast, the precession helps the steering, and the centrifugal force round a curve is greater, and the cycle steers itself. A cycle is not a toy, however; any magistrate will tell you it is an atrocity. The centrifugal force

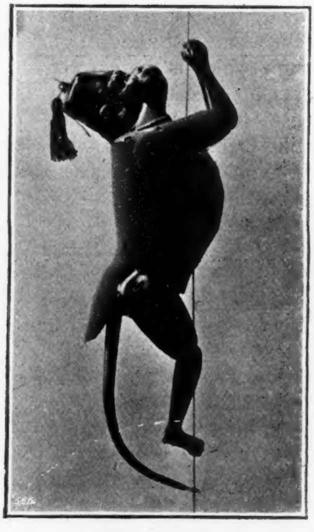


FIG. 17. MONKEY

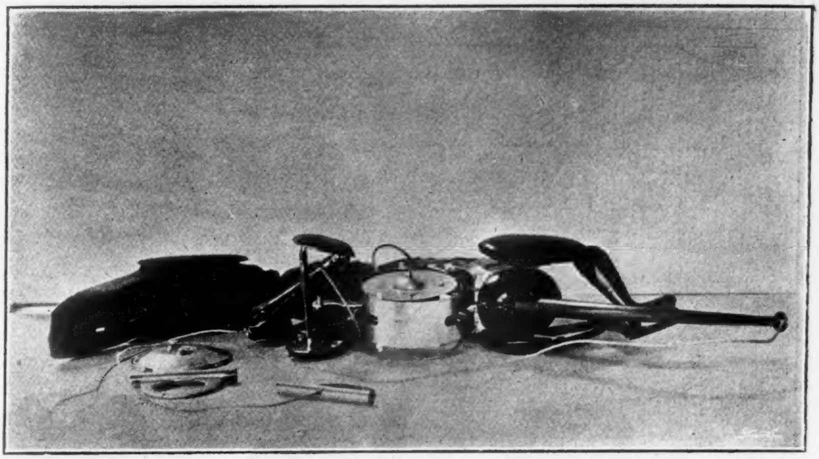


FIG. 18. MONKEY (INTERIOR VIEW)

going round curves is shown well in circus horses. A friend—lady, of course—once told me that circus horses must be very difficult to ride in the open street, because all circus horses lean over to one side so terribly; but that was a purely feminine view of mechanics.

Fig. 13 shows a top which spins on the ceiling. It is a combination of a top and a screw propeller. The screw propeller is itself an example of the composition of forces. A more striking example is the kite. The artist has shown a gentleman flying a kite diagrammatically in Fig 14. The string is fastened by a bridle, so that the kite is at an angle to it. The tail merely keeps it upright. The wind, coming in the direction *w*, can only push the kite at right angles to its surface, in the direction *xy*. The force in direction *xy* is equivalent to one force *zy* along the string, which is counteracted by the gentleman, and a force *ay* which raises the kite.

The next toy (Fig. 15), is apparently a moth or bird, but really, according to the trade, a "flying bat." The rubber in the centre is twisted, and acts as a spring and rotates the upper and lower wings in different directions, making two screw propellers, which make the animal fly.

The singing bird (Fig. 16) is a whistle with its end in water. The variations of air-pressure in the whistle keep altering the level of the water inside the pipe, and this alters the length of the whistle, and alters the note given. The shorter the pipe, the less time taken for a sound-wave to go along it to or fro, so the quicker the succession of impulses the higher the note. The rapid change of pitch gives the bird-like effect. The wings and beak of the bird are worked by a little piston in the cylinder on the top, which cannot be seen. Fortunately this kind

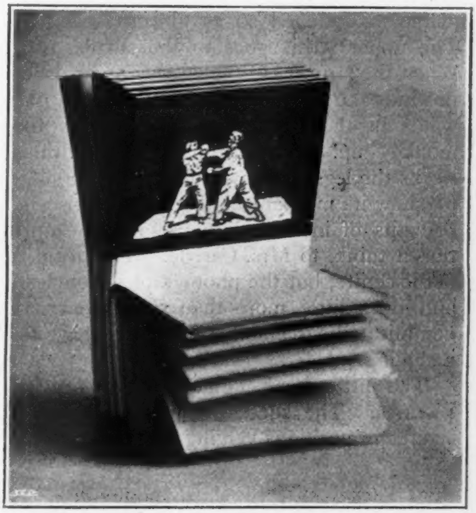


FIG. 19. LIVING PICTURES

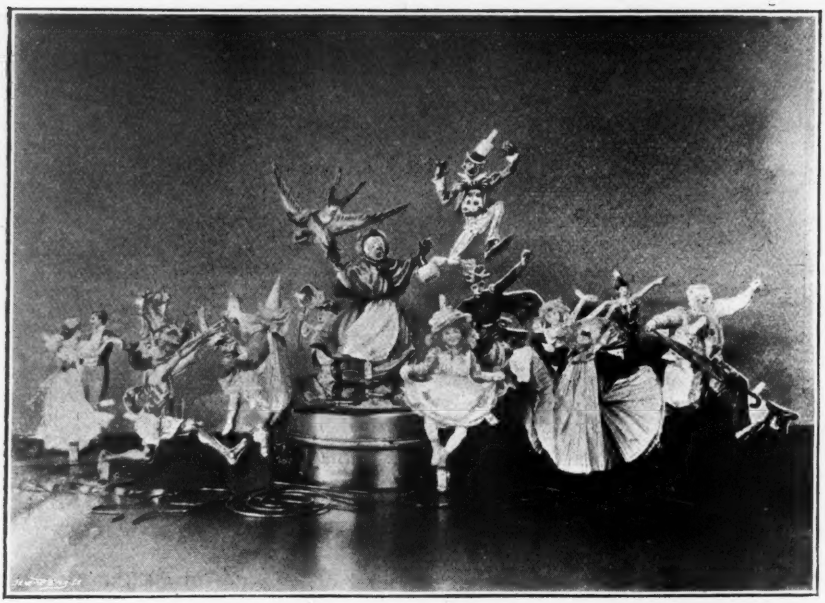


FIG. 20. MAGNETIC DANCERS

of bird does not start up automatically whenever you play the piano.

There are many species of climbing monkey. The accompanying monkey (Fig. 17) climbs up the string when it is drawn tight. There are really two strings, and the monkey has a double reel, or two reels of different diameters fastened so as to turn together. The upper string goes to the smaller reel. When the strings are pulled the larger drum unwinds the lower string, and the small one winds in the upper string, and pulls the monkey up. The turning of the drums works the legs. I have opened the monkey to show its mechanism (Fig. 18), or viscera, or "bits of internals," to use nomenclature due, I think, to Mrs. Carlyle. The drum is in the centre, but the photograph is not clear, and does little more than show what very complicated viscera a monkey may have for a shilling.

The little book (Fig. 19) gives living pictures. The successive pictures have the figures in positions varying gradually, and, as they are shown in rapid succession by letting the stiff leaves escape from the thumb, the eye does not see the separate pictures, but combines them into one living picture.

The last toy (Fig. 20) looks like something between a carnival and some other kind of street row. The toy proper is a box with a smooth top, out of which the end of a small magnet protrudes. This is mounted on a flywheel inside the box, which is set spinning. Little stands are made of sheet tin. Sheet tin is really iron coated with tin, and is attracted to the magnet. The magnet runs along the edge and moves the tin about in the most astonishing manner. The figures can be mounted on these pieces of tin, and then they move about in the most absurd way. The figures are put all about and rather confuse the view. The only figure really in action is the aunt in the centre, who is dancing about in great excitement, evidently trying to get out of the way of a bicycle which is not there.

THE WAR ARTIST

By H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT

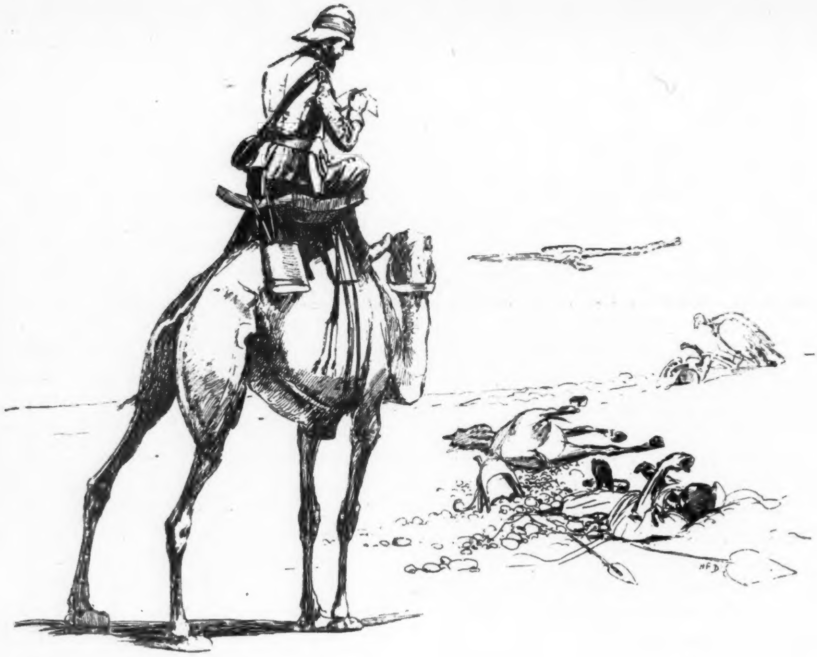
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

"GO to the Front." Such is the usual brevity with which your orders arrive. Under ordinary circumstances, an immediate start could scarcely be made, but with the war artist the case is different. With him it is "Ready, aye ready." Five minutes after the receipt of the wire sees him on the Metropolitan, speeding to town. At his office, instructions, "usually verbal," are conveyed, understood, and put into execution, in less than ten minutes. A cab to Cook's to secure your passage, then on to your outfitter; next to the gunmaker; after that the tentmaker, winding up at the stores.

Outfits vary considerably for different parts of the world. But you can never go far wrong in getting a couple of good serviceable serge Kharki suits, the loosely made tunic, cut on the military model, with the usual allowance of pockets; riding breeches; good, strong field boots; putties, or box-cloth leggings; good, warm under garments; woollen socks; a sweater; and, lastly, a suit of flannels, with a couple of pairs of trousers, as a change in the evenings, or during a prolonged halt. Up the Nile, one is seldom out of riding breeches. Some of my friends tried flannel trousers, but gave up that luxury, after being severely bitten by "Abu Shamets" (red tarantulas), which are particularly venomous, and generally on the prowl after sundown. Snakes, fortunately, are not so numerous, but scorpions abound in places, therefore it is always better to wear the boots or putties as a protection against these pests. As to sleeping gear, take the ordinary pyjamas-flannel for choice. In your portmanteau half-a-dozen flannel shirts and plenty of pocket-handkerchiefs which will be found most useful. For the head a good pith helmet, shading the nape of the neck, and puggeree, will be required for the day; towards sundown a night-cap is a comfort where insects and flies are plentiful, especially to those whose hair is rather thin on the top. Above all things, have a good bed. The only good, practical bed is a "Bennet-Burleigh," which closes like a concertina. Into the space formed by this, the blankets, pillow, and night-gear can be stowed, the whole thing packing in a neat canvas case. The exact weight I forget, but it is quite light. This most practical bed was invented by that veteran war correspondent and traveller. I have used it in bush country and desert. It will fix anywhere without the least trouble, and the best of it is that it can be repaired by any one at a minute's notice.

With regard to stores, it is better for a long or, indeed, any campaign, to take a certain amount from England. In most countries all tinned foods can be obtained but such delicacies as *pâté de foie gras*, a good ham or two, a side of well-cured bacon, and some smoked tongues, which are invaluable when beyond the reach of anything except canned things. These must be provided at home. Medical comforts must not be omitted. A small medicine case is sold by Burroughs and Wellcome, containing all the necessary drugs and physics in the event of fever or dysentery. Be sure and get several good strong pipes (briars), a plentiful supply of matches and tobacco, and a box or two of good cigars.

Now we come to the important subject of arms. A sporting Transvaal (?) rifle—it is as good a thing as you can obtain—a good "Service" revolver (Webley), and about 250 cartridges; a strong knife, with corkscrew and a small set of tools in the handle, such as gimlets and a punch for making holes in your saddlery. In my next campaign, I shall take with me a small axe and a pick, both of which are invaluable when putting up your tent, or hut-building. A tin-opener must not be overlooked, neither must a hammer for opening packing-cases. A table and a chair are the next things to look after, and see that you get good, strong, serviceable ones. The best table for choice is one with a patent rolling-up top; and a stool that can be got to match. But you also want a comfortable chair with arms, and a canvas seat. Let the canvas be of the best, and double



SKETCHING ON A CAMEL

like a roller towel, to allow you to shift the bearing, to prevent the material wearing out, and to do away with the inconvenience of nails. Of course, a tent you must have. In some places you can get one, but it is best to take with you a small seven feet green (Cabul) tent with fly (Edgington). This packs up, and weighs about eighty pounds, and can be put up quite easily. A bigger one is a nuisance on account of the wind. See that all the sewing is strong, and well done; don't forget a palm and needles, plenty of strong string, and a roll or two of stout clothes-line. You must get a good leather belt; "Sam Brown" pattern is the most convenient. The shoulder strap takes the weight of your pistol and cartridges, leaving your hips and your loins free.

If you are campaigning in a horse country, take care your saddle is good, and that the D's are capable of holding a good weight, and lasting. The ordinary English saddle is useless, as your horse has to take his chance of forage, and generally gets pretty thin after a lot of work on, perhaps, a short allowance of food. Therefore, above all things, get a good colonial saddle, a numna, or saddle cloth—two of these, at least, made of thick felt—a strong halter bridle, a watering bridle, and a set of horseshoes. Everything for your horses should be of the best. A waterproof sheet, half-a-dozen big towels, and toilet requisites are indispensable. Wine can be bought at most places. Don't forget to take, at least, one case of champagne—the best brand procurable. When you are run down and low, this is the best pick-me-up, and you want it. All these things can be ordered, and sent to the station to meet you. Have everything marked plainly, so as to prevent any annexation on the part of other people's servants, which is not uncommon where one type of article is the rule. This applies to your canteen.

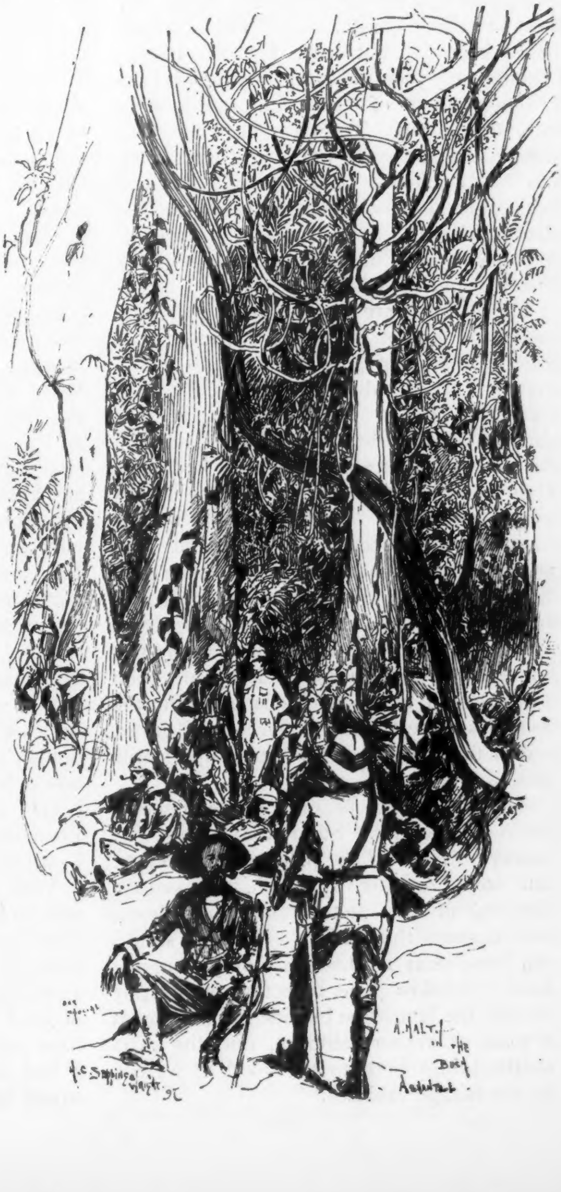
Your outfit being completed, be off by the first train, so as to push on to your destination as quickly as possible. Whatever you do, if going East, and not pressed for time, avoid Brindisi, taking the Marseilles route for Egypt or India. You lose a day, but it is cheaper, and you are far more comfortable. The traveller on the Italian roads has much to try his temper. All troubles and difficulties having been removed by Cook & Co., you find yourself steaming into Cairo, and get landed at one or other of the palace-like hotels. Nothing beats Shepheard's, in my opinion. The cooking is good and the attendance of the best; and, perhaps, the finest living panorma in the world is viewed from the verandah whilst sipping afternoon tea.

Cairo is a place to get out of as soon as you can. Here, again, Cook & Co. come in and take you up to Wady Halfa. From this point you are in the hands of the Sirdar, and military law becomes the order of the day.

After a visit to the camp commandant, a call ought to be made on the Sirdar. You must present to the latter your credentials, and obtain a permit to go to the front, for only those duly licensed can accompany an expedition. How necessary is this, is apparent when going into an enemy's country. Every one has to take his house, furniture, and establishment. This means a good deal of worry to the commanding officer, quarters having to be found, or, at any rate, space calculated out for correspondents; and where there are many, what with baggage, servants, animals, &c., they want a good share of a train if there is one. It will be seen, then, that if every one who wants to go, and can afford it, was taken, an army would be burdened with double its numbers in camp followers.

Permission being granted, you become one of themselves. You are placed under the Military Discipline Act—which is most leniently interpreted in the case of correspondents—and are fairly started on your business.

There is plenty of news to send home. Incidents general to camp life always supply material for new illustrations; and then there is camp gossip. But one has to be rather chary of sending home intelligence. Means of communication are so easy nowadays, and spies are so many, that important movements can be forestalled by an enemy, from the too zealous correspondent. The head of the Intelligence Department usually undertakes the onerous duties of Press censor, a most delicate, and, at times, ungrateful task. Personally, I have nothing but the highest praise and admiration for the tactful way in


H. C. Seppings Wright. 96
A HALT in the Bush Ashanti

which this portion of the routine was carried out in every case in my own experience.

The life of a war-correspondent is not all "beer and skittles." There is always a good deal of anxiety about mails. It is imperative to get the best news home in the shortest time. You must not get sick, or worried, but take everything calmly, making up your mind for plenty of disappointments.

Insects are a positive trial. The plague of flies in Egypt is a revelation. On one of my campaigns, I recollect helping a sick chum, getting a mosquito curtain rigged up, and everything comfortable. The mosquitoes I beat out, but left a few flies inside. I thought my poor old chum raving because he complained of these innocent-looking house-flies biting. To gratify his whim, as I thought, I spent some time in getting them out. I soon found he was right. For my face and head showed signs of severe inflammation from the same source. I had encouraged these flies on account of their domestic and homelike appearance.

The pleasures are change. What is there to touch the joy of being well mounted, and going with a lot of good fellows into a new country on a difficult and dangerous journey? A new home every day; new birds; a fresh variety of plants. And then the air! One can almost envy the Bedouins. They love the desert; so do I. The heat is trying, but the air is so pure and invigorating that it keeps the spirits at high pressure. Your horse loses his sober gait, flings up his head, paws the ground, and longs to gallop; yes, and gallop till he drops if you let him. You talk with your chum of home as you ride on, now side by side, anon a little ahead, as the track changes from the boundless desert waste to the narrow gorge, and defiles amongst the burnt-up, sterile hills.

The mirage is a constant source of speculation and wonder. Surely that is the Nile, yonder? Look at the palm trees reflected! But no! As you approach, the sudden blending of this picture river and desert sand destroys the illusion. To use a simile, you have seen a raindrop slowly coursing down a window pane, reflecting on its tiny surface the landscape outside; in a moment it joins a brother raindrop, and the extra weight brings both to the wood in a flash. So the mirage vanishes.

The reverse of the medal are discomforts of dust, insects, and disease, not to speak of worry with native servants. I have found the Egyptian servants best. On the west coast they are simply worse than useless. In Greece they are unreliable. Talking of servants, how I managed on my trip to Benin will, perhaps, be interesting and instructive to any one visiting that part of the world. In the early part of the year I received instructions to proceed to Benin with the punitive expedition. After getting my kit and outfit, I left for Liverpool the day I received my wire, my passage being taken on the *Loando*, Captain Jones, one of the greatest favourites on the line. The voyage to Sierra Leone was much the same as my first trip to Ashantee, with the exception that at Canary I bought a donkey, to help me on my march through the swampy forests. At Sierra Leone I spent a couple of happy days at Government House, the Governor, Sir F. Cardew, kindly helping me in many little ways. In the matter of boys (carriers), &c., I took six, Momero, head man, four coolies, and a cook. These I brought with me to Forcados River. On board were two boys, one Walker, who at one time, I understood, passed six weeks in an English gaol under the mistaken impression that, in the land of the free, property of any kind was common to all. He explained his position simply. He had a very bad cold and the doctor recommended him to take something for it. He took a watch and chain, and an unfeeling magistrate gave him six weeks. But he was a good "cock-tail maker," and that covers a multitude of sins. He became my henchman, and Toby, a lazy lout of seventeen or eighteen, undertook the duties of groom to Baalam. Such was my donkey's name. Good old Baalam! He is now a Niger Coast Protectorate official, and bears with dignity the person of Major Leonard on special occasions. Baalam and I parted at Ologbo.

With my big family and belongings, I had now to get to Warrigi, on the Benin River. The "only" Jones assured me he would be there in a few days, but on anchoring in Forcados River, changed his mind, and decided on going to Brass first. This would have put me out of the running at once, so I had the afternoon to decide whether I would hire or buy a big canoe, pack all my establishment in, and make for Warrigi by myself. Just then the smoke of a steamer appeared, coming down the creek. To my joy, I found it was one of the small branch boats, coming to transfer a cargo to another ship and return immediately to Warrigi. My passage was soon arranged, and I was transhipped in less than an hour. That afternoon saw me steaming through creeks in the Mangrove swamps. Sometimes we brushed the boughs of trees, startling thousands of grey parrots, which the crew regarded as so many thirty shillingses on the wing. At night we anchored. Early the following morning, we were off again, Baalam having the run of the deck. The mango fly is so persistent and poisonous, that neither man nor beast can resist him. The captain and, in fact, everybody and anybody, make war on this individual when he comes on board, which is pretty often, and hunt him with a sort of fly-flapper—a broad flap of leather fastened to a handle. Relying on the scare he creates, he is lazy, and falls an easy victim to this instrument of vengeance.

We reached Benin River at four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, but, to my dismay, our excellent skipper informed me that he must go back through the creek again. What should I do? There was just one chance. The *Forcados*, one of the big boats, is at anchor below. It is just possible she may be going up. We see her under weigh. "My chances are small." No! she again anchors off a factory to take in, as I afterwards learned, six casks of palm oil. I again tranship, and, that evening, make my final start for my goal. Heavy mists come on, obscuring the channel, and we have to anchor until morning. But the agony of that night! Shall I ever forget it? Heat, no sleep, and myriads of mosquitoes! At eight next morning we move, and by noon I see the *Phœbe* and Warrigi beach.

I board H.M.S. *Phœbe* and present my authority; get the requisite permission, and proceed that afternoon to Serri. I find Baalam rather frisky at first, but the heat soon takes it out of him, and he becomes quite a respectable hack. At sundown we reach Serri, in charge of Captain Hale. My house, a hut, is pointed out, and, in company with two traders, I pass a fairly pleasant evening.

Now here come the servants. Of course Walker could not find anything; and many cases and packages had to be opened and overhauled before he could discover where my supper "lived," as he said. After much grumbling on my part I get fairly settled, have a wash, and bed made, and by ten am fast asleep.

Next morning I get up early. King Dore, who came overnight, kindly provided me with a fresh gang of natives, my Sierra Leone chaps breaking down. By dint of coaxing and threatening, I managed to get them in the Niger Company's launch under Vice-Consul Lyons, the same boat that rescued Locke and Boisragon after their fatal journey. Once at Ologbo, in the enemy's country, I snap my fingers at my servants as they can only return at their own risk and without an escort. The presence of a decapitated carrier by the bush path, quite recently executed by the Beni, effectually prevented any bolting back again. We move along in silent celerity. The weight of the loads is not complained of, and the men travel with a sort of timorous smile, quite refreshing to see after the murmurs at the start.

Ologbo is the "Base." All the water-boiling and hospital accommodation, &c., is carried on here. The landing was rendered easy for us by means of a rough corduroy pier made by Lieutenant Unwin of the *Theseus*, and called after him. Captain Foote is in command. The camp is very prettily situated in a sort of angle of lofty bush. In the centre is a stockade, with a platform for mounting the machine guns. The duty of the commandant is to forward so many tins of water per diem to each of the stations along the road to Benin, provide escorts &c., and forward intelligence.

The next halting place is Cross Roads, and here I stop for the night, being hospitably entertained by the commandant. By sunrise I move again to my next halting-place. From here to Benin is twelve miles, the most difficult and dangerous part of the journey, on account of the sniping. That night the natives attacked the post, and my only hope was that the night's fight had tired all the warriors out, and that they would be sleeping during the day. At any rate, my orders were to go to Benin, and to that point I determined to go, warriors or not. We start at noon, knowing the habits of the Benin war boys. I must say it was not without some misgiving on my part, for it was easy for them to lie in ambush at any part of the path, which is as dense as an ordinary laurel hedge in England, extending each way for thousands of miles. We had one or two false alarms; nothing, however, happened, and I was congratulating myself on having got through the worst part, when my carriers threw their loads down, and said "War boy in de bush right ahead." Now for it, I thought. I started to reconnoitre, my revolver cocked, and making a bold front. We can see nothing, but hear voices. "Here they are," I thought to myself. Right ahead, blocking my road, is a stockade, and figures inside. Hurrah! I see a white face, and a few minutes after I am shaking hands with the officer in command of the rearguard of Admiral Rawson's force—two companies of British blue-jackets. What a relief that was. One can never realise the comfort and protection of our gallant navy or army, until placed as I was. I opened three or four bottles of whisky on the spot, to commemorate this well timed and happy meeting. "We have found running water," said the officer. My readers can guess what this means to people who dare not drink from wells for fear of poison.

I was delighted at the prospect of doing the remainder of my hazardous journey with an escort of British blue-jackets. Of course we joined forces, and proceeded together all through the tangled bush, one after the other—the usual method of progression out there. The path suddenly broadened, and we found ourselves in a long straight sort of alley, with several broad tracks branching off through the forest. These were closed against the approach of strangers by various ju-jus, or charms; in some cases, merely bits of grass screens were hung across the trees; in other places, old gin bottles were thrown together. Towards the end of the alley, and near Benin city, was one of the most ghastly ju-jus. It was the first human sacrifice I had ever seen. I can recall that fearful object with awful distinctness. Of the recollection of it I refrain from speaking. Of course we drew our little forces together, keeping an extra lookout. The probability was that some of these fellows were hanging round, looking out for us. Another two miles and we came to what might be called the suburbs of Benin. This was a small compound, about thirty or forty yards square, shaded with some heavy mahogany trees, which formed a sort of arbour over it. From this point we saw the distant cotton trees, and about a mile further on our guide, pointing through an opening in the bush, said "Dar Benin!"

In due course I reached England, and after spending a couple of happy days at home, was again under orders, this time for a more civilised and pleasanter part of the globe—Greece. Here the conditions of travel were somewhat different, absolute luxury by comparison with the West Coast. A tent is not a necessity in the Thessalian plains, on account of the many villages. You must have a good horse for yourself, and a couple of strong pack-horses to carry the few things that you require. My journey to Athens was simply delightful. I was fortunate enough to go by the Austrian line this time. Although the comfort is not anything like that of the P. & O., the different people and customs and characters on board were sufficiently interesting to make that short voyage very pleasant. Amongst my shipmates were four young Swedish officers, who were going as volunteers to join the Greeks. They could talk a little English, and we naturally came together, and spoke of our homes, countries, prospects, plans, &c. One of these officers was distantly related to the Crown Princess of Greece; and the others were well up in the Swedish army. We little thought then, as we paced the deck, that out of us five four only would return. Sinclair was left at Domokos, shot through the heart. I landed at Corfu, on my way to Athens, and drove to see Ulysses' ship. It is a lovely island, but no one seems to make any money. Since British protection has been withdrawn, trade has left the place. The people were talking of drawing up a petition begging England to take them over again. That afternoon we left this beautiful island—grey with olive forests, whilst here and there tall cypresses cut the white lines of the buildings floating on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and bathed in a quivering, amber, afternoon light, looking almost like a piece of classical tapestry.

Railway communication in Greece is limited, but there is one line running from Patras to Athens, and one through the country as far as the frontier. A war artist, however, gets about principally by carriage or on horseback; I preferred the latter. You carry with you a small allowance of food; a few things such as sardines, merely as luxuries; in almost any of that part of Europe, chickens and sheep can be had, and it is unnecessary to carry wine. Everywhere the wine is passable, at least some of it, and one gets used to the turpentiny flavour of the native brands, and there is always plenty of water.

For those who do not understand the manners and customs of the Greeks, a servant or dragoman, who knows the ways of the people, is a *sine quâ non.* With him and the simple outfit I have described you can go anywhere and everywhere. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities, I paid a visit to most of the blockhouses, to see the position of things. Generally my dragoman was able to find me a shelter, but one night only we had to camp in the mountains. I saw the principal battles, and was one of those in the disastrous run from Tirnavo, as well as the second retreat from Larissa. After that I took up my quarters at Volo, from whence I went out and saw all the battles at Velestino. I was with Smolensky, taking part in his retreat. Soon after, I reached Athens, and it was not long before I was home in old England once again.

A final word of advice to those who propose to take up the business of a war correspondent. First you want a strong constitution. You must take a good kit such as I described, a good stout heart, and you will be able to get on very well. It's no good if a man is at all delicate; part of the time you live in absolute luxury, another time, struggling like a vagrant with nothing to eat; besides being starved with cold, and wet through with rain. These are the minor incidents of a war correspondent's life. But taking one thing with another, it is one of the pleasantest that a young man in good health, and with plenty of spirits, can follow. It is one of the most fascinating that I know. From what I have described, it will be seen that the actual work is done under certain difficulties; for instance: Notes have to be taken when bullets are flying about, sketches finished up amidst all the horrors of cholera, disease, and death; sand thickens your ink, and the heat dries up your colours. If you have no table the ground has to do. One of my happiest sketches was done under the following circumstances: It was, if I recollect, during the march to Dongola, a particularly fine subject struck me—"The general advance." Far away in the desert were the cavalry, camel corps guarding our left flank; the artillery, infantry, and baggage followed the bend of the river, the gunboats protecting our right. My rough notes and sketch had to be made on horseback, and finished during the halts; the paper spread on the sand and shaded only by leafless mimosa trees. Yet, under these circumstances, I produced a sketch which was much approved of at the office. I got this off after the fight at Hafia by camel runner who had a forty mile ride back to the base. I made several pictures of the Sirdar's army crossing the river in the old nuggas and captured Dervish boats, a fine spirited sketch. This I posted in the Sirdar's despatch-bag; the fates, however, were against me that night. His orderly came and reported the loss of the mail-bag by the sinking of one of the old Dervish boats. This is trifling in some respects, but when you are down and tired with forced marching and very little sleep, one feels as if some great disaster had occurred.

IN THE CORNER

So often, poor wee rogue, they sent
His blithe heart into banishment,
So oft his blurred angelic face
Was wall-ward turned in dire disgrace,
That, moved with pity for his sake,
What does his grand-dad do but take
Palette and brush, and fill with bloom
That penal corner of the room?

Small woodmen share the culprit's grief;
Fairies peep out from flower and leaf;
His heart the droll brown squirrel cheers,
And sets him smiling through his tears.

"Grandpa," they cried, "you spoil the child!"
More kindly wise the old artist smiled:
"Pain often hardens—have a care!
God does not leave *our* 'corners' bare."

VIDA BRISS.

THE MOTHER

By MAARTEN MAARTENS, Author of "God's Fool," etc. etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

II

(Continued)

THE next day being a Sunday, mother and son spent their morning, according to an invariable rule, in the distant village church. As they came out at the central door the Baron stopped them, and walked a few paces by the widow's side, which mark of favour was the highest that he could confer on any of his humbler dependants. Isaac fell back.

"If it weren't for Sunday church," said the Baron, "I do believe you'd never come down to the village from year's end to year's end. One would think you disliked your neighbours."

"No, indeed. No, indeed," replied the widow. "But, saving your presence, Mynheer the Baron, if you'd lived all your life in the backwoods you'd feel like a squirrel yourself."

"I wish I were half as frisky," said the Baron. "Well, well, I've no right to complain. I'd never have thought to see Isaac my gamekeeper."

Still hale at eighty something, the Baron walked almost erect.

"And a very good keeper he makes, I'm told," said the Baron, cheerfully nodding his silvery head.

The old woman, in her stiff cap and gown, smiled. "Thank God and Mynheer the Baron he is what he is," she answered; "and I wish he was more. Not that I'm complaining. In some ways 'tis hard work—night after night, and the winter nights a-coming! Don't please think I'm afraid, Mynheer the Baron. I well know every trade has its own peculiar dangers; and wasn't I a keeper's daughter, and a keeper's wife and mother?—and, la! I was a bit of a keeper myself! Still, I'm glad every night of my life to hear my boy's good-night."

"But he needn't go out every night of your life," objected the Baron. He struck, a little irritably, at a pebble with his stick.

Whereupon the widow's serious features assumed that air of tranquil triumph which had been a secret source of amusement to her neighbours ever since the day when she had first led Isaac to the village-school.

The Baron now, watching her, also laughed good-humouredly. "Well, well, Basset says the hillside woods are the best looked after on the whole estate."

"They were that in my father's time, were they not, Mynheer the Baron?"

"Well, well—perhaps they were. I have an idea, Vrouw Quint, you consider the hillside woods belong to you quite as much as to me?"

"No, Mynheer the Baron," replied the widow gravely. "But I know every stick and every stone of them, and have done these fifty years. The money value is yours, sir."

"Well, well," said the Baron again, "there's a pretty girl waiting to walk home with you. Isaac is gone, is he? Or only lagging behind? H'm. Good-day, Christine Brodel. Good-day, Vrouw Quint."

"'Tis a long walk for a girl by herself, Christine," remarked the widow, as they trudged on, side by side.

"Father's behind," replied Christine, "with—with Isaac."

"Your mother doesn't come to church as often as she might," continued the widow.

"No, nor Isaac wasn't there last Sunday," said the girl.

"Isaac had some snares to look after," protested the widow quickly. "Well, well," she added in a gentler tone, "your mother's very stout."

"Yea, and she don't like to rob the old horse of his Sunday rest."

"Nor Isaac can't bear to see me start alone. La! 'Judge not that ye be not judged.' You're right, girl; there isn't a truer text in the Bible."

For some minutes after that each was busy with her own thoughts along the sodden road.

"It *is* a great way," said Christine. "Dear, how you must tire of it! But you were born in the cottage, weren't you? and I suppose you'll——" She checked herself.

"No, I shan't," replied the widow coolly. "When my son marries, I take myself off."

"Oh, you couldn't!" exclaimed the girl, all a-blush with vexation. "His wife 'd never—she——"

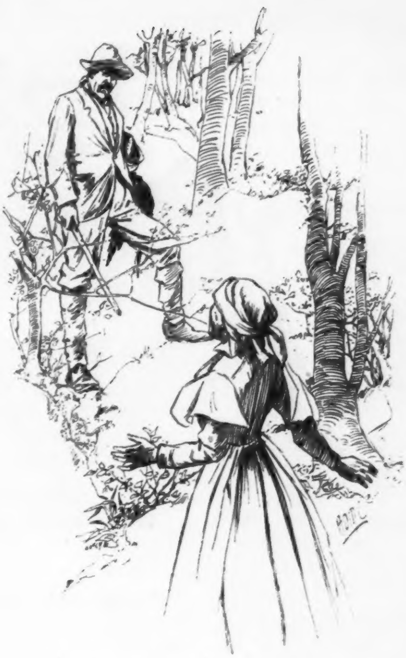
"Well, she?" said the widow provokingly.

"I don't know anything about her," replied Christine, with some spirit, "but the whole country knows about you and your son. Nobody 'd venture to part you, Vrouw Quint."

"Part!" repeated the widow, her eyes far away, over the tree-tops. "Divide, you mean? No wife could do that, but she separates. God has willed it so, little Christine. Your father is calling—now, where is that booby of an Isaac? Gone altogether? Disappeared? La! what fools young men are in our days!"

She trudged on alone, through the barren autumn landscape, through the sullen autumn day. At the turnpike, where dwelt her nearest neighbour and friend, lame old Kate Lonkeboor, she stopped for a few remarks about the weather, then turned off towards the hill and the woods. She felt tired, and breathed with some difficulty; yet, from old habit, she found it almost impossible to keep to the open road; before she had gone any distance all trace of her was lost among the trees.

She had penetrated into the heart of her familiar woods, when a low whistle struck suddenly on her ear. She knew the meaning of that whistle immediately. It was a signal. She darted round a low plantation of brush wood, and almost ran up against Tom Bunsing.



"Almost ran up against Tom Bunsing"

"D——" cried the poacher, starting back. Two pheasants hung from his elbow.

"I recognised your whistle!" said the widow quietly. But she gasped.

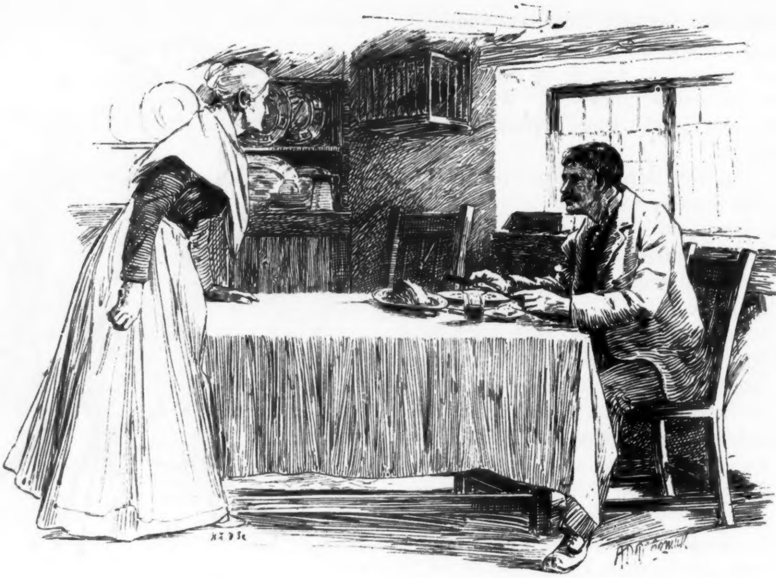
"D—— you for an old spy!" said Tom Bunsing. "I knew your precious son was on t'other side of the hill. Oh, on t'other side—ha! ha!"

"I shall report you to Basset. You shall be prosecuted," said the widow fearlessly.

Tom Bunsing laughed. "No you won't," he replied threateningly. "You'll keep a quiet tongue in your head. There'll be more reportings some day than you bargain for. Give my love to your dear son, my lady, and tell him I shall drink his health to-night. Ta, ta!"

"Oh, the scoundrel!" cried the widow, trembling with rage. "I shall certainly report you to Basset!"

She hurried on home, full of her indignation. Isaac was pacing the small kitchen in one of his restless moods. She got ready



"What did he say about drinking my health?"

their mid-day meal. They had nearly finished it before she told of her adventure with Tom Bunsing.

"What did he say?" exclaimed Isaac, dropping knife and fork. "Did he say that? What did he say, mother, about drinking my health?"

"Goodness, Isaac, what's the matter? How pale you are! You've got cold, these wintry days, in the woods. After dinner I'll make you some——"

"No, no; I'm all right! What did he say about drinking my health?"

"Oh, that was his insolence. I shall certainly tell Basset."

"Mother, I do wish you'd leave the care of the woods to me!"

Her thin cheek coloured ever so faintly, but she only called to the dog. She could make nothing of Isaac's manner. Instead of sitting dozing over the Sunday fire, he started up, on the first opportunity, and hastened out. The widow remained pensive, occasionally talking to Blackie, for Beppo, his dinner over, had followed his master.

Presently the lame turnpike-woman looked in for a chat, and from Katey Mary Quint learnt, amid a flood of other gossip, that Tom Bunsing had announced his intention of marrying Christine Brodel. For Tom Bunsing, though he went poaching from sheer devilry, was the son of a small but respectable farmer.

"Aha! I understand!" said the widow to herself.

Isaac, free from the torture of his mother's eyes, tore through the quiet woods to his distant hiding-place. He reached it, in a fever of anxiety, and thrust his hand down into the hollow; it struck against the bottles; they were safe.

He laughed aloud. With considerable pains he had procured this store of spirits, buying it in the market-town, at a place where he was entirely unknown, carefully conveying it away and secreting it, a few bottles at a time. Not a soul in the village had ever seen him buy more than one dram; certainly none would have thought the worse of him for doing so; but his mother's peace of mind—his unique preoccupation—was safe. It mattered not, as he often most bitterly told himself, that some day he should become a notorious drunkard, such being his terrible, inevitable fate—if only the grave had first closed on the one heart that loved him! Only so long, so long, O God!

He opened one of the bottles, and put it to his lips. Immediately he dropped it, sputtering. It contained nothing but water. The broken pieces lay on the ground. The dog crept up and licked them.

Isaac stood horror-struck, trying to realise what this trickery meant. His secret was in the hands of the poachers.

He stood a long time, but the whirlwind of his thoughts would not twist itself clear. The dog pushed up against him, whining. He stooped and patted it.

Already the dull November day was declining. Suddenly, in a shiver of searching wind, one thought arose before him, terribly distant. The night was coming—it was already there—and he hadn't a drop of drink!

Then the drink-frenzy came upon him—the dread of the approaching craving, the agony of thirst. He shrieked aloud and fled straight across the forest to the hill-road, past the cottage, towards the village, towards the tavern, towards relief! The dog ran panting beside him.

By the time he reached the nearest houses in the twilight the lamps were coming out. The long haste, the increasing desire—these had strained every fibre of his being till he moaned as if in physical pain. He hurried along the deserted street to the public-house. At its door he stood gasping for a moment; then he entered, and, steadying his voice:

"Good evening, Baas Picker—a dram!" he breathed.

A shout of laughter arose from a corner of the badly-lit room. Round a table, in the half-dark, amidst fumes of gin and petroleum, half a dozen choice spirits sat grouped.

The keeper turned and faced them with a violent effort at self-control.

"Let me stand you a glass, Quint!" cried the voice of Tom Bunsing.

"Thank you, I can pay for myself," retorted Isaac, with difficulty suppressing his fury. He tossed down the liquor, and felt his brain steady itself. "With honestly-got money," he added.

"You'll want it to supply your cellar," remarked another voice, in the dusk.

"Hist!" said an older man.

Isaac stood by the bar, yearning to tear himself away from the deepening disgrace.

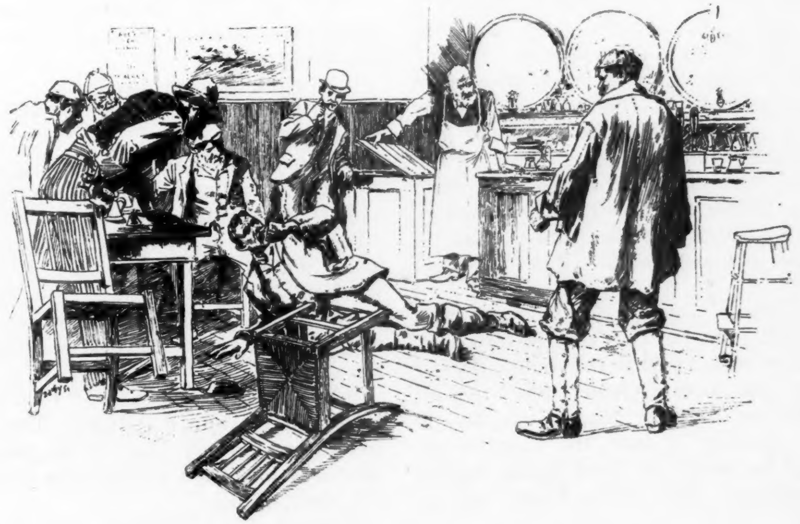
"Give me another," he said. "'Tis a very damp night."

Another shout of merriment greeted the words.

"Why, keeper, you're unusually thirsty?" said the publican with a meaning smile.

The men in the corner sat watching.

"I say, Quint," called Tom Bunsing, "friends, you know—and no harm meant! But your mother had better keep a quiet tongue in her head."



"'Do you want any more?' questioned Isaac"

"Hold yours," said Isaac.

The poacher jumped up with an oath, and came forward.

"One more," said Isaac, calmly, "then I'm off."

But nobody laughed this time. The men had gathered round.

"I tell you," began Bunsing, "your mother——"

"If you mention her again in this place, I'll knock you down," said the keeper, pushing back his empty glass.

The other laughed defiantly, though he stepped back a pace.

"Your mother——"

"Do you want any more?" questioned Isaac, as Tom Bunsing picked himself up.

"Look you, I'll have no fighting here," interposed the publican angrily. "Go outside, the whole lot of you, and, Tom, give him as good as you got!"

"I'll give him better—some day," said the crestfallen hero, rubbing his forehead.

But nobody moved.

"You can find me whenever you want to," retorted Isaac. "Here, Picker, put me up a bottle of gin! Here's the money."

They all stood watching the publican at work. Isaac pushed the bottle into the pocket of his pea-jacket.

"Look here, you fellows," he said in a low, clear voice, "I—I'm an honest man. I've never done any of you an ill-turn. I'll fight any of you, if you wish it, though I don't know why. But no knives." He addressed himself to the older man. "Bost," he said, "make them see they must spare my mother! Don't—don't let it get to my mother! It's a good joke—a capital joke against me. But it'll keep. She's an old woman,"—his voice grew desperate—"don't let it go farther at present! Boys, think of your own—no, it's not the same. Here, do what you like with me, but don't let it get to her!"

The others stood aside, awkward, with evil grins. But Jan Bost stepped forward.

"There's not a soul in the country doesn't honour your mother, Quint. She's a good plucked one, and she got me two days in quod. Nobody 'd have the heart or the courage to breathe a word against you in her presence. Here, shake hands, and go home."

The keeper retraced his steps with leaden heart. He chewed tobacco as he went to keep down the smell of the spirits. He must find a new hiding-place for his treasure. It was nearly nine when his mother opened the door.

"What a strange Sunday!" she said. "Where have you been?" Then, lest her words should seem to imply suspicion or reproach:

"Don't think I'm spying on you, Isaac. La! I know you're in love. But there, I dare say it's only my fancy. She's a sweet little girl, and a good." She set out his supper, carefully kept hot. "Not but what you ought to tell me, Isaac," she added with simple inconsistency. "I'm your mother, and I've a right to be told. Sometimes I think you're afraid to tell me, for fear I should mind or be jealous. Boy, surely you know me better than that!"

"Indeed, mother, there's nothing," he protested, pretending to eat.

She posted herself in front of him, squaring her arms. "So you're not in love?" she said.

He had never lied to her point-blank. "I told you before, I shall never marry," he answered.

She laughed a happy little laugh. "They all say that," she cried, "a week or two before the courting. Very well, Isaac, only mind one thing. Don't let *her* mother know it's settled before I do!"

"All right!" he answered. "But if I promise that, mother, you must promise me something too."

"All right," said the magpie.

"Well, what is it?" asked the widow, full of tranquil content.

"That you will leave Tom Bunsing alone."

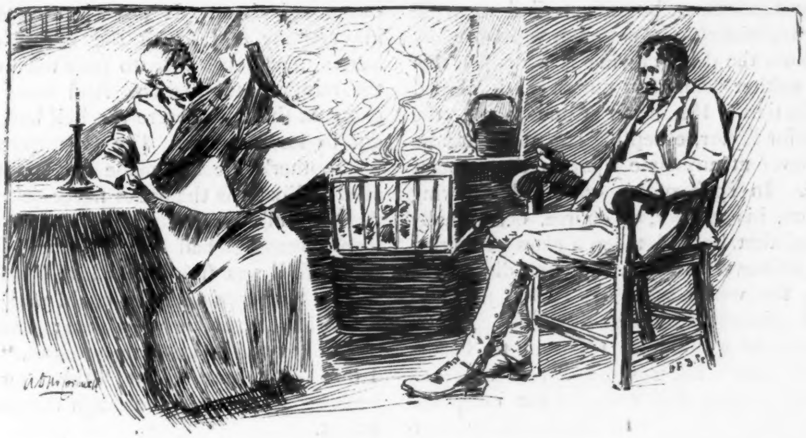
"Leave Tom Bunsing alone!" she repeated, and all the brightness went from her voice. "Do you mean to say not tell Basset that I found him with two pheasants?"

"Yes."

The widow rested her hand on the table. "My own son ask me to cheat our master?" she said.

"No," said Isaac clumsily. "I'll tell them I let him off with a caution. They can't convict him on your story of the pheasants. Mother, I don't want to make him desperate. I'm afraid of him."

"Afraid!" she repeated, with a clear ring of scorn. "Afraid of your rival? Oh!



" 'Why, here's a capital story,' she said"

Isaac, it's not that; forgive me, dear. I understand. Nonsense, he won't hurt *me*, Isaac. Why, none of them's ever touched me all these years."

"Let him alone, mother. I'm keeper. It's my business." The words rang louder than he knew.

"Isaac, you never spoke to me like that before!" Her quick eyes flashed.

"I don't want to speak wrong to you now. It isn't my fault if you meddle——"

"Silence!" She waited. "I am going to bed," she said, and passed out of the room.

III

In a few days the whole country-side—one solitary soul excepted—had learnt that the good-looking, respectable young keeper—Quint, old widow Quint's son, Isaac Quint—habitually took drink, in large quantities, on the sly. Now, the consumption of strong liquors, though perhaps hardly a thing to be proud of, was not either a subject for general disapproval or even remark; but the secrecy, the hoard, and especially the trick so successfully played on "the hypocrite," all these combined to heap contempt on his head. No one was angrier than Picker, the publican, who, considering himself cheated of legitimate profit, openly expressed his opinion that young Isaac had stolen the liquor he so carefully hid. This presumption the village rejected, but it accepted another, namely, that the keeper, whom nobody had ever seen drunk, must have accustomed himself to intemperance from his boyhood. For weeks, nay, for months, the detected delinquent lived in an atmosphere of angry derision. The long-dreaded discovery had come. He faced it, content, if but, on returning from his work in the evening, he read the still unchanged welcome upon his mother's face.

If!—*there* hung the daily, hourly suspense which made his life an unbroken terror. At any moment the blow might fall. His thoughts dwelt on it alone in the woods, at work amongst his comrades, whilst receiving orders at daybreak, whilst watching through the silence of the night. Even now perhaps, as he sat laughing at that joke in the loud tavern, the fatal word was being spoken in the cottage. If his mother talked apart with some neighbour he trembled. One evening, in the beginning of his torment, she chuckled suddenly over the little local paper—"Old Gossip" the country people called it. "Why, here's a capital story," she said. And she read aloud, sufficiently altered for printing, the tale of "The Tippler Tricked."

As she finished, he joined in her laugh.

"Ha, ha! very funny!" he said.

She peered over her spectacles. For one second his heart stood still. "Yes," she assented, "and serve him right, says I!"

With the tact which is born only of

infinite tenderness, he still studied to avoid betraying ***himself***. In common with so many for whom the drink-craving is a disease, his body neither demanded nor easily developed intoxication. He never came home the worse for liquor, excepting late at night; he was never at any time tipsy in the popular sense. In spite of his constantly chewing tobacco, his mother, of course, occasionally noticed that he had taken a glass of spirits. She had never known a man who did not.

As the weeks went by, and the storms lulled without reaching the hill-top, some measure of tranquillity returned to Isaac's breast. After all, it was a fact of universal experience that evil rumours but rarely encountered the persons immediately concerned. Nobody, except a politician, has the faintest idea what is said of him by his foes or his friends. But for the scene in the tavern, Isaac himself might have doubted the truth. His master had never mentioned the subject. Only, once, the head keeper had bidden him, with a sneer, to look out.

So, Sunday after Sunday, the widow, in her stiffest of garments, walked to church on her tall son's arm. She noticed, indeed, that people stopped and stared after them, but people, especially women, had always done that. She smiled to herself. If she had met a young fellow like Isaac she also would have stopped and stared.

It was true, as Jan Bost had said, that her neighbours respected her respectability. Strong provocation would be required to do her a cruel and superfluous wrong. The man who most appreciated their forbearance loathed himself for requiring it. He had never yet fought against the curse which oppressed him as he fought during those first weeks while the whole world was mocking him. He must conquer now. For, when the truth crashed down upon her, as it inevitably some day would, and she arose, broken-hearted, to reproach him, then must he be able to answer that his guilt, if not his shame, was a thing of the past. He ***must*** conquer. For many weeks he fought with the energy of despair. And, despairing, fell.

Then even the last frail hope broke under him, and he let himself sink. There was no longer any reason for hiding his secret from any but his mother. He went openly to buy drink at the village tavern; he stayed to consume it there. It was pleasant to drink in company and forget the horror at his heart. Far better than to pace the woods in the rainy winter nights. And some of the chaps at the tavern were not half bad if you got to know them. The circumstances of his mother's life had made her too unsociable. What was the use of never quitting the desolate hill, living like a weasel or an owl? Tom Bunsing had capital stories—if he poached, it was from sheer love of danger, a feeling that even a keeper could understand. Isaac had never borne malice; when Tom stepped up to him grinning and said, "Come, I owe you a dram, Quint!" the poor fellow accepted the offer with a laugh that sounded bright.

Meanwhile, the scandal of his intemperate habits having become a patent fact, the neighbourhood ceased to talk. But one Sabbath the minister, gazing down from the pulpit on mother and son, suddenly made up his mind to "take measures." The minister was an old man now, and he still believed himself a wise one.

"Petronella," he said on the Monday at dinner to the maiden sister who lived with him, "Isaac Quint must become a Blue Ribbonite. I shall walk over presently and tell his mother so."

"His mother?" The sister looked up. "His mother? Remember, James, his mother doesn't *know*."

"Amazing!" said the minister. "Yes, of course, I am aware! She must be very blind."

"Love is blind," replied the little old lady, shaking her corkscrew curls, "in her case. And foreseeing, in his. How he must love her! I cannot keep from watching them in church."

"Fie!" said the minister. "Not during the sermon, I hope?"

"Could we but help them!" she continued. "Yes, we will go together. It will require a great deal of care."

"You!" exclaimed the minister. "It would certainly upset you! You cannot walk half so far!"

She looked across at him and reflected.

"Yes, I can," she said. "Yes, I can. It is a fine afternoon. Let us go."

A few minutes later they started; the frail little spinster held on bravely along the straight line of road.

NATURE'S SOAPS

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.

SOAP is one of those minor accessories of life which Englishmen are apt to class as a necessity rather than as a luxury: easily obtained, always at hand, it has become almost as much a part of his life as his bread and cheese, and it is not until fate places him outside the pale of soap that he discovers what a large hiatus in his comfort its absence makes. And though, it may be safely asserted, not all the nations are equal worshippers of that virtue which stands second only to godliness, yet throughout the world, men who have attained to any fair degree of civilisation have naturally sought for aids in the cleansing of their bodies and their clothes, and it is interesting and instructive to note what have been the precursors and what are still the substitutes for the delicate scented tablet so familiar to us now.

In the earliest times the ashes of burnt plants were commonly used. It is undoubtedly to a detergent of this kind that the prophet Jeremiah alludes when in a rebuke to Israel he scathingly tells that people that the blackness of its iniquity cannot be cleansed "though thou wash thee with lye and take thee much soap."

Soap proper, formed by the combination of a fatty substance and an alkali, was a preparation known to the Romans, who are supposed to have borrowed the idea from the Germans (thus Pliny speaks of a Gallic invention of this nature which gave a bright hue to the hair). And the common soap of every-day life is a direct descendant of this preparation.

But it is of cleansing agents which are direct products of nature that this article is to take cognisance, and therefore we turn away from the manufactured products of civilisation and look further afield. And the first that attracts us is in the Far East, for the Chinese, that ancient nation who seem to have known something of everything, discovered ages ago quite a different "soap" in the fruit of a certain species of tree which they have continued to employ from the earliest times until the present day. These "Soap-Trees" as they are familiarly called, belong to the natural orders the Leguminoseæ and the Sapindaceæ, orders closely allied in the vegetable kingdom, and are partly wild and partly cultivated for their economic uses. Up to the present comparatively little has been known about them, while of their chemical properties we are still practically ignorant, though it is not likely we shall long remain so, in view of certain trade developments in the near future. Probably the power of these fruits to "wash" is due to the presence within them of saponin, a vegetable principle whose chief property is the ability to form a lather with water. All the trees bear their seeds enclosed in pods of various shapes and sizes, and it is these pods which contain the saponin and are used as cleansing agents. The common soap-trees are different kinds of Gleditschia (leguminous plants), the particular variety employed in any district or province depending on the species indigenous to that locality. Altogether there are about eight species of Gleditschia occurring in Eastern Asia which fall under the classification of soap-trees; some are very widely distributed, while others are known in their wild state only in very limited areas. The pods are black, thin, and long—in one variety they are even reported to reach the great length of 20 inches—and the seeds inside are also black and hard. The Chinese call these trees by the name of Tsao-chia, *i.e.*, black pods, or sometimes Tsao-chio, *i.e.*, black horns, from the appearance of the pods. In Central Asia a soap-tree very much esteemed is known as Fei-Tsao, literally Fat-Gleditschia (though it is not a Gleditschia at all, but a Gymnocladus), the cognomen "fat" being due to its thick brown pods, which are a contrast to the thin ones already mentioned.

Another soap-tree is a certain Sapindus, which is remarkable for being a beautiful tree of considerable size; it bears a fleshy fruit about the dimensions of a large cherry, and here the fleshy part contains the saponin and is naturally the part employed in washing operations. This tree is indigenous to

China and Formosa, but has been introduced into Japan, and is also cultivated in North-west India and Bengal, all on account of its valuable detergent properties. A use is even found for the hard black seeds within the fruit, for they are strung together into necklaces and rosaries.

It might be thought, perhaps, that the modern well-advertised washing powders were a product of the civilisation of the nineteenth century; but this is erroneous, for the Chinese have a prototype of even this aid to domestic comfort, as, indeed, they seem to possess of every imaginable invention. Their washing powder, however, is made by grinding down into a fine powder the black seeds of a particular Sapindus, and as the chief purpose to which it is put is to cleanse the hair, perhaps, like the Gallic invention mentioned by Pliny, it is a hair beautifier as well. Curiously enough, the outer succulent part of this fruit is not used in washing, but is eaten and esteemed a delicacy, the saponin in this case being principally located in the seeds and not in the fleshy envelope.

Another shrub of a different nature from which the Chinese derived their soap is the tea-oil-tree. The seeds of this plant are crushed in order to extract the "tea-oil," and the residue, though deprived of its oil, is found to contain a quantity of saponin, therefore it is kept and used for washing of every description—hair, person, and clothes.

It is interesting as an example of the tendency of all that is on the world to move in a cycle, to notice that there is a probability of the fruit of these soap-trees, so long employed in the East, being introduced into Western commerce, so that eventually the ancient discovery of one of the oldest nations may probably figure as the newest patent and idea of Western trade. So true is it that there is nothing new under the sun. This suggested source of saponin may prove of great value, for apparently the trees are plentiful enough and the fruit produced in great abundance, and were encouragement given to the Chinese doubtless large quantities of pods could be readily obtained for exportation. Moreover, it is asserted that this kind of "soap" is unsurpassed for cleansing the more delicate silks and fabrics, and the hair. And on both these points the Chinaman ought to be a good judge.

It is certainly true that although large quantities of our soap are now annually imported into China both by England and Germany, the Chinaman always prefers to use his own in cases where great care is required.

Besides this property, saponin is also used by pharmaceutists in many preparations, and thus it has a double commercial value.

But other nations besides the Chinese have found the utility of various parts of plants in their washing operations. In India and Ceylon clothes are ordinarily washed by means of the fruit soap-berries of these Sapindus trees. One common variety—Sapindus emarginatus—has a berry whose viscid semi-transparent fleshy part makes a most excellent frothy lather with water; while the pulp of the fruit of Sapindus saponaria—the best known soap-plant—is said, when used with water, to cleanse more linen than sixty times its weight of alkaline soap could do. Even if this be a slight exaggeration, its saponaceous property is sufficiently evident. In both of these trees the same quality is exhibited by the bark and the root, though in a minor degree.

In Chili a washing powder is made from the bark of a large native tree—Quillaya saponaria. The bark is reduced to powder and is extensively employed as a substitute for soap.

A celebrated soap-plant of world-wide reputation—Yucca filamentosa—hails from the valleys of California. It is known locally as the Amole and is a plant of considerable beauty, tall and slender and bearing purple and white lily-like flowers; while the leaves spring up year by year from an underground bulb; it is remarkable and not easily mistaken. The bulb contains the saponaceous principle of which the Spanish population were not slow to avail themselves, and even to the present date the amole-bulb is still more or less used in their domestic economy.

Lemons are another substitute for soap in use in many countries where they are abundant, as, for instance, in the West Indies. Their cleansing power is not due to saponin, for they are not able to form a lather with water, but to the citric acid they contain, which, as is well known, has a remarkable action in removing stains.

Therefore to cleanse the hands it is only necessary to squeeze a little lemon juice over them and then rub them together briskly, afterwards rinsing in water.

In the mineral world nature has provided one or two isolated examples of soap ready to hand. In Timor, one of the islands of the Malay Archipelago, there is a village noted for its possession of soap springs. Mr. Wallace, the well-known naturalist, visited these springs, and describes the water as feeling very soapy to the touch, while if any greasy substance is washed in it a fine lather is produced, with resulting cleansing. The soapiness of the water is due to the great quantity of alkali and iodine contained in it; and although the advantage of having soap baths always at hand is fairly obvious, yet the gain is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that the presence of these substances has a very detrimental effect upon the vegetation for a considerable distance round. The water bubbles up out of a small mud cone situated on rising ground, so that the spring resembles a miniature volcano.

America is never to be outdone, so Nevada claims to possess a soap mine, the only one in the world. It is said to be situated near the line of the Central Pacific Railway, and lately some mottled Castile soap has been exhibited which was made from the products of this mine. Whether a company will ever be formed to float the mine, and, moreover, whether there would be any dividends if it did, are still matters wrapped in dimmest obscurity. If a new source of soap is wanted the Chinese soap-trees would probably offer a far better security for money, for, at any rate, the satisfactory experience of ages counts for something, and our Celestial brethren are probably right in claiming that they possess one of the best of cleansing agents.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR FEBRUARY

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

THE DIVERSE VESSELS OF GOD'S HOUSE.—2 Tim. ii. 20.

FIRST SUNDAY

A HOMELY figure may yet convey very high and helpful truth, and the truth may well chance to be all the more effective by contrast with the homeliness of its setting. Such is the idea conveyed here by the variety of vessels required for the service of a great house: the thought is very important, while its form is not very elevated. The Apostle has been speaking of the foundation of God's house, and its stability as guaranteed by the twofold seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His," and "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." That is to say, the ground of the Christian's assurance of salvation is the divine knowledge which cares for his well-being, and the human faithfulness that sees to his well-doing. But in the workings of the mind we often find one thought linking itself on to another, not by any logical connection, but simply because one illustration suggests another, until the idea grows to its completeness. So the reference to the foundation of a house reminds Paul of its furnishing, and its stability recalls to his mind the variety and richness of its arrangements. The solid and enduring mansion suggests also the diverse vessels it contains.

In such a great house, then, as he has in his view—in the palaces of kings and nobles—there will always be found a great variety of vessels, some rich and rare, others as common and ordinary. A certain number are made of gold and silver, and their material, costly in itself, is often greatly enhanced by the cunning work of the goldsmith, which, perhaps, more than doubles its value. Others again are of earth or wood—pots of iron or clay, bowls or trenchers of timber, sometimes carved and polished, and in that way made more precious, but often simply fitted by the smith, the potter, or the carpenter for their proper use and service, whatever that may be. There is no small diversity, then, in such vessels, both in respect of the materials of which they are made, and the workmanship expended upon them. Yet all of them—the cheap as much as the costly—are sanctified, or cleansed, so as to be fit for the master's use. Some of them are "for honour, and some for dishonour"; that is to say, the precious gold and silver ones are chiefly meant for great occasions, for high festivals, and sacred services, or when their owner would show special respect to some important guest; while the others—those of earth or wood—are for the ordinary every-day uses of the household. They are not meant for any dishonourable purpose, nor are they to be treated as if they were utterly worthless, only they are not brought out at any of the grander feasts when the wealth of the family is displayed. But all alike belong to the great house, and have their appointed place and use there; and the humbler ones may well happen to be more familiar to the master's hand than the others, and in their own way, too, he may like them quite as well. That is all the Apostle means when he says that "some are for honour, and some for dishonour."

There are, then, great diversities of natural character, and these persist in all their original force even after men have believed, and become new creatures in Christ. Some men are of a higher and richer order of mind than others, touched to finer issues, endowed with nobler gifts of insight and wisdom and genius. In like manner some are by nature purer, sweeter, lovelier, and in all the essential qualities of moral beauty greatly excel others, as much as cups of silver and gold are better than bowls and platters of wood. They are different in the beginning and they continue different to the end. Doubtless there is a sense in which all are equal before God. They have all equal rights. They all stand on the same footing as sinners, and may all with equal freedom partake of His grace. "There is no difference, for all have come short"; and also there is no difference, for all alike are welcome "to receive out of the fulness of Christ." We must never forget, as we think of the diverse vessels, this absolute equality of need, and of right, and of hope. The Gospel is a great leveller, both levelling down all our pretensions and levelling up all our best desires and expectations. That heart has not yet caught any true vision of God which does not feel itself on a level with the humblest; nor has it got a true insight into His grace if it does not hope to stand on the same footing as the highest; for Christ must be the all in all of both. Yet this legal equality is quite consistent with a vast diversity both of mental and moral character. In these respects they are not all equal either in their natural, or in their new, birth. Some are abler than others. Some are better than others. Some have intellectual powers capable of being trained to do what few of us could ever dream of doing. Some, again, have sweet and pure and loving natures that blossom like wild flowers, and shed a fragrance of goodness through all their days. I do not know that those qualities, however desirable in themselves, are always an advantage to those who possess them. At the great turning-point of life they sometimes prove to be a stumbling-block. For the strong intellect is apt to rely on its powers, and to rebel against the idea of becoming as a little child to be simply taught of God; and the beautiful moral nature that harbours no ill thoughts is often hard to persuade that it also, like other sinners, needs "the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." So far, then, these gifts may be even a drawback and a hindrance; but at any rate they are there—natural inequalities of character and power—and they remain there still when nature is penetrated and elevated by the grace of God.

It is well to bear in mind, then, that there are "diverse vessels in the great house," and that some are fitted for one service, some for another. There is an old saying, "The greater the sinner, the greater the saint," but I am not sure that that is the rule, though perhaps it ought to be. Christ came to save sinners, and the more wicked one has been the more he should feel the richness of that grace which "plucked the brand from the burning." But He came also to attract to Himself, as by a divine magnet, whatever of good and pure and lovely He found in the world, and, by grafting it into Himself, to make it holier and heavenlier than the noblest nature can otherwise be.

And I venture to think it is commonly these last who turn out to be "the vessels of honour," the "vessels of silver and gold," who are specially sanctified for the higher uses of the Master.

SECOND SUNDAY

It is the order of nature that the unity of the whole should be maintained by an infinite variety of details. I suppose there are not two blades of grass that are exactly the same, nor yet two animals that have not distinguishing features, however like they seem on a cursory glance. That is how vital force always manifests itself; it is only mechanical power that produces exact copies, and repeats itself over and over again. Wherever you find Life at work, you may count it for certain there will be variety amid all the wonderful unity of the result as a whole. Christians, then, are not all of one pattern, though they be all of one heart. Their thoughts differ often, their experiences vary not seldom, their characters are frequently unlike, though they all spring from one vital energy, and all grow up after one great exemplar. They are not forced into one mould, but are allowed the free play of living development. It is an example that they have to follow, not a model they have to copy. Therefore the Church is not like a machine for manufacturing material whereof each piece is but a repetition of the other, rather it is a nursery where various plants grow, and are carefully trained according to the laws of their own individual nature; or it is a school for educating human beings, all of whom, indeed, have one thing in common, but each has also his own special character. Our Lord was careful not to interfere with that individuality, not to produce a monotonous sameness among His followers, but to give free play to their personal qualities. Among His Apostles there were some "vessels of honour and some of dishonour"—some of gold and silver on which He could expend a more exquisite workmanship than was needed for those of wood and clay, though, doubtless, He laboured to bring each of them to such a perfection as it was able to receive. Peter and James and John, who were the choice of the chosen, enjoyed some privileges which did not fall to the rest, and were with Him on the Holy Mount where they beheld His glory, and also in the garden where they witnessed His weakness and His sorrow. They had qualities fitting them to partake of such an honour, and though at the time they did not seem to profit much by it, we may be very sure that those experiences helped not a little to form their characters as leaders in the great work to which they had been called. Of some of the others also we get a clear enough picture, though it may be only as by a sudden flash of light, so that we have a distinct conception of their personal attributes; as, *e.g.*, of Thomas, with his doubting mind, so hard to believe some things, yet so ready to go and die with the Master whom he loved; and of Philip, "who had been so long time with Him, and yet did not know the Father"; of Nathanael, "the Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile"; and of Matthew, who had been a publican, and, therefore, must needs have had all his wits about him. These vessels were diverse, and had a marked individuality, which would enable them to play their part in the task that lay before them. This Jesus did not seek to crush, but rather cherished it, for it would be needed if His Gospel was to be effectually preached to all the different kinds of men on the earth. Of the rest, except Judas, we know little or nothing, very likely, I think, because there was really nothing to tell. They were probably vessels of wood or clay for the commoner service of the house, but they were not, therefore, useless, for as it takes all sorts of people to make a world, it needs a great variety, too, to make an apostolate; and each member of the body of Christ—the humbler as well as the higher—has its part to play in the ministry of faith and hope. They were all true-hearted men, and all were trained and qualified for such service as they were able to render. But the generous, if impulsive and confident, Peter, and the zealous "sons of thunder" who had the ambitious Salome for their mother, were the vessels of gold which He was preparing for the burden of His greater tasks and higher honours, and on them His love and His confidence were specially bestowed. Intellectually and morally they were able to receive a culture which, if I may so speak, would have been in a manner thrown away upon the others.

There is a kind of monotonous sameness

which the Church, every now and then, seems anxious to produce. It has a tradition of excellence which it would fain see repeated in all followers of Christ, and it is fain to discourage any departure from it. No doubt that favoured ideal varies at different times, but while it lasts it is intolerant of individual character. For a long while it was the mediæval sanctity of self-mortification that prevailed. That was succeeded by the sound theologian, with his compact system of doctrines buttressed by texts and reasons. Then came the Evangelical holiness, with its combination of the other two—its milder form of self-mortification, and its demand for "clear views of the Gospel plan." And so long as one or other of those ideals prevailed, every one who claimed to be a Christian must conform to the pious fashion of the hour, or else be repudiated as a "heathen man and a publican." It was not enough that a man's whole character and conduct plainly implied that he was in unison with Christ, for the better he was it was thought that the example of his irregularities would be the more dangerous. The tyranny of uniformity ruled every departure from its *norm* outside of the true faith. The vessels of gold and silver would allow no room in the great house for those of wood or clay, and the wooden ones, in their turn, were fain to cast out those of more precious material, as Judas, on a pretence of charity, would have repudiated the Magdalen with her box of costly spikenard. All this was alien to the mind of the Master. Almost nothing strikes me as more beautiful and godlike than His tolerance for every variety of character if only the heart were right. He had not a hard word for the doubts of Didymus, which would have constrained many zealous ecclesiastics to cast the Apostle "out of the synagogue." Nor was He less tender with Martha when that homely clay vessel complained of Him for leaving all the household care to her, and letting Mary sit at His feet. Each must do after her kind. Martha must serve, though she need not trouble herself to make so large a provision for His simple wants; yet Mary showed a finer courtesy in that she did not leave Him alone to think He was a burdensome, instead of an honoured guest. All through His life we may trace this large and tolerant spirit. Peter and James and John might be His most intimate friends; but they must not domineer over the others. There was a place for them all. The great house had its "vessels of honour and also of dishonour," and their Lord had a use for them all, they were all sanctified and meet for His service.

THIRD SUNDAY

We have seen that among the Apostles there were men of diverse characters, and that some of them got nearer to the Master, and were honoured with a closer intimacy than others, though all of them were loved as friends whom He had chosen. He was careful also to maintain their individuality, and would not let one, however favoured, domineer over the others, or refuse them a place in His household. For Christianity purifies, elevates, ennobles, sanctifies natural character, but does not abolish it. The man still remains essentially such as God made him, impulsive or reflective, credulous or doubtful, a homespun Martha or a devotee like Mary. Each must be true to his own nature, and any attempt to destroy that diversity of character would introduce an element of falsity and pretence utterly alien from the spirit of the Master. He who is not true to himself shall hardly be true to his Lord. They cannot be all alike, but they must all be sanctified—cleansed and made meet for the Master's use.

What is of consequence, then, in regard to the diverse vessels, is not the material of which they are made, but that they are purged from unseemly defilement. There must be pots of iron or clay for some of the household work. Silver and gold are ill-fitted to bear the fire and the smoke. And those who have to fulfil the humbler part will do well to remember that their office is not less needful than that which falls to the goblet of fine gold. The one thing essential is that all of them, whether honourable or mean, shall be cleansed, sanctified for the Master's use. If a man, therefore, be purged of those things that defile him, of the "envies, hatreds, murders, adulteries and such like" that proceed out of the evil heart, he shall be fit for the service of his Lord, however humble and common his natural qualities be. Now, by the faith of Christ we are made partakers of His Spirit—the spirit of truth, and purity, and love, which transforms the whole man. This process of sanctification, indeed, is not accomplished all at once. It takes time and patience and prayer to get rid of our defilements, and as long as we live in the flesh they will cleave to us more or less, yea, and the more we are getting the better of them the more keenly they make their presence felt by us. A cleanly person will be pained by spots which another would not feel because he is accustomed to impurity; and the holier a man is the more conscious he is of sins which another would not heed. Therefore repentance is not a thing which one goes through at a certain stage and is done with; rather it is a constant frame of mind, and the contrite heart is really the sanctified vessel, meet for the Master's use. It hates the evil which yet it so often does, and it loves the good which yet it so often fails to do. I do not say it is always moping and groaning, therefore, in its godly sorrow, for it has also its seasons of joy and peace in believing, its moods of entrancing bliss, and its hours of holy strength. Yet in the main its highest saintliness is that of the good soldier who is constantly fighting a good fight with sin, and more or less mastering it, if also he is more or less grieving that it sometimes masters him. The vessel is never wholly cleansed, yet because it is never content with impurity, but is reaching out after perfections, it is meet for the Master's use. That is the most we can say of any one. He hates the service of sin, and longs for the service of God, and strives "to be conformed unto the likeness of Christ," for nothing short of that can in anywise satisfy him.

All the vessels of the great house, then, whether they be "honourable or dishonourable," are sanctified by receiving the spirit of holiness with its heartfelt contrition, and its high aspiration. It matters not, therefore, what their original quality was, whether they were of gold or clay, of silver or wood, nor should any one vex himself because some are more richly endowed than he is, and because he is only fitted for the more common and everyday service of the house. For that work also is necessary, and the vessels suited for it are as much required as the others are; yea, and he that does the humblest task faithfully may well be as highly valued by the Master as he that does the highest: there must be earthen cups as well as golden ones, and many more of the former than of the latter, for the ordinary work of the house is always more abundant than its special occasions. They are oftener, therefore, in the hand of their Lord, for He has more frequent need of them, and it would not even be strange if He liked the familiar homely vessel even better than one which was more rarely in use. At any rate, the one thing to be careful about is to see that it is sanctified and meet for His service. That is what, by God's grace, we may accomplish; but by no means can we transform commonplace powers into the gifts of genius. It is folly to complain of that which cannot be altered, and to neglect that which is of greater moment, and which we can readily secure. The pewter cannot be turned into silver, but the one can be made as clean as the other, and therefore as meet for the purpose it is fitted to serve.

FOURTH SUNDAY

Let no one, then, be discouraged because, in the diversity of God's gifts, only a humble share has fallen to him in comparison with some others. You would fain, perhaps, have "some great thing to do," and hold a more honourable place in the house, and you are troubled because that may not be. You have the wish, but not the power. Would it not be better, then, to see to it that the common service for which you are qualified is more thoroughly well done? The man who humbly takes the lower room is the one who may well chance to be promoted to the higher. He who is faithful in that which is least is he who is most likely also to be faithful in the greater matters. At any rate, if you fail to do the lowly task laid to your hand, is it not only too likely that your failure would be more conspicuous, and your shame all the greater if you had to deal with matters of higher concern? Alas! the humblest work we are called to do is poorly done after all. Why should we crave for some great thing, only to make our shortcomings more glaring? Best for us each to be content with our post, and try to fill it more faithfully than we have done.

And let no one dream for a moment that he may take things easily because little depends on his success or failure, and that he need not trouble himself to do anything because he cannot hope to do great things. Shall the fig-tree excuse its barrenness on the plea that it cannot yield grapes? We have each to "do what we can," and "it is accepted according to that we have, not according to that we have not." Your post may be an humble one, and yet it may also, in its own way, be as important as the highest, and call for equal diligence and faithfulness. The sentry in his lonely watch has not the honourable position of the captain of the host, and yet it may well be that the issue of the battle shall depend as much on the vigilance of the one, as on the capacity of the other. The blade of grass is a lowly thing compared with the cedar or the oak, yet the multitude of little blades plays as important a part in the economy of life as the noblest trees of the forest. You are not useless because you are not individually of much apparent moment. After all, the splendour of Christ's redeeming work depends more on the number of homely and faithful lives that reflect something of His abounding grace than on the one star here and there which "differs from other stars in its glory." Moreover, when all is said, it is not the vessel but the viands that one looks to. Dainty fare does not need to be served in a dainty platter, and the costliest cup will not make bad wine pleasant to the palate. Our daily bread will taste as well from a wooden trencher as from a silver basket. Bring to the Master the true thought, the pure heart, the warm love, the contrite spirit, which are His accepted sacrifice, and it will not matter though your wits be dull, and your fancies far from nimble, and all your natural qualities poor and commonplace. Your earthen vessel will convey to Him the fruits which He specially desires and delights in.

There must be diverse vessels in the great house, then, and if the humbler bowls and trenchers should not complain because they are not gold or silver, neither should they grudge the more honourable service of those that are. It is good to cheer them that are lowly, but it is also good to esteem them that are noble. That is surely a right Christian Spirit which looks up with loyal admiration to a great or saintly soul, feeling that, in quite a peculiar way, such an one is meet for the Master's use. I think there is nothing more unworthy than to begrudge a noble nature the more abundant grace by which its virtues are enhanced. That is the evil envy which has always dogged the steps of God's prophets, fain to drag them down to its own level, though taking credit to itself for building their sepulchres when it is no longer stung by their rebukes. But the true heart has always a place in it for "hero-worship," and is well pleased to know that "to him that hath shall more be given." The world needs Elijahs and Isaiahs and Pauls, and Augustines, and Luthers, and as they have a great work to do it is but right that they should be fully equipped for their task with gifts of faith and knowledge and a wealth of experience which they can turn to good account, as others hardly could. They are vessels of silver or gold, and will repay by their richer service whatever cost is expended upon them. The Master has uses for them which His humbler vessels could not render, and for that end He endows them with greater riches of His grace, that His work may be done to His mind. Let no one, then, grudge them the splendour of their gifts, for if they get high honours they have also heavy burdens to bear. Rather let us rejoice that, when trying times come, the men they will need commonly come with them, and let us acknowledge with loyal hearts the natural leadership of those gifted men whose office it is to keep us true to the law of duty and the will of God. Our part may be a very lowly one, but theirs cannot be done unless we trust and follow them. There is, indeed, but One who claims, and should obtain, our absolute faith, but One who is all through of the purest gold, enriched with all fulness of grace and truth, to whom we owe entirest devotion, for the perfection of His being and the depth and thoroughness of His love. To His word a credit is due which no one else may ask, and His example is to be followed with an unquestioning adherence which no one else may demand. But among the diverse vessels of the great house there are others, too, who, as far as they walk in His footsteps, are to be at once our models and the objects of our loyal admiration, in the abundance of whose gifts we rejoice, both for the beauty and glory of them, and for the help they bring us in our time of need.

FROM · HIGHWAYS AND · BYWAYS ·

BY · WILLIAM · CANTON ·

I WAS checked the other day for using the expression "to take place" in the sense of "to happen," "to occur," "to come about." So persistent was the abuse of this phrase, I was told, that the late Mr. Delane had issued an edict that on no occasion and on no pretext should anything ever "take place" in the *Times*. "Things," it was explained, could only "take place" when, or rather where, there was some specific place for them to take: I really must say something else. But suppose, I protested, the things did *not* "happen"—suppose there was no element of hap or chance in the matter; suppose they did not "occur" or "meet the eye or the mind or the memory or the imagination"—suppose, indeed, they were quite unnoticed; suppose they simply materialised themselves, so to speak, and had to be counted up in the sum of things—what was I to say? Ah, well!—any way I must not say they "took place."

I could not reply, but I was not convinced. There are at least two things in the world on which no man's word is law—style and the English language. I had recourse to Webster. Webster made it clear that "to take place" meant "to happen, to come, or come to pass;" but as Webster records not only what words mean but what people want them to mean, I turned up the Eminent Lexicographer. In Johnson I found that "place" means, among other things, "state of actual operation; effect"—without any hint of locality. One of his quotations will suffice for my purpose.

> "It is stupidly foolish to venture our salvation upon an experiment, which we have all the reason imaginable to think God will not suffer to take place."—*Atterbury.*

If an experiment can "take place," we need not boggle about the possibility of anything else "taking place."

All the same, as the French say, while we laugh at the pedant and the ultra-purist, it is as well to look to our moorings, and, as the result of my collision with the edict of the *Times*, I have read with keen searchings of heart Dr. Lewis's "First Book in Writing English."* And I have read it with both pleasure and profit. Only once have I found the Professor lapsing into archaic English—or shall I say British? We moderns do not say that "*only* and *not only* usually 'belong' directly before the word modified." Only once, at the top of p. 55, do I find his emendation worse than the defect he would improve. Admirable is his advice to the young composer, and the veteran may benefit by it: "Let him read his own work aloud habitually. This will help him to see whether or not it is correct, natural, effective." No test detects affectation, pretentiousness, unreality, mawkishness, more effectually than reading aloud. The "stylist" of these days of ours could hardly help squirming if he heard his own tawdry and unnatural sentences. Poets often "croon" their verses; it is the best substitute for reading or recitation. Milton, I have little doubt, owed his majestic cadences to his blindness; and Byron's blank verse must have been penned in silence—with the help of his ten fingers. And yet is there any "normal ear" for the melody of verse? To my amazement, I find a writer in *Literature* calling attention to the accented line in Lord Tennyson's "Life,"

"At Florés in the Azorés Sir Richard Grenville
lay,"

and coming to the conclusion that, through the mere omission of the accents, "this appears to be one of those instances where a great line has been the creation of a happy accident." In other words, the critic says, Read Flores as Floors and Azores as Azoars and you have a "great line"; but read Flores as Florés—whoever dreamed of reading it otherwise?—and Azores as three syllables, and you have a line lacking "both the dignity and the sonorousness" (!) of the Floors-Azoars line. What can one do in a case like this but hoist one's shoulders up to one's ears and spread out both hands?

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* "A First Book in Writing English." By Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English in Lewis Institute and in the University of Chicago. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

No less valuable than the injunction to read composition aloud is the advice "to linger long enough [while reading] to call up the colours, shapes, motions, sounds, that are suggested by the text." This is undoubtedly a good training for the word-memory; but it is much more than that. It is the method by which we bring into play for the benefit of the intelligence all the resources of the senses. It is to dramatise, to illustrate in colours and indeed in action, what would otherwise be a mere bald statement of facts. If the meanings of words were associated with this faculty of aural and visual realisation we should have not only a keener delight in what we read but a surer sense of the real significance of words. Excellent too is the advice to "memorize" or get by heart as much verse and prose as the memory will carry. It is needless to refer to Lamb's indebtedness to Shakespeare—listen to your own five-year-olds applying to their own circumstances the stately language they have acquired from ballad or story.

Dr. Lewis has, of course, something to say about style, but I observe that he, too, regards simplicity as "a cardinal virtue in writing." For my own part I cannot reconcile the doctrine of this cardinal virtue with the diction of most of the writers who are imposed upon me as stylists. After much consideration I have come to the conclusion that there are two kinds of style. There is the style of the writer who weds simplicity of words with lucidity of meaning and a charming melody of phrase, and this writer has unhappily no theory of style and can't say much about it when we question him; and there is the writer who weds eccentricity of words with a perplexing orchestration of phrase and a phantasmagoric uncertainty of meaning, and when we question *him* he has a great deal to say about style and art. So far as I can gather, however, style in this latter application is the art of saying very commonplace things in an astonishing manner. Thus I read recently of an old ferryman who "was seldom prodigal from his post." An ordinary person would have written "absent from his post," but in the word "prodigal" your stylist imports the sense of a far country (the village inn) and riotous living (a mug of small beer).

I am glad to note that Dr. Lewis protests against the abuse of Italics and capitals. Speaking broadly, 'tis but a poor writer who finds himself obliged to have recourse to Italics for emphasis. As for capitals, poets and devotional writers, I am told, make the heaviest run on those stately and long-suffering characters. If ever we have an Academy I hope they will insist on the New Testament (A.V.) being regarded as the exemplar in this respect. No single reform in typography would contribute more to the beauty of a page of letterpress.

To an author punctuation, one would think, ought to be the simplest thing in the world; yet how rarely does one take up a book in which one feels that the punctuation has not been done with a pepper-box. Look at a page of Dickens or Carlyle, and then turn to the first book that lies handy. Of all "stops" the delicately sensitive comma is the most troublesome. In some sentences commas swarm like *bacilli*, blurring clarity, disjointing sequence, and destroying music. Even the printers, who save the author from so many disasters, cannot be trusted to give him help here. Ten to one they will slip in a few supernumerary commas after he has sent in his press proof—why, "no man in all the world may say." Try fifty printers with the sentence, "The moon which goes round the earth is smaller than one of Jupiter's moons," and forty out of the fifty will set it with a comma after "moon" and another after "earth."

The reference to Tennyson reminds me of the curious resemblance of a passage in "The Woodman's Bear" to the last two stanzas of the song in "The Miller's Daughter":

> But her slender virgin waste
> Made me beare her girdle spight,
> Which the same by day imbraste
> Though it were cast off at night:

That I wisht, I dare not say,
To be girdle night and day.

Tennyson, as we learn in the "Life," thought the coincidence "strange enough," but he had never read the lines before, and indeed had probably never opened the translation of Du Bartas to which "The Woodman's Bear" is appended. I wonder how many of my readers have dipped into that curious old work. The copy which I am using at this moment as a writing-desk is a folio of 1641 containing not only "The Divine Weekes and Workes" of the Lord Bartas, as Izaak Walton calls him, but "a complete collection of all the other most delightful works, translated and written by that famous Philomusus, Josuah Sylvester, Gent." Sylvester's version of the "Divine Weekes and Workes" was first issued, however, in 1598, nineteen years after the publication of the original. It is interesting to remember that the list of the authors of that year included Ben Jonson, Drayton, Marlowe, Chapman, Stowe, Hakluyt, and Shakespeare, and that the book might have been one of the last read by Spenser. A magazine writer of to-day might do worse than string together some of the quaint phrasings, odd fancies, and naïve and charming lines of Josuah Sylvester. Surely the following is pretty enough to quote as a single chance specimen:

Loud her bugle horn she blew;
Babbling Echo, voice of valleys,
Airy Elf, exempt from view,
With the forest music dallies—
Doubling so the curlèd wind
That the first was hard to find.

It gives one an amusing glimpse of the time to find in the middle of the volume "a briefe index explaining most of the hardest words scattered through this whole worke, for ease of such as are least exercised in these kinde of readings." Among these verbal enigmas I find "abyss," "Africa, the south-quarter of the world," "antipodes," "antartike, southerne," "artik, northern or of the north," "asylum," "asthma, short-windedness," "cannibals, people in the south part of America that eat man's flesh," "cataract," "cocos, an admirable nut brought from the Indies," "colonies," "critic," "epitaph, a funerall song or an inscription on a toomb or grave," "hyæna, a horrible beast that counterfeiteth man's voice," "Loumond, a great lake in Scotland where they say there is a floating island," "rheubarb, an excellent root," "theory, contemplation, study" and "salamander, a spotted beast like a lizard whose extreme coldness quencheth the fire." Very strange and interesting to a modern reader is the unbounded delight with which Shakespeare's contemporaries regarded the "universal storie" of the divine Du Bartas. Strange, too, to think that there was a time when "silver-tongued Sylvester" was greeted as "the Muse's Non-such," and the "sheaves of *all* his brethren" bowed down before him. These be of the things which impress us with our mutability—which stamp the leaf into the clay.

It seems ridiculously belated to make any comment on "Modern Painters," or indeed on any of Mr. Ruskin's works.* And yet I never open a volume of his without alighting on something illuminative or something suggestive. The present volume of this new edition cannot fail to awaken that sense of wonder which is apt to fall aslumber among the commonest and yet most beautiful visions in Nature—the phenomena of clouds and trees. I daresay a scientific person might be able to find fault with it, but he could at least learn from it something more than even science can impart—the impassioned beauty of language which reproduces a permanent impression of what is most elusive and transient. For my own part I would say, take these chapters for what they were meant to be, not a treatise in botany or meteorology but a description of the artistic aspect of forest and cloudland, and by all means check their statements and surmises by the researches of science. When you have done that you will have mastered as far as may be two of the most delightful and marvellous regions of natural magic. Is it not a curious fact that until at least within the last forty years or so the treatment of a leaf was, both in painting and sculpture, the index of the skill and power in the treatment of the human figure? Again, is it not remarkable that the great painters, the men whose lives were spent in the study of colour, never painted a flower except, so to speak, under protest and on compulsion? Is it not still more strange that the deepest reason among various reasons for this reluctance is that flowers have no sublimity. The impressions of awe and sorrow which lie at the root of the sensation of sublimity have no connection with the fairy-like souls of flowers, those Undines which have never grown human through love and suffering. And I cannot but think there is less of fancifulness than of subtle and profound truth in the conclusion that "there is a wide distinction, in general, between flower-loving minds and minds of the highest order." Let me quote the passage:

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* "Modern Painters. Vol. V. Of Leaf Beauty—Of Cloud Beauty—Of Ideas of Relation." By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. New edition in small form. With numerous illustrations. George Allen. 9s.

> "Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rest the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our own Pre-Raphaelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and the monk, they are precious always. But to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sake."

How suggestive, too, the association of certain plants with rubbish heaps, neglected land, ruins left by fire, and newly turned soil; and how pregnant with thought and emotion the ministry of moss and lichen:

> "And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichen take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave."

And as to the clouds—but the reader who wants to know what marvellous things can be said of them must study the first and fifth volumes of "Modern Painters."

Dr. Gadow has made a very attractive gossipy account of his rambles with his wife in the North of Spain.* Though this is not one of the ideal books of travel, it will be valuable—I may even say invaluable—to intending tourists, and it is interesting to stay-at-homes, who on looking at the numerous illustrations will feel tempted to condense their belongings into the four orthodox portable packages and take a bee-line for the South. One of the first places visited was the little village of Lebeña, at the foot of the Red Mountain, which is renowned as possessing the oldest church in Spain—a Roman-Byzantine structure of the ninth century masked and disguised by numerous restorations. Among the mountains in this region Dr. Gadow observed the predilection which the Keltic inhabitants show for green in their dress—a greenish felt hat or an extra braid round the crimson or orange petticoat. Hereabouts, too, he came on a jug of old Staffordshire lustre, "which had been in the family for a long time, but was of unknown history"; and he mentions that he noticed unmistakable Staffordshire ware in various parts of Northern Spain, without, however, surmising the (possible) simple explanation that it was imported and left there during the Peninsular war. In his excursion to the shrine of St. James of Compostello—why, by the way, is the Saint's name given as "San Tiago," and why is "Aryan" spelt "Arian"?—Dr. Gadow observed how commonly women carry weights on their heads, and instances a similar custom in the German Tyrol. But was not the custom common everywhere at some time or other? In Northumberland some years ago well-water was usually carried so, and even in London streets to-day one may see errand-boys carrying parcels in the same way. Among the most interesting chapters of the book are the Notes on the flora and fauna and an epitome of Spanish history. In the latter it is worth noting that, in place of the old "moustache" derivation, the word "bigot" is traced to the Visigoths (*visigot*, *bisgot*), and that the familiar "Hidalgo," which we used to be taught meant "the son of a somebody" (hijo d'algo), is merely a form of *Italicus*, a person to whom the *Jus Italicum* was conceded.

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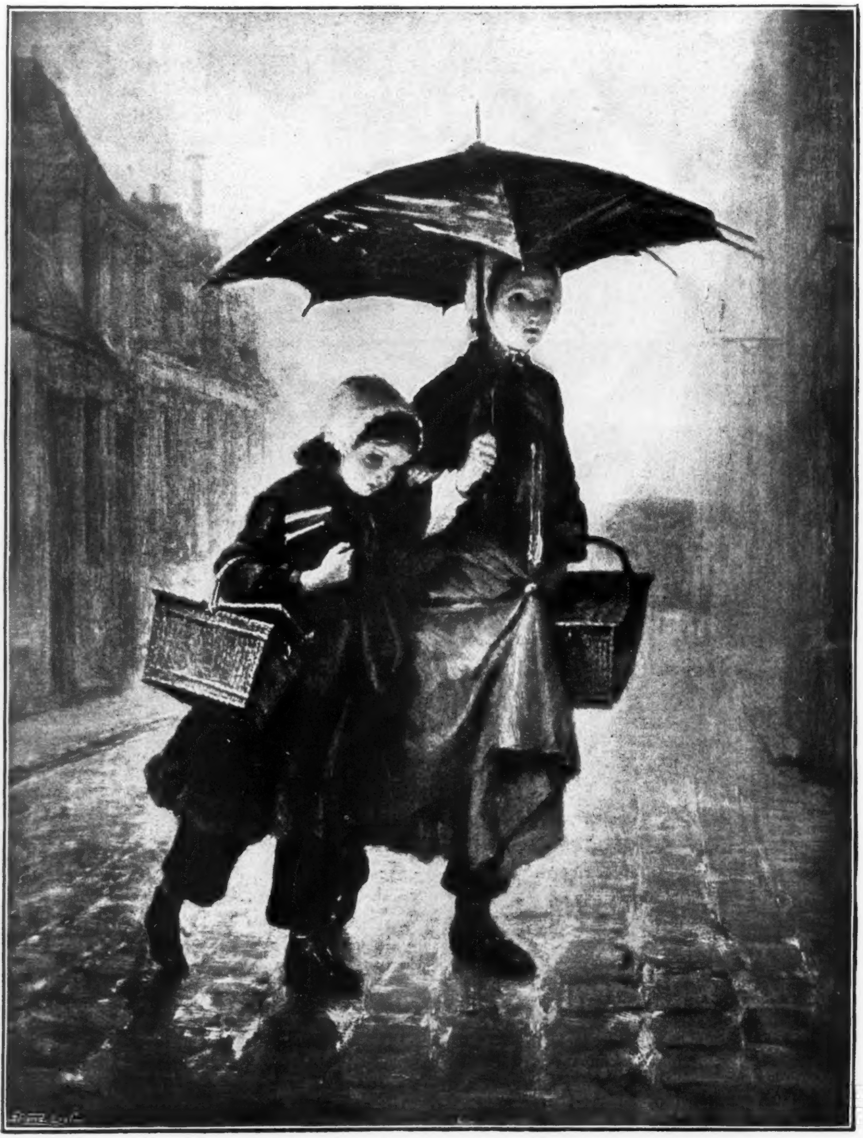
* "In Northern Spain." By Hans Gadow, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., Cambridge. With map and eighty-nine illustrations. Adam and Charles Black. 21s.



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A RAINY DAY

By E. Frère

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

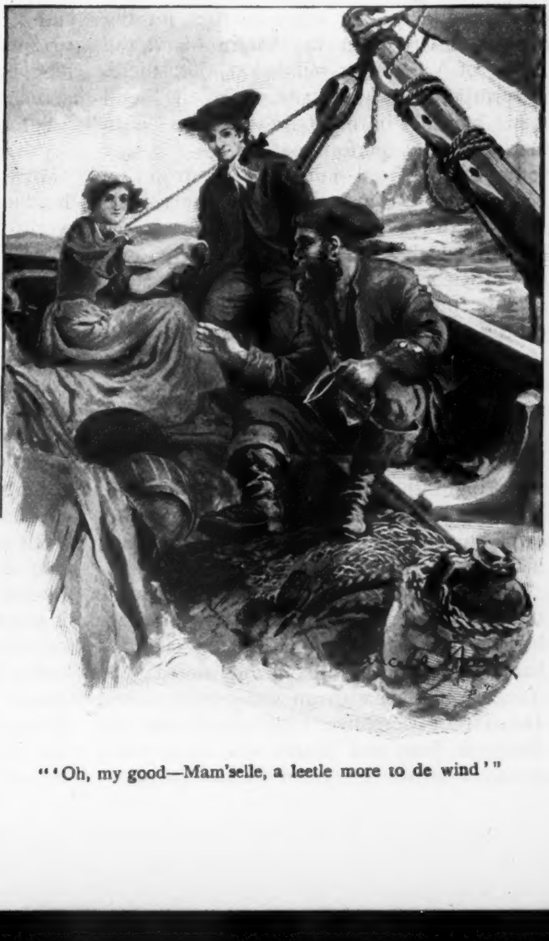
CHAPTER IX

At eight o'clock, Guida and her fellow-voyagers bound for the Ecréhos Rocks had caught the first ebb of the tide, and with a fair wind from the sou'-west had skirted the south coast, ridden lightly over La Rocque Platte and the Banc des Violets, and shaped their course north-east. Guida kept the helm all the way as she had been promised by Ranulph Delagarde. It was still more than half-tide when they approached the rocks, and with a fair wind there should be no difficulty in landing.

No more desolate spot might be imagined. To the left, as you faced towards Jersey, was a long sandbank. Between the rocks and the sandbank shot up a tall, lonely shaft of granite with an evil history. It had been chosen as the last refuge of safety for the women and children of a shipwrecked vessel, in the belief that high tide would not reach them. But the wave rose up maliciously, foot by foot, till it drowned their cries for ever in the storm. The sandbank was called "Ecrivière," and the rock was afterwards known as the "Pierre des Femmes."

Other rocks less prominent, but no less treacherous, flanked it—the Noir Sablonière and the Grande Galère. To the right of the main island were a group of others, all reef, and shingle, intersected by treacherous channels; in calm lapped by water with the colours of a prism of crystal, in storm by a leaden surf and flying foam. These were known as the Colombière, the Grosse Tête, Tas de Pois, and the Marmotiers—and so on, each with its retinue of sunken reefs and needles of granitic gneiss lying low in menace. Happy the sailor caught in a storm and making for the shelter which the little curves in the island offer, who escapes a twist of the current, a sweep of the tide, and the impaling fingers of the submarine palisades.

What evils had those seafaring Normans done; what blasphemy made that ancient littoral of Normandy so cursed, that the unseen powers dragged down their land, forest and dune and cliff, chapel and castle and hovel, and the sea rose up and covered them; so that Mont St. Michel, once buried in the gloom of a vast wood, stood out bare and staring upon a lonely coast, the ocean washing the fields at its feet, where once the cattle on a thousand mielles had grazed? All that



"'Oh, my good—Mam'selle, a leetle more to de wind'" remained of the outworks of this northern coast that Cæsar knew were Jersey and this long range of perilous rocks, which from the Ecrivière bank goes on to the Ecréhos and to the Dirouïlles; on to the Paternosters, on to Guernsey, Sark, Jethou, Herm; to the Casquets and to Alderney on the north; and south to the Enquêtes, the Minquiers, and the Chaussey, until you come to the bay of St. Malo and its ancient town, where the houses swarm behind the wide walls like bees in a hive, and you anchor free at the foot of Solidor. If the gods intended that for the sins his fathers sinned he who went or came from the Norman or Breton coast should find hard passage, they have had their way: who goes at all goes warily on these coasts!

After Armorica and the Forest of Scissy had passed, and the time of the great mourning was gone, the holy men of the early Church, looking out over the troubled sea to where Maître Ile rose up, marked it for a place of prayer and penance and refuge from the storms of war and the follies of the world. So it came to pass, for the honour of God and the Virgin Mary, the Abbey of Val Richer builded a priory there. It prospered awhile; and there the good men stayed, burning beacons to warn mariners, and performing masses for the souls of departed kings and warriors of France and England: and there are still the ruins of the ancient monastery and chapel, beneath which lie the bones of those monks of Val Richer in peace beside the skeletons of unfortunate gentlemen of the sea of later centuries, pirates from France, buccaneers from England, and smugglers from Jersey, who kept their trysts in the precincts of the ancient chapel.

The brisk air of early autumn made the blood in Guida's cheeks tingle. Her eyes were big with light and enjoyment. Her hair was caught close by a gay cap of her own knitting, but a little of it escaped, making a pretty setting to her face.

Jean Touzel's boat, the *Talmouse*, rode under all her courses, until, as Jean said, they had put the last lace on her bonnet. Guida's hands were on the tiller firmly, doing Jean Touzel's bidding with an exact promptness. In all they were five. Besides Guida and Ranulph, Jean and Jean's wife, there was a young English clergyman of the parish of St. Michael's, who had come from England to fill the place of the rector for a few months. Word had been brought to him that a man was dying on the Ecréhos. He had heard that the boat was going, he had found Jean Touzel, and here he was with a biscuit in his hand and a black-jack of French wine within easy reach. Not always in secret the Reverend Lorenzo Dow loved the good things of this world. His appetite was large, and if wine was to his hand he drank it; but then it must in justice be said that cider, or coffee, would have done quite as well, for he loved the mere exercise of drinking, apart from its stimulation.

What struck one most in the young clergyman's appearance was his outer guilelessness and the oddness of his face. His head was rather big for his body; he had a large mouth which laughed easily, a noble forehead, and big, short-sighted eyes. Without his spectacles he could scarcely see a foot before him. He knew French well, but could speak almost no Jersey patois, so, in compliment to him, Jean Touzel, Ranulph, and Guida spoke in English. This ability to speak English was the pride of Jean's life: he babbled it all the way, and chiefly about a certain mythical Uncle Elias, who was the text for many sermons.

"Times past," said he, as they neared Maître Ile, "mon onc' 'Lias he knows these Ecréhoses better as all the peoples of the world—*respé d'la compagnie.* Mon onc' 'Lias he was a fine man. Once when there is a fight between de English and de hopping Johnnies," he pointed towards France, "dere is seven French ship, dere is two English ship—gentlemen-of-war dey are call. Ah bah, one of de English ships he is not a gentleman-of-war, he is what you call go-on-your-own-hook—privator. But it is ali de same—*très-ba*, all right! What you think coum to pass? De big English ship she is hit ver' bad, she is all break-up. *Efin*, dat leetle privator he stan' round on de fighting side of de gentleman-of-war and take de fire by her loneliness. Say, then, wherever dere is troub' mon onc' 'Lias he is there, he stan' outside de troub' an' look on—dat is his hobby! You call it hombog? Oh, *nanningia!* Suppose two peoples goes to fight, ah bah, somebody must pick up de pieces—dat is mon onc' 'Lias! He have his boat full of hoysters; so he sit dere all alone and watch dat great fight, an' heat de hoyster an' drink de cider vine. Ah bah! mon onc' 'Lias he is standin' in de door dat day. Dat is what we say on Jersey, when a man have some ver' great luck we say he stan' hin de door. I t'ink it is from de Bible or from de helmanac—*sacré moi*, I not know! . . . If I talk too much you give me dat black-jack."

They gave him the black-jack. After he had drunk and wiped his mouth on his sleeve, he said:

"Oh, my good—Mam'selle, a leetle more to de wind. Ah, dat is right—*tréjous!* . . . Dat fight it go like two bulls on a vergée—*respé d'la compagnie!* Mon onc' 'Lias he have been to England, he have sing 'God save our greshus King;' so he t'ink a leetle—Ef he go to de French, likely dey will hang him. Mon onc' 'Lias, he is what you call patreetism. He say 'England, she is mine—*tréjous!*' *Efin,* he sail straight for de English ships. Dat is de greates' man, mon onc' 'Lias—*respé d'la compagnie!* he coum on de side which is not fighting. Ah, bah, he tell dem dat he save de gentleman-of-war. He see a hofficier all bloodiness and he call hup: 'Es-tu gentiment?' he say. 'Gentiment,' say de hofficier; 'han' you?' 'Naicely, t'ank you!' mon onc' 'Lias he say. 'I will save you,' say mon onc' 'Lias, 'I will save de ship of God save our greshus King!' De hofficier wipe de tears out of his face. 'De King will reward you, man alive,' he say. Mon onc' 'Lias he touch his breast and speak out. 'Mon hofficier, my reward is here—*tréjous!* I will take you into de Ecréhoses.' 'Coum up and save de King's ships,' says de hofficier. 'I will take no reward,' say mon onc' 'Lias, 'but, for a leetle pourboire, you will give me de privator—eh?' '*Milles sacrés*'—say de hofficier, '*milles sacrés*—de privator!' he say, ver' surprise'. 'Mon doux d'la vie—I am d——d!' 'You are d——d trulee, if you do not get into de Ecréhoses,' say mon onc' 'Lias—'à bi'tôt, good-bye!" he say. De hofficier call down to him, 'Is dere nosing else you will take?' '*Nannin,* do not tempt me,' say mon onc' Lias. 'I am not a gourman'. I will take de privator—dat is my hobby.' All de time de cannons grand—dey 'Brou-brou! Boum-boum!'—what you call discomfortable. Time is de great t'ing, so de hofficier wipe de tears out of his face again. 'Coum up,' he say, 'de privator is yours.'

"Away dey go. You see dat spot where we coum to land, Mam'selle Landresse—where de shingle look white, de leetle green grass above? Dat is where mon onc' 'Lias he bring in de King's ship and de privator. *Gat d'en àle*—it is a journee awful! He twist to de right, he shape to de left t'rough de teeth of de rocks—all safe—vera happee—to dis nice leetle bay of de Maître Ile dey coum. De Frenchies dey grind dere teeth and spit de fire. But de English laugh at dem—dey are safe! 'Frien' of my heart,' say de hofficier to mon onc' 'Lias. 'Pilot of pilots,' he say, 'in de name of our greshus King I tank you—à bi'tôt, good-bye!' he say. 'Très ba,' mon onc' 'Lias he say den, 'I will go to my privator.' 'You will go to de shore!' say de hofficier. 'You will wait on de shore till de captain and his men of de privator coum to you. When dey coum, de ship is yours—de privator is for you.' Mon onc' 'Lias he is like a child—he believe. He 'bout ship and go ashore. Misery me, he sit on dat rocking-stone which you see tipping on de wind. But if he wait until de men of de privator coum to him, he will wait till we see him sitting there! Gache-à-penn, you say patriote? Mon onc' 'Lias he has de patreeteesm, and what happen to him? He save de ship of de greshus King God save—and dey eat up his hoysters! He get nosing. *Gad'rabotin—respé d'la compagnie!*—if dere is a ship of de King to coum to de Ecréhoses, and de hofficier say to me"—he tapped his breast—"'Jean Touzel, take de ships of de King t'rough de rocks,'—ah bah! I would rememb' mon onc' 'Lias. I would say, 'A bi'tôt—good-bye . . . Slowlee! Slowlee! We are at de place. Bear with de land! Steadee! As you go! V'là! hitch now, Maître Ranulph!"

The keel of the boat grated on the shingle.

The air of the morning, the sailing, the sport of skilfully utilising the elements for one's pleasure, had given Guida an almost elfish sprightliness of spirits. Twenty times during Jean's recital she had laughed gaily, and never sat a laugh better on any one's countenance than on hers. Her teeth were strong, white, and regular; in themselves they gave off a sort of shining mirth. Her lips were full, but they never parted too widely, and the upper one curled slightly with that especial sort of gladness which comes from enjoying a joke rather better than your neighbours.

At first the lugubrious wife of the happy Jean was inclined to resent Guida's gaiety as unseemly, for Jean's story sounded to her as a serious statement of fact, which incapacity for humour probably accounted for Jean's occasional lapses from domestic grace. If Jean had said that he had met a periwinkle dancing a hornpipe with an oyster she would have muttered heavily, "Think of that!" The most she could say to any one was, "I believe you, ma couzaine." Some time in her life her voice had dropped into that great well she called her body, and it came up only now and then like an echo. There never was anything quite so fat as she. She was discovered weeping one day on the veille in her cottage because she was no longer able to get her shoulders out of the window to use the clothes-lines that stretched to her neighbour's over the way! If she sat down in your presence, it was impossible to do aught but speculate as to whether she could get up alone. She went abroad on the water a great deal with Jean. At first the neighbours suggested sinister suspicions as to Jean's intentions, for sea-going with one's own wife was uncommon among the sailors of the coast. But at last these dark suggestions settled down into a belief that Jean took her chiefly for ballast, and thereafter she was familiarly called "Femme de Ballast!"

What was going on in her mind no one ever knew. Talking was no virtue in her eyes. She was more phlegmatic than an Indian, more docile than a cow; and the tails of the sheep on the town hill showed no better the quarter of the wind than the changing colour of Aimable's face indicated Jean's coming or going. For Maîtresse Aimable had one eternal secret, an unwavering passion for Jean Touzel. He was probably unaware of it. If he patted her on the back, on a day when the fishing was extra fine, she breathed so hard with excitement that she had to sit down; if, passing her lonely bed of a morning, he shook her great toe to wake her, she blushed, turned her face to the wall, and smiled a placid smile which augured well for the children who came about her door that day. For she had no children of her own, though the mother was strong in her, and sweets and liquorice and Jersey wonders she kept in a little glass jar in the conièthe for the "babas," as she called them. She was so credulous and simple and matter-of-fact that if Jean had told her that she must die on the spot, she would have said, "Think of that!" or "Je te crais," and then died. If in the vague dusk of her brain the thought glimmered that she was ballast for Jean on sea and anchor on land, she still was content. For twenty years the massive, straight-limbed Jean had stood to her for all things since the heavens and the earth were created. Once, when she had burnt her hand in cooking supper for him, his arm had made a trial of her girth, and he had kissed her. The kiss was nearer her ear than her lips, but to her mind this was the most solemn proof of her connubial happiness and Jean's devotion. She was a Catholic, unlike Jean and most people of her class in Jersey, and ever since that night he kissed her she told an extra bead on her rosary and said another prayer.

All this was the reason why at first she was inclined to resent Guida's gaiety of heart. But when she saw that Maître Ranulph and the curate and Jean himself laughed, she settled down in a grave content which was not broken until the moment came for her to step upon the shore.

They had scarcely reached the deserted chapel where their dinner was to be cooked by Maîtresse Aimable, before Ranulph bade them note a vessel bearing in their direction.

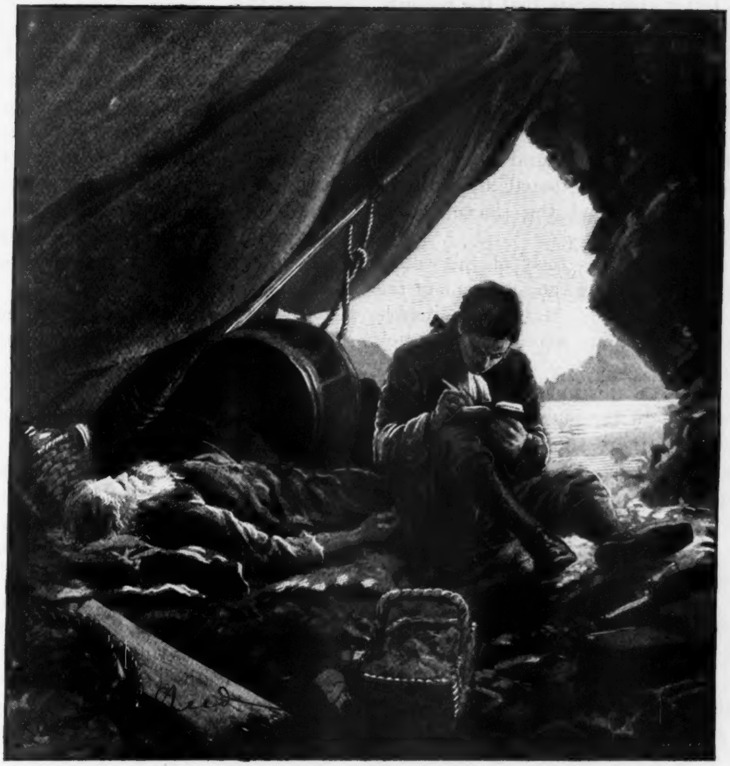
"She's not a coasting craft," said Jean.

"She doesn't look like a merchant vessel," said Maître Ranulph, looking at her through his telescope. "Why, she's a war-ship!" he added.

Jean thought she was not, but Maître Ranulph said: "I ought to know, Jean. Ship-building is my trade, to say nothing of the guns—I wasn't two years in the artillery for nothing. Look how low the bowsprit lies, and how high the poop. She's bearing this way. She'll be *Narcissus!*" he said slowly.

That was Philip d'Avranche's ship.

Guida's face lighted up, her heart beat faster. Ranulph turned on his heel.



"Began writing in a strange, cramped hand"

"Where are you going, Ro?" Guida said, taking a step after him.

"On the other side, to my men and the wreck," he said, pointing.

Guida glanced once more towards the man-o'-war, and then, with mischief in her eye, turned towards Jean.

"Suppose," she said to him, with humorous suggestion, "suppose that the frigate should want to come in, of course you'd remember your onc' 'Lias, and say, 'A bi'tôt, good-bye!'"

An evasive "Ah bah!" with a shrug of the shoulders was the only reply Jean vouchsafed to make.

In a few minutes they came to the wreck. Ranulph joined his carpenters, and the Reverend Lorenzo Dow went about the Lord's business in the little lean-to of sailcloth and ship's lumber which had been set up within sight and sound of the toil of Maître Ranulph's men.

When the curate entered the hut the sick man was in a doze. He turned his head from side to side restlessly and mumbled to himself. The curate sat down on the ground beside the man, and, taking from his pocket a book, began writing in a strange, cramped hand. This book was his journal. When a youth he had been a stutterer, and had taken refuge from talk in writing, and the habit stayed even when his affliction grew less. The deeds of every day, the weather, the wind, the tides, were recorded, together with sundry meditations, and the inner sensations of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow. The pages were not large, and brevity of statement was the journalistic virtue of the reverend gentleman. Beyond the keeping of this record, this unwavering dissipation of the intelligence, he had no habits, certainly no precision, no remembrance, no system: the business of his life ended there. He had quietly vacated two curacies because there had been bitter complaints that the records of certain baptisms, marriages, and burials might only be found in the chequered journal of his life, sandwiched between fantastic meditations and remarks upon the Rubric. The records had been exact enough, but the system was not canonical, and it depended too largely upon the personal ubiquity of the itinerary priest, and the safety of his journal—and of his life.

While Delagarde was busy at the wreck, Jean Touzel in watching the approach of the third-rate warship, and Maîtresse Aimable with cooking, the curate wrote until the sick man woke.

Guida, after the instincts of her nature, had at once sought the highest point on the rocky islet, and there she drank in the joy of sight and sound and feeling. She could see the spire of Coutances, the lofty sands of Hatainville, even the white houses and the cliffs of Carteret, and the trawlers busy along the shore. She could see—so perfect was the day—the line which marked the Minquiers far on the southern horizon, the dark and perfect green of the Jersey slopes, and the white flags of foam which beat against the Dirouïlles and the far-off Paternosters, dissolving as they flew, their place taken by others, succeeding and succeeding, as a soldier steps into the gap in the line of battle when a comrade falls. Something in these rocks, and something in the Paternosters—perhaps their distance, perhaps their aloofness from all other rocks—fascinated her. As she looked at them, something seemed all at once to chill her, to depress her—a premonition, a half-spiritual, half-material telegraphy of the inanimate to the animate: not from off cold rock to beautiful sentient life, but from out that atmosphere which surrounds the inanimate thing, where the life of man has spent itself and been dissolved, leaving—who can tell what? Yet something which speaks but has no sound.

Guida's eyes were involuntarily held by the lonely granite islets. She could not help but think that somehow they would speak to her if they could. She recalled now the sensation of pain she had often experienced when she looked into the eyes of dumb animals, because they seemed to be trying to speak to her, and were never able. Biribi, her own dog, would come to her, lifting up his head and looking with a numb intentness into her face, and she would say "What is it, Biribi?" Sometimes this thought almost overpowered her: that a whole dumb creation, thinking, sentient, nervous beings, were trying to declare themselves, to speak out of their knowledge, to man whose tongue had been loosed; and with all their striving they might not! It was to her one great universal agony. She could not, with a Jersey up-bringing, escape the superstition of the place of her birth, but in her it took a higher form.

Presently, as she looked at the Paternosters, a little shudder of fear passed through her. Physical fear she had never felt, not since that day when the battle raged in the Vier Marchi, and Philip d'Avranche had saved her from the destroying scimitar of the Turk. Now the scene all came back to her in a flash, as it were, and, for the first time remembered since the event, she saw the dark face of the Mussulman, the blue and white silk of his turban, the black and white of his waistcoat, the red of his long robe, and the glint of his uplifted sword. She remembered how the lips of the ruffian had been curled in upon his teeth like the snarl of a vicious dog; and then in contrast, the warmth, brightness, and bravery on the face of the lad in blue and gold braid who struck aside the descending blade and caught her up in his arms; and she had nestled there—in those arms of Philip d'Avranche. She remembered how he had kissed her, and how she had kissed him—he a lad and she a little child—as he left her with her mother in the watchmaker's shop in the Vier Marchi that day. . . . And she had never seen him again until yesterday.

She looked from the rocks to the approaching frigate. Was it the *Narcissus* coming—coming to this very island? She recalled Philip—how gallant he was yesterday, how cool, with what an air of command! How light he had made of the riot! She did not see that that lightness, command, and gallantry came less from the man than from what, as an officer, he represented. She did not see how much less was Philip's power than that of Ranulph. She accepted and admired Ranulph's strength and courage as a matter of course. She was glad that he was so brave, generous, and good, but the glamour of distance and mystery were around d'Avranche, and remembrance, like a comet, circled through the firmanent of eleven years, from the Vier Marchi to the Place du Vier Prison.

She watched the frigate slowly bearing with the land. The jack was flying from the mizzen. They were now taking in her topsails. She was so near that Guida could see the anchor a cock-bell, and the poop lanthorns. She could count the treble row of guns like long black horns shooting out from a rhinoceros hide; she could discern the figure-head lion snarling into the sprit-sail. Presently the frigate came up to the wind and lay to. Then she signalled for a pilot, and Guida ran towards the ruined chapel, calling for Jean Touzel.

In spite of Jean's late protestations as to piloting a "gentleman-of-war," this was one of the joyful moments of his life. He could not loosen his row-boat quick enough; he was away almost before you could have spoken his name. Excited as Guida was, she could not resist calling after him, mimicking his own voice, "God save our greshus King! A bi'tôt—good-bye!"

CHAPTER X

As Maître Ranulph had surmised, the ship was the *Narcissus*, and its first lieutenant was Philip d'Avranche. Orders had reached the frigate from the Admiralty the night before that soundings were to be taken at the Ecréhos. The captain had immediately made inquiries for a pilot, and Jean Touzel was commended to him. A messenger sent to Jean found that he had already gone to the Ecréhos for his own purposes. The captain at once set sail, and now, under Jean's skilful pilotage, the *Narcissus* twisted and crept through the teeth of the rocks at the entrance, and slowly into the cove, reefs on either side gaping and snarling at her, her keel all but scraping the serrated granite beneath. She anchored, boats put off to take soundings and explore the shore of the Marmotiers and Maître Ile, and Philip d'Avranche was rowed in by Jean Touzel.

Stepping out upon the shore of Maître Ile, Philip slowly made his way over the shingle to the chapel, in no good humour with himself or with the world, for exploring these barren rocks seemed a useless whim of the Admiralty, and he could not conceive of any incident rising from the monotony of duty to lighten the darkness of this very brilliant day. His was not the nature to enjoy the stony detail of his profession. Excitement and adventure were as the breath of life to him. Since he had played his little part at the Jersey battle in a bandbox eleven years before, he had touched hands with accidents of flood and field in many countries.

He had been wrecked on the island of Trinidad in a tornado, and lost his captain and his ship; had seen active service in America and in India; had won distinction off the coast of Arabia in an engagement with Spanish cruisers; was now waiting for his papers as commander of a frigate of his own, and fretted because the road of fame and promotion was so toilsome. Rumours of war with France had set his blood dancing a little, but for him most things were robbed of half their pleasure because they did not come at once.

To-day he was moody, for he had looked to spend it differently. As he walked up the shingle his thoughts were hanging about a cottage in the Place du Vier Prison. He had hoped to loiter in a doorway there, and to empty his sailor's heart in well-practised admiration before the altar of village beauty. The sight of Guida's face the day before had given a poignant lilt to his emotions, unlike the broken rhythm of past comedies of sentiment and melodramas of passion. According to all logic of habit, the acuteness of yesterday's impression should have been followed up by to-day's attack; yet here he was, like another Robinson Crusoe, "kicking up the shingle of a cursed Patmos"—so he grumbled to himself. He said *Patmos* because it was the first name that came to him and suggested dreariness of exile. It was not so wild a shot after all, for no sooner had he spoken the word than, looking up, he saw in the doorway of the ruined chapel the gracious figure of a girl—and a book of revelations was opened and begun.

At first he did not recognise Guida. It was only a picture that he saw—a picture which, by some fantastic transmission, fitted in with his reveries. What he saw was an ancient building—just such a humble pile of stone and rough mortar as one should see on some lonely cliff of the Ægean or on the abandoned isles of the equatorial sea. There was the gloom of a windowless vault behind the girl, but the filtered sunshine of late September was on her face. It brightened the white kerchief and the bodice and skirt of a faint pink, throwing the face into a pleasing shadow where the hand curved over the forehead. She stood like some Diana of a ruined temple looking out into the staring light.

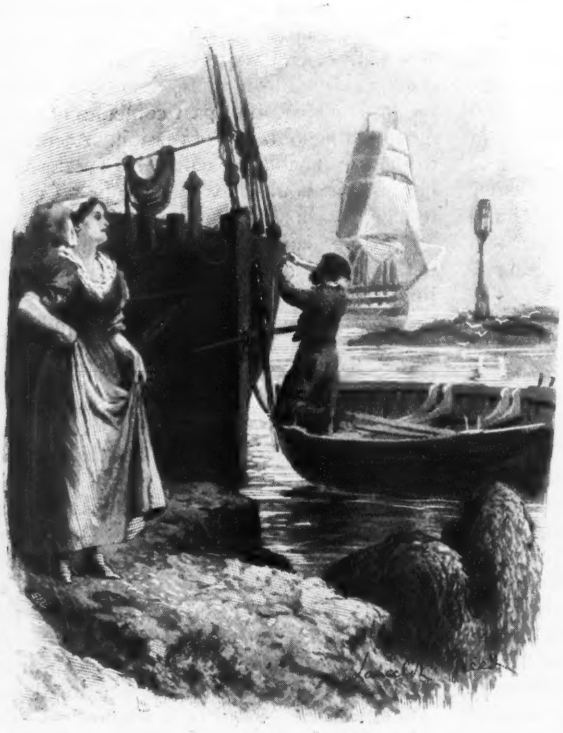
At once his pulse beat faster, for at all times a woman to him was the fountain of adventure, and the unmanageable heart in him sent him headlong to the oasis where he might loiter at the spring of feminine vanity, or truth, or impenitent gaiety, as the case might be. Just in proportion as his spirits had sunk into moodiness and sour reflection, they shot up rocket-high at the sight of a girl's joyous pose of body and the refined colour and form of the picture she made. In him the shrewdness of a strong intelligence was mingled with wild impulse. In most, rashness would be the legitimate offspring of such a marriage of characteristics; but a certain clearness of sight, quickness of decision and a little unscrupulousness had carried into success many things in his life that otherwise should have been counted foolhardy and impossible. It was the very quality of daring which saved him from disaster.

Impulse quickened his footsteps now. It quickened them into a run when the hand was dropped from the forehead, and he saw the face whose image and influence had banished sleep from his eyes the night before.

"Guida!" broke from his lips.

The man was transfigured. Brightness leaped into his face, and the greyness of his moody eye became as blue as the sea. The mechanical straightness of his figure relaxed into the elastic grace of an athlete. He was a pipe to be played on, an actor with the ambitious brain of a diplomatist; as weak as water, and as strong as steel; softhearted to foolishness or unyielding when it pleased him.

Now, if the devil had sent a wise imp to have watch and ward of this man and maid, and report to him the progress of their destiny, the moment Philip took Guida's hand, and her violet blue eyes met his, monsieur the reporter of Hades might have clapped-to his book and gone back to his dark master with the message and the record: "The hour of Destiny is struck!" When the tide of life beats high in two mortals, and they meet in the moment it reaches its apogee, and all the nature is sweeping along without command, guilelessly, yet thoughtlessly, the mere physical lift of existence lulling to sleep the wisdom of the brain and poor experience—speculation points all one way. Many indeed have been caught away by such a conjunction of tides, and they mostly pay the price.



"He could not loosen his row-boat quick enough"

But paying is part of the game of life—it is the joy of buying that we crave. Go down into the dark markets of the town. See the long, narrow, sordid streets lined with the cheap commodities of the poor. Mark how there is a sort of spangled gaiety, a reckless swing, a grinning exultation in the grimy, sordid caravanseray. The cheap colours of the shoddy open-air clothing-house, the blank faded green of the coster's cart; the dark bluish-red of the butcher's stall—they all take on a value not their own in the garish lights which flare upon the markets of the dusk. Pause to the shrill music of the street musician, hark to the tuneless voice of the grimy troubadour of the alleyways; and then listen to the one voice that commands them all, to the call which lightens up faces sodden with devouring vices, eyes bleared with long looking into the dark caverns of crime:

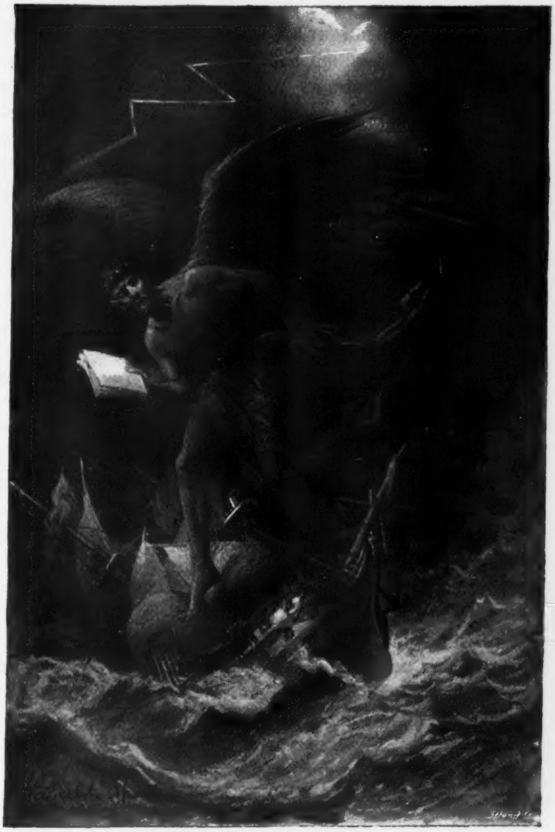
Buy—buy—buy—buy—buy!

That is the tune which the piper pipes. We would buy, and behold, we must pay. Then the lights go out, the voices stop, and only the dark tumultuous streets surround us, and the grime of life is ours again. Whereupon we go heavily to hard beds of despair, having eaten the cake we bought, and now must pay for unto Penalty the dark inordinate creditor. And the morning comes again, and then, at last, the evening when the *triste* bazaars open once more, and those who are strong of heart and nerve move not from their doorways, but sit still in the dusk to watch the grim world go by. But mostly they hurry out to the bazaars again, and they answer to the fevering call, "Buy—buy—buy—buy—buy!" . . . . And again they pay the price: and so on to the last foreclosure and the immitigable end.

One of these two standing in the door of the ruined chapel on the Ecréhos was of the nature of those who buy but once and pay the price but once; the other was of those who keep open accounts in the markets of life: and the one was the woman and the other was the man.

There was nothing conventional in their greeting.

"You remembered me!" he said, in English, thinking of yesterday.



"Might have gone back to his dark master with the message, 'The hour of Destiny is struck'"

"I should not deserve to be here if I'd forgotten," she answered meaningly. "Perhaps you forget the sword of the Turk?" she added.

He laughed a little, and his cheek flushed with pleasure as he answered:

"I shouldn't deserve to be here if I remembered!"

Her face was full of exhilaration. "The worst of it is," she said, "I never can pay my debt. I have owed it for eleven years, and if I should live to be ninety I should still owe it."

His heart was beating hard and he became daring.

"So—thou shalt save my life," he said, speaking in French. "We shall be quits then—thou and I."

The familiar French *thou* startled her

greatly. To hide the instant's confusion she turned her head away, using a hand to gather in her hair, which the wind was lifting lightly. She had not as yet taught herself subtle control and dissimulation of feeling.

"That wouldn't quite make us quits," she rejoined; "your life is important, mine isn't. You"—she nodded towards the *Narcissus*—"you command men."

"So dost thou," he answered, persisting in the endearing pronoun.

He meant it to be endearing. As he had sailed up and down the world, a hundred ports had offered him a hundred adventures, all light in the scales of purpose, but not all bad. He had gossiped and idled and coquetted with beauty before; but this was different, because the nature of the girl was different from all others he had met. It had mostly been lightly come and lightly go with himself, as with the women it had been easily won and easily loosed. Conscience had not smitten him hard, because beauty, as he had known it, though often fair and of good report, had bloomed for others before he came. But here was a nature fresh and unspoiled from the hand of the potter Life.

As her head slightly turned from him again, he involuntarily noticed the pulse beating in her neck, the rise and fall of her bosom. Life—here was life unpoisoned by one drop of ill thought or light experience.

"Thou dost command men too," he repeated.

She stepped forward a little from the doorway and beyond him, answering back at him:

"Oh, I knit and keep a garden and command a little home, that's all. . . . Won't you let me show you the island?" she added quickly, pointing to the hillock beyond where a flagstaff was set on a cone of rock, and moving towards it. He followed, speaking over her shoulder:

"That's what you seem to do," he answered, "not what you do." Then he added a little rhetorically, "I've seen a man polishing the buckle of his shoe, and he was planning to take a city or manœuvre a fleet!"

She noticed that he had dropped the *thou*, and, much as its use had embarrassed her, the gap left when the boldness was withdrawn was filled with regret, for, though no one had dared to say it to her before, somehow it seemed not rude on Philip's lips. *Philip?* Yes, *Philip* she had called him in her childhood, and the name had been carried on into her girlhood; he had always been *Philip* to her.

"Oh no, girls don't think like that, and they don't do big things!" she replied. "When I polish the pans"—she laughed—"and when I scour my buckles, I just think of pans and buckles." She tossed up her fingers lightly, with a perfect charm of archness.

He was very close to her now. "But girls remember—they have memories."

"If women hadn't memory," she answered, "they wouldn't have much, would they? They can't take cities and manœuvre fleets." She laughed a little ironically. "I wonder that we think at all or have anything to think about, except the kitchen and the garden, and baking and scouring and knitting"—she paused slightly, her voice lowered a little—"and the sea, and the work that men do round her. . . . Did you ever go into a market?" she added suddenly.

Somehow she could talk easily and naturally to him. There had been no leading up to confidence now. She felt a sudden impulse to tell him all her thoughts—all save a few. To know things, to understand them, was a passion with her. It seemed to flood and obliterate in her all that was conventional, it removed her far from stereotyped feeling and sensitive egotism. Already she had begun "to take notice" in the world, and that is like being born again; it is the beginning of wisdom. As it grows life becomes less *cliché*; and when the taking notice is supreme we call it genius; and genius is simple and believing: it has no pride, it is naïve, it is childlike.

Philip seemed to wear no mark of convention, and Guida spoke freely to him. "To go into a market seems to me so wonderful," she continued. "There are the cattle, the fruits, the vegetables, the flowers, the fish, the wood; the linen from the loom, the clothes that women's fingers have knitted. And it isn't just those things that you see, it's all that's behind them—the houses, the fields, and the boats at sea, and the men and women working and working, and sleeping and eating, praying a little it may be, and dreaming a little — perhaps a very little." She sighed, and continued: "That's as far as I get with thinking. What else can one do in this little island? Why, on the globe which Maître Damien has at St. Aubin's, Jersey is no bigger than the head of a pin. And what should one think of here?"

Her eyes were on the sea Its mystery was in them, the distance, the ebb and flow, the light of wonder and of adventure too. "You — you've been everywhere," she went on. "Do you remember you sent me once from Malta a tiny silver cross? That was years ago, soon after the Battle of Jersey, when I was a little bit of a girl. Well, after I got big enough I used to find Malta and other places on Maître Damien's globe. I've lived always there, on that spot"—she pointed towards Jersey—"on that spot that one could walk round in a day. What do I know! You've been everywhere—everywhere. When you look back you've got a thousand pictures in your mind. You've seen great cities, temples, palaces, great armies, fleets; you've done things; you've fought and you've commanded, though you're so young, and you've learned about men and about many countries. Look at what you know, and then, if you only think, you'll laugh at what I know."

For a moment he was puzzled what to answer. The revelation of the girl's nature had come so quickly upon him. He had looked for freshness, sweetness, intelligence, and warmth of temperament, but it seemed to him that here were flashes of power. Yet she was only seventeen. She had been taught to see things with her own eyes and not another's, and she spoke of them as she saw them; that was all. Her mother, apprehensive always of her own death, had done all in her power to make the child think for herself, yet she had never let Guida imagine that hers was an unusual way of looking at things. The girl would have been astonished if she had been told that she had come to a point far beyond her years—the point of observation, of withdrawal, when one looks less inward, concerned acutely for one's own feelings, and outward more to the passing show of life. Never, however, save to her mother, had Guida said so much to any human being as within these past few moments to Philip d'Avranche.

The conditions were almost maliciously favourable, and d'Avranche was as simple and easy as a boy, with his sailor's bonhomie and his naturally facile spirit. A fateful adaptability was his greatest weapon in life, and his greatest danger. He saw that Guida herself was quite unconscious of the revelation she was making, and he showed no surprise, no marked eagerness, but he caught the note of her simplicity and earnestness, and he responded to it in kind. He flattered her deftly—not that she was pressed unduly, he was too wise for that. He took her seriously; and this was not dissimulation, for every word that she had spoken had a glamour, and he now exalted her intelligence beyond reason. He was quite sincere in it: he had never met girl or woman who had talked just as she talked; and straightway, with the headlong eloquence of his nature, he thought he had discovered a new heaven and a new earth. The perfect health of her face, unaffectedness, and its nascent power, the broad forehead, the hair which a breath would lift in undulations, the eyes like wells of light and flame, all these cast a spell upon him. On the instant his headlong spirit declared his purpose: this was the one being for him in all the world: at this altar he would light a lamp of devotion, and keep it always burning. He knew what he wanted when he saw it. He had always made up his mind suddenly, always acted on the intelligent impulse of the moment. He felt things, he did not study them; it was almost a woman's instinct. He came by a leap to the goal of purpose, not by the toilsome steps of reason.

"This is my day," he said to himself. "I always knew that love would come down on me like a storm." Then, aloud, he said to her: "I wish I knew what you know; but I can't, because my mind is different, my life has been different. When you get out into the world and see a great deal, and loosen a little the strings of your principles, and watch how sins and virtues contradict each other, you see things after a while in a kind of mist. But you, Guida—you see them clearly because your mind is clear. You never make a mistake, you are always right because your mind is right."

She interrupted him, a little shocked and a good deal amazed: "Oh, you mustn't—mustn't speak like that. It's not so. How can one see and learn unless one sees and knows the world? Surely one can't think right if one doesn't see widely?"

He changed his tactics instantly. Perhaps she was right after all. The world—that was the thing? Well, then, she should see the world, through him with him.

"Yes, yes, you're right," he answered. "You can't know things unless you see widely. You must see the world—you must know it. You are right: this island—what is it? I was born here, don't I know! It's a foothold in the world, but it's no more; it's not a field to walk in, why, it's not even a garden! No, it's the little patch of green we play in in front of a house, behind the railings, before we go out into the world and learn how to live."

They had now reached the highest point on the island, where the flagstaff stood. Guida was looking far beyond Jersey to the horizon line. There was little haze, the sky was inviolably blue. Far off against the horizon line lay the low black rocks of the Minquiers. They seemed to her, on the instant, like stepping-stones. Beyond them would be other stepping-stones, and others and others still again, and they would all mark the way and lead to what Philip called the world. The world! She felt a sudden little twist of regret at her heart. Here she was, like a bird tied by its foot to a stake in a garden bed—or wasn't it more like a cow grazing within the circle of its tether, just a docile, stupid cow? Yet it had all seemed so good to her in the past; broken only by little bursts of wonder and desire concerning that outside world.

"Do we ever learn how to live?" she asked. "Don't we just go on from one thing to another, picking our way, but never knowing quite what to do, because we don't know what's ahead? I believe we never do learn how to live," she added, half-smiling, yet a little pensive too; "but I am so very ignorant, and——"

She stopped, for suddenly it flashed upon her: here she was baring her childish heart—he would think it was childish, she was sure he would—everything she thought, to a man whom she had never known till to-day! She was wrong; she had known him, but it was only as Philip, the boy who had saved her life. And the Philip of her memory was only a picture, not a being; something to think about, not something to speak with, to whom she might bare her heart. She flushed hotly and turned her shoulder on him. Her eyes followed a lizard creeping up the stones. As long as she lived she remembered that lizard, its colour changing in the sun. She remembered the hot stones, and how warm the flagstaff was when she reached out her hand to it mechanically. But the swift, noiseless lizard running in and out of the stones, it was ever afterwards like a coat-of-arms upon the shield of her life.

Philip came close to her. At first he spoke over her shoulder, then he faced her. His words forced her eyes up to his, and he held them.

"Yes, yes, we learn how to live," he said. "It's only when we travel alone that we don't see before us. I will teach you how to live—we will learn the way together! Guida! Guida!"—he reached out his hand towards her—"don't start so! Listen to me. I feel for you what I have felt for no other being in all my life. It came upon me yesterday when I saw you in the window at the Vier Prison. I didn't understand it. All night I lay in my cabin or walked the deck thinking of you. To-day as soon as I saw your face, as soon as I touched your hand, I knew what it was, and——"

He attempted to take her hand now. "Oh, no, no!" she drew back as if frightened.

"You need not fear me," he burst out. "For now I know that I have but two things to live for: for my work"—he pointed to the *Narcissus*—"and for you. You are frightened of me! Why, I want to have the right to protect you, to drive away all fear from your life. You shall be the garden and I shall be the wall; you the nest and I the rock; you the breath of life and I the body that breathes it. Guida, ah, Guida, I love you!"

She drew back, leaning against the stones, her eyes riveted upon his, and she spoke scarcely above a whisper, in which were much wonder and a little fear.

"It is not true—it is not true. You've known me only for one day—only for one hour. How can you say it!" There was a tumult in her breast; her eyes shone and glistened; wonder, embarrassed yet happy wonder, looked at him out of her face, which was touched with an appealing, as of the heart which dared not believe and yet must believe or suffer.

"Oh, it is madness!" she added. "It is not true; how can it be true!"

Yet it all had the look of reality—the voice had the right ring, the face had truth, the bearing was gallant, chivalrous, and direct; the force and power of the man overwhelmed her.

She reached out her hand tremblingly as though to push him back. "It cannot be true," she said. "To think—in one day!"

"It is true," he answered, "true as that I stand here. One day! It is not one day. I knew you years ago. The seed was sown then, the flower springs up to-day, that is all. You think I cannot know that it is love which I feel for you? It is admiration; it is faith; it is desire; but it is love. When you look upon a flower in a garden, do you not know on the instant if you like it or no? If it is beautiful you desire it. Do you not know the moment you look upon a landscape, upon the beauty of a noble building, whether it is beautiful to you? If, then, with these things one knows—these that have no speech, no life like yours or mine—how much more when it is a girl with a face like yours, when it is a mind noble like yours, when it is a touch that thrills, and a voice that drowns your heart in music! Ah, Guida! believe me that I speak the truth. I know that you are the one passion, the one love of my life. All others would be as nothing, so long as you live, and I live to see you, to be beside you!"

"*Beside me!*" she broke in, with an incredulous irony which fain would be contradicted, "a girl in a village, poor, knowing nothing, seeing no farther"—she looked out towards the Island of Jersey—"seeing no farther than the little cottage in the little country where I was born!"

"But you shall see more," he said, "you shall see all, feel all, if you will but listen to me. Don't deny me that which is life and breathing and hope to me. I will show you the world; I will take you to where you may see and know. We will learn it all together. I shall succeed in life. I shall rise. I have needed one thing to make me do my best for some one's sake beside my own; you will make me do it for your sake. Your ancestors were great people in France; and you know mine, centuries ago, were great also—that the d'Avranches were a noble family in France. You and I will win our place as high as the best of them. In this war that's coming between England and France is my chance. Nelson said to me the other day—you have heard of him, of young Captain Nelson, the man they're pointing to in the Fleet as the one man of them all?—he said to me, 'We shall have our chance now, Philip.' And we shall. I have wanted it till to-day for my own selfish ambition, now I want it for you. This hour when I landed on this islet, I hated it, I hated my ship, I hated my duty, I hated everything, because I wanted to go where you were, to be with you. It was Destiny that brought us both to this place at one moment. Ah! you can't escape Destiny. It was to be that I should love you, Guida!"

He reached out to take her hands, but she put them behind her, and drew back. The lizard suddenly shot out from a hole and crossed over her fingers. She started, shivered at the cold touch, and caught the hand away. A sense of prescience awaked in her, and her eyes followed the lizard's swift travel with a strange fascination. She lifted her eyes to Philip's, and the fear and premonition passed.

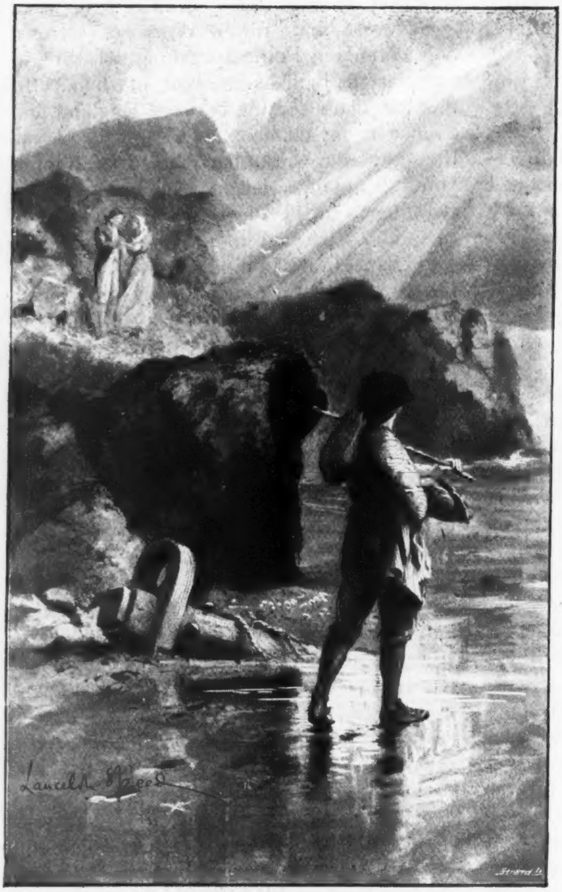
"Oh, my brain is in a whirl!" she said. "I do not understand. I am so young. No one has ever spoken to me as you have done. You would not dare"—she leaned forward a little, looking him steadfastly in the face with that unwavering look which was the best sign of her straightforward mind—"I do not understand—you would not dare to deceive—you would not dare to deceive me. I have—no mother," she added with a simple pathos.

The moisture came into his eyes. He must have been stone not to be touched by the appealing, by the tender inquisition of that look.

"Guida," he said impetuously, "if I deceive you, may every fruit of life turn to dust and ashes in my mouth! If ever I deceive you, may I die a black, dishonourable death, abandoned and alone! I should deserve that if I deceived you, Guida!"

For the first time since he had spoken she smiled, yet her eyes filled with tears too.

"You will let me tell you that I love you,



"The man looked at them for a moment, then started and turned away"

Guida—it is all I ask now: that you will listen to me?"

She sighed, but did not answer. She kept looking at him, looking as though she would read his inmost soul. Her face was very young, though the eyes were so wise in their simplicity.

"You will give me my chance—you will listen to me, Guida, and try to understand?" he said, leaning closer to her and holding out his hands.

She drew herself up slightly as with an air of relief and resolve. She put a hand in his.

"I will listen and try to understand!" she answered.

"Won't you call me Philip?" he said.

The same slight, mischievous smile crossed her lips as eleven years ago it did in the Rue d'Egypte, and recalling that moment, she replied:

"Yes, sir—Philip!"

At that moment the figure of a man appeared on the shingle beneath, looking up towards them. They did not see him. Guida's hand was still in Philip's.

The man looked at them for a moment, then started and turned away. It was Ranulph Delagarde.

They heard his feet upon the shingle now. They turned and looked, and Guida withdrew her hand.

CHAPTER XI

THERE are moments when a kind of curtain seems dropped over the brain, covering it and smothering it, while yet the body and its nerves are tingling with sensations. It is like the fire-curtain of a theatre let down between the stage and the audience: were it not for this merciful intervention between the brain and the disaster which would set it aflame the vital spark of intelligence would burn to white heat and die.

As the years had gone on Maître Ranulph's nature had grown more powerful, and his out-door occupation had enlarged and steadied his physical forces. His trouble now was in proportion to the force of his personality. The sight of Guida and Philip hand in hand, the tender attitude, the light in their faces, was overwhelming and unaccountable. Yesterday these two were strangers, it was plain to be seen that to-day they were lovers, lovers who had reached a point of confidence and of revelation. Nothing in the situation tallied with Ranulph's ideas of Guida and his knowledge of life. He had, as one might say, been eye to eye with this girl for fifteen years: he had told his love for her in a thousand little ways, as the ant builds its heap to a pyramid that becomes a thousand times greater than itself. He had watched at her doorway, he had followed her footsteps, he had fetched and carried, he had served afar off, he had ministered within the gates. He had, unknown to her, watched like the keeper of the house over all who came and went, neither envious nor over-zealous, neither intrusive nor neglectful, leaving here a word and there an act to prove himself, above all, the friend whom she could trust, and, in all, the lover whom she might wake to know and reward. He had waited with patience, believing stubbornly that she might come to put her hand in his one day.

Long ago he would have left the Island to widen his knowledge, earn experience in his craft, or follow a career in the army (he had been an expert gunner when he served in the artillery four years ago), and hammer out fame upon the anvils of fortune in England or in France; but he had stayed here that he might be near her when she needed him. His love had been simple, it had been direct, and in its considered and consistent reserve it had been more than wise. He had been self-obliterating. His love desired to make her happy: most lovers desire that they themselves shall be made happy. Because of the crime that his father had committed years ago—because of the shame of that hidden and secret crime—he had tried the more to make himself a good citizen, and he had now formed the commendable and modest ambition of making one human being happy. Always keeping this ambition near him in the years that had gone, a supreme good-nature and cheerfulness of heart had welled up out of his early sufferings and his honesty of character. Hope had beckoned him on from year to year, until it seemed at last that the time had almost come when he might speak. He would tell her all—his father's crime and the manner of his father's death on the Grouville road; of his devoted purpose of trying to expiate that crime by his own uprightness and patriotism.

Now, all in a minute, his horizon was blackened. This stranger, this adventurous gallant, this squire of dames, had done in a day what he had worked, step by step, to do through all these years. This skipping seafarer, with his powder and lace, cocked hat and gold-handled sword, had whistled at the gates which he had guarded and at which he had prayed, and all in a minute every defence had been thrown down, and Guida—his own Guida—had welcomed the invader with a shameless eagerness.

The curtain dropped upon his brain, numbing it, else he had done some wild and foolish thing, something which he had no right to do. A hundred thoughts had gone through his mind all in one instant, as the kaleidoscope of a life's events rushes by the eyes of a drowning man. Then he had turned on his heel and walked away.

He crossed the islet slowly. It seemed to him, and for a moment it was the only thing of which he was conscious, that the heels of his boots shrieked in the shingle, and that with every step he was lifting an immense weight. He paused behind the chapel where he was hid from view. The smother lifted slowly from his brain.

"I'll believe in her still," he said. "It's all his cursed tongue. As a boy he could make every other boy do what he wanted because his tongue knew how to twist words. She's been used to honest people; he's talked a new language to her. He's caught the trick of it in his travels. But she shall know the truth. She shall find out what sort of a man he is. She shall see beneath the surface of his pretty tricks.

He turned and leaned against the wall of the chapel. "Guida, Guida," he said, speaking as if she were there before him, "you won't—you won't go to him, and spoil your life, and mine too! Guida, ma couzaine, you'll stay here, in the land of your birth; you'll make your home here—here with me, ma chère couzaine. You shall be my wife in spite of him, in spite of a thousand Philip d'Avranches!"

He drew himself up as though a great determination was made. His path was clear. It was a fair fight; the odds were not so much against him after all, for his birth was as good as Philip d'Avranche's, his energy was greater, and he was as capable and as strong of brain in his own fashion.

He walked firmly and quickly down the shingle on the other side of the islet towards the wreck. As he passed the hut where the sick man lay, he heard a querulous voice. It was not that of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow.

Where had he heard that voice before? A strange shiver of fear ran through him. Every sense and emotion in him was arrested. His life seemed to reel backward. Curtain after curtain of the past unfolded.

He hurried to the door of the hut and looked in.

A man with long white hair and straggling grey beard turned to him a haggard face on which were written suffering, outlawry, and evil.

"Great heavens! my father!" Ranulph said.

He drew back slowly like a man who gazes upon some horrible fascinating thing, and turned heavily towards the sea, his face set, his senses paralysed.

"My father not dead! My father—the traitor!" he said again.

FORTY YEARS AFTER

WHEN I left the old village I was glad to go. Of all possible wishes the last would have been that I might set eyes on it again. I was young—a mere boy then.

We went to the West Indies. During the twenty years we were there we all learned to think with a strange feeling of regret and yearning of what we called "home." We spoke of England as of a terrestrial paradise, a blessed spot to which we hoped to return before we died. Now and again I had dreams of my old village—intensely vivid dreams. English sun never shed the light which illumined the woods and fields I saw in sleep. Most wonderful was it when, in the hot tropical night, the dream was wintry, and I saw through a strange transparent mist the houses roofed with snow, the snowy fields and rutted roads, the smoking reaches of the river.

When I came back to England my first impulse was to visit the old village. Somehow I never went. In the whirl of business and the growing interests of life one knows how these promptings are pushed aside. When of an evening my youngsters wanted to hear that most romantic of stories—"something you used to do, father, when you was a boy"—I would tell them of the little village, of the quarry where we lit our wigwam fires, of the coal and iron boats on the river, of the curious wainscoted Red House, and the miles of apple orchard farmed by the Seabrooks. How often in dreams I saw that old house and those endless apple-trees! As years went by I thought often of the familiar place, and wondered how it would feel to see it again—to see it in autumn, when the big red and yellow apples dragged down the branches as they used to do when Mary Seabrook and I——

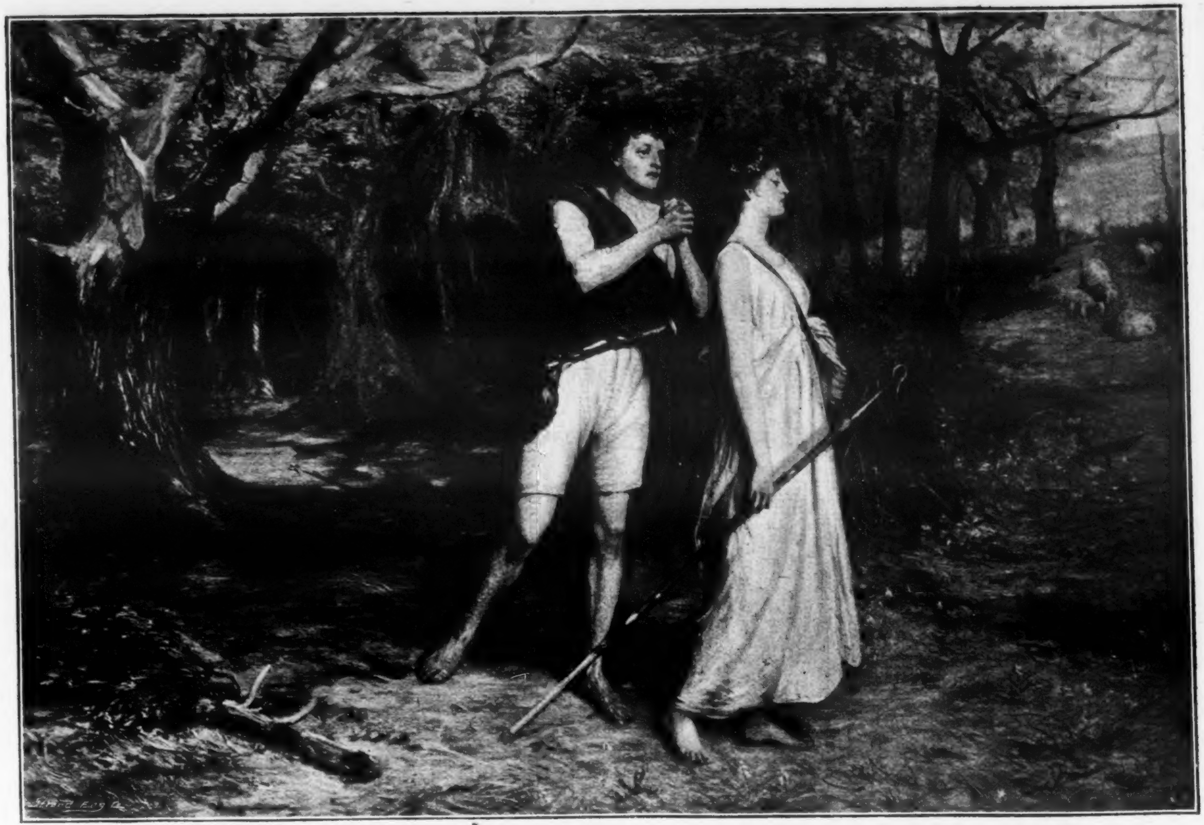
"Oh, death in life, the days that are no more!"

Nearly forty years had gone by when at last I went back. The village had grown into a small town with its railway station. All the familiar fields had been built over. The quarry was gone. The Red House—oh, so dingy and ancient!—was still standing, but it was part of a street. I could trace the delightsome orchard in the apple-trees of the gardens attached to the houses of two streets. But where were the trees under which Mary and I had stood together gathering apples?

I awoke in the grey dawn with a heart beating strangely, and went quickly out of doors. All down the sleeping street the crows were cawing and foraging for food. The old habit was too deeply rooted for them to understand that yesterday's green acres were the sterile streets of to-day. I had thought to look about for faces of the old time and to ask about the people whose names I remembered, but the change in all things made me feel sick at heart. Nothing remained the same but the crows of the early dawn, the old black crows! I shall never see the old village again—not even the spot where the old village used to be.

And yet, I wonder whether Mary Seabrook is still alive.

G. W. Wood.



(Published by permission of Mrs. Macdonald, from the Kepplestone Collection. From the picture by John Pettie, R.A.)

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe ;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. "As You Like It"

THE MOST MISERABLE PEASANTRY IN EUROPE

By EDITH SELLERS

Of the many strange episodes this century of ours has witnessed, the strangest, perhaps, and most pitiable is one that occurred a few years ago in Austrian Poland. In that part of the world distress is chronic; the peasants pass their lives fighting against poverty, the grim wolf hovering well within sight the while. There are always more mouths to be fed than there is food wherewith to feed them, and there are a dozen pair of feet at least for every pair of shoes. At the time in question, too, it chanced that, owing to the partial failure of the crops, the general misery was greater even than usual. Yet, oddly enough, far from there being any signs of depression about these people, there was a hopefulness in their eyes that had never been there before. Instead of slouching along in their old dull listless fashion, they went about their business quite briskly, as men with important affairs on hand. They would pass the wine-shop door without giving it even a glance; they could hardly find time, indeed, in which to greet a friend. Then they were much more reserved than usual; they talked less, and seemed to think more. These were significant signs; evidently something had occurred to disturb the even tenor of their existence; but what it was the world—the official world, at any rate—neither knew nor cared. Meanwhile certain traders, Jews for the most part, were making their way from village to village, holding secret counsel with the peasants; and wherever they went a kind of smouldering excitement seemed to take possession of the people—their eyes waxed brighter and brighter, their voices more shrill, and a feverish flush came into their thin wan faces.

At length a sort of exodus began. From numbers of Galician villages there went forth, as if moved by some common impulse, a little company—two or three men from one place, half-a-dozen men and women, perhaps, from another—taking with them all their worldly goods, the worldly goods, too, as often as not, of their relatives, of their mothers and fathers, wives and children, who were, it was said, to follow them before long. Never were there such gladsome emigrants as these, emigrants so sure that they were on their way to fortune, leaving all their troubles behind them. Even when saying good-bye to their old homes, there was a joyful ring in their voices, and their eyes quite danced with delight at any chance mention of the land to which they were going.

Concerning this land the wildest rumours were afloat throughout the province. It was a perfect heaven-on-earth, of course, all flowing with milk and honey; and golden nuggets were there just as plentiful as blackberries. And its ruler was—the peasants lowered their voices as they said it, and gave mysterious glances around—their own Crown Prince, that Rudolf who had come among them years before to hunt and shoot, and who, with his gentle kindly ways, had won their hearts completely. Those Vienna folk had deceived them, had sent them word that he was dead, and the nobles of their own land had joined in the lie, swearing even that they had seen him buried. And all the while he was a prisoner in the hands of the rich, who were jealous of his love for the poor. The nobles had risen against him, it seems, and would have none of him for a Kaiser, for they knew he was bent on giving a homestead on his coronation-day to every peasant. But he had made his escape now, and was living in this beautiful land, where there was neither noble nor peasant, and all men were as brothers. And there he was waiting for his much-loved Galicians to join him. Those wandering traders were his messengers, whom he had sent to summon them to their new homes. Well might their hearts beat high! Was there ever such luck as theirs?

The Prince's messengers were skilful organisers, well versed in the art of evading the law; and they had their *protégés* well beyond the frontier before ever the Galician Government heard a word of the expedition. Then there was consternation in official quarters, and sharp reprimands were sent from Vienna to Lemberg. But it was too late; there was nothing to be done; the less said, therefore, about the business the better, the authorities decided.

Month after month passed by without ever a word from the pioneer band of emigrants; and those whom they had left behind, waxing indignant, took to railing against them, to accusing them of selfishness, of forgetting in their own prosperity the misery of their relatives. For that they were in prosperity there was never a doubt among the peasants. At length, however, the time came when the truth could no longer be concealed. Sinister rumours were spread abroad; a stranger, when told that the Crown Prince was alive, laughed aloud, and declared that he had seen him lying dead in the Kapuciner Kirche. "Credulous fools," he called the emigrants, and "knaves who deserved to be hanged, drawn, and quartered," the wandering traders. The excitement in the province was intense; and the tale had to be told—it was quite grotesque in its ghastliness. Those ill-fated emigrants had been tricked and cheated it seems; had been inveigled away from their homes by scoundrels who, after robbing them of all they possessed, and treating them with incredible cruelty, had handed them over, helpless as sheep, to some Brazilian planters, for whom they must work as slaves, or starve.

This incident is characteristic alike of the state of things in Galicia and of the people who dwell there. Nowhere else in Europe, surely, could such an incident have occurred in these latter days. There is quite a mediæval ring about it, as about everything else in that part of the world; for things seem to have come to a standstill there just about the time when our Plantagenets were reigning.

Galician villages, if viewed from a distance, are singularly picturesque in appearance. The cottages and huts are built in the most irregular fashion, in little groups around the church, against which they seem to nestle as if for protection. Many of them are covered with lichens and all kinds of creepers, and have gardens around them aglow with bright colours. Beyond the gardens are fruit orchards; while dotted about just here and there are great oak-trees that must have stood for generations. Then quite close at hand, only a good stone's-throw away, is the manor-house, always a delightful abode, with long low verandahs and beautiful gardens laid out in the French style—tiny fountains and quaint stiff flower-beds. Some of these hamlets, indeed, are quite ideal in their beauty; there is such a restfulness and peace about them, too, that travellers who pass through them in haste are apt to envy those who dwell there, and to think that their lines are cast in quite unusually pleasant places. They speedily change their opinion though if tempted to make halt there, even though it be but for an hour. For then they discover that most of these charming lichen-bedecked cottages are little better than ruins, and that it is only by means of props and stakes that they are prevented from falling to the ground. A door that will open and shut is quite a rarity in a Galician hamlet, and so is a window with an unbroken pane of glass. On every side there is dust, dirt, and rubbish; on every side, too, there are signs of misery and poverty.

Some thirty-five out of every thousand of these Galician peasants die in the course of a year; and the wonder is, one feels while wandering about among them, not that so many should die, but rather that so many should live. Their cottages are for the most part one-storeyed and one-roomed; no matter how large a family a peasant may have, they all—father, mother, sons and daughters, and daughters-in-law, with their children, too, sometimes—live, eat and sleep in the same apartment. Nor is it only human beings who dwell there; it must also serve as a shelter for the more delicate of the live stock—the calves, lambs, and little pigs. The cocks and hens, too, and the geese are housed there, and the year's supply of potatoes and cabbages. The furniture consists of a table, a few rickety chairs or settees, and one bed which is reserved for the head of the family, unless, indeed, there chance to be an invalid who claims it. The young people generally sleep on the ground, with a little straw, perhaps, under their heads, and in the clothes they wear in the day. During the winter months, however, a curious sight is to be seen in some of the cottages—two or three heads sticking out of the great stone oven. For, if the weather be very severe, some of the women creep into the oven when night comes on for the sake of the warmth, their supply of clothes being but scanty. There is many and many a family in the province of which the whole united wardrobe would not sell for five shillings; the things they wear, indeed, as often as not, are merely rags. It is not a very unusual thing there for a peasant, his wife, sons and daughters to have one sheepskin coat and one pair of snow-shoes among them, and to wear them by turns. The majority of the children never go to school during the winter months, as they have no shoes in which to go, and would certainly lose their toes if they went barefoot.

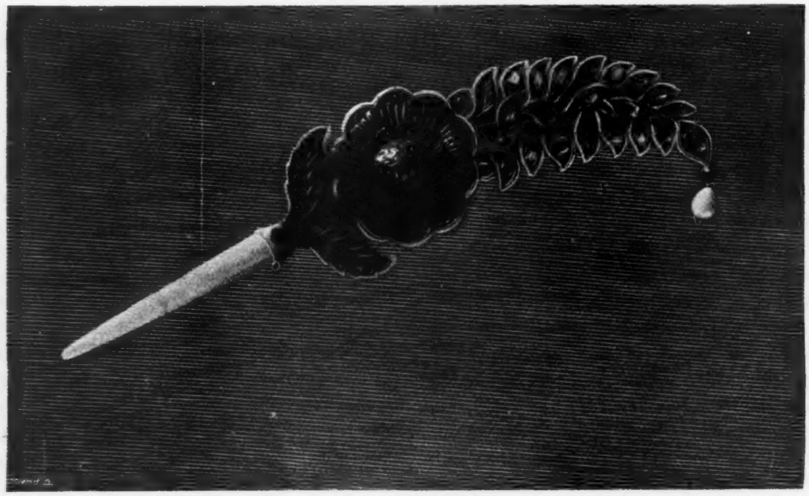
These people are as badly fed as they are housed and clothed. Beef and mutton they regard as luxuries far beyond their reach: "If the peasants ate meat there would be none for their lords" is a proverb among them. They think themselves in luck indeed if on Christmas Day and at Easter, at weddings and funerals, they are able to regale themselves with a little pork. In some villages it is the custom, on these festive occasions, for all the people to club together and buy a pig; then each cottage has its portion of pork allotted to it. For the rest of the year they live on coarse bread smeared with lard, potatoes, cabbages, and turnips; and even of this rough fare they have rarely as much as they can eat. Only a few months ago, it was stated in the Reichsrath that in Galicia no less than 50,000 persons die of starvation in the course of a year, and that out of a population of about six millions! More than one-half of the conscripts levied there have to be sent back to their homes, as, owing to insufficient nourishment, they are too feeble and undersized to bear the strain of military life.

Although the Galicians have been living in poverty for generations, they are probably poorer now than ever before, incomparably poorer than in the days when they were serfs. As they have no money wherewith to buy manure, their land is becoming less fertile from year to year—already its productivity per acre is to the productivity per acre of England as 4 : 37; and, owing to the divisions and subdivisions entailed by the law of inheritance, their holdings are becoming smaller and smaller. At the present time the average size of a holding is under four jochs; and, on eighty per cent. of these holdings, the net annual profits do not amount to more than twenty gulden—£1 13*s.* 4*d.* And this although every sheep, pig, and fowl that is raised there is sold, and every pound of butter or cheese. To think of working early and late for a whole year for the sake of twenty gulden! The peasants, it is true, are often able to eke out their incomes by earning a trifle on the manor-farm, but it is only a trifle, some twopence in winter, and perhaps one shilling in summer. Some few of them are beginning, however, to make their way, when the winter comes round, to the factories that are now springing up. There they may earn two shillings a day if their labour be skilled, and from sixpence to ninepence if it be unskilled. And these they look upon as quite munificent wages. Even with these additions to their means, however, the chances are that they will be forced sooner or later to have recourse to the money-lender, and then their fate is sealed. Before long they will either be driven forth from their holdings, or compelled to work them for him, practically as his serfs. Holdings have been seized and sold for a debt of five shillings.

The painful impression produced in Galicia by the poverty of the peasants is rendered the more intense in some districts by the glaring contrast in which it stands to the wealth of the nobles. The great landowners there are as a rule most lavish in their expenditure; their houses are organised on the most luxurious scale, and their horses and carriages are quite magnificent. Their extravagance is indeed proverbial, and, debtberidden though many of them be, they scatter money abroad with both hands when their own pleasures are in question. The great majority of them, however, would as soon think of flying as of giving a helping hand to the men and women around them, even though they be dying of starvation at their very gates. In no country in all Europe is there so little sympathy between the landowning class and the peasants as in Galicia, such a lack of any feeling of responsibility on the one side, or of loyalty on the other. This is owing in some degree, no doubt, to the fact that, whereas the nobles are without exception Poles, the majority of the peasants are Ruthenians by descent, and to a Pole a Ruthenian is always a pariah. The Poles are, of course, the dominant race, and since autonomy was granted to the province, all power has been in their hands. They assess the taxes, collect them, and spend the money they yield; they make the laws and administer them: in the law courts, indeed, as often as not, they act at once as judge, jury, witness, and prosecutor or defendant. This being the case, they would be more than human, perhaps, did they always mete out strict justice to their opponents. Certainly some of the arrangements for which they are responsible appear to Western eyes to be quite startlingly "one-sided." For instance: It is the peasants who pay the pastor's stipend and keep his house in repair, but it is the lord of the manor who appoints him. It is they who build the schools, where there are schools, and defray all the cost of education; but it is he who chooses the teachers, who retains or dismisses them at will, and who decides what they shall teach and what leave untaught. It is they, too, who make the roads, although the only vehicles that pass over them are his. Soldiers are billeted for the month together in cottages, but they never cross the threshold of the manor-house; and when they are in need of horses and forage, it is the land-workers, not the land-owners, who must supply them. The nobles may hunt and shoot the whole day long, if they choose, over the peasants' holdings; but woe betide a peasant who is found in his lord's forest without permission! He is straightway flogged as a poacher. Then a one-roomed hut pays almost as much house-duty as a mansion, and small farms are far more heavily taxed per acre than great estates. In Galicia the incidence of the land tax is indeed quite absurd in its unfairness, and that owing, in part at least, to one of those blunders which occur so often in that part of the world. The officials appointed to assess the tax when it was first imposed underestimated the land held by the nobles to the amount of 3,000,000 gulden; and, when they discovered their error, in order to conceal it, they calmly added that sum to their valuation of the peasants' holdings. A commission is now sitting for the purpose of revising this valuation; but as it consists of fifteen nobles and three peasants, it is not probable that it will do much towards relieving small holdings at the expense of great estates.

Some curious proofs of the way in which the Galician nobles abuse their power were afforded by the last Landtag elections. In some districts, where they knew the peasants were going to vote against the official candidates, they stationed troops before the voting-booths to drive them away at the point of the sword, and prevent their voting at all. In others they allowed them to vote, but took care that their votes were burnt uncounted. In one village, when the peasants presented themselves at the parish-room, although they were punctual to the minute, they found that the election had already been held, and with closed doors! In several places their chief men were quietly arrested while on their way to vote, and thrown into prison. Devices of all sorts were resorted to in fact to prevent these people from using the votes the Austrian Government had given to them. The Reichsrath elections last spring were conducted on much the same lines.

It seems almost incredible that men should submit, in this our day, to the sort of treatment that is dealt out to the Galician peasantry. But the ignorance of these people, it must be remembered, is surpassed only by their credulity and their superstition. They know no more than their sheep do of nineteenth-century ways or of nineteenth-century civilisation. They are, too, by nature patient and long-suffering. English workmen would stand aghast could they hear them talk; for although they have been freemen now for nearly half a century, they still talk as serfs, and what virtues and what vices they have are the virtues and vices of serfs. That their master should give them a flick with his whip as he passes, is in their eyes the most natural thing in the world; nay, they will even turn and kiss the hand that strikes them. The majority of them are firmly convinced that there are on this earth two distinct orders of human beings, nobles and peasants; and that, for the time being, the very *raison d'être* of the latter is to serve the former. And serve him they must, therefore, whether they wish it or not, for such is the decree of the fates. All the good things of this life, too —beautiful houses, warm clothes, rich food —they look upon as the special property of the nobles: it is only upon the scraps and odds-and-ends that they advance any claims for themselves. Not that they approve of this arrangement; on the contrary, they regard it as being woefully unjust; for, although until within quite recent days it has rarely ever occurred to them to resist the tyranny or resent the insolence of their masters, they have never a doubt in their own minds but that these masters, who are Roman Catholics, are morally worse and less deserving than they themselves, who are many of them Anabaptists. It is by foul means, not by fair, they are sure, that their oppressors have obtained possession of the land, and with it of all that makes life worth living. Perhaps this is why, whenever they have risen up against them—as in 1846—they have smitten them hip and thigh, ruthlessly, with blind fury. It is an article of faith among them, indeed, that when the day of their deliverance comes—and prophets have now arisen who are preaching that it is near at hand—no quarter must be shown to the nobles, as they are in league with the devil.



JEWELLED JADE ORNAMENT

(*South Kensington Museum*)

JADE

By EDWARD PINNINGTON

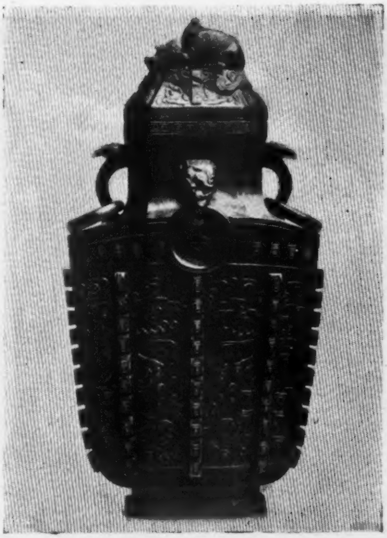
JADE is best described by the familiar name of pebble, of which it is the finest variety in respect of texture, the heaviest, and the hardest known to the lapidary. It is susceptible of a high polish, and is so tenacious that it can be cut into the most intricate and fragile shapes. There are exceptional tints, but here jade may only be said to range in colour from ivory-white to deep olive-green. Among substances known to the mineralogist, it has no rival in the multitude of its fascinations, and no apology, therefore, is offered for ranking it with precious stones.

Its position amongst minerals is absolutely unique, and the statement is strengthened in colour and effect by its quasi-scientific and literary associations. As to the first, old Galen himself endorsed the simple belief which attributed to jasper medicinal qualities of the most marvellous kind. Parallel virtues were ascribed to the majority of other stones.

Jade owed to a like delusion its name of nephrite (*nephros*, a kidney), because it was supposed to be a cure in all cases of nephritic colic, and kidney diseases generally.

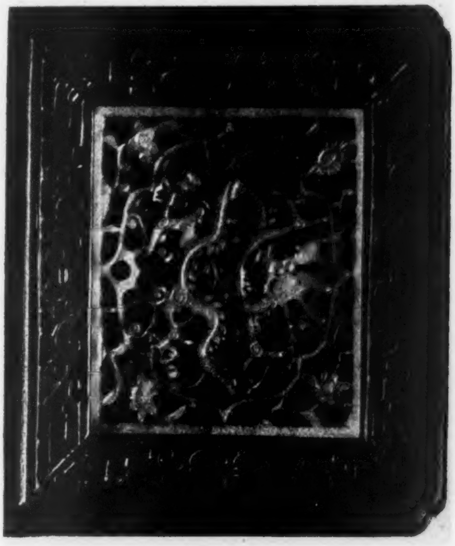
Like many other things, jade has fallen into a slight scientific difficulty, which will be explained presently, but, in the meantime, its dictionary definition is, in the above connection, worth consulting. Stormonth says of nephrite, that it is "a mineral of a leek-green colour, remarkable for hardness and tenacity—pieces of it were formerly worn as an imagined specific for diseases of the kidneys; also called *jade*." The converse of this is stated under the word jade. According to C. W. King, the Spaniards called it ***pietra di hijada***, or kidney-stone, supposing it a prophylactic against kidney-disease. We thus find that, in at least two different directions, the name of the stone was decided by its assumed medicinal properties. Where the superstition originated, and how, in the knowledge of its radical significance, the word nephrite came to find a place in the English language, we do not know. The case is one in which the history of a word has a distinct ethnological interest.

The poetical associations of jade are more beautiful, and no less interesting, although it has no place in the Occidental language of precious stones. For that we must go to Poland, and learn how to express good wishes, and how to make love in the eloquent silence of stone. In such converse, the stone takes added value from what it says, but it is doubtful if in Western fancy and imagery any stone takes the place of jade in China. It is the symbol, not of a sentiment or an attribute, but of virtue in the abstract, and in that connection allusions to it strew Oriental literature like pearls. Where we would exhort to virtue and purity, or extol personal perfection, the Chinese adduce jade as the type of the purest life, the highest morality, the loftiest thought. To be like jade is to be perfect. So the music is the sweetest, which is poetically said to flow from flutes of jade, and, in the language of compliment, no word of praise rises above that which likens beauty to jade, the ***yu*** of the Chinese.



DARK GREEN JADE (FROM SUMMER PALACE, PEKIN)

(*Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art*)



JADE SET IN BLACKWOOD (CHINESE)

(*Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art*)

The following line exemplifies what may be called the ordinary or general employment of jade in Chinese poetry:

> While the waning moon in the westward
> hangs like an orb of jade.

It occurs in a poem ascribed to the Emperor Kein-lung, A.D. 1746, inscribed upon a cup

CHINESE CARVED JADE

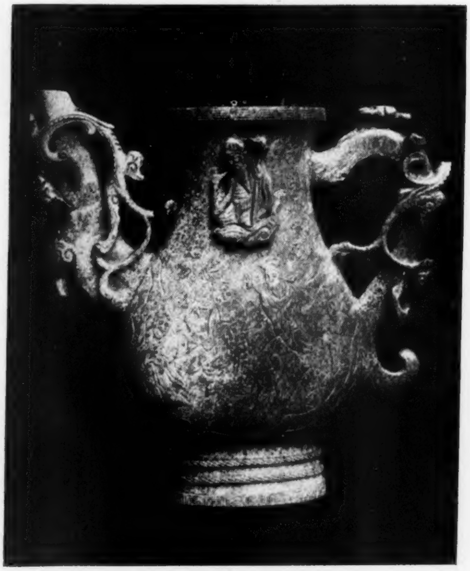
(*Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art*)

of jade, brought from the Summer Palace, Pekin, and now in the Walkinshaw collection at Hartley Grange. In the old canonical Memorial of Rites, *yu* is likened to the substance of which the rainbow is made. Perhaps, however, the most highly elaborate and fully detailed deliverance upon jade is that of Confucius.

According to the philosopher, jade is valued because, from all time, the sages have compared virtue to jade. Its polish and brilliant hues are virtue and humanity. Its compact hardness is accuracy; its angles seem sharp but are not incisive, and that is justice; in pearl-like pendants it represents politeness; its pure sound when struck figures music; one shade does not obscure another, and that is loyalty; its internal cracks are seen from the outside, and that is sincerity; its lustre is permanency, and its substance represents the earth; cut without other embellishment it indicates virtue; "and the high value attached to it by the whole world, without exception, is figurative of truth." In the light of such meaning symbolism, one begins to understand the beautiful significance of the simile in which a man's soul and his thoughts are likened to jade.

The scientific puzzle above referred to is purely mineralogical. Blondel speaks of the Chinese *yu* as true jade and of the "pretended" jades of Europe, America, and Oceania. These include the dull green found in Sumatra, South America, and New Zealand, and also the leek-green like orthose-feldspar or Amazon stone. He calls them all jadeite or nephrite, and thus draws a distinction between jade and nephrite. On the other hand, the compilers of the preface to the catalogue of the Dumfries exhibition of jade, held some years ago, speak of nephrite and prehnite and add, "the former is the true jade." They go on to say that it is found in China, New Zealand, Siberia, Mexico, Peru, and lately at Balta in Shetland. C. W. King also speaks of the New Zealand variety as jade, but of the Mexican as Amazon stone. According to H. Emanuel it is found in Egypt, New Zealand, China, Corsica, and North America.

The only way to settle these differences is by comparative analysis of the different kinds, and that does not appear to have been systematically carried out. Meantime, it may be pointed out that Emanuel,



CHINESE DULL GREY JADE

(*Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art*)

Blondel, and King agree, so far as they go, upon the chemical composition of the stone. King uses nephrite and jade alternatively, and says it is a combination of magnesia and silica, with small proportions of alumina and the oxides of iron and chrome. Emanuel employs almost identical terms. Blondel says jade is a silicate of alumina and lime, and gives the following particulars: silex, 50.50; magnesia, 31.00; alumina, 10.00; oxide of iron, 5.50; oxide of chrome, 5.00. Between these definitions there is no apparent difference, and the view taken here is that there are different qualities of jade, but that to analysis they yield results which are broadly identical. This brings together all the local varieties, Asiatic, American, and New Zealand, while leaving the refinements of distinction open to settlement.

The uses to which jade is applied in various lands lend sanction to an arrangement which is, further, in accordance with Chinese usage, in reference to the word *yu*. In one of their books it is said to be of six colours—white, carnation, yellow, red, cinnabar, and deep maroon. Elsewhere we read of turquoise blue, citron yellow, deep blue, and red. "Jade," says Blondel, "is sometimes even black." "Of all kinds," says Albert Jacquemart, "the two most rare are the orange jade and the imperial jade, a gem beyond price, worthy of being ranked with the finest emerald when of a fine green, and which, of variegated green and white, produces an effect superior to the richest agates." Take all these colours, and do we not revert to the canonical simile which likens *yu* to the stuff rainbows are made of? Of many of the tints enumerated, it may be said that if ever examples of them existed in jade, specimens are found no longer. The conclusion is almost forced that under *yu*, which entered largely into the imperial dress of China, precious stones were included which have no affinity with jade. There is other testimony than that of the poets that, in *yu*, the Chinese saw not only the symbol of all excellence, but the one all-embracing and typical precious stone.

To the touch of the finger it feels like soap, and its whiteness is that of lard. For these prosaic terms there is abundant precedent. One speaks of its greasy white, of its conveying a greasy sensation to both eye and touch, of its resemblance to inspissated oil, ivory, and wax. The lard simile is pure Chinese. All these refer to the white Oriental jade, which is milky, nearly opalescent, at its finest, and shades off through many stages to the mottled grey of the Chinese teapot from Hamilton palace, seen in the illustration. The surface is dull and is carved with figure subjects, reliefs, and vertical inscriptions; dragons are wreathed about spout and handle. It is now in the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art. There, also, is an Indian leaf-shaped piece of white jade, perforated and jewelled. Another Chinese bit is a spray of water-lilies in white faintly tinged with green. Another Indian specimen is a dagger, of which the handle is grey-white jade, carved with leaves and encrusted with rubies set in the stone, which both softens and, by contrast,

WATER-LILIES IN JADE (GREENISH-WHITE, CHINESE)

(*Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art*)

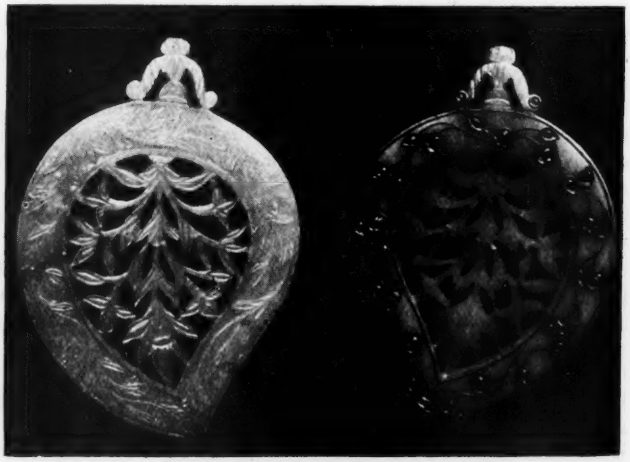
DAGGER HANDLE AND SHEATH, MOUNTS JEWELLED JADE

(*Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art*)

heightens their splendour. The sheath is velvet, with jade mounts. None of the above similes suits the different tints of this variety of jade. It is like congealed mist, from the pure, translucent white, which in frost wreathes the hillsides, to its nadir in the grey and tawny fogs of the Thames and Clyde. When snowflakes are wafted about, the mass is enriched with tiny crystalline shapes, such as are seen in clouded jade. When the snow is city soot you see the jade of mottled grey.

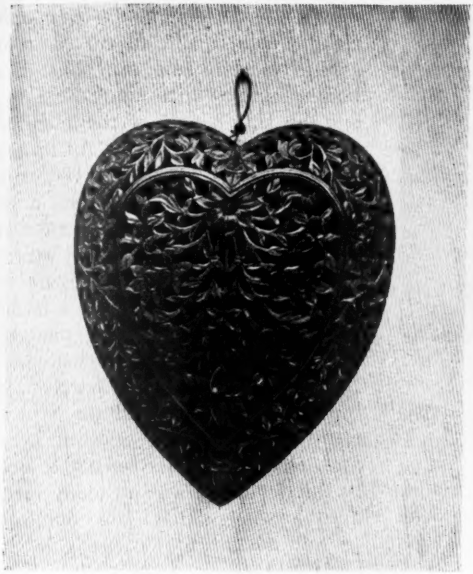
The other great variety is the green, the imperial jade, referred to by Jacquemart. It makes one think of breath upon an emerald. It also displays many varieties of tint, the commonest shades being a dull mottled and opaque dark green. A dagger handle of fluted green jade, inlaid with gold and set with small rubies, appears to enter into the Persian idea of making an æsthetic luxury of death. From the Summer Palace at Pekin comes a vase of dark green jade, with rings interlaced on its neck, loose or detached though cut out of the solid stone, and on the cover a fabulous monster akin to the kylin.

In enumerating the articles made of jade, it will now be understood that the quality of the stone employed is indicated with reasonable accuracy by the purpose the object is intended to serve. The Mexicans placed it next the emerald, and cut it into many fantastic shapes — parrots' heads and fishes. The New Zealanders made tools and weapons of the coarse kind called "greenstone"; out of the translucent green they carved the jewels which indicated the rank of their chiefs. They followed the American custom of making idols and charms of jade, and all countries where it is found shape it into personal ornaments, the Maori hanging them in his ear and the Chinaman from his girdle. One of its most curious uses is exemplified in a book presented by Sir A. W. Franks to the British Museum, of which the leaves are jade. According to *Nature* (October 20, 1881, and August 14, 1890) the huge



INDIAN WHITE JADE, PERFORATED AND JEWELLED

(*Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art*)



INDIAN GREEN JADE, PERFORATED

(*South Kensington Museum*)

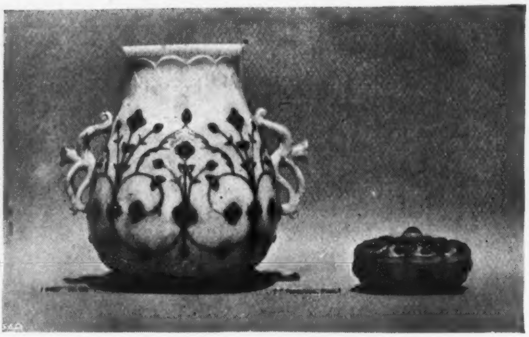
monolith on Tamerlane's grave at Samarcand is of nephrite from the Raskem-daria. It is 7.8 feet long, and weighs about 1800 lbs. We also read of Siberian jade cut in sections one-eighth of an inch thick "forming beautiful panes for windows having a delicate shading and a brilliancy not to be obtained in any other material." There is at least variety of function between a trinket, a teapot, and a tombstone.

The finest qualities of jade seem to be those of China and India, and it is certainly between these countries that the honours of artistic jade-work lie. The symbolic character with which the Chinese invest jade has probably restrained their lapidaries from attempting to enhance its own supreme beauty by those of gems or metal. The Hindoo, on the other hand, having a single eye to richness of decorative effect, was struck by the advantages offered by the medium tints of jade as a setting for gems and gold. He found new beauties in the combinations of rich colour, and set the costly jade aflame with a burning encrustation of metal and precious stones. It thus happened that, perhaps for ages, artisans to the north and south of the Himalayas were working industrial wonders in the same material, and spending years, and even lives, in the production of what, to the Western world, are not less remarkable in themselves and as works of Oriental art, than as evidences of Oriental patience and industry.

The extreme hardness of jade adds to the interest with which works in it are viewed, and is the first condition of a just estimate of the persevering skill devoted to the making of vases, cups, flasks, instruments of music, and incense-burners. The white variety will scratch glass and quartz, and the Chinese say that steel and fire make no impression upon it. It is worked with granular corundum, of which emery is a variety. Blondel quotes the Abbé Grosier to the effect that, as thousands of days do not suffice to finish certain pieces of work, the artists of the Chinese Emperor follow each other in succession in the palace workshops, and, working day and night, have been known to devote nine and ten years to a single piece. This explains the value attached to the personal gems of the Emperor, and the appointment of a special officer as their custodian. In India time is spent even more lavishly, and in these things lies the key to a story woven round a Lahore jade box and tray at South Kensington, with perforations, panellings, and

GREEN JADE INLAID WITH GOLD AND GEMS

(*South Kensington Museum*)



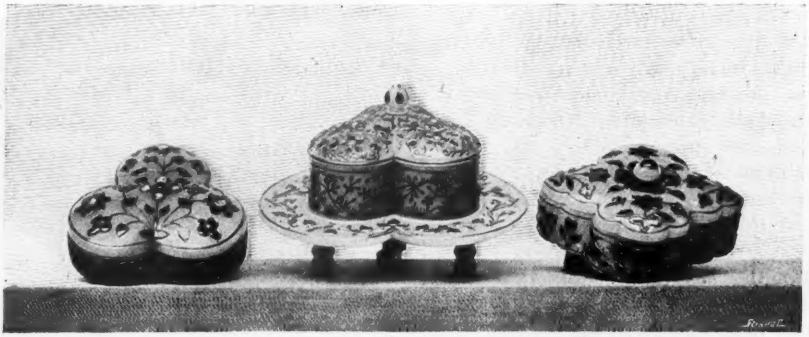
WHITE JEWELLED JADE

(*South Kensington Museum*)

inlaying with precious stones. The tale carries the piece through three generations. Begun by one artist who laboured and passed away, the work was taken from his hands by his son, who gave it his life and, dying in turn, left to his son the triumph of its completion. It is marvellously beautiful, and the value of jade and jewels seems trifling beside the hereditary skill and the devotional sacrifice of successive lives.

The distinction previously drawn between the Chinese and Indian modes of treating jade is very marked at South Kensington. The Chinese give it no ornamentation, but that which it receives from the tool of the carver; in the priceless old Indian work of Delhi it is studded with precious stones. The broad difference is seen in the few specimens in the Edinburgh Museum already described. A ewer and cover with chain attached, and all carved from a single piece of jade, fully illustrates both Chinese taste and dexterity, and the soft beauty of the material to which they are applied. A Chinese vase of green jade is carved with runcinate leaves in low relief, most exquisitely fashioned. In another Chinese piece, a jade panel sculptured in open work with figure of dragon and scrolls is set in a frame of blackwood carved and pierced. The rule holds at Kensington. Among the Chinese not a jewel could be seen. There are all the typical forms of Chinese art, a white kylin and cub, the former having a perforated ball under her paws, and many vases with carved ornamentation, but not one lighted up with the gleam of a jewel.

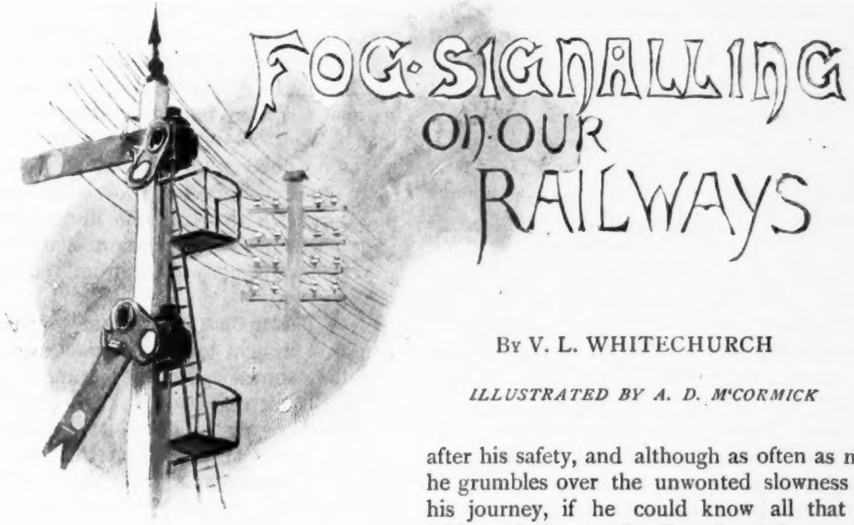
For contrast take an Indian white jade box with panels of perforated green, and set in the jade round top and bottom are rubies and emeralds. A small oblong box of white jade is inlaid with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds set in gold. There are dagger and sabre handles and sheaths, boxes, rings, huka mouthpieces, backscratchers, bracelets, buckles, amulets, hooks, thumb-rings, buttons, and a variety of ornaments, all or nearly all jewelled, most frequently with rubies. A feather ornament is one of the old Mogul pieces, and is made of white jade. It is decorated with rubies, emeralds, and crystals set in gold, and with a pendant pearl at the tip. It is a splendid specimen



JADE, JEWELLED AND INLAID

(*South Kensington Museum*)

of beautifully assorted colours and elaborate workmanship. A globular huka bowl is covered with a network of rubies, emeralds, turquoises, and other coloured stones, all set in gold. Dr. Birdwood mentions these two pieces as the choicest and grandest examples of this work known, and in such blaze of Oriental magnificence the subject may be left.



FOG-SIGNALLING ON OUR RAILWAYS

By V. L. WHITECHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

TO the mariner and the railway man alike there stands forth a certain grim impediment to traffic which ever and anon sweeps down upon the earth or the waters in the shape of that hovering grey-yellow clammy mystery—Fog! To the captain on the bridge of a steamer or the driver on the footplate of a locomotive, the blinding fog brings a strange feeling of human helplessness, while both of them, having, as it were, lost their eyes for the time being, are called upon to bring their sense of hearing very strongly to bear upon the performance of their kindred task, that of "going ahead." The passenger on the steamer stops his ears and shudders at the awful and repeated blast of the resonant fog whistle, while the passenger in the train jumps in his seat with a start as a couple of sharp explosions betoken the fact that the fog-signaller of the railway is carefully looking after his safety, and although as often as not he grumbles over the unwonted slowness of his journey, if he could know all that is taking place on the line ahead he would heave a sigh of thankfulness as the train slackens and perhaps comes to a stop just after those two startling reports.

It is my intention in this article to give some details concerning the methods of fog-signalling in use on our railways, and a word or two concerning the men who are employed in a work which, besides having an element of danger about it, is fraught with much careful anxiety and personal discomfort. Rain, wind, snow, and frost all have their influence upon the working of a railway and the expenses connected therewith, but no species of weather affects railwaymen so much as fog. It is a downright enemy in all respects, and its invasion has to be constantly anticipated, so that an army of men with full supplies of ammunition can be placed in the field to meet its attack at a moment's notice. The weather during Christmas 1897 brought the subject of fogs well to the front, and in a parallel to the famous four days preceding Christmas Day

1891, concerning which Sir George Findlay, of the London and North-Western Railway, gave evidence before a Select Committee, and showed so forcibly the disorganising effects of fog, that it agreed with him that "it is a marvel that the whole of the business did not come to a standstill, and that the greatest credit is due to the men who have been willing to work these long hours in order to get the traffic through."

Roughly speaking, the advent of a fog may be said to affect two chief portions of railway work—the marshalling of trains and the running of trains. Only those who are aware of the vast amount of labour that goes on at our big termini with the preparing of both passenger and goods trains for their journeys, making up the requisite number of vehicles, &c., can appreciate the difficulties with which the shunters have to contend when all this work has to be done in an impenetrable fog amid the din of horn and detonating signals. A class ot man that is usually employed for this special fogging duty is the "packer," who, as his name implies, loads and unloads trucks, &c., in his normal duties. In most of the large "yards" the semaphore signals have "repeaters" at the foot of the posts, that is, a very small semaphore arm close to the ground indicates the position of the signal above. This is an invaluable guide to the man who is stationed close at hand, as often the fog is so thick that he could not possibly see the signal arm or lamp above him.

But I will go on to explain in more detail the signalling arrangements for the ordinary running of trains, as being of more interest to the general reader. In the first place it is necessary to briefly explain to the uninitiated the difference between a "distant" and a "home" signal, for unless one understands this he will be all in the dark as to the reason of the two familiar explosions. A station, or "block" as each signal section is technically called, has two semaphore arms protecting its entrance—the "home" signal close by the entrance, and the "distant" signal perhaps a quarter of a mile or more in advance. Every railway traveller must have noticed that some semaphore arms are notched and others plain at their extremities: the former are "distant," the latter "home" signals.* Now the sole purpose of the "distant" signal may be summed up in the word "pre-admonitory." It exists to warn the driver of the position of the home signal he is approaching. It cannot be "taken off" (*i.e.* lowered) until the "home" signal is lowered *first*. The result is obvious. If the driver as he rushes along at fifty or sixty miles an hour sees the notched arm lowered by day or the green light at night, he knows that the line is clear for the next block, and pushes on with confidence. If, on the other hand, the arm is horizontal or the light flashes red, he knows that the "home" signal is against him, and he must instantly see that his train is under brake control so that he can pull up at the "home" signal if it is not "taken off" before he reaches it. Very often one may see two signal arms on one post. In that case the undermost one is notched and is the distant signal for the next block, being worked from the box in advance.

Now it is upon the "distant" signal that action is brought to bear in the case of fog or falling snow—and often in times of frost, when distant signals have to be carefully inspected owing to the frost affecting the pulling wires or the oil in the lamp. As soon, therefore, as the density ot the fog prevents the "distant" signal being seen from the box (or, in the case of the "distant" signal being round a curve, an approximate distance being distinguished) the fogmen are called forth to their duties. These men are chosen from the "Permanent-way staff" as a rule, that is to say, they are "platelayers." They come under the "Engineering" department of a railway, though sometimes, as in the case of "packers," the "Traffic" department is responsible for supplying them. They are divided into "Regular fog-signalmen" and "Relief-men," and each man has his special post assigned to him at the foot of a "distant" signal. In the event of a fog occurring between 6 A.M. and 8 P.M., on the Great Western Railway for example, it is the duty of these men to report themselves to the station-master or other person in charge of a station, or to the signalmen at the intermediate signal-boxes, take instructions, and proceed to their posts armed with *no less* than twenty-four "detonators" (and, of course, as a rule with many more), a handlamp, and a red or a green flag. If the fog come on between 8 P.M. and 6 A.M., the station-master, or other responsible person, must have the men called up, and for this purpose most stringent instructions concerning the names and addresses of the men and the proper persons to call them are issued by the various railway companies. Each man, as he goes on duty, has to sign his name in the "Train Register" book of the signal-box to which he is attached, except in some cases where he lives beyond the "distant" signal, in which case the call-man must go to the box and assure the signalman that the fogman has arrived.

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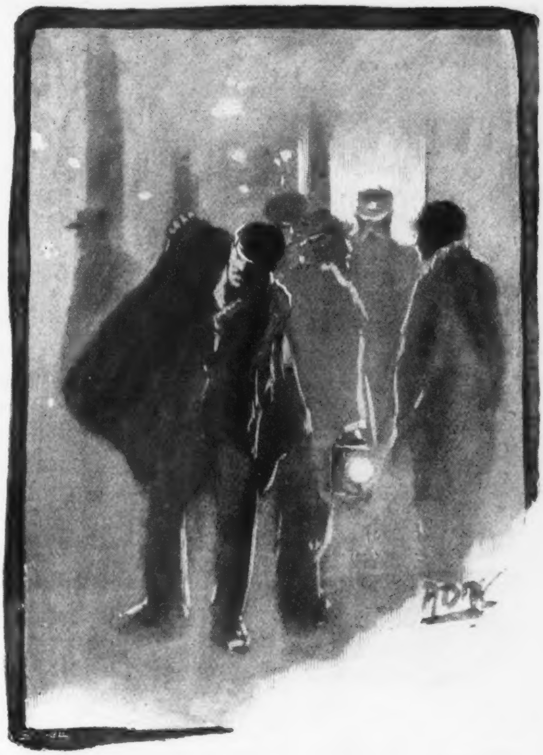
* The other signal, known as the "starting," does not require explanation in this article, though, of course, it comes into work, being treated in the same manner as the "home."

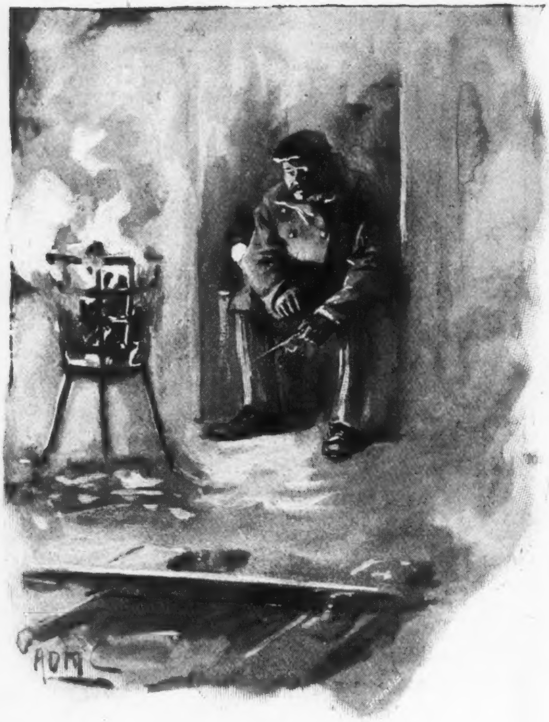
The fogman's work may briefly be described as follows. It is his duty to see that each driver is made aware of the position of the "distant," and consequently of the "home" signal beyond. This is done by placing two detonators (which I will describe presently) ten yards apart on one rail of the line, in advance of the "distant" signal, and keeping them there all the time that signal stands at "danger," exhibiting, as a general rule, a red hand-signal to drivers of approaching trains. Directly the signal is "taken off" he removes the detonators from the line. If he notices any special obstruction, he goes forward and places *three* detonators on the line.

The effect is as follows. If the driver hears *no* explosion and sees the man holding a green lamp or flag, he knows he can proceed with confidence in the "home" signal beyond being lowered; if three detonators explode he stops; if two reports come from the rails he proceeds with great caution, and must take care not to pass the "home" signal unless its arm is lowered. Sometimes he can see the arm or light; sometimes the fog is so dense that he has to stop while the fireman gets down and examines the post. Sometimes a "ground-man" is stationed at the "home" signal to inform him of its position.


"Reporting themselves to the station-master"

It must not be imagined that every signal is "protected" in times of fog. It much depends upon the length of the "block" and the position of signals. Also when a man is employed at a "distant" signal fixed on the post of a "home" signal, as previously described, applicable to the box in the rear, he must not take up the detonators till *both* signals are lowered.

Perhaps the reader may like to know something of the risks to which fogmen are exposed, and the way they are treated. It may astonish some to hear that the risk of accidents to packers and permanent-way men is less in fog than in clear weather, while the adoption of Woodhead's machine on the London and North-Western (described hereunder) has rendered the risks still less on that line. A



"Meditating serenely over the little harvest which the fog is putting into his pocket"

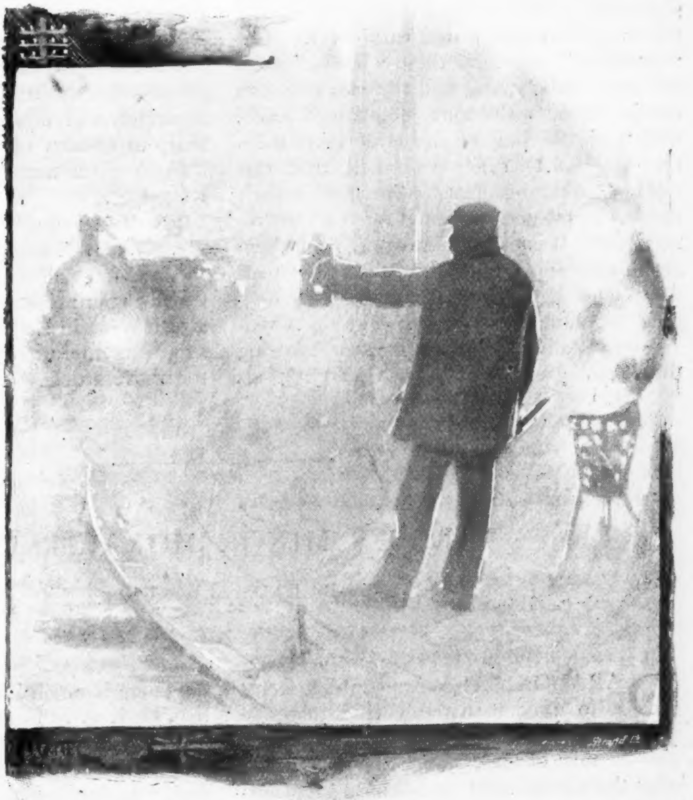
Great Western inspector tells me he has no hesitation in saying that ten times more packers are killed in clear than in foggy weather. The reason, I suppose, is that the abnormal sense of danger which a fog brings carries with it a larger amount of precaution, while clear weather induces carelessness. The greatest dangers of fogmen are cold and exposure. Fires, and in many cases huts, are provided for them; while one may see, for example, in some of the signal-boxes at Willesden Junction on the London and North-Western Railway a goodly array of thick overcoats, provided specially for the fogmen on duty. The men are also well supplied with refreshments, consisting of bread and cheese or sandwiches, and hot tea or coffee. If they have not had a recent meal when going on fogging duty, refreshments are taken to them as soon as possible; in the other case they get them after three hours of duty, and again at the end of five hours if they are still at work. The station-master, signalman, or other person who books them on has to see to this, and it is all carefully laid down in the company's instructions by whom or from what shop the food is to be supplied, and by whom conveyed to the men all along the line. Fogmen, as a general rule, should be relieved after twelve hours' work, and should not be kept out more than six hours after they have completed their ordinary day's work. Every effort should be made to avoid keeping them fog-signalling beyond twelve hours. It must, however, be borne in mind that extra pay is given for all overtime work beyond, as a rule, eight hours, and that often while the passenger bestows a few thoughts of pity upon the coat-enveloped figure dimly seen through the fog by the light of his fire as the train passes, the individual himself is meditating serenely over the little harvest which the fog is putting into his pocket.

And now for a short description of the detonator itself, which, by the way, was introduced about 1850 or 1851. Three tin cases, one within the other, enclose a few grains of gunpowder and three percussion caps, forming in their entirety a circular disc, about two and a quarter inches in diameter, weighing two ounces, flat on the bottom and convex on the top, a strip of lead being attached to the lower part for the purpose of clinching it on to the rail. Each detonator costs three farthings, so that a two or three days' fog brings about a serious item of expenditure in railway working for material and labour. A supply of detonators is always kept at stations and signal-boxes in connection with which fogmen are employed, while the men themselves are usually authorised to keep a few at their homes, especially if they live beyond the distant signals. Detonators are tested every two months by one out of every stack being exploded; they must not be kept over three years, but must then be returned to the Stores department. Moreover, they must be carefully handled and kept in perfectly dry places. If it chance that one of them fails to explode, a report must be made out and sent to the superintendent with the defective detonator.

Some idea of the enormous amount of detonators used, and the cost of fog-signalling, may be gathered from the following. On the London and North-Western Railway it may be assumed, from appropriate figures, that from 10,000 to 20,000 have been employed in twenty-four hours, while over a series of years there has been an average yearly consumption of about a million, though thousands of detonators are used for other than fogging purposes in contingencies requiring trains to reduce their speed. Fog-signalling has been recently amplified on this line by adopting the "Duplex" detonators, one of which contains *two* explosive charges, so that it is no longer necessary to use more than one, the engine-driver being required to obey the indication conveyed by *one* report.

On the Midland Railway the consumption of detonators in twenty-four hours would average about 300 gross. For a season of six months—say September to February—the number of detonators has latterly been about 1,008,000; the cost of them would be about £3250, and their weight about 16½ tons! Between 2000 and 2500 men are employed on the Midland in this department; their wages in 1896 amounted to £4627, and in 1897 to £10,122, whilst the charges for their refreshments were, in 1896, £729, and in 1897, £1517.

The question is often raised, "Surely the placing of detonators on the rail by hand is a very clumsy method of signalling, not to mention the disagreeable noise of the explosion; cannot some mechanical method of fog-signalling be adopted?" Let me say a few words on this head. I believe very many methods of mechanical fog-signalling have been invented (I know of one which is just now being brought forward by a private individual), and in nearly every case they rest on the theory of some projection on the line striking some projection on the engine, and so ringing a bell or otherwise communicating with the driver. Now it is obvious that, if such a method were feasible, the railway companies would have adopted it long ago, if only for the reason of saving a tremendous expenditure. But a fog-signal



"Exhibiting a red hand-signal"

is a matter of life and death, and it would not do to risk the slightest breakdown in a mechanical appliance of this description, a breakdown which is very possible to happen when one considers that it would be set in action by the bodies meeting at the rate of forty to sixty miles an hour, and not be stationary like the ordinary signals. At all events, the maintenance of the explosive signals witnesses to the recent opinion of a great railway engineer, which I saw the other day, stating that there was scarcely any further room for the invention of mechanical fog-signals.

Probably, if a mechanical method of signalling *is* used, it will prove to be an invention for feeding the rail with detonators. At the present moment two such machines are on their trial, one known as "Woodhead's Fogging Machine," emanating from the London and North-Western Railway, which places "layers" of detonators on the rail by the movement of a hand-lever. The "tumblers" in which these "layers" work are ten yards apart, and the fogman can charge them with four detonators each, while a simple pull of the lever takes them off the rail. I am informed that this machine is the result of seven years' experience of appliances designed for the London and North-Western Railway; 400 of them are in use, and some are worked from platforms and signal-boxes. "Barnfield's Fogging Machine," now on trial at the Great Western Railway, consists of two revolving discs ten yards apart, each carrying six detonators which are brought in succession on to the rail by the moving of a hand-lever into six notches. Of course each of these machines needs a fogman to work it, but his task is made easier, while they may prove the parents of machines to be worked from the signal-box.

Sole dependence is not placed upon such mechanical contrivances, their object being chiefly the safety of the fogman. Other lines—*e.g.*, the Midland—have tried inventions from time to time, but they do not appear to have been successful.

As to the noise which detonators make, and which seems to many to be unnecessarily loud, it must be borne in mind that the footplate is a very noisy position to travel on. I can testify to this fact from the runs I have myself taken on express locomotives, and can assure the discontented passenger that, for the sake of his own dear safety, it is very necessary that, above the roar of his engine—above the jumping of the iron horse and the banging he makes as he rushes over points—the watchful driver should be able to accurately and unmistakably distinguish the sharp explosions of the detonators that are his only guide through the gloomy realms of King Fog.

[NOTE.—I must express my thanks to Mr. G. H. Turner, General Manager of the Midland Railway, and to Mr. R. Turnbull, Chief Superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway, for their kindness in supplying me with special information for the above article.—V. L. W.]

LIFE'S MINOR MORALITIES

BY LADY MAGNUS

II.—WAYS OF LOVING

PARADOXICAL as it sounds, it seems to us demonstrably true that one cannot see clearly save through a mist of love, though this mist, which helps the vision, must by no means be mistaken for the same sort of thing as the bandage with which some foolish people would make love blind. Our mist means only—but there is much implied in the meaning—that heart is as essential as eye to any accurate perception of things, or to any true sense of proportion in them; that, as Joubert says, "*les hommes ne sont justes qu'envers ceux qu'ils aiment.*" Not even just without love for make-weight in the nicely balanced scales. And this conceded, and love the noun taken for granted as chief factor in the satisfactory conduct of life, love the verb claims due consideration too, for besides an infinite variety of moods and a very distinct tense of future and of past, there is first and foremost an active and a passive form to it. To love or to be loved—which is the more to be desired? Not often, at any rate, is the power for either, whether we hold it as a gift or as a capability, to be found in combination. So rarely, indeed, are the lips which kiss, and the cheek which presents itself for kissing, features in the same sweet face, that one inclines to reckon both as gifts, as birth endowments almost, bestowed by the capricious godmothers of the old fairy tales. Which of us does not know some fortunate ones who

> Treat their friends like a huntsman his pack;
> He knows when he likes he can whistle them back—

people who, without much effort—without, as it seems to us onlookers, over much desert—go about among their fellows like attractive magnets? We all want to be loved, we all like to be loved, and not very many of us, it may be hoped, miss altogether this supremest of blessings. Yet when one thinks of the beautiful souls imprisoned for life in unlovely caskets, of the inarticulate souls kept dumb by circumstance, dying perchance with all the music in them, it must be owned that that power to be loved does seem to lie in the not-to-be-reckoned-upon gifts of the gods or the godmothers. "What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done to it?" we cry out in our pain. "Wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes brought it forth wild grapes?" we some of us ask sadly enough all our lives; and to all the longing no sort of answer comes.

But to love, that is another matter; that is surely an acquirement, and not on the face of it an unreasonably difficult one. Indeed, there must be very few people who would not claim the capability for loving as a matter of course, and very many who would sooner deny their opportunities than their powers for its exercise. And yet we venture to doubt if to love be in truth so easy as it sounds, for there are very many ways of loving, and perhaps but one of doing it effectually and after a fashion that should deserve the name. Even in its most rudimentary form, in what one might call still-life loving, there are differences. There are lovers of Nature (the big N understood) who enthuse over scenery and grow poetical at picnics, and who yet leave their sandwich-papers, not to say their bottles, about in the very foreground of the "view," while there are others who are heedful that not even their corks should ruffle the fair serenity of the stream. Which difference is suggestive perhaps of a simple test that may be generally applied. What we love, whom we love, should be the better, or, at the very least, not the worse, for our loving. Failing this, how great soever be our powers, however wide our opportunities, in the capability to love we fail. The love that loves not wisely but too well takes unto itself in the course of an average lifetime an infinite diversity of objects, and to no one of them can its lack of wisdom and its *plus* of energy do good and not evil. The "not wisely" is perhaps the commonest form of failure, but the eager "too well" runs it hard. We need a thoughtful love even for our clothes; some wisdom in choice, some restraint in use, some care in treatment is essential if they are to last any time and not to fray out at the edges; and it does seem desirable that one's love for one's friends and even for one's relations should have about it some touch of the like reasonable regard. As a rule married love, parent love, family love, not to speak of friendship, runs all too readily into the "not wisely" or the "too well" groove, and expresses itself either in the nagging or the spoiling form. For even nagging, it is fair to acknowledge, can be indulged in from the highest principles, from a real genuine desire to cure a fault or correct a habit, and may well be but the outcome of too much anxious affection for its unlucky object. To praise people for what they do right may appear to most of us a pleasanter way of jogging a lagging memory than to scold them for what they do wrong, and to be altogether perhaps, as a general rule, a safer system of mnemonics; still, as a form of unwisdom, nagging is, we think, less to be condemned than its antithesis of spoiling, for that is self-indulgence pure and simple, and the product of no sort of principle whatever. "In charity shalt thou judge thy neighbour," it is written; but emphatically comes the next verse with its wise warning against that easy tempting weakness of standing aside from our responsibilities and saying nothing. "Thou shalt surely rebuke him" follows: in the Hebrew text the verb is repeated, which is the intense active form of it. "Thou shalt not suffer sin upon him." Be it man, woman, or child whom we spoil after the easy fashion of non-interference, whether from too much love of them or from too much love of ease, we sin against the majesty of love and fail in our way of loving. "Wise silence" may be "best music unto bliss," but—*pace* Sir Philip Sidney—more certain harmony, we submit, under less ecstatic conditions, is to be got out of wise speech.

And we run yet another danger of loving too well, and thus unprofitably, when we get out of focus, so to speak, and see things in wrong perspective. It is so easy to see even oneself out of proportion, as it were, and to grow jealous or sore because the hero or the heroine worship in which we are indulging is not returned in kind, and the love and admiration remain a bit one-sided. To love our friends for what they are, and not for what they are to us, is more or less a counsel of perfection; but unless we approach it, unless we can love well without that ugly, selfish, inseparable "too" tacked on to it, we miss the ideal altogether. And, at the least and worst, we can love people for what they should be, and thus give them a chance to grow to our beliefs. Scientists tell us of cures by suggestion; such subtle influences, it seems to us, have as good a chance to work by way of the dormant heart and the latent ambition as by the hypnotised brain.

> "Oh! Uncle S.," sez he, "I guess
> It is a fact," sez he,
> "The surest plan to make a man
> Is, think him so, J. B.,
> Ez much as you and me."

Love that can work this way, and wait for results with patient trust "in time and the power of God," can not only make friends but make character.

Where most of us, we take it, get our love freight wrecked, or run aground in the shallows, is on one or other of the unnamed, unnumbered little shoals of self-love.

So many of us fail to see that we may expend our patrimony for any one of a hundred good reasons, or for never a one at all, and that we may get our store back in less measure and for less reason, or for none, and the thing still may be more equal than it looks.

> If thou must love me, let it be for nought,
> Except for love's sake only. Do not say
> I love her for her smile, her look, her way
> Of speaking gently . . . .
> But love me for love's sake, that evermore
> Thou mayest love on through love's eternity.

That is the ideal way, and it is pleasant to note how a beautiful or a wise thought repeats itself in the generations of men, and how fine spirits meet, as the saying is, across perhaps a dozen dividing centuries. A Jewish sage has anticipated the English poetess, and has put her fine feeling for love into a saying instead of a sonnet:

> When love upon a motive doth depend,
> 'Twill with the motive end.
> But when it hath no motive, love is sure
> For ever to endure.*

The moral in either case is the same, and it is this: that any thought of a *quid pro quo* is fatal to a right way of loving. One may pay, one does pay often, a heavy price for love, but it is in the spending mostly that one gets the value, and no wise love demands its exact change. There was once a pretty girl and a plain one, each really fond of the other, but from lack of this elementary wisdom their friendship was one day in terrible peril. "Caroline, you are very pretty," said the plain one. A deprecatory murmur was the pleased response. Then lower: "Caroline dear, do you think *I* am pretty?" and the "No, Kate dear. You have a nice figure," which came after a pause, in which truth wrestled and resulted in compromise, led to tears and argument. "If you cared for me as I care for you, you would think me pretty," pleaded Kate; but she was wrong. It is easier, however, to perceive this in the position of audience than of actor, and the incident shows how very necessary it is to keep an ideal steadfastly before one—an ideal of a love which should be capable of forgetting itself and its own claims, capable even, at its highest, of "swearing to its own hurt and changing not." If a real instance is needed as illustration, perhaps the record of the Jewish prince, who could say to the man who was to reign in his stead, "Thou shalt be king, and I will be next unto thee," supplies it. The right sort of love, at any rate, is always sparing in its demands while it is unstinting in its gifts, and, like a well-managed bank, keeps large reserves in view of large and unexpected calls upon it. And big calls are pretty frequent, and come oftenest perhaps from those who are nearest to us and who should be content with their regular dividends. As Sainte-Beuve says, "Family life is full of thorns"; though he is careful to add, "such thorns are fruitful, all others are dry thorns." Still, undoubtedly, the kind souls, they do seem mostly relations, who expect as much show of anxious affection for, say, a cold in the head, as could be reasonably expected for a serious operation, are "trying," and it is a little hard on friends who fail in due solicitude for trifling aches and ailments to be frowned at as unloving and unsympathetic. But that they appear so to the sensitive sufferers is as undoubted, and so here comes in an opportunity for that highest and most difficult form of duty to one's neighbour, the doing unto others not as *ye* would be done unto, but as *they* would be done unto!

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* The passage occurs in the *Aboth*, V. 19. The metrical rendering is by the Rev. Isidor Myers.

And, after all, love should be outspoken, demonstrative if you like.

> A well of love, it may be deep;
> I trust it is, and never dry.
> What matter if the waters sleep
> In silence and obscurity?

In that case it remains "a comfortless and hidden well," and the poorest of substitutes for "murmuring, sparkling, living love." In truth, to us it has always seemed that every variety of the "she" who "never told her love" needs a Shakespeare to do her justice and to see to it that the "damask cheek" is none the worse for the "worm." In the prose of everyday life "concealment" leaves traces, and is pretty certain to bring about all sorts of uncomfortable complications. Love, the right sort, too, must learn to make allowance. One comes across an entry in Sir Walter Scott's diary which is pertinent to our point, and one's admiration for the great novelist—greater, perhaps, for to-day's crowd of little ones—is swallowed up in love for the man. It is under date June 8, 1826, and runs thus:

> "Bilious and headache this morning. A dog howled all night and left me little sleep. Poor cur! I dare say he had his distresses as I have mine."

Love of this sort, which can find in biliousness and sleeplessness, not excuse for crossness, but reason for sympathy even with its cause, spells patience and strength and sweetness too. It is a minor morality of the truest sort, since it is for the most part only in very minor matters that occasion comes for its exercise. Big opportunities for big sacrifices are at the best infrequent, and a St. Simon Stylites' pillar would in the most well-intentioned household be a quite superfluous article of furniture. Yet none the less, perhaps, and certainly none the less usefully, can self-renunciation be a matter of daily practice, and from no more elevated platform than the most commonplace of chairs or sofas. The chair, maybe, is the best, for on the sofa we might lie and dream our ways of loving; from a chair we must occasionally jump up and set about them.

"BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN"

By ALEXANDER SMITH, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

I WAS schoolmaster for four years at the South of Arran. American and English tourists rarely know where Corriecravie is. They land at Brodick or Loch Ranza, and may come down as far as Lagg on the east or Blackwater on the west side of the island. But between these places there are eight miles of coast seldom explored. The circum-insular pedestrian passes by, and when the whisky runs low at

Shedog, a few cyclists scorch along to Lagg. But, save for certain families who never tire of it, the spot has not many visitors.

The houses lie in three small clachans. The largest of these, called Sliddery, contains the school, the smithy, and the store. These stand at the top of the hill. At its foot, on one side, runs Sliddery Burn, and the joiner's yard forms the centre of a snug group in the valley. Crossing in the other direction, you pass some well-cultivated land—for the south end is the best part of Arran for the farmer—and come to Rowanpark House and half-a-dozen other dwellings. Leaving these behind, you emerge on to the cliffs, and looking straight across to Ireland, you now breathe the pure ozone of the Atlantic. When you have gone a mile further, you will face Cantyre. This is the favourite evening walk. As the sun sets behind the Argyleshire hills, its rays are reflected from the sky on to the Arran shore. From where you stand the rocks seem one variegated mass of living jewels. Ruby and amethyst sparkle and intermingle, as the magic light plays among the felspars and micas of the granite. The Sound lies before you, steel-grey and cold, with a few smacks scudding along under the evening breeze. No dwelling is in sight. You are alone with Nature, and the sun is sinking in the west.

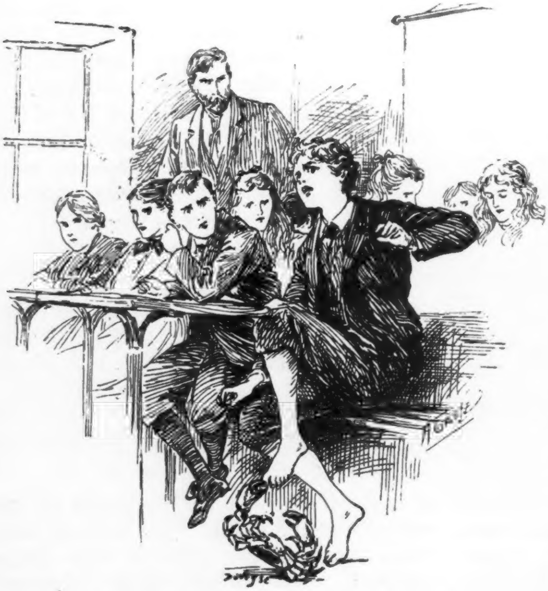
The night is calm and cloudless,
  And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
  To the music of the sea.

They gather, and gather, and gather,
  Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence
  To the solemn litany.

It begins in rocky caverns,
  As a voice that chants alone
To the pedals of the organ
  In monotonous undertone;

And anon from shelving beaches,
  And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising
  The ghostly choirs respond.

It begins to get chilly, and you are glad to draw your cape over your shoulders as you return. Before leaving the cliffs, however, there is a little knoll you must not fail to climb. It will not take you five minutes from the road, and if there is no mist on the river, you will be rewarded by a view of the three most southernly lights on the Clyde. Davaar shines behind you; Ailsa revolves out in mid-channel; while far across the firth, Corsel with its red glare, marks the entrance to Loch Ryan. If you look down along the shore, you will see a solitary flicker close to the water's edge. It is more than a mile to the left, and lies so far from the hill, that you may at first think there is a boat at anchor. But the lamp stands in the kitchen of George Bell, the lobster-man. His house is built at the end of a ledge of rocks. All through the year the waves dash up to within six yards of the gable, and in gales they break over the low garden wall. Close by there is a small natural harbour where his two boats are safe in all weathers. The nets, his chief support, stretch along the coast at a short distance from the beach. The household includes husband and wife, and their only child, Mary. The father is a



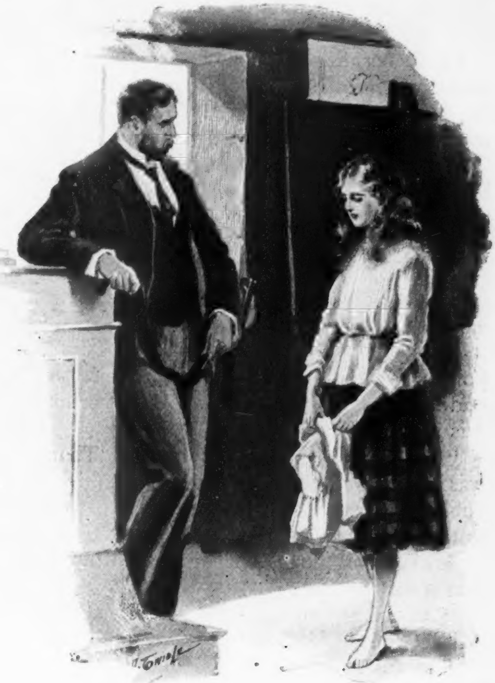
"One of the boys suddenly gave a loud yell" strong, broad-shouldered man. A shaggy head of hair and a grizzled beard make an appropriate frame for features tanned by constant exposure, and marked by that silent courage and self-reliance characteristic of toilers of the sea. Mrs. Bell is also robust, but the patient endurance stamped on her face suggests the precarious nature of her husband's calling; and, indeed, few luxuries will be found within these walls. But there is at least cleanliness and warmth; for the housewife takes a pride in her cottage, and peats can be had for the picking.

Their daughter was my pupil while I taught in the village school. I shall never forget the first morning I took the classes. As I ascended the little platform, and looked down upon the thirty children gathered before me, my eye caught the bold, merry look of a girl sitting on my right. She was thirteen years old, but taller and more developed than the others of her age. Most of the scholars gave me an anxious gaze; the temper and quality of the new ruler being doubtless important points among his subjects. But mischief and high spirits were written unmistakably in this fearless glance. She was on the second bench from the back, at the end next the passage separating the boys from the girls. Her dark chestnut hair hung in clusters over her shoulders. Her face and hands were brown with the sun; so were her feet which were bare, it being the month of May. But her form was exquisitely proportioned, and she had an air of graceful freedom, like the birds who often peeped in at the open windows, and whose mocking chirp seemed to express contempt for the Education Department.

The work had been going on for about an hour, and I was examining some copy-books, when one of the boys suddenly gave a loud yell. All eyes were turned to him, and I at once went to the spot.

"Please, sir, he's gruppit ma tae."

I looked down, and saw that a large crab had seized his foot. I set him free, and asked him sharply what he meant by bringing the creature here.



"Please, sir, I'd rather hae the lickin'"

"It wisna' me," he said.

"Then who was it?" I demanded. He only hung his head. I went back to my desk, with every eye now bent upon me. I had determined to let them know that the new master was not to be trifled with, and that perfect discipline must be maintained.

"Stand, the boy who brought in that crab," I shouted.

Nobody rose.

I repeated my command, with the same result.

"I did not think the Arran lads were cowards," I exclaimed angrily.

"Please, sir, our boys are no' feart; it was nane o' them; it was me." Mary Bell was standing before me.

I was so surprised that I did not know how to act; so I fell back on that resource which has often saved me from doing things in the schoolroom which I might have regretted.

"Remain behind, please. I must speak to you," I said.

"Please, sir, let me put the crab back

into the can, and I'll tak' him ootside the door."

I gave permission, and was pleased afterwards, when thinking over the incident, with the solicitude shown by the girl at such a moment for her accomplice.

When the children left the room, she kept her seat.

I called her to my desk. "What do you expect," I said, "for your conduct this morning?"

She blushed all over, but there was no sign of fear about her.

"Do you know what this is for?" I said, pointing to the strap which my predecessor had left hanging on the wall. The question was just to frighten her.

"I ken it weel," she answered. There was a smile on her lips, as she instinctively rubbed her hands together before the anticipated operation.

I liked her pluck, but did not mean to test it further.

"As you are my first offender," I said, "I will let you off."

She was surprised, but made her curtsey and went down the passage. She was almost at the door, when she turned, hesitated a moment, and then came back.

"Please, sir," she said, "I'd rather hae the lickin'. The boys will say I got off because I'm a lassie, and that's no fair. Mr. Nicol used tae mak' us a' equal. I'll no greet."

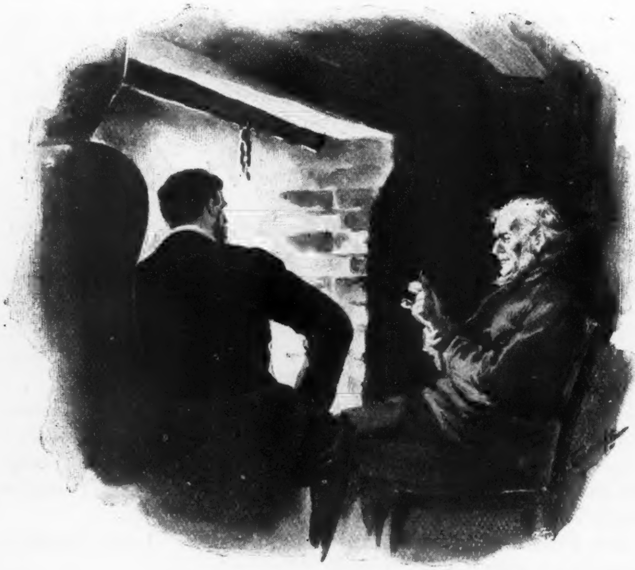
I was charmed to find such a spirit among the scholars; but I had my own way of maintaining discipline, and meant to try it in the new place. It was scarcely dominaic, but before I knew where I was, I had come round the desk and was shaking hands with her.

"Just leave it to me, Mary," I said. "I'm going to make you all equal, too." She was puzzled, but with my hand on her shoulder I led her gently to the door. Now the fact was that I had always managed my city classes without using either cane or tawse. Reflection on my own experience as a boy had taught me that these emblems of office did not appeal to any high element in a child's nature. I was convinced that their use was a moral degradation to a teacher, and often created a bitter spirit in the victim; while observation had also shown me that success in teaching depends chiefly upon the degree in which the master wins the confidence and enthusiastic support of his pupils.

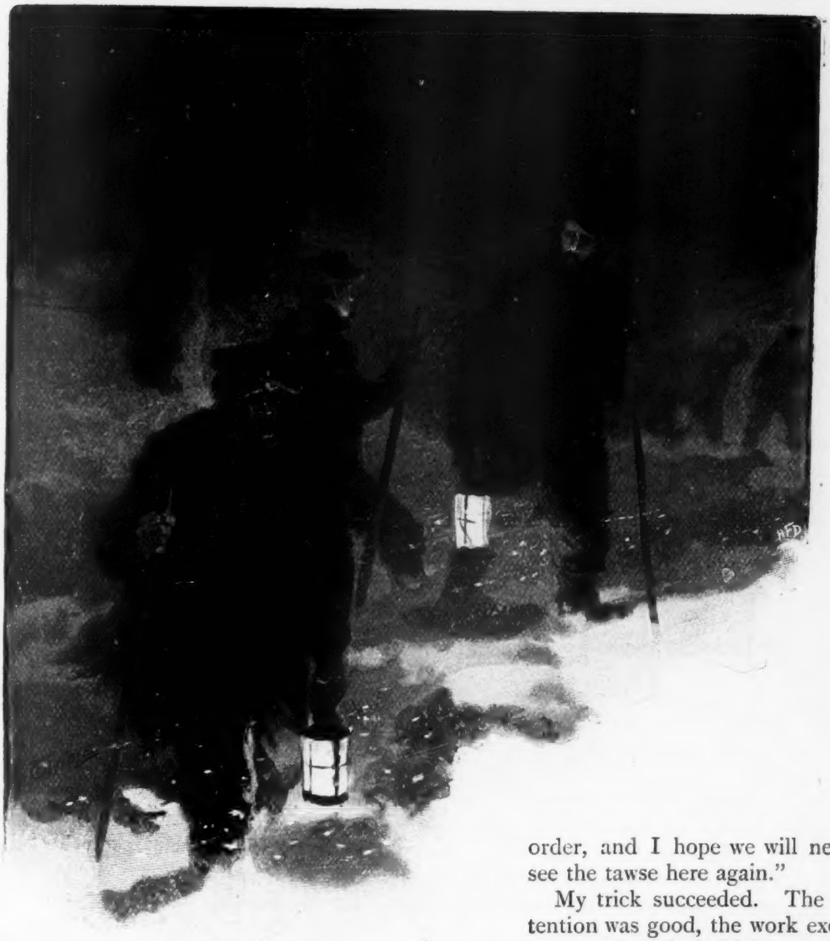
I knew better, of course, than to discuss the general question in the schoolroom, but I resolved to avail myself of that morning's incident.

When the classes reassembled, I made the boys all stand. I called Mary Bell up to the platform and took the strap in my hand.

"Boys," I said, "I am going to ask you to decide a matter. Like Mr. Nicol, I shall make no difference between the girls and you. Those who are of the same age will have the same tasks, the same play, and when necessary, the same punishments. But no man likes to strike a woman, and I don't want to raise my hand against a girl."



"I enjoyed a smoke and chat with the father"



"They divided into two companies

Every one seemed amazed, but I continued, "I must be fair, however, and treat all alike. Now, I will give you the choice. Will you have the girls punished in this way, or will you help me, by your good conduct, to do without the strap altogether?"

There was silence, of course, many of them being completely puzzled. But I saw that the seniors grasped the position, and felt satisfied that I had enlisted them on my side.

"Very well," I said, "I will rely on you, and especially the older boys, to maintain order, and I hope we will never see the tawse here again."

My trick succeeded. The attention was good, the work excellent, and I had higher passes than the school ever won before. A result also followed, natural, though unpremeditated on my part.

This treatment of the girls not only raised them in the estimation of the boys, but made them more particular about themselves, so that it was seldom I had to scold.

During the next two sessions Mary Bell gave me great pleasure as a pupil. Her lively nature occasionally led her beyond rules, with punishment tasks as a consequence and curtailment of play-hours. But she was a willing scholar of very fair ability, and I watched with deep interest her development under my hands.

She was ill for six weeks one season, when

I called regularly, and became well acquainted with the family. I enjoyed a smoke and chat with the father, who, being looked down upon by some of the farmers for his poverty, appreciated this little attention on the part of the schoolmaster.

The last time I spoke to Mary, was one cold January day. The snow was thick on the ground, and still falling. I had made the class room as warm as possible, and had stirred the fire into a blaze to give the children a cheerful welcome. They came at the usual hour. Mary Bell carried a basket in her hand, which she set up in one of the windows for safety. Now, as is common in small places, the school accommodation was limited to one room, which in bad weather was used also as a playground. When the interval came, I noticed Mary place her basket on a low shelf to be out of the way of the rompers. In case it might prove a temptation to the boys, or be harmed in the play, I said to her, "Just take it into the house, Mary, and Mrs. Lang will keep it for you."

She thanked me, and carried it away to my wife.

When I followed to get my dinner, Bessie said to me, "Do you know, Tom, that Mary Bell is going up to Glen Rhea after school?"

"How is Mrs. Miller?" I inquired.

"She seems far from well," my wife answered, "and Mrs. Bell has sent some fresh fish and other things for her sister."

I thought no more about the matter then, and went through the afternoon work as usual. The children were dismissed, the schoolroom was put in order for the morrow, and I rejoined my wife. I found her standing by the window looking at the sea and the clouds.

"Tom," she exclaimed as I came in, "I feel uneasy about Mary going up the glen to-day. She may get there in daylight, but they will surely keep her till the morning."

"Of course she'll stay," I said, "and come straight to school again. I wonder why George Bell did not go himself. He has lots of time at this part of the year."

"Mrs. Bell also is complaining," Bessie replied, "so Mary persuaded her father to stay with her."

We had tea, our usual game at chess, and then I settled down to read my Chaucer.

The snow had been falling steadily all day, and as I opened the curtains about eight o'clock, I saw that a mist had come up from the firth. The darkness outside was dense, not even the light in the house opposite being visible. I lit my pipe, feeling thankful for my snug parlour, and resumed the Knight's Tale.

It must have been nearly eleven when I was startled by the bark of a dog, followed by a loud knock at the front door.

I hastened to it, and a man stepped into the passage. It was Donald Stewart, the blacksmith.

"Ye'll help tae mak' up a pairty, Mr. Lang," he said; "there's a lassie lost in the glen."

My heart sank, but I did not waste time in words. I pulled on my boots and leggings, put a flask in my pocket, and took down my coat.

We got away without waking the wife and children. It was not the first time I had been out with a search party, and Bessie had always been anxious when aware of it. I knew how terrible her suspense would be on this occasion.

"Let her sleep," I said to myself sadly; "she will know soon enough."

We hurried down the hill, and met the other men at the bridge. There would be eight or ten altogether, with dogs and lanterns. They divided into two companies, one taking the regular road, the other, the narrow path up the glen.

David Brown, the father, and I, were walking side by side. The Browns live in Seaside Cottage, not far from the Bells.

"Ye see, Mr. Lang," said David to me in a whisper, "it wad be half-an-hour ago that George cam' over tae me wi' his face like a sheet. 'Wull ye sen' your mither ower tae bide wi' Jessie, an' ca' oot the lads, Davie?' he says tae me, 'Mary's no cam' hame frae Glen Rhea.'"

We trudged on by the Ross road till we came to the mill; then we had to take to the hillside. It was with the greatest difficulty that we reached John Miller's farm, where our worst fears were realised. I had still cherished the hope that the girl might be here, although her father thought it impossible.

"She's no the lass tae stay," he had said to me, "wi' her ain mither sae unweel."

"Ay," said her uncle, "Dan went doon wi' her as far's the Lagg road, and then she wouldna' let him gang further."

Joined by the other party and two or three fresh men, we retraced our steps.

The shepherd had brought her within a mile of home, but no trace could we find between the junction of the roads and Bell's cottage. The snow had never ceased falling, so it was vain to seek footprints. However, we went over the ground repeatedly, shouting and turning the lanterns in every direction.

It was not till the snow vanished that her body was recovered.

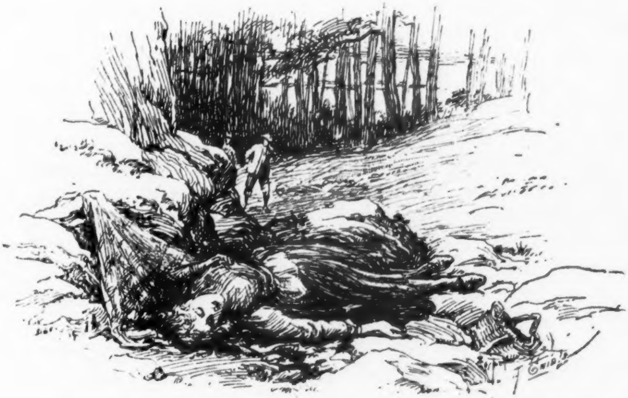
In the mist she had walked over the side of the road, and fallen into a deep drift which completely buried her.

In that simple place a death is felt by the whole community. Much rude but sterling sympathy was shown to the parents, who were never the same people after the loss.

As I stood again last August by the grave of my favourite pupil, once so full of golden promise, I remembered Gray's lines:

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
>   The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
>   And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

So I resolved that I would tell her story.



THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

WHILE on a visit to an old friend and colleague at Clifton College in the closing days of October last year, the Rev. T. E. Brown died suddenly, in his sixty-seventh year, from the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain. In the meagre obituary paragraphs which appeared at the time he was spoken of, in no unkindly spirit, as "a true though very little known poet"—a strange comment on the work of the man who in "Betsy Lee" produced the poem of the year a quarter of a century ago, and who, in 1893, published the most memorable volume of verse that has been issued within the last half decade.

The point is one on which he himself would have taken no concern. Popular applause, the *réclame* of friends, the distinction which crowns gratified ambition were alien to his large, genial, retiring nature. Still, to those who love his books, and who loved the man for them, this restricted appreciation is naturally a matter for regret. In a considerable degree, no doubt, it may be attributed to the poet's choice of "the old familiar speech" of the little island, for the mere remembrance of whose rocks and waves, blaeberries and heather, he thanked God in his English exile.

To sing a song that would "please his countrymen" was his main wish. And how sing to them except in their own quaint tongue?—every cadence of which he modulated with such exquisite mastery, that one almost fancies he preferred the dialect of the Manx fisher-folk to the language of the Empire. "I suppose," he writes in one of his recent letters, "I have an almost insatiable appetite for *coterie* speech of all kinds. I seek for it, procure to be admitted into it, sit at many hearths, and yearn over countless cradles." And yet the Manx of "Fo'c's'le Yarns," "The Doctor," and "The Manx Witch"—and if these are poems, they are also tales—is so simple, that it is hard to realise that it could prove a stumbling-block to readers who have not been daunted by the old Norland English which is still spoken on the arctic side of the Border.

However plausible the contention that people have been deterred by the dialect of these three remarkable volumes, there is no similar explanation of the neglect which has fallen on "Old John and Other Poems," the last and, in many respects, the most characteristic and the finest of Mr. Brown's books. If I have ventured to speak of it as the most memorable volume of poetry that has appeared during the last five years, I have not done so at haphazard. In justification of what may seem an extravagant claim, I would select no more than six items of the contents, and ask, where in any recent book we shall find the genius which can play card for card with the poignant tenderness of "Aber Stations," the typical comedy of "Jus' the Shy," the haunting music and elusive mysticism of "Disguises" and "Praesto," the wonderful and startling spirituality of "Catherine Kinrade," and the great billowy swing and breath-catching humanity of "The Peel Life-boat"? And these occupy only thirty-seven pages in a volume of 249, in which we see the poet in nearly all his moods, and rarely otherwise than at his most inspired moments.

In the way of biography there is little to record. Thomas Edward Brown, son of the Vicar of Braddan, was born at St. Matthew's Parsonage, Douglas, in 1830. He was educated at King William's College, in the island (1846–48), "but *really* by my father before I went there," and in some small degree—who can doubt?—by "Old John," the minister's man.

You were not of our kin nor of our race,
  Old John: nor of our church, nor of our speech:
Yet what of strength, or truth, or tender grace
  I owe, 'twas you that taught me—born to teach
  All nobleness . . . .

"From you it comes if in the busy throng
  Some friends I have, and have not any foes;
  And even now, when purple morning glows,
And I am on the hills, a night-worn watchman,
  I see you in the centre of the rose,
      Dear, brave old Scotchman!"

Nor was Old John, whom memory has idealised into a rustic angel of all work, the sole teacher, I suspect. In these days the lad picked berries on old Barrule, and lay in the heather of Langness, and listened to the silence of Carraghyn, and foregathered with Tom Baynes, and stored his memory with the strange stories and curious characters of the miners and the hill-farmers and the sea-toilers in the little port. He went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1850, and after a brilliant career was appointed Vice-Principal of King William's College in 1855. He was afterwards ordained, and married when he was twenty-seven. In 1861 he accepted the head mastership of the Crypt School, Gloucester, and two years later he was appointed second master of Clifton College by the present Bishop of Hereford. There he remained until 1892, and only those who knew the intellectual energy, the moral power, the deep spiritual nature of the man, can be aware of how much Clifton owed to his presence. In 1873 "Betsy Lee" was published; in 1881 it was included in a volume of "Fo'c's'le Yarns"; "The Doctor" appeared in 1887; "The Manx Witch" in 1889; and, as has already been noted, "Old John and Other Poems" in 1893. In 1888, after thirty years' companionship, Mrs. Brown died. "That is the irreparable," he wrote only a month or two before his own death.

One wishes that this meagre outline could be filled in with the colour of life and personality, but of this there does not appear to be any hopeful chance. "The difficulty we have," writes one of his closest friends, "is lack of any personalia. . . . His great power was his conversation and the charm of his personal intercourse. To those who knew him his books are valuable mainly as being so like his talk. His letters constitute another serious difficulty. They are almost entirely intimate and domestic. No more charming letters were ever written. I certainly know none that I have ever seen published which to me have the vivacity, fulness, humour of Mr. Brown's, but it would be impossible to print them." In no way does a man so unquestionably reveal himself as in his letters, and even in the small sheaf in the possession of the present writer, charming as is the unconscious self-portraiture, the letters are too unrestrainedly intimate and confidential to permit of reproduction. Still, it is some satisfaction to know that his Clifton friends and colleagues are preparing a volume of recollections which will include such correspondence as can be made available—and, may we not hope, whatever poems there may be that have no place in the existing volumes.

In the meanwhile, it is to these volumes that we must now turn. There are thirteen stories of Manx life, and it was here that Mr. Brown found scope for the rapid play and wonderful interchange of his poetic powers. Beneath the spell of his quaintly irregular yet singularly picturesque rhythms the island springs into vivid light and colour; you can even see the shearers working on the hill farms, shearing as it were in the sky, and the chimney smoking down below,

> and all that blue and curled,
> And just like lookin—
> Lookin—lookin all over the world;

you hear the curious, not unpleasing, talk of the men and women; and straightway you find yourself listening to some strange tale of human passion, and it seems marvellous that on this little ridge in the sea life should be as full of intense tragedy, as bubbling over with rare comedy, as it is in the great world beyond. There is a primeval energy and recklessness in the love and the hatred of these islanders; a sort of wild naturalness in the sorrow as in the boisterous gaiety. And everywhere character, sharply defined, uncompromising, full of freshness and rude force; and beneath the rough exterior undreamed-of tenderness and sensibility, and beside the wells of tears fountains flinging up in constant play (like Coleridge's spring on the heath) the silver sand of merriment.

All this, it must be confessed, is mere generalisation, which can give the reader but little conception either of the interest and incidents of the stories or of the large human sympathy and poetic qualities which the poet has brought to the telling of them. To do that, even a summary of each story would not suffice; the reader must be content to be referred to the volumes themselves. There he will discover for himself, after he has learned to understand the unaccustomed method, with what unflagging skill the poet has sustained the vividness of the narrative by means of the dramatic insight and earnestness of the story-teller; he will note the nervous grip of the verse, the incisive phrase, the touches of glamour, the pellucid simplicity, the freedom from that "neobscurantism" which seemed to Mr. Brown "to be settling down so fatally on modern literature"; he will ask himself where he shall find a more truly creative faculty for portraiture than is displayed in the delineation, say, of Doctor Bell, Parson Gale, the rascally Cain of Renshent, the Christmas Rose—that exquisite anticipation of "The Lady from the Sea"; he will perceive the broad and kindly tolerance, the feeling of kinship, the gracious philosophy of life, the reposeful assurance of a divine purpose pervading the enigma of the world which underlie these island dramas and which are the poet's conscious or unconscious confession of faith. And with several persistently recurring traits the reader cannot fail to be struck—the love of all "creatures," whether animate or inanimate, the overflowing tenderness for little children, the habit of slipping into some sweet familiar old hymn or some passage in the Bible endeared by the tears which it has set flowing or the tears it has wiped away. Read in "Betsy Lee" how Tom Baynes found poor outcast Jenny Magee dying in Wapping, and rescued her child and tramped with empty pockets to Whitehaven on the chance of finding a lugger loading for the island:

> Well, on we marched, and the little thing
> Wasn so heavy as a swaller's wing—
> A poor little bag of bones, that's all,
> He'd have bruk in two if I'd let him fall.
> And I tried all the little words I knew,
> And actin the way that women do.
> But bless ye! he woudn take no rest,
> But shovin his little head on my breast,
> For though I had lived so long ashore,
> I never had carried a child before.
>
> * * * * *
>
> But when the sun got low in the sky,
> Little Simmy began to cry.
> "Hungry!" I says, and over a gate
> And into a field, and "Wait then, wait!"
> And I put him sittin upon the grass—
> Dear o' me! the green it was—

And the daisies and buttercups that was in,
And him grabbin at them astonishin;
So I milked a cow, and I held my cap,
And I gave it to the little chap:
And he supped it hearty enough, the sweep!
And stretched hisself, and off to sleep—
And a deuced good supper and nothin' to pay,
And "Over the hills and far away."

And at last Ramsay was reached and Kirk Michael and Ballacraine, and the wanderer lay down in the ling with the child in his arms, and listened to "the quick little breath"—how many women know that sound!—and the dogs at the farms and the curlews whistling; and when he awoke it was daylight,

And the bees beginnin to think of the honey,
And who was there but little sonny—
Loosed from my arms, and catchin my hair,
And laughin: and I laughed too, I'll swear.
And says I—Come, Simmy, my little buffer!
You're small, but what is it sayin? *Suffer*
The little children to come to me—
So here goes, Simmy! and "Glory be"
I said, and "Our Father," and two or three
Little hymns I remembered—"Let dogs delight,"
The first two verses middling right—
And "Little boy with cheerful eye,
Bright and blue as yandhar sky."

* * * * *

Is that him there asleep? did ye ax?
Aye, the very same, and them's the fac's . . .
Look at him, John! the quiet he lies!
And the fringes combin over his eyes!
I know I'm a fool—but—feel that curl!
Aw, he's the only thing I have in all the world.

And what woman can read this without loving the man who wrote it?

The first time ever I seen her
She wasn much more till a baby—
Six years, may be,
Would have been her
Age; and the little clogs at her,
Clitter-clatter,
And her little hand
In mine, to show me the way, you'll understand,
Down yandher brew,
And me a stranger too,
That was lost on the mountain;
And the little sowl in the house all alone,
And for her to be goin
The best part of a mile—
Bless the chile!
Till she got me right—
And not a bit shy, not her!
Nor freckened, but talkin away as purty [pretty]
As a woman of thirty—
And—"That's the way down to the school," says she,
"And Saul and me
Is goin there every day;
You'll aisy find the way"—
And turns, and off like a bird on the wing,
Aw, a bright little thing!

Or take the simple pathos of a death-scene:

And when the winter time come round,
And the snow lyin deep upon the ground,
One mornin early the mother got up
To see how she was, and gave her a sup
Of tea or the like—and—mates—hould on!
Betsy was gone! aye, Betsy was gone!
"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!
Pity my simplicity! .
Suffer me to come to Thee!"
That's the words I've heard her sing
When she was just a little prattlin thing—
And I raely don't think in my heart that ever
She was different from that—no, never!

As one reads "The Doctor," or "The Manx Witch," or the "Yarns," one almost regrets that, instead of confining himself to verse and an insular dialect, Mr. Brown did not turn his genius to prose fiction, which would have won him an incalculably larger audience. It was not from lack of suggestion or persuasion. "For me," he remarked in one of his letters, "a prose tale is out of the question. You have no idea how alien the great modern organon is to me. To begin to idealise is at once to float into metre, and generally into rhyme. I can't separate the two processes. So that's settled."

For most of us, in all probability, the last of Mr. Brown's books, of which I have already spoken, will be the most treasured possession. Here the range of power is, perhaps, the most striking fact of all. My space does not permit me to illustrate this fully, but take first the following beautiful

CANTICLE

When all the sky is pure
My soul takes flight,
Serene and sure,
Upward—till at the height
She weighs her wings,
And sings.

But when the heaven is black,
And west-winds sigh,
Beat back, beat back,
She has no strength to try
The drifting rain
Again.

So cheaply baffled! see!
The field is bare—
Behold a tree—
Is't not enough? Sit there,
Thou foolish thing!
And sing!

Turn next to "Jus' the Shy," the story of the fishing fleet, homeward bound from the north and stormed-stayed in a western bay, at the head of which stood an old castle:

Now there was a terble great lady livin in this Castle, mind!
Aye, a lady, bless ye! and no mistake, grand, no doubt, but kind.
And she come to see us, aye, and she said she was once on the Islan',
And the people was that good to her, and that civil, and that smilin,
And that plazzant, she said, *that she couldn forget it*, she said,
No, she said; *and it wasn no use*, she said,
They were nice people, she said, *the nice you couldn tell;*
That s what she said, and she liked them well.
And she wouldn take no res' of us but we muss promise then and theer
To have dinner with her, aye! dinner, think of that now! a hundred-and-sixty of us—what? aw I'll sweer.
Dinner though: so promised sure enough; and the day come,
And there wasn a sowl of us went, not a sowl, by gum!
No! and the pipers blawin,
And the curks drawin,
And the preparation they'd be havin, so I'm toul',
And there wasn a sowl, no, not a sowl.
And what for was that? What for? just the shy, the shy,
That's the what for, and that's the why,
And that's the way with the Manx; aw, it is though, aw, they are, they are,
Mos' despard shy . . .

But the lady of the Castle understood the uncouth diffidence of these big Manx children, and invited them to tea. Once more the irresistible insular shyness seized them, and once more she was disappointed. Was she huffed or irritated with the great burly babies? Not she.

Well, the wind veered round, and we all sailed for the southward,
Excep' two boats. Now, d'ye think she'd ha' bothered
About such dunkies? Well, that's jus' what she did,
Perseverin, aye! and considherin, and waitin. "Turn your quid!"
Says Juan Jem, lek *futhee*, lek *no hurry!* you know
Lek *aisy all!* lek *keep her so!*
Lek *wait and see!* Patient, is it? But anyway the strong
The kindness was in her—that's it, and the long-
Sufferin lek, and navar not no capers of takin offince.
My gough! it's many a time I've thought of it since.
What did she do but down to these chaps that was lavin behind—
Sixteen of them, aye—and axed them theer as kind as kind—
To tay? most sartin; what else? and I tell ye they took heart and went.
And enjoyed theerselves to the full the same's it might be you or any other gent.
But the res'! you're wondrin. Chut!
Jus' the shy, and nothing *but*
The shy. Aw, no use a' talkin,
The shy it's shawkin.
No raison, says you: not a bit.
Amazin, says you. Well, that's all you'll get.
That is the raison, and the for and the why—
Jus' the shy.

Then take the poem which needs only to be known to make his name dear throughout the length and breadth of England. No one who has experienced sorrow and loss can read "Aber Stations" without feeling a knot in his throat and the tears on his cheeks; to most it will bring a message of solace and reconcilement. I quote some passages from a letter which indicate how terribly real was the suffering which uttered itself in this beautiful and pathetic sequence:—

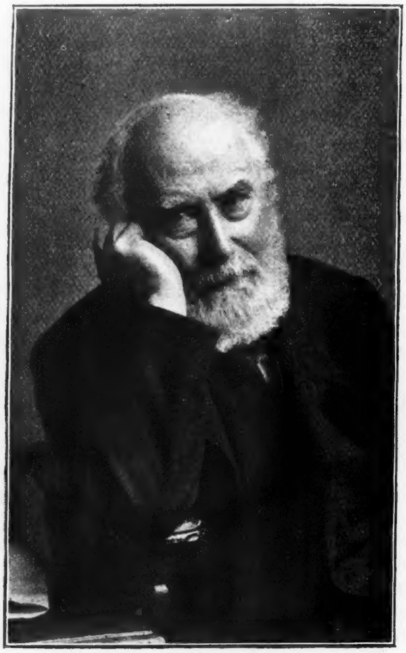
> Aber is a station on the Chester and Holyhead line, just beyond Llanvairvechan. A stream issues from a mountain valley close by the station, passing under the railway. You follow this stream about three quarters of a mile, and come upon a waterfall. This is my waterfall. The cliffs are high and steep, great mountain buttresses. . . .
>
> The humble basis of facts was just as you have it in the poem. Braddan, the third of my four boys, was quite the little enthusiast to fasten with avidity upon the kind of reputation that had grown up around his father in the Isle of Man as crag and mountain climber. So one day, at the foot of Aber Fall, the moment he arrived he set his little sturdy limbs against a wholly impossible monster of a rock, and seemed quite to take it for granted that it would yield to him without an effort.
>
> No lamb lay crushed that time. But when Braddan died, I went down to Llanvairvechan in the spring of 1877. The Fall, which in "the season" is much resorted to by trippers, was then a heavenly solitude. I was absolutely alone; the lamb was dead upon the cruel stones: the shepherd

called his dog. The "Stations" are the "Stations of the Cross," the "fittes" or throbs of a great anguish. My interlocutor was my other self, always ready to take up the cudgels for conventional pain-killers. I think I killed him, or in some dim way he disappeared. . . .

It is that solitary visit which is the occasion of the poem. The Fall is haunted by the memory of the child—nay, by a sort of spiritual consciousness of his presence. The blackbird is mad with the joy of the spring; the water leaps down as of old. Why, this very grit is the same *his* foot trod crisp that day four years ago—that little warm pink foot which his mother kissed nightly before the light was put out. Ah! where is that little foot?

What is it now? a fascicle of crumbling bones,
Jammed in with earth and stones.

That "other self," that logical Job's comforter, argues with him on his unsubmissive grief, his aching misery. But here is the tall perpendicular cliff, which the little fellow set his strength against. It surely retains some dint from the strain of those gentle limbs. Is he here? "O Braddan, are you here?"



(*Cowen, photographer, Ramsey, Isle of Man*)

REV. T. E BROWN

There is but one "Station"—a very voice in Rama—that can be easily detached from its quivering context of yearning love and anguish:

STATIO TERTIA

The stream is very sweet
To-day . . . . Just see the swallow dart!
How fleet!
It sent a shiver to my heart.
If he had lived, you say—
Well, well—if he had lived, what then?
Some men
Will always argue—yes, I know . . of course.
The argument has force.
If he had lived he might have changed—
From bad to worse?
Nay, my shrewd balance-setter,
Why not from good to better?
Why not to best? to joy
And splendour? oh, my boy!
I did not want this argument in the least,
My soul had ceased
From doubt and questioning—
That swallow's wing!
What a transcendent rush!
Hush! hush!
Or, if you talk, talk low:
For . . . . do you know . . . .
Just as the swallow dipt,
I felt as if a soft hand slipt
Its fingers into mine . . . . he's near . . . .
He's with us . . . . 'tis not right the child should hear
This jangling . . . . low, then, low!
Or this is better . . . . go,
Go, darling; play upon the bank,
And prank
Your hair with daisy and with buttercup,
And we will meet you higher up.
Now then . . . . *if he had lived?* if my sweet son
Had lived? . . . . You stare . . . .
There! there!
'Tis gone, 'tis gone—
It was the swallow's dart
That sent a shiver to my heart.

Reference has already been made to the deep spiritual consciousness, the strain of mysticism, which appears in this volume. As exemplifying this, and as a fitting sequel to the passage just quoted, the poem which follows may well bring this inadequate survey to a close.

DISGUISES

High stretched upon the swinging yard,
I gather in the sheet;
But it is hard
And stiff, and one cries haste:—
Then He that is most dear in my regard

Of all the crew gives aidance meet;
But from His hands, and from His feet,
A glory spreads wherewith the night is starred;
Moreover of a cup most bitter-sweet
With fragrance as of nard,
And myrrh, and cassia spiced,
He proffers me to taste.
Then I to Him—"Art Thou the Christ?"
He saith—"Thou say'st."

Like to an ox
That staggers 'neath the mortal blow,
She grinds upon the rocks:—
Then straight and low
Leaps forth the levelled line, and in our quarter locks.
The cradle's rigged; with swerving of the blast
We go,
Our Captain last—
Demands
"Who fired that shot?" Each silent stands!
Ah, sweet perplexity!
This, too, was He.

In these startling and strangely beautiful lines I venture to think that we have in allegory the expression of the poet's unfaltering religious belief. In the crises of life, in the last extremities to which human nature can be driven, in bereavement, on the foundering wreck of death itself, there is ever in reserve a divine invisible hand quick to reef the icy sail, to send the life-line home, to star the dark with glory.

This assuredly is one of the poems that we may add to the anthology of Christian verse which has rooted itself in the heart of the English race. It twines about one's inner life and haunts the memory with an imperishable music:

This, too, was He!

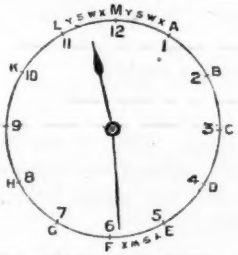
William Canton.

DODGES ON THE WIRES

By W. H. KNOWLES

If the network of wires above one's head, in any large town, could shout out, they would have many a tale to tell "of love as well as horror," of the price of herring as well as the price of Grand Trunks, of the state of the weather on Ben Nevis as well as of the state of the Racing Calendar; but the transmitting of all this intelligence along those silent and thread-like wires involves, besides much methodical routine work and a great deal of scientific knowledge and technical skill, some interesting little things not generally known.

For instance, telegraphists have a clock of their own like this:



Any telegraph clerk can, without the slightest hesitation, give you the time of day in *letters*, because he carries this clock in his mind's eye. Hence, if at seven o'clock you ask him the time, he will say G. If it is 10.47 he will say Kis, without meaning to insult you, even if you are a lady. The clock here pictured shows the time at 11.29, which, in telegraphic parlance, is lex.

This may seem very complex, but in reality it is extremely simple, as the following table will show:—

a = 1 o'clock
b = 2 „
c = 3 „
d = 4 „
e = 5 „
f = 6 „
g = 7 o'clock
h = 8 „
i = 9 „
k = 10 „
l = 11 „
m = 12 „

These twelve letters also stand for the "five minutes marks" round the clock. Thus m stands for 12 o'clock; ma for 12.5; me for 12.25. The letters r s w x, between each "five minutes," enable the operator to write the time to a minute. Thus b is 2 o'clock; ba is 2.5; bas = 2.7.

If the public could only learn this code, what an immense amount of time and confusion would be saved, in the printing of time tables for railways and steamboats for instance, or in marking the time on letters and messages in large business houses, and in a hundred other ways. It is used in the Post Office for marking the time of messages and registered letters, and is of immense service. It is much easier to write mis than 12.47, and while 113 in a time table may be read for either 11.3 or 1.13, these times, marked by the above code, are quite distinct, for 11.3 would be written lw, and 1.13 abw.

Then another thing which telegraphists have all to themselves is the Morse Code of signals, by which all messages are telegraphed. Some of the telegraphic intruments have two keys, while others have but one, but in any case every letter of the alphabet is signalled by means of dots and dashes. In the case of an instrument with two keys (side by side) a tap of the left key means a "dot," and of the right key a "dash." In an instrument with but one key a light stroke means a "dot," and a heavy one a "dash." A skilful telegraphist can make these signals with astonishing rapidity and with unerring accuracy. The whole of the alphabet is represented by the following code, and by means of it of course any word in any reasonable language (we exclude Chinese, &c., from this category) can be easily signalled to the far corners of the earth:

a - —
b — - - -
c — - — -
d — - -
e -
f - - — -
g — — -
h - - - -
i - -
j - — — —
k — - —
l - — - -
m — —

n — -
o — — —
p - — — -
q — — - —
r - — -
s - - -
t —
u - - —
v - - - —
w - — —
x — - - —
y — - — —
z — — - -

1 - — — — —
2 - - — — —
3 - - - — —
4 - - - - —
5 - - - - -
6 — - - - -
7 — — - - -
8 — — — - -
9 — — — — -
0 — — — — —

Then again telegraphists have a rapid and quick method of writing or signalling the name of every town and village that possesses a telegraph office. All offices possess a large volume called the Code Book. This contains a list of every telegraph office, with the hours at which it is open and closed, and each office is designated by a certain group of two or three letters. Thus Manchester is MR, Liverpool LV, Preston PR, London TS, Birmingham BM.

Writing the names of towns in this brief manner of course saves an immense amount of time in a twelvemonth, and this style of "shorthand" is adopted by the clerks themselves when chatting with fellow-clerks, at distant stations, in quiet intervals. Strange to say, the letter q enters largely into the code for this kind of thing. For instance, rq means "wrong"; mq "wait"; oq "go slower"; pq is intended for the expressive monosyllable "shunt," meaning "go away"; "hook it!"; "take yourself off!"

In the middle of the day telegraphists are worked at high pressure, and the instruments are usually piled up with telegrams waiting for despatch; but in the early morning or in the evenings, long intervals sometimes elapse between messages, and then, while courting is going on in the parks and country lanes by lovers walking close together "'neath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves," many a pair of lovers, connected only by a wire of fifty or a hundred miles in length, are chatting with each other, and expressing themselves quite as volubly as that happy pair down the glen yonder.

Yes, telegraphists can either smile or frown on the wire; they can either laugh or grin. How the signal for a smile came to be invented no one seems to know, but it is very expressive, and is simply

— — - - — —

(literally, mim). Signalled thus:

— — - - — —

it means merely a smile;

— — - - — —
— — - - — —

indicates a laugh; while, if the operator is uncontrollably amused, he insensibly puts his feelings into the signal by transmitting it in this style:

— — - - — —
— — - - — —
— — - - — —

THE MOTHER

By MAARTEN MAARTENS, Author of "God's Fool," etc. etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

III—(*continued*)

THE widow was feeding her pigs. Nothing disconcerted, she asked her visitors to sit down while she went to wash her hands.

"I am sure you're dead beat," said the Dominé, anxiously watching his sister.

"No, no," she answered faintly. "What a quiet spot it is! Peace everywhere, even on the woman's face."

"Yes, she must be very lonely. Here she comes. Vrouw Quint, I have called to speak to you on a matter of importance. You have doubtless heard of the Blue Ribbon."

"No, Dominé," replied the widow; "but there's so many advertisements nowadays."

"This isn't an advertisement. It's an association."

"For the Queen's birthday?" said the widow.

"By no means." The Dominé spake with asperity.

"I beg pardon," replied the widow humbly. "I had heard something about a feast on the Queen's birthday. It must have been something else."

"It was," said the Dominé. "The Blue Ribbon is an association for the suppression of drink. But I forgot. You know nothing of the evils caused by intemperance."

"I think I do," replied the widow softly, her mind reverting to that wintry morning when they had brought her husband home.

"H'm!"—the Dominé's sister glanced up at him.

"Oh yes, of course. We all do. The curse of this country is the drink-devil. Quite true, Widow Quint. I am glad you take so sensible a view of the matter. You know what is meant by signing the pledge?"

"Promising never to touch a drop of spirits in one's life." The widow suppressed a yawn.

"Just so," said the Dominé, pleased. "It is a cause in which all of us can help. *You* must sign the pledge, Widow Quint!"

"I?" exclaimed the widow indignantly.

"You. As I also have done."

"You? Well, Dominé, I should never have thought it of you; but I suppose it began at college. My cousin in Utrecht do say as the drinking is dreadful at college. But, as for me, I can't think what you mean, Dominé! I never touched spirits in my life!"

She rose, her brown eyes aflame.

"That's the very sort we begin with," said the Dominé sweetly, quite unconscious of any aspersions on himself. "Nine-tenths of our members are young ladies of position who couldn't distinguish madeira from gin. That's the very sort of people we want, Widow Quint, to—to set an example. Now, your son—you must employ all your influence to make Isaac wear the Blue Ribbon."

"Never," said the widow, and sat down again.

The Dominé, who had been watching for his sister's approval of his diplomacy, turned round with a jump.

"What do you mean, Dominé? I can't think what you mean, sir! I don't know if any one's been calumniating Isaac: I defy them to their face!"

She grew suddenly calm again. "I beg your pardon," she said. "There must be some mistake. The boy's a well-behaved boy, as nobody knows better than I. And nobody can say that he drinks. Isaac!"

She ruffled her apron; her hands twitched.

"At least you cannot pretend that your son is a teetotaler," protested the Dominé with almost a sneer.

"No, Dominé. Is anybody? I never met anybody that was. He takes his occasional glass of spirits, like all men; and his beer at meal-times, as I do. La! to think of my insulting Isaac by saying he ought to take the pledge!"

"But, dear Vrouw Quint, *I* never get

drunk," interposed the Dominé's sister mildly; "yet I also have joined the association. We do so to protest against the habit of drinking!"

"Then that must be a fancy of ladies and gentlemen, miss; and of those I never pretended to know nothing. All I know is that the Dominé asks me to tell Isaac and the neighbours that I think he's a drunkard. Isaac! Me! La! Dominé, please let's talk of something else. Would you like, miss, to see my little brown pig?"

The Dominé had been moving uneasily on his chair. "There are moments, Petronella," he began, "when we feel that silence would mean participation in guilt. At whatever cost to myself or to others, as pastor of this parish, it is my duty to take a paramount interest in the welfare of the people——"

"Yes, quite true," exclaimed Petronella in great agitation, "and so let us look at the little brown pig."

"Pig? There are no pigs like the human. Vrouw Quint, listen to me! What I am going to reveal to you will cause you great pain. My good woman, I appeal to your courage, your Christian resignation. Your son has doubtless excellent qualities. But he also has faults."

At this moment the Dominé, to hide his perturbation, paused and took snuff. Had he not done so, the widow's fate had been sealed. But the break gave her courage.

"Mejuffrouw, may I speak?" she began timidly, with her hand to her fluttering breast. "I know that Isaac is not perfect. Ask him if, in his youth, I did not punish him when he misbehaved. I could speak now of his shortcomings, but were that befitting in his mother? Is it necessary that others should point out his vices to me—imaginary or not?" Once more she rose, with a noble gesture of command and appeal.

"Come," she said, "let us go and see the little brown pig?"

"All right," said the magpie, who had listened attentively all through the interview.

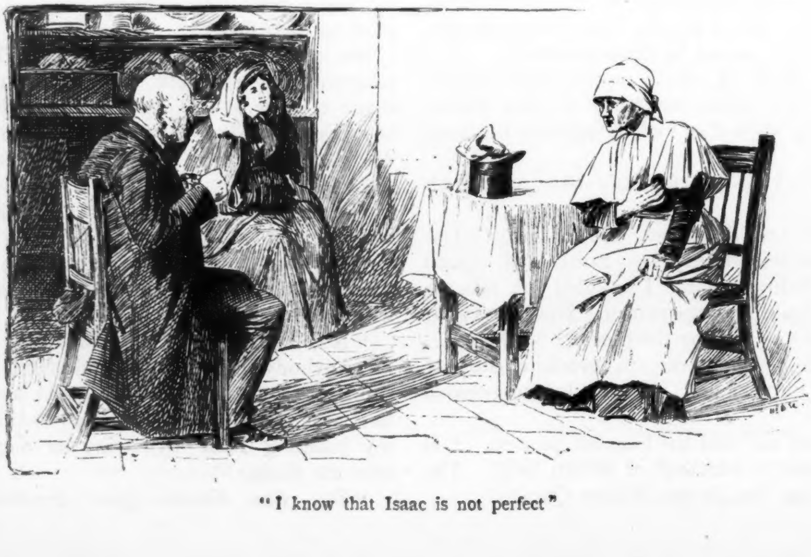
"Yes, let us go," assented the old maid in a low voice. "James, she is right; let us leave her and her son to the mercy of God."

"I sometimes fancy, Petronella," replied the Minister testily, "you believe that you are a great deal wiser than I."

"No, indeed, dear; no, indeed. A great deal less wise. But——"

"But what? Well then, in Heaven's name, let us be going! We've no time for sight-seeing. You'll be ill as it is, Petronella. I never ought to have allowed it. But you make me do whatever you please."

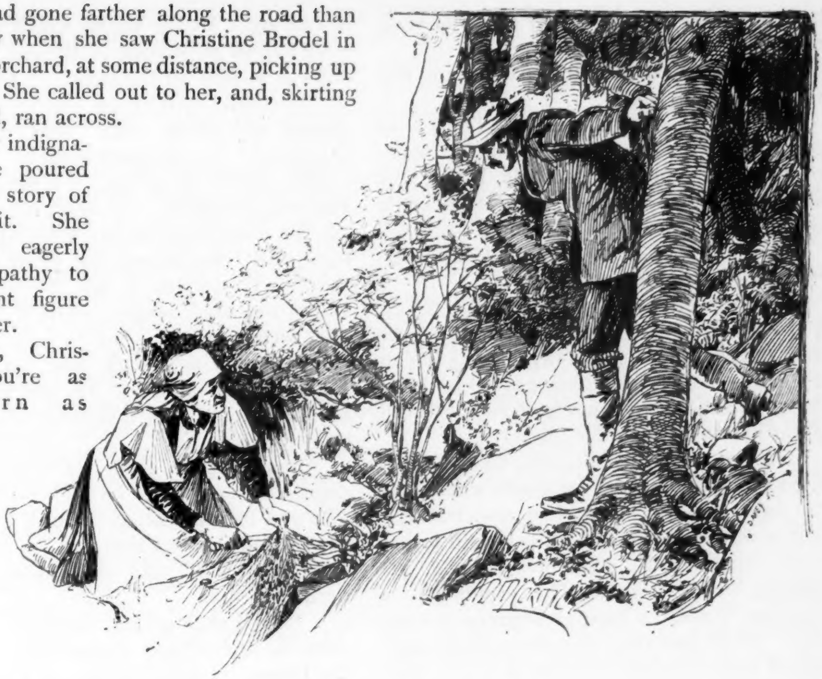
The widow, left alone, ran out for a breath of air. She felt as if she should suffocate; her heart beat against her ribs.



"I know that Isaac is not perfect"

She had gone farther along the road than she knew when she saw Christine Brodel in a small orchard, at some distance, picking up apples. She called out to her, and, skirting the wood, ran across.

In her indignation she poured out the story of the visit. She appealed eagerly for sympathy to the silent figure beside her.



"You leave that alone, you she-dragon"

"Why, Christine, you're as taciturn as people say *I* am! Girl, what would you have said if the Dominé had told you that Isaac got drunk?"

The farmer's daughter fingered the apples in her apron. "I should have demanded proof," she replied slowly. "But the Dominé didn't say that—did he now, Vrouw Quint?"

"No, indeed," replied the widow. "Well, perhaps I'm over sensitive. But to think of it—dear me! to think of it! It gave me such a turn!"

The girl peered into her face. "You aren't well," said Christine, with a warmth in which all her pent up sympathy bubbled over. "You should see the doctor. You know you aren't well, Vrouw Quint."

"I'm well enough, but my heart isn't as strong as it used to be, and my breath is apt to catch. I wish Isaac were safely married. Girl, when he's not out in the woods at night he's watching your window— the young fool!"

"Did he tell you so?" cried Christine, her rosy cheeks aflame.

"Tell me! No. Trust a mother to find out. Good-bye."

But the girl held her back. "Mother," she said earnestly, "you don't couple our names like that, do you?—please!"

Something in Christine's face struck alarm to the widow's heart: "What do you mean?" she said fiercely. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," answered Christine faintly. "It's all your fancy. Nothing's wrong: nothing's right."

"Pooh, you don't understand about sweethearting! So much the better. *I* know Isaac's in love. But perhaps it's not with you, child! Why should it be? La, la!" And the two women kissed.

Christine, left to her apples, finished the last heap with laggard steps and sad eyes. On her homeward way a few tear-drops stole into undue prominence. She had just dashed one back when, at a turn of the lane, she met Bunsing.

"I was waiting for you," said Tom. "I saw you kiss old Mother Quint! Now don't look scared. There were two fields between us. See here, you don't mean to say that you stick to that brute of an Isaac?"

"No. How dare you speak to me like that? Let me pass!"

"Don't be silly, Christine. There's as good fish in the sea as ever drank too much of it. You know as well as I that my father 'll be only too glad to have me settle down at the farm. Give a fellow a chance!"

"Let me pass!" she repeated furiously, "you —— poacher, you!"

He dropped aside with an oath: "Yes, I'm a poacher," he said. "Let your keeper look out!" He slunk away, leaving her in a tremble of diversified feelings. One thing, however, she clearly understood—she could never marry the man she loved.

The widow meanwhile, true to her long-tried precept that work in God's woods was the best cure for worry, had undertaken a survey of the preserve which belonged to her son's especial care. She was longing, yet fearing, to meet him. The events of the morning had left a painful impression upon her. There had been something in the manner of those she had spoken to which filled her with unreasoned alarm. A vague dread of misfortune hung heavy in the air. She was furiously angry with the Dominé that he should have ventured to annoy her—her, John Quint's widow—with his superfluous talk about drink. Did she not nightly thank God that he had answered her prayers, that Isaac came home with steady step and steadily wished her "Good-night"?

As she hastened on, walking off her irritation, her keen eyes—still so keen at a distance!—caught sight of a half-effaced footstep, which was certainly not Isaac's. She followed the direction in which it pointed. It led her down a slope, among brushwood, to a nearly dry little runnel, close by which, admirably hidden, she found a carefully spread net. Her eyes flashed with triumph. Immediately she began cutting it loose.

"Hillo!" called a voice from the other side. Tom Bunsing rose up among the brushwood. He had come straight from his interview with Christine to look after his net. "You leave that alone, you she-dragon!"

"I am doing my duty to the Baron," intrepidly replied Widow Quint. "Go home to your poor mother, Tom Bunsing, and dry her tears!" He jumped across without answering. In the scuffle which ensued he soon gained possession of the net, upsetting the old woman on the bank. "I can't help it," he said. "Why do you interfere, you hateful old thing, with what isn't your business? Do get away home."

She picked herself up. "Keep your net," she said scornfully. "I don't need it. I've got the other, just like it; I found it a week ago. All I wanted was full proof they were yours. To-morrow I lay the whole case before the head keeper. You'll spend the next month or two in jail."

Tom Bunsing's dark face turned pale. He swore a great oath. He had never been caught before. He had never dreamed of imprisonment.

When he spoke again his voice was quite calm. "Look here," he said, "I'll go back with you to your cottage, Vrouw Quint, and you'll hand me over that net."

"I shall not," said the widow, rising to depart.

"Then I shall go and fetch it. Isaac is down at the village, doing some work for the Baron. I knew he was, or I should not have come here."

The widow faced her antagonist with a confident smile. "You won't find the net in the cottage," she said; "for 'tis hidden in the woods."

"In Isaac's oak!" exclaimed Tom.

"What—what do you mean?"

"In Isaac's oak, where he hides his—oh, hang you, Vrouw Quint! Don't you hurt my mother, and I won't hurt your son."

"Hurt my son? How can you hurt Isaac? What does Isaac hide in the oak?"

"Never you mind. Where did you hide my net?"

"Tom Bunsing, I can't—I can't. What do you know of my son?"

"No more than of my net. Look here. I'll give you until nightfall—no, I'll give you until eight o'clock. If by that time the net isn't back in the place that you took it from, then——"

"Well?"

"The worse it will be for you."

"Pooh!"

"And for Isaac."

"Tom Bunsing, what harm can you do Isaac?"

"Till eight o'clock, mind you—not ten minutes later. I won't—do you hear me?

—I *won't* go to prison—for the sake of the old folks at home, who wouldn't stand it. Be careful. 'Tis ill fighting with a desperate man." He turned and disappeared into the underwood, without waiting for another word.

Vrouw Quint retraced her steps homewards. She was very anxious and very tired. Something, surely, must be wrong with Isaac. It could not be anything serious. Still, young men were not saints: she had never expected him to prove perfect. Again, she had unpleasant visions of imprudent lovemaking. Or could he, possibly, once in a way, have lost money at cards? No, what about the oak? What had he hidden from the others—from her?

As she drew nigh to the cottage, she saw that a figure was standing by the door. Presently she recognised the carrier, John Bost.

"I have a message for you from Isaac," said John. "I promised to take it: I didn't dream you'd be out. Woman, how ill you're looking! Go in and sit down."

"What is it?" she gasped.

"The Baron and Baroness have gone to spend the day at Roodwell with the Baron's brother; they've taken Isaac with them, to see about some pigeons. He'll be back about eight."

This was terrible news to the widow. She sat thinking, her hands clasped tight on the knobs of her chair. "John Bost, you've got your cart here," she began. "You must drive across to Roodwell with a note from me to Isaac."

"You're a cool 'un!" replied John. "A note! Is it to ask the Baroness to come back with him to supper?" She looked up at him, and his voice fell. "I can do it," he said; "'taint much out of my way. But make haste."

She went to her father's bureau, and laboriously indited the following epistle:

"DEAR ISAAC,—You must speak to the Baron and to Basset immediately. The *thing* must be done at eight o'clock to-night, in the Hillside Woods. I have everything ready. Come home to supper. Come as quick as you can. "YOUR MOTHER."

She enclosed this in an envelope and gave it to the carrier. Supposing he opened the letter and betrayed her? No, people never did such sort of things outside the newspapers. Besides, she had no choice. "You're an honest man, John," she said, "I know. I'll give you a five-penny bit."

"Hang your five-penny bit," replied John, and walked out of the cottage.

She stood uncertain for a moment, then she ran after him and called him back.

"John, John, listen! Answer me one thing before you go. The Dominé—has he ever asked you to take the Blue Ribbon, John?"

John Bost stared hard into the old woman's face. "Asked me!" he said cheerily. "Dozens of times. Whom doesn't he ask? Why, the Baron wears one—and the Baroness too!"

"No, I've never seen that," objected the widow.

"Well, anyhow, he's made them teetotalers," replied John, a bit disconcerted.

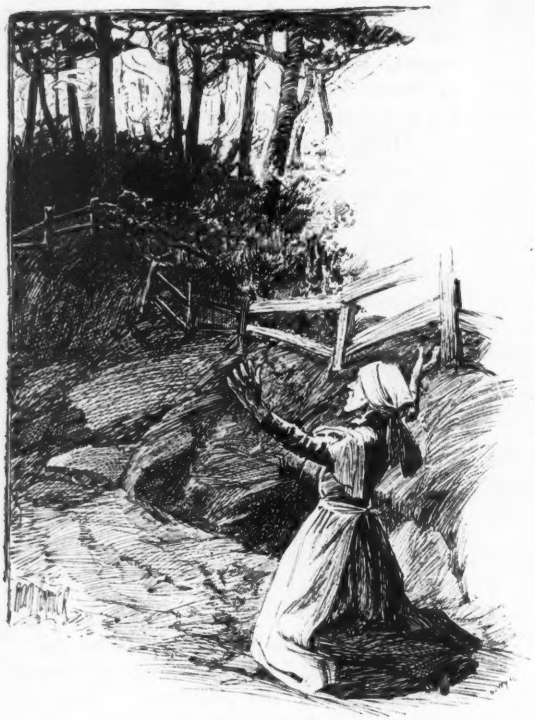
"Thank you! Thank you!" the widow cried fervently. "Never mind me, John. See that Isaac gets my letter. Good day!"

"So it's that," said the carrier to himself, gazing down at the envelope. "Poor old woman, she don't look like living much longer, but, if she does, she's bound to find out."

The widow, back in her armchair, broke into joyful and angry tears—tears that were wrath with herself for the moment's brief doubt of her boy.

He would understand her message, for although she rarely referred to the subject, he knew that she was preparing with Basset the arrest of Tom Bunsing, as soon as they had proof of his guilt. She admired Isaac's refusal to take any steps against his rival; it was like the nobility of his character. But she must concert measures where he naturally held aloof. The very delicacy of his position made it doubly incumbent on her to do her duty to their master. It was this feeling which had left her no rest. "I won't plot anything extra against Tom," had said Isaac. "If he comes in my way, the worse for him." He added to himself, "and for me."

The evening began to fall, and the widow, having peeled her potatoes, sat waiting for Isaac's return; waiting, wondering what was going to happen, not speculating overmuch, resolved to do her duty to the Baron, whatever might befall. The dog, after unappre-



"She sank on her knees"

ciated attempts to push his nose between her fingers, had curled himself to sleep against her skirt. The magpie occasionally annoyed her with his futile "All right!"

Supper-time crept by without bringing Isaac. The cuckoo called the hour of seven and half-past. Then she could bear the suspense no longer. She went out into the dark night, and, exhausted as she was, began walking along the road to meet him. Suddenly a dumb anxiety increased upon her, the fear of a catastrophe drawing nigh. She felt that she must speak to some human being, hear some human voice. She toiled down to the turnpike by the high-road; she would hear there if any one had passed.

"Yes," said Katey, "the Baron had driven over to Roodwell, in the brougham, with Isaac on the box, beside the coachman. The Baron would be coming back presently; they never were late. But Isaac had returned on foot—why, a couple of hours ago! He had struck off into the woods; had he not yet been home?"

"The woods!" repeated the widow. "Katey, had he his gun?"

"No, he had not," replied the turnpike-woman. "I particularly noticed that. For I said to myself, he ought to take his gun of nights. Don't we all know Tom Bunsing has said that he'd do for him."

"Tom Bunsing do for him!" repeated the widow.

"Yes, neighbour, and I don't hold with those that think you ought to know nothing about your own son's doings, nothing at all! Some things there may be—but there——"

"What things?" cried the widow. "There can be none."

"There, there! But surely you know Isaac and Bunsing are both sweet on Christine?"

"I know nothing for certain of either."

"Well, well! Tom's a desperate character, and I say that Isaac had better be careful."

"Nonsense," said the widow; "he's gone up into the woods to meet Basset."

"That he hasn't, for Basset went by with two waggons of faggots, ten minutes ago—to the village."

The widow clutched at her breast. All further doubt was impossible. Between Isaac and Tom Bunsing there existed some secret link of shame. Instead of obeying his mother's message, the keeper had gone up alone, to warn the poacher or to defy him. Even now, perhaps, they were contending in the darkness of the forest, her son and the man she had threatened. "Don't drive me desperate, I too have a mother. Don't drive me desperate," Tom Bunsing had said.

"How late is it?" she asked wildly.

"Near eight o'clock."

"No, no, your clock's always much too slow. 'Tis more like a quarter past!"

"Well," said the turnpike-woman apologetically, "the clock certainly ain't particular about a few minutes here nor there. Still, I don't think——"

From the far dark of the woodlands a faint report of firearms rang out clear across the night.

"Hark, what's that?" exclaimed Katey.

But the widow was running along towards the spot where the hill road branched off from the highway. "Isaac! Isaac!" she cried stupidly—"Isaac!"

She stood still, panting: her leaden limbs refused to carry her farther; a great sickness and oppression weighed upon her chest. "Isaac!"—the wide expanse of her beloved woods stretched merciless before her, away into the blackness of the silent winter evening; with a terrible distinctness she saw him lying motionless, stretched on the turf beneath the ghastly grimness of the trees.

As she stood gazing, helplessly, the high horizon seemed to lighten: in another moment a paleness spread across it, then, slowly, a pink and purple glow. The woods above the cottage, near the hill-top, were on fire.

Still she stood gazing, helplessly. The conflagration increased with solemn, far-away stateliness, gradually spreading and filling the east. Now, doubtless, the cottage was burning—the animals! What had happened? What had happened to her son?

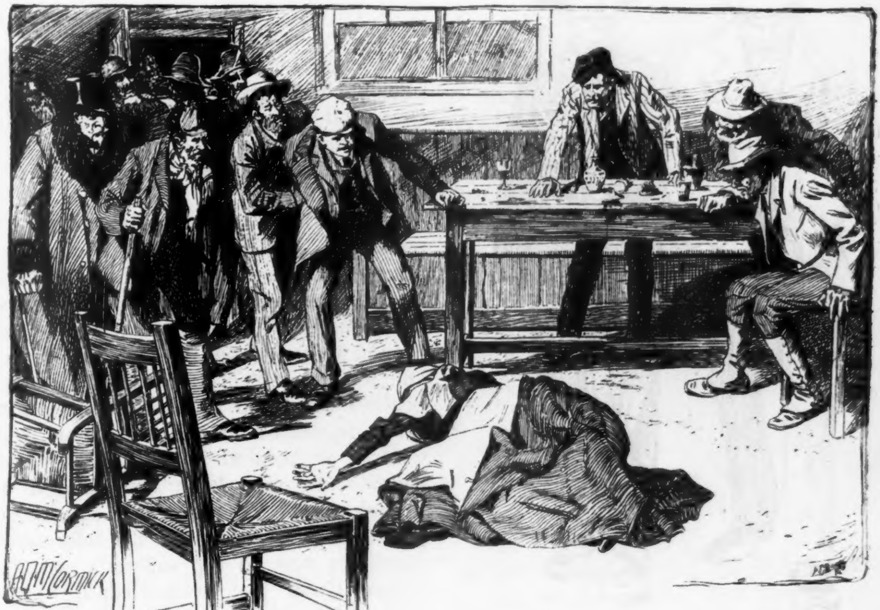
She sank on her knees. "O God!" she screamed—"O God! O God!"

A carriage was coming along the high road at a furious pace. She lifted herself up. The Baron, hurrying home. For an instant the thought flashed across her dizzy brain that blind old Katey might possibly have been mistaken! Perhaps she should see Isaac sitting safe beside the coachman! "Stop," she cried, running to meet the horses—"stop!"

The coachman, alone on the box, drew up with a pull. Amidst the clatter of the horses and the harness, the Baron's voice was heard at the window. "Oh, Mynheer the Baron!—the forest—Isaac—Isaac—the cottage——" was all that the widow could articulate.

"How? Isaac?" exclaimed the Baroness. The Baron opened the carriage door. "Come in here, Widow Quint," he said; "there is room on the little seat. Quick, we've no time to lose. We are hastening to the village for help!"

As the carriage flew on through the darkness, the widow, growing gradually somewhat calmer, found breath enough to gasp out her suspicions and her fears. In broken accents she told of Tom Bunsing's misconduct and



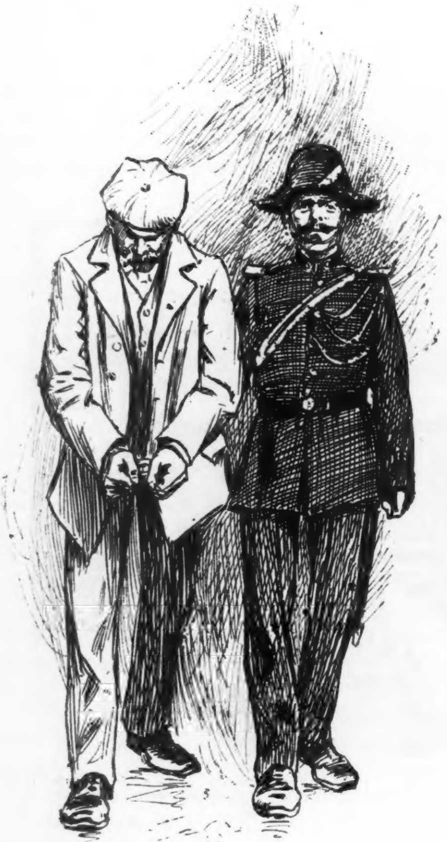
"She fell forward in a heap on the floor" his threats. "And if harm has befallen Isaac—as surely it has—the fault, Mynheer the Baron, is mine!"

She burst out weeping. The old couple had listened in anxious sympathy.

"Yes, weep," said the Baroness gently, taking the widow's hand.

"Fault?" repeated the old man. "Nay, that is not the word. You have acted nobly, in accordance with your whole righteous life." Both of them silently admitted that her fear was well-founded. It would not be the first time, nor the second, that woods had been fired to conceal a poacher's crime.

The Baron sighed. "Nothing is certain yet," he said. "Isaac has always been an admirable son to you; no wonder you are anxious about him. But he is probably alive and well!"



"Oh, Mynheer—oh, Mevrouw, he is all in all to me," said the widow. "Since the day of his birth he has been my daily glory! Never mother had a nobler son!"

"Well, we shall know in another minute," said the Baron.

The carriage was rattling along the village street. The street was full of hurry and voices. Suddenly the horses stopped.

"There is Basset," cried the Baron. "Hi! Basset—how about Isaac Quint? Is he safe?"

"Safe enough!" came the keeper's excited reply. "No fear of his being up in the woods, Mynheer the Baron! The drunken sot's here in the tavern—too drunk to move!"

With a shriek which rang over the rumbling of the fire-engine, the widow sprang out of the shelter of the carriage.

"Mynheer the Baron, he lies—he lies!" she cried, and ran into the public-house. The others followed her.

On a bench, up against the wall, sat Isaac, staring stupidly, trying to collect his senses. Half a dozen other men, including Tom Bunsing, were gathered beside him, near a table covered with glasses.

At sight of his mother, sick and distraught, the young keeper's eyes seemed to clear, and he steadied himself against the whitewashed wall.

"Merciful God! what has happened?" cried the widow.

Isaac did not answer. He was trying to remember. When his mother's message had reached him, he had asked the Baron's immediate permission to depart, but, instead of consulting with the head keeper, he had hurried to the woods to look for Bunsing and secure his silence. He had found the poacher there, and had learned his ultimatum: restitution of the net before eight o'clock, or betrayal of the secret to the widow. In vain Isaac had pleaded his powerlessness; Tom Bunsing, equally desperate, had answered with the information, startlingly new to the sufferer's son, that Vrouw Quint had acknowledged a heart complaint to Katey, who had whispered the news to Vrouw Brodel at the farm. "And a sudden shock may kill her," said Tom Bunsing knowingly. Isaac, conscious that any appeal to his mother would prove worse than useless, had broken down utterly, had implored the other to delay at least until the morning, had finally rushed away, through brake and brushwood, to end his miseries at the tavern in drink. Tom Bunsing, left alone near the spot where he knew the evidence of his guilt must lie hidden, had set fire to a pile of dry twigs which lay dangerously near to his hand. Then he too had fled, emptying his pouch that no cartridges might be found upon him—hence the report—had fled across country to the tavern, where all men would see him. This warning was enough for him; he would never poach again.

"I'm all right—all right," said Isaac.

"Isaac, how came you drunk?" faltered his mother. "Why didn't you warn Basset? Why is Tom Bunsing here? Don't you know the woods are on fire?"

"The woods on fire!" cried Isaac, starting up and reeling. "So they were saying. I thought they were joking!" He turned, searching for some one. "Here, Bunsing, *you* did that!"

"Yes, *you* did that!" echoed the widow, gasping, and sinking back. Strong arms seized her, and drew her into a chair. "Mynheer the Baron, he did it! Tom Bunsing—the poacher!"

"Did I?" exclaimed Tom, "or did Isaac Quint, the drunken keeper?—Isaac Quint, who gets drunk in the woods every night, and keeps bottles of spirits in the hollow trees up yonder?—Quint, the drunkenest drunkard in the village, as everybody standing here knows, except his old fool of a mother!"

"Silence!" said the Baron in a terrible voice.

The widow stared up at the faces around her, and read acquiescence in them all. The vague dangers and threatenings which all day had muttered around her condensed into definite shape. A look came into her eyes, as they looked on her son, which none that there saw it has ever forgotten. Her head bent; she fell forward in a heap on the floor.

They lifted her immediately, and the doctor, coming to the front—for the whole village was assembled in or near the tavern—tried to do what little could be done. With a cry whose echo seemed unending in the silence, Isaac had sunk upon his knees beside the body.

The police were in the room, putting back the crowd. Outside, the rustic firemen were continuing their futile preparations. The distant heaven was ablaze with light.

The doctor desisted, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Arrest these two men," said the police-inspector softly.

Isaac held out both arms to the handcuffs, and over the set anguish of his face swept a gleam that was almost of hope.

THE END

PAGES FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL IN THE CRIMEA

BY THE LATE SIR GEORGE H. B. MACLEOD, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., ETC.,
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

THIRD PAPER

JANUARY 1st.—A new year! What a wonderful one the past year has been to me! I feel as if I had been in a constant typhoon, and that the harbour, though not gained, was on my lee bow. How thankful I should be for all the manifold mercies I have received, not only for things known, but for escapes from endless risks I have but faintly seen. The arrow and the pestilence have both passed me by. What multitudes have I seen struck down on every hand, and I remain in health and strength!

What are they doing at "home?"—a word which is never properly understood till one is away and alone, as I am now! I suppose that the old and loved faces will collect round the breakfast-table, and I know that the familiar voices will, amidst mutual congratulations, not forget me. I seem, as I close my eyes, to see and hear them all. The "old man's milk,"* the homely cheer, and the hearty ways. My darling parents—the old aunts—my sisters and brothers—I have thought of each, and send my heart out to each.

Here I am by my blinking fire—my book on my knee, my ink-bottle on what I dignify as the hearth, a single candle stuck in a bottle, the rats gnawing in the corner, and the bass boom of a distant cannon alone breaking the silence. Around me there camps a great host, still intent on battle and "glory." What is the value of glory to the crowd that lie mouldering in the ravines and ditches?

There is one place of shelter
  Where the foeman cannot come:
Where the summons never sounded
  Of the trumpet or the drum.

If the reality of war was better known, I expect it would soon go out of fashion!

Well, there is not much feasting here. We imagine what might be and may yet be, but it comes back to the old story: "Sambo, put on the beans." Blessings on the dear ones at home! May I live to join them all again and tell them how I thought long and lovingly of them!

January 3rd.—Deep snow, a leaden sky, covering in the camp like a dish-cover. Snow-fights are the substitute for real war. The soldiers build great forts, very perfect in outline and design, and, dividing themselves into a forlorn hope and a corps of defence, they have most fierce encounters, in which there is a terrible amount of shouting, very "massive" language, and all the ardour of battle without the garments stained with blood. Close to my hut the 39th and 14th have had a very big entrenchment. The ensign on one corner is a piece of blanket nailed to the handle of a shovel. I never saw a more exciting scene than the "grand assault!" The citadel was taken and retaken many times. All the approved tricks and manœuvres were gone through. Inside the walls, along the ditches and the glacis, the heady fight swayed, not only in masses, but in the funniest individual combats. A whole battlement would be thrown down on the head of an advancing column, and when a man was down he was literally smothered. Officers led the men in many cases, and they always got the worst of it, as they attracted the attention of all the free-lances. An Irishman, who went by the name of "the Lord Provost," was very conspicuous, and whenever he appeared all turned on him. He was most good-natured—came out of an overwhelming avalanche laughing, to be at once cast into the ditch. He had a flaming red head, and out of the snow-heap up it came like a cork in the sea, to become the mark for a shower of snow-balls. Whenever he escaped for a moment, he would collect a lot of snow-balls, and take pot-shots with frightful energy. Generally he missed his mark, and, as his boots were too big for him, he was sure to overbalance, and so being caught by his adversary would be *écrasé.* Latterly he was placed in charge of the "colours," and he waved them in the air and cheered with a voice as husky and hoarse as a crow. At the Guards' camp the whole of the movements were regulated by trumpet.

It does a vast amount of good in working off the superabundant steam. The French look on with amazement and evident delight.

When the roads dried up a bit, dog-carts and sledges appeared mysteriously. A most singular turn-out attracted much attention. It was a sort of dray with two camels. It looked like what Darius, the Mede, would have fancied.

The snow is most beautiful. Every hill is so smoothly rounded, and the valleys are softly folded in its spotless covering. The tents look like pen-and-ink sketches, and the bright sun, which often shines, gives sparkle and life to the whole. The travelling cloud-shadows, too, flit about, breaking the monotony of the whiteness.

Our men are now luxurious. They have every comfort, but the French get worse and

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[* A Highland concoction, supposed to be good for old men, and which was always made at the family gathering in our father's house on New Year's morning, after Celtic fashion.—ED.]

worse off every day. They come about the camp to see what they can pick up. I heard a Scotch lad say to two French soldiers yesterday, "Bons français, nong biscuits to-day"; and then, turning to his comrade, he added, "Isn't he like a Barrhead chiel, Tam?" (What the resemblance was I know not.) "Mon," replied his friend, "what fingers he has; he must be starving!"

Theatricals are in the ascendant. The officers of the 4th Division act famously. "A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock," and "Moustache Movement," were splendidly got up the other night (January 8th), especially the female characters. Lord Alex. Russell and Captain Earle (57th) were the best.

Here I give the programme:

THEATRE ROYAL—(4TH DIVISION).

This evening
Her Majesty's Servants will perform

"A PHENOMENON IN A SMOCK FROCK"

CHARACTERS:

MR. SOWERBERRY . .	Capt. Earle, 57th Regt.
JOHN BUTTERCUP (a milkman)	Major Lord A. G. Russell, Rifle Brigade.
MR. BARKER	Capt. Hamilton, 68th Regt.
JAMES (Mr. S.'s servant)	Major Garrett, 46th Regt.
MRS. BARKER . . .	Mr. Stuart, 68th Regt.
BETSY CHIRRUP (Mr. S.'s housekeeper) .	Mr. Lacey, 63rd Regt.

After which

"THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT"

MR. SIMON SWOSSER (in the law) . . .	Major Garrett, 46th Regt.
Capt. ALTOMONT KIDD (in the army) . . .	Major Lord A. G. Russell, Rifle Brigade.
Lieutenant CORNELIUS O'PARKE (formerly in the same. Swosser's nephew)	Dr. Skelton, 48th Regt.
ANTHONY SOSKING (a lawyer's clerk) . .	Capt. Earle, 57th Regt.
JOHN (a waiter, as may be anticipated) . .	Mr. Light, 68th Regt.
BUTCHER (with a moustache)	Mr. Shaw, 21st Regt.
BAKER (with ditto) . .	Mr. Harrington, Rifle Brigade.
TWO INDIVIDUALS IN THE POLICE . . .	Messrs. ——.
LOUISA FITZJOHNSON (a milliner)	Mr. Lacey, 63rd Regt.
ELIZA SWOSSER (Swosser's daughter)	Mr. Saunderson, 68th Regt.
SALLY (a housemaid, as will be naturally expected)	Mr. Hammond, 46th Regt.

Doors open at half-past Seven. Performance to commence at Eight precisely.

The men are getting clean and fat and wholesome-looking, for though the climate is most changeable and often very trying, yet the protection is now good, the duty easy, and the food plentiful. Hunter tells me that last winter, when he inspected the men's overcoats, he had often to make them scrape away the vermin to allow him to read the numbers printed on them! I know that even when we first came up we could not keep ourselves clean, do what we liked. The "Cossacks," as we called them, seemed to grow on us, and nothing destroyed them until the food was changed, and then they spontaneously disappeared.

As I am writing, a man put his head into the other end of the hut where an orderly sergeant was writing. "I say, Sergeant Wilson, are ye frae Kirk Street in the Calton?" "Yes," says the other. "Eh mon, I am a *Gles*gow chap too." So at it they are, speaking mutually of their friends in that distant locality! I saw a curious sight to-day when riding. Some Turks were burying a dead cow. Some Frenchmen came past, and seeing them, put them aside, got into the hole, pulled out the beast, ripped it up, and took away to cook everything they could carry, even to the brains and entrails!

The Sardinian army looks clean and soldierlike. They seem very nice fellows. Their medical men, however, grumble very much, as they are overworked and underpaid. Their military band—for they have only one—is excellent. We ride down occasionally to hear them. They use as an accompaniment a double strap of leather which they crack. I never saw it used before.

January 31st.—After days of heavenly weather the flood-gates have opened.

I am told that large numbers of Russian dead lie unburied on the north side. Certainly we saw many among the ruins, and floating in the harbour. It seems they *carted* the dead—heads and limbs in many cases being detached—down to the rocks near the mouth of the harbour, and "shot" them into the sea!

February.—How I envy the clear, crackling fires of home in this weather! The thought of a bright grate and blazing fires fills me with emotion! How the wintry wind whistles round my crazy hut, and seems to beat with fists of iron at the door and frail planks! My fire is a sorry apology for such a luxury, made up as it is of green chips, which hiss and sputter but give no heat; and from every corner the most outrageous draughts come rushing, so as to necessitate a frequent shifting of my "cutty-stool" to enable me to escape their violence. Queer places these abodes of ours are on this crowded plateau! Some men burrow in the earth and make to themselves dens to which they gain access by suspicious-looking trap-doors; others make shift by the aid of bottles and mud to throw a wall of circumvallation round their tents; while most, like myself, inhabit huts which resemble more than anything else I can think of, the sheds erected by masons for protection in wet weather. Our furniture is more select than elegant. Made of old boxes or saved from the pillage of the captured city, it affords specimens of many patterns, several of them new to the trade. They are not bad places, these Crimean huts, after all! I know I will leave mine with a touch of regret. No doubt they have their discomforts, but one gets used to their eccentric ways, and when experience has shown the exact position of all the wind and rain holes, and enabled one to make the arrangements necessary to counteract the evils which flow through such apertures, it is curious to what a height contentment rises. The boards on the sides, through which the sun shone so scorchingly in summer, certainly form too potent ventilators in such weather as this, and the aforementioned holes, though filled with plugs of the *Times*, and papered over with views from the *Illustrated*, are not over wind or water tight. The rats, too, whose advanced posts are placed behind every box, await the bugle at "Lights out" to advance their strong reserves, and charge across floor and bed with headlong ardour so soon as darkness conceals their evil deeds and makes a residence in such an abode more exciting than agreeable. All this is, however, bearable, so long as the fuel lasts, which, by economy, it may do for six days out of the fourteen, for which it is issued; and if the cold does not serve us out in its usual manner, and so mask its play as to cause one to burn wood generously under the notion that fine weather is close at hand. But woe betide the unhappy being who believes in weather prognostics! Here everything of that sort goes by "contraries." No one knows, let him be ever so deeply versed in meteorology, what an hour may bring forth. Generally speaking, rain or snow supplies the fluid, thick fogs the solid, and a sharp frost the relish served up for our daily consumption. The great "coup" is kept in reserve till every stick of fuel, be it commissariat wood, a carefully-hoarded box, or a stolen plank, is consumed, and then from the Pole direct is sent that piercing wind which produces a sensation the word "cold" totally fails to express. No other "establishment" could turn out such a wind except the extensive one comprised within the Arctic regions. It cuts and carves you in a most artistic manner, and appears to salt the wounds afterwards. It pierces every vulnerable part with its icy shafts, as it tears through the encampment like an angry bull. It bites you with the tooth of a scorpion, and soon renders every exposed atom of your luckless body insensible. It hides in the ravines, and seems to stand behind the rocks holding its breath to tempt you from under cover, and then rushes at you where you have no protection. Nose and ears make no resistance, and hands and feet, after a feeble struggle against the tyrant, might have been left at home for all the good they are of. If you tack to avoid him he takes you unawares from a gully, and pinches you like Caliban, "as thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging than bees that made them."

Then we have the oft-recurring variety of a snow-storm. The sky assumes a look which would make you suppose you were put under a leaden saucer, so dark and low does it become.

By a proper and not unusual combination of these agreeable variations, one is frequently reduced to sad extremes. Cold preserved meat and ration bread take the place of those savoury stews, in the composition of which onions formed so prominent an ingredient; and after this dinner, dressed in sheepskin and boots, cap, gloves, and worsted cravat, you resolutely take up a book, and, seated before the fireplace, try to imagine you have still a fire, and savagely determine to be happy. But the delusion soon vanishes, as the wind throws himself headlong down the chimney, and seems to amputate your legs below the knees. There is nothing then for it but to "turn in," an act, by the way, which requires some nicety to accomplish properly, as it has to be carried out with due regard to the state of the thermometer and the "airt" from which the wind blows. Having fixed upon the proper quarter for the night's encampment, then you must decide on how many of your day-clothes you will retain to balance the increase in the cold. Your bedclothes remain a fixed quantity, and it is only by regulating the number of day-clothes to be kept on that a proper arrangement is arrived at. When the temperature is very low, and the wind butts on a particular corner of the hut, then great-coat, cap, gloves and long stockings have to be added to the usual amount of clothing.

When I waken I have to tear my beard (which, by the way, is now down over my waistcoat) from the blanket to which the frost has fixed it hard. Such are some of the discomforts of a Crimean life, but there are also many pleasures mixed with them.

Sometimes, too, we have a fine day, and the different regimental bands turn out upon parade. Of late the big drums have begun to resume their proper subordinate position, and to recede from that undue prominence they have so long assumed. Death was busy with our musicians, but the drummers appeared never to die. A dead drummer has been much more rare here than a defunct ass. The result was that the music gradually consisted of little else than a solo, in thunder peals, from the drums, with the occasional interludes from the little fife, which modestly put in a note to allow his noisy friend to recover breath. Now, however, the hospitals have begun to disgorge, and horns and trumpets have silenced, or at least subdued, the tormentor, and there is some comfort in listening to the regimental music.

March 13th.—Glorious weather. Spring at last beginning to show itself in the occasional beams of sunshine which shoot athwart our sky. The voices of spring are abroad in the dells and little valleys, and vegetation is everywhere on the move. Now, amidst the more genial atmosphere, our winter's discomforts do not appear to have been so bad, though in truth they were often depressing enough. But good-bye to the north wind; he has now, I hope, been finally subdued by the gentle breath of the summer's south. With the change of the season, too, has come a like change in affairs. Of old, the hoarse roar of cannon came fitfully to the ear, borne on the howling blast, but now only the shouts of play or the merry notes of music come stealing over the camp. Men have escaped from their boots, and tidy uniform has taken the place of the preposterous "mufti" formerly in vogue. We ride now everywhere without concealment or fear, visit that city which for so long could only be surveyed by stealth, and approach points where a rifle-ball would surely have overtaken any intruder a few weeks ago.

How melancholy it is to visit the little rifle-pits, the holes and rocks, so long fought for with deadly energy, and where so many died! The trench, unfinished from the destruction of life occasioned by the attempt, the little crater of an advanced mine which used to be literally choked of a morning with lifeless bodies, the intermediate ground between the opposing advanced works, every foot of which has been watered with blood, where the crocus and hyacinth struggle to force themselves between the rough fragments of shell. Now all is silent; but the long graves close by are eloquent. Many a "*képi*" lies sodden in the earth, and torn pieces of clothing and broken arms mingle in the beaten and trampled earth. The docks look like a huge quarry; the houses close by have still their floors, stained deep with blood. How many bodies these blue waves cover no one but One can tell. Down in the little valleys behind the batteries, and in distant lonely nooks and sunny corners, friends and brothers have marked the solitary graves of many a brave man. Cannon-balls are usually placed round them, and little flowers have been planted on the mounds. At times a handsome headstone records the name of the departed, at others only a cross made of willow-branches. These men need no monument,

> They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
> And the free blood that bounded in their veins
> Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MARCH

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE—John x. 10

FIRST SUNDAY

IN this parabolic discourse our Lord contrasts the Good Shepherd with the hireling who cares more for his wage than for his charge, and also with the thief who comes to "steal and to kill and to destroy." Those whom He was addressing were only too familiar with both of these. But the Good Shepherd, "whose own the sheep are," careth for them, and not for Himself, for He came, "not to take life, but to give it," and that in no stinted measure, but rich and full and satisfying. "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." I wish to set before you, then, what this abundant life implies.

First, it means more bread to the poor.

A characteristic feature of the mission of Christ was that "to the poor the Gospel was preached." It was glad tidings to them, for it was not His aim to perpetuate their hard lot, but to enlarge and enrich it, to give it an abundance it had not lately known. For their life in Palestine was very straitened in those days. Once that country had been described as "a land flowing with milk and honey," "a good land of brooks and fountains and depths, springing forth in the valleys and hills, a land of wheat and barley and fig-trees and pomegranates, wherein they should eat bread without scarceness, and should not lack anything." So also for many a day they had found it, for the very vices into which they lapsed were mainly the sins of a prosperous and well-to-do people. But of late it had been swept once again by hordes of wasteful invaders—Syrians, Babylonians, Greeks, and Romans—who had turned its fruitful fields into a barren wilderness. It was only by unremitting toil that a scanty harvest could now be wrung from its once generous soil. They had nothing to look to but the land to provide for all their need. For there was no manufacture or merchandise, as in Tyre, to make up for the poverty of the exhausted Plain of Esdraelon and the barren hills of Judah. At most there was only a small fishing industry on the stormy lake, which added something no doubt to their scanty fare, but still left them with a hard struggle to maintain a bare existence. Moreover, when they had gathered in their poor harvest, only a fragment of it was left for their own service. The Roman publican came with his gross exactions, and claimed a big share of it. The ill-paid and discontented soldiers, too, not seldom spoiled them of another large portion. There were thieves also constantly roving about, who were fain to destroy even more than they carried away. And the priests had to get their tithes, come what might of the farmer or fisher. The idea we gather of the life of the common people even of fertile Galilee, in those days, is that it was kept down at a very low ebb indeed; pinched and poverty-stricken, and afflicted with diseases, like leprosy, which poverty inevitably breeds. The narratives of the Evangelists tell us little about the complaints and murmurs which naturally arose from this state of things; but the frequent, and quite hopeless, rebellions of the people only too plainly indicate that the poor were driven well-nigh desperate, until they cared not how soon the weary business of living was ended.

That was a condition of affairs which Jesus could not see without compassion, nor yet without seeking to amend it. He had, indeed, no political remedy for its evils, though some of them were clearly due to the political blunders of the rulers. For it was certainly bad statesmanship to send profligate Roman nobles, as the custom was, to repair their broken fortunes by the government of a conquered province. It was bad political economy to farm out the revenue, so that the peasant had not only to pay his tax, but also to swell the bloated wealth of the extortionate publican. Nor was the State discharging its duty to the nation when it did not clear the land of open mauraders, and keep its own troops from robbing the people. There was ample room for improving the public polity, nor can it well be doubted that wiser measures would have done not a little to brighten the lot of the poor. No one could have justly blamed Jesus had He pointed out these errors of statesmanship, and urged that they should be amended. But the cure which He proposed was one of a deeper and more thorough kind, if, at the same time, its operation was slower. After all, the evils which political action can either cause or cure are comparatively limited, and any proposal of that kind would have been fruitless without a strenuous moral integrity to carry it out honestly. It grieved the Lord, assuredly, to see the sordid and squalid misery that so generally prevailed. He desired to give them "a more abundant life," that their days should not be so cheerless, and that they should enjoy the fruits of their labour, and that "the melodies of joy and health should be heard in their dwellings." But the means He would rely on for bringing about this change were, in the first instance at least, moral and not political. A kingdom, indeed, He would establish, but it was the kingdom of God, and rested, not on constraint, but on conscience. For the root of the evil lay in the universal selfishness that ruled over all—in the greed of gain, in the lust of power, and in the lack of care for the well-being of others. Let the law of righteousness, then, have full sway, let religion resume its long-neglected office, and instead of concerning itself with sacrifice and ritual, let it persuade men "to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly," and "to do to others as they would that others should do to them," and then the "more abundant life" would surely realise itself, and gladden the poor man's home. They were not indeed to vex themselves as to "what they should eat, and what they should drink, and wherewithal they should be clothed," for the kingdom of God could only come by having faith in God. But the first of the great hopes of that kingdom announced a special beatitude to the poor, and we are not carrying out the aim of our Lord and Master if they are not better fed, better clad, better housed, and better tended because the Church of Christ is among them with its "more abundant life."

SECOND SUNDAY

A BETTER provision for the wants of the body, however, would not give men a very full life after all. I daresay there are some people who would be quite content with that, for their nature has been straitened by their straitened circumstances, till the cravings of the flesh are about all they care for. There are others, too, who are fain to persuade themselves that if "they were only rich and increased in goods they would need nothing more," but who, if they were to get all they now ask, would begin to feel that "life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment." Their wishes for themselves come far short of Christ's purposes on their behalf. The more abundant life which He spoke of was not material only, but also mental. It was not merely their comforts He would enlarge, but their thoughts too, which needed it quite as much. For if their land had been exhausted by marauding invaders, not less had the mind of Israel been impoverished at the same time, though not by the same cause. Some will have it, indeed, that Hebrew ideas had gained by their contact with Babylon and Persia, and in proof of this they point to the faint and scanty references to a future life which are to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures, compared with the clear beliefs on this subject which prevailed in the days of Christ. This new faith in the world to come, and in the moral judgments on which it rests, Israel had learnt, they say, from those who led them captive. It may be so. Yet I doubt if they carried away from Babylon much more than their fathers did from Egypt; and it is certain that the hope of a life beyond the grave bulked more largely on the Nile than ever it did on the Euphrates. Still, Babylon was a great city, with a considerable literature of a sort, and it is likely enough that the Jews found in its stone libraries material for various thoughts. One is more puzzled by the fact that the richer and nobler literature of Greece, with which also they had lately come in contact, had made so little impression upon them, for, except Philo in Egypt, no Jews of any note would seem to have learnt almost anything from it. No doubt, however, all these experiences—Babylonian, Persian, Grecian—formed part of that divine schooling by which God was preparing His people for the better things that were to come.

Nevertheless, it is very clear that the Hebrew mind had withered and shrivelled up in those years, and become very dry and sapless. Hardly is it possible to imagine a greater contrast than that between the free thought and lofty poetry of their old prophets and psalmists and the narrow and frigid literalism of the Scribes who now took their place. Ezra, who began the new method of legality, was saved from its worst evils by his own personal piety; but in his successors it drivelled down into a system of meagre and hair-splitting casuistry, not indeed destitute of intellectual movement and subtlety, but utterly incapable of yielding any wholesome results. Attempts, indeed, have been made of late years to show that the New Testament picture of it is not quite fair, and that the germs, at least, of many of our Lord's weightiest words may be found in the Rabbinical books. I am not concerned to deny that a few grains of good wheat may be found amid these heaps of chaff, but the statements of the Evangelists, for all that, are not the less valid and true. What a man might lawfully do, or not do, on the Sabbath, and how he might carry a stick, but not a faggot of sticks—how he might evade the fifth commandment by binding himself with vows to the priest, and leaving his parents to starve—what things he might swear by, and yet be guiltless though the oath was broken—whose wife a woman should be in the resurrection who in her lifetime had married several husbands—the Scribe busied himself with questions like these, and deemed that he was helpfully expounding the law of God. I do not say that he never dealt with weightier matters, and never handled them with a wiser reason. But assuredly the large thought of the prophets was woefully dwarfed when the Scribe sat in the chair of Moses and Isaiah. Only a very meagre soul could potter over questions like these, and forget the breadth and the dignity, the wisdom and nobility of the old Hebrew poets and thinkers. There was urgent need, then, of a more abundant intellectual life if the once free and fertile mind of Israel was not to wither and decay.

But Christ had come to restore its fruitful forces, to deliver it from the bondage of the letter, and from the petty, the trivial, and the base. From the beginning this was very generally recognised. Some said that "He spake with authority, not as the Scribes;" others declared that "Never man spake like this man;" and one, at least, averred that "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by Christ Jesus." They felt that He led them into a larger and freer atmosphere where their minds had room to breathe; and they were right. But the Scribes hated Him all the more for this, feeling that if He prevailed their day must soon come to an end. For He lifted up men's thoughts to the highest things, and handled them with the freedom and the boldness of one who was at home among them, with a simplicity also which carried conviction to nearly all that heard Him, while yet He never touched them but in a spirit of loving and beautiful reverence. Thus, laying hold on the rich and pregnant idea of the Father in heaven, whom no one knew but the Son and he to whom the Son should reveal Him, He applied it in the most daring and felicitous way, telling them that the Father who cared for the sparrows cared yet more for His children—that if they asked Him for bread, He would not give them a stone—that He had not cast them off because they had gone astray, but had sent His own Son to seek and to save them. Never was there so fruitful a thought as that faith in the Father, with His perfect righteousness and His plenteous grace, which lay at the root of all the teaching of Jesus. And having received from Him this far-reaching truth, it behoves us not to peddle any more in the paltry small ware of the Scribes (for the Scribe is still living), but to enter boldly into that inheritance of great ideas, and godly instincts, and assured faiths whereon lies so much of that "abundant life" which Christ came to bestow.

THIRD SUNDAY

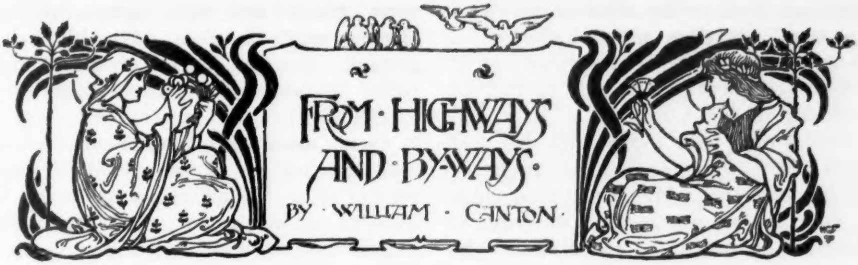
THERE is yet another and still higher aspect of life, and this above all the Lord is fain to enrich and enlarge. Our physical nature is one thing, our intellectual is another, and our spiritual being, I reckon, differs equally from both. A man may have abundance to eat and drink, abundance also to occupy his mind, and yet he may be sadly lacking in the special qualities which go to make spiritual character. If, then, the material life of the Hebrews had been impoverished by invasions of marauding hosts, and their intellectual by the pottering casuistry of the Scribes, still more had their spiritual life suffered from the influence of Pharisaic formalism. The Pharisee was the natural outcome of the Scribe, and between them they had effectually squeezed out of the religion of Israel all the life-blood which once pulsed so warm in the old Psalms of their saints. The spiritual man as we see him in those Psalms was filled with profound convictions of sin, and also with earnest aspirations after holiness and goodness. He "longed for God, the loving God, as the hart for the water brook in the desert," and though he had his hours of doubt and darkness, ever he strove to hold fast his confidence in God. He had songs of gratitude for the mercy and goodness which followed him, and yearning cries also for "the clean heart and the right spirit," and truth in the inward part. But this inward kind of religion was alien to the mind of the Pharisees. I am not concerned to show that all of them were exactly like those hypocrites on whom Christ pronounced his searching, scathing rebukes. Some of them, doubtless, acted sincerely according to the light that was in them, if that light was little better than darkness. Saul of Tarsus was, at first, one of them, yet he tells us that even then "touching the righteousness which is by the law, he was blameless, and verily thought he ought to do the things that he did," cruel and oppressive as they were. Nor do I suppose that he was alone in this; very likely there were others just as sincere as he. But the system of the Pharisees tended inevitably to make hypocrites, because it exalted the forms of religion above the spirit, and the forms could be seen of men, while the spirit is only known to God, the heart-searcher. For the Pharisee was greatly given to making long prayers, and many of them, especially in the market-places, where there were so many people to note how very devout he was. He was also careful to pay his tithes down to the mint and anise and cummin, which were so common that most people would as soon have thought of tithing daisies and buttercups. But the Pharisee had a scrupulous conscience, and would give the Lord his due to the very uttermost. He was a painful Sabbath-keeper too, and would rather let sick folk suffer, and hungry folk be pinched than that their wants should be seen to on the day of holy rest. He was not ordinarily very liberal in his alms-giving, but when he did anything in that way, he took care to have a trumpet sounded before him that his virtue might be duly recognised. And there was not a Scribe in Israel who would not have backed him up in this conduct with many a weighty text and sure tradition of the Fathers. Nor was there anything absolutely wrong in the Pharisee's conduct if only there had been a right spirit behind it. We blame no one for praying in the market-place, or for being careful to pay his dues to the Church, or for keeping the Sabbath even somewhat strictly, or for giving his alms in such a way that others might take example by his liberality. In themselves these may be all right enough. But if they are not done in the right spirit—if they lead us to neglect the true pieties of humility and humanity—above all, if they are only done to be seen of men and to win their favour, what a narrow, hard, and pitiless thing such a religion will be, leading us at best "to thank God we are not as other men," and at its worst, making a cloak of its superfine services to hide "the robbing of widows' houses" and the breaking of human hearts! That was the natural result of Pharisaic observance, and Christ would have none of it. In His view, the proper place for prayer was the closet, where the soul could be alone with God who seeth in secret; and the perfect gift to the altar was the widow's despised mite; and the true alms-giving that which did not let its left hand know what its right was doing; and the right Sabbath observance that which is diligent to do good and to lighten burdens on the day of rest. Given the fitting spirit of divine worship—the spirit of Faith and Love and Gratitude—and it will naturally clothe itself in appropriate and beautiful forms, in psalms of praise and solemnities of adoration, in washing the feet of the weary, and giving cups of cold water to them that are ready to faint; and all of them will be accepted because of the heart that is in them. But nothing could be more alien to the mind of Christ than the form without the spirit, the appearance without the reality. What He seeks is truth in the inward parts, contrition for sin that we have done, a hunger and thrist for righteousness, and that purity of heart which alone can see God. The meek and lowly mind, the love that "seeketh not its own," the charity "that thinketh no evil," and the courage that never fails nor falters, because its trust is in the Lord—these are the essential elements of an abundant spiritual life and the crowning glories of the Good Shepherd's gift. And it is abundant not only because of the fulness of its grace, but also because it is no longer confined to the chosen people, but is free alike to all—to Jew and Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free; for one and all of them may now receive all the "joy of its salvation."

FOURTH SUNDAY

But now, does not this line of thought present a very different view of the Christian life from that which its holiest men have generally striven to realise? This spacious, almost sumptuous, life, with its plenty of bread, its large and free thought, and its simple, unburdensome service, how shall we reconcile it with the call of Jesus "to deny ourselves, and take up the cross," and with the injunction of the Apostles to "mortify our members" and "crucify the flesh and its lusts"? What saintly life was ever yet lived that did not begin by repressing the desires both of the flesh and of the mind?

Certainly the material, the mental, and the spiritual elements of an abundant life do not all stand on the same level, and their claims are not all of equal importance. They all have a right to be seen to, but we must learn to appreciate the relative importance of each, for otherwise the abundance of a part may be the impoverishing of the whole. If, *e.g.*, we pamper the flesh, meanwhile the mind is starved, that would not be a full life; still less would it be the kind of life which Christ came to give us. Or if we labour to acquire stores of knowledge and understanding, leaving our spiritual being to die of sheer atrophy, once more that would not be an abundant life; least of all would it be the life which Christ came to give us. We may buy bread too dear, and also knowledge too dear, and find by-and-by what a bad bargain we have made. Certainly it is right to keep the body in subjection for the sake of the mind, and also to deny our intellectual cravings so far as that may be required for the growth of our spiritual character. There are probably few of us who would not be all the better if we laid that more to heart than we do. Yet, after all, it is only repressing one aspect of self that another may profit by it. That, of course, may be quite proper, because the self that is benefited may be more important than that which is mortified. But you may carry out rigidly a discipline for restraining the lower nature and developing the higher, and yet you may be thoroughly self-seeking, caring for nothing but your own well-being. Self is still the end of all your thoughts and strivings, and that is not what Christ meant when He called us to deny ourselves and follow Him.

The abundant life which He is fain to give us is in perfect harmony with that denial of self which also He would have us to practise. He does not wish men to be subjected to an enforced poverty which is so apt to drag both the mind and the soul down to its own level of animal craving. As little would He have us to foster an artificial poverty, whether of the body or the intellect, in order to produce a higher spirituality, for the spirituality which is thus bred is commonly of a lean and meagre kind, having little joy or peace, because it begins and ends with self. Therefore He would have us to accept from God's hands whatever He is pleased to give us, but to use it not for our own profit only, but also for the good of others. That is the way to deny ourselves and follow Him. He did not "seek His own things, but the things of others," and He found His abundant life in the abundance of theirs. "Therefore did the Father love Him because He laid down His life that He might take it again"; and He took it again, not in His resurrection only, but in the new life of faith and love and joy and hope which He brought to a world that lay dead in sin. It is good, then, that our life should be full, just that its abundance may overflow upon those who lack, and that they may benefit by our self-denial. But a self-centred life, which attains its object by working out its own perfection, is after all a poor and stunted one, for the heart of it is not love, but self. It never soars above its own personal well-being, and the very flowers of the field have a nobler ideal than it, for they unfold their blossoms, not to rejoice in their own beauty, but for the seed of another life which is cherished in their hearts. There is no glad and full life but his who can see its vital force, not in the depths of his own consciousness only, but in his kinsfolk and friends and acquaintances, and in all whom he can reach with a helpful hand, or a gracious word.



FROM·HIGHWAYS AND·BYWAYS·

BY·WILLIAM·CANTON·

IN one of the appendices to his interesting volume, "In Northern Spain" (briefly noticed last month), Dr. Gadow mentions a curious phrase—*hablarse de gorra*—which has set me thinking of some of the picturesque and piquant idioms of the land of the Hidalgo. *Hablarse de gorra*, "to talk with the cap," is equivalent to being on bowing but not on speaking terms, and Dr. Gadow, had he been so minded, might have cited a thousand others much more novel and suggestive. Indeed he might have expatiated on the traces of war and conquest, of ancient religion and more ancient superstition, of popular ceremonies, pastimes and legends, of weather and landscape which survive in a collection of these odd and often perplexing locutions. He might even have ventured on the generalisation that by a sufficiently skilful collating of ancient idioms one might construct a comparative history of culture from the phrases, catch-words, and proverbs of various nationalities. Without attempting anything so erudite, I venture to jot down a few of those idioms which the "cap-talk" recalls to memory. Is there anything pleasanter on a wintry night than to sit *al amor de la lumbre*—"in the love of the fire"; just near enough to be pleasantly warm, but not so near as to be uncomfortably hot? That is precisely the affectionate and harmless nearness of love. And if you sit by candle-light it may be needful to use the snuffers, but a Spaniard never thinks of "snuffing" a candle; his idea is "to make the lights merry"—*alegrar las luces*. When he is himself merry, it is not merely a matter of a pleasant evening or a good time; "he throws a gray hair to the wind," without a moment's dread of ultimate baldness, but rather with the assurance that a luxuriant *chevelure* will prove good fellowship to be the most genuine of hair preservers. Could any one but a Spaniard have hit on so fine a theatrical phrase to express the idea of irritating a man by ridicule as "to stick him with *banderillas*"—the iron-pointed darts adorned with coloured ribbons and paper streamers with which the bulls are maddened in the arena? The Spaniard appreciates his own fiery temper when he describes an angry man—"he throws out sparks." To be in suspense is an aerial position of which we fail to visualise the torment, but when a Spaniard is anxious he is "hung up by the hair"—a form of torture which the Inquisition may have made horribly real to the popular imagination. I don't suppose that any mortal was ever literally "between the devil and the deep sea"; the Spaniard has a less portentous but more vividly practical equivalent of this proverb; a few generations ago it was a very palpable street peril to be "between the sword and the wall." When a young friend's birthday or saint's day comes round, you will "hang him" if you are a true Spaniard. Not homicidally of course, but by means of a little present suspended round his neck. There is a curious point of resemblance between the Andalusian *señora* and her English sister. When the former is in full dress, she is said to be equipped *con todos sus alfileres*—"with all her pins," though the regulation number of these cannot be regarded as excessive if we take the alternative idiom, *de veinte y cinco alfileres*, "with five and twenty pins."

I wonder whether a foreigner finds our idioms as curious and significant. Probably he does, for I have noticed that every language contains innumerable specimens of this kind of imagery and allusion, and they give one a striking impression of the imaginative faculty and the keen sense of observation among the various peoples who produce them. Take for instance the Welsh name for the east wind—"the wind of the dead men's feet." It does not sound like a Christian phrase, and yet it springs out of the New Testament. Men were to look for the coming of the Lord in the East, and the faithful dead were buried with their feet towards the morning, so that they might be ready to meet Him. Hence the wind which blew from the sunrise became the wind of the feet of the dead. In the Talmud the first antler-like rays of the sun preceding the red of dawn are called "the hind of the morning." In the East of to-day the soft, slow, almost imperceptible current of cold air which ripples with the first light, and which Moslems believe to be the "early prayer of Nature," is known as "the morning-breath" (*Dam-i-subh*). The magical rosy after-glow which lingers on high peaks long after the valley is in shadow was spoken of by the Kymry of Cornwall as "the sun of the dead." It is remarkable that this play of fancy and feeling should have been overlooked by those who contend that the loving observation of nature is a modern development, and that the human colour-sense as we know it cannot be traced beyond the Christian era. Why, even among the negroes of the Slave Coast the shimmering of the air near the ground in hot weather has been noticed, and has given rise to an explanatory legend. It is "the fire of the Tortoise," kindled under the roots of the trees to destroy them. The "black fellow" of the Australian bush, observing the malignant violence of a dust-storm, has imagined a spirit of evil at the core of it; it is a *wurrawilberoo*, "a whirlwind with a devil in it," and the name is a feat in nomenclature. The Irish peasant sees in the vagrant swirls of summer dust along the high road the passing of frolicsome fairies from one green fort to another. Among the blacks of the West Indies, whose traditions are of course West African, the converse of the Oriental's "morning-breath" has been chronicled. People who are out of doors very early feel in the midst of the fresh coolness of the new day sudden breaths of warm air. The negro accounts for it by saying that he is passing "Jumbi's fire-place"—the spot where that sinister spirit made his camp-fire over night. Every swimmer who has bathed much in fresh water, especially in lakes and slow rivers, must have observed the unexpected warm places and the unpleasantly cold patches which he has met with in his passage. Has any legend or savage philosophy accounted for these vagaries of temperature?

These oases of lukewarm among cold water remind me of one of Mr. Ruskin's puzzles in "Modern Painters"—the last monumental Index volume* of which has just been issued:—"How is a cloud outlined? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have in the open air angles, and wedges, and coils and cliffs of cold. Yet the vapour stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock. . . ." I have looked into Tyndall and one or two other authorities, and cannot find any authentic answer to the question. But surely it is not a question of having angles and wedges and cliffs of *cold*, but one of having angles and wedges and cliffs of *vapour* which the cold renders visible. And is the cold of the atmosphere extended in indefinite vagueness over vast spaces? Is it not threaded and jagged and broken up by freakish currents of warm air? The subject is not without its interest if one had but the knowledge to discuss it. After all no knowledge of these matters can be as precious to us as our joy in their beauty. Watch the half-mile-long streamer of cloud straining out from an Alpine pinnacle; see the evening sun reddening it till it resembles a Titan's torch with the flame blown level by the upper wind; is not the mere vision enough? Are we the richer for knowing that this aspect of strenuous permanence is merely an illusion; that the rushing length of that radiant bunting is being perpetually blown away and as incessantly renewed; that the whole phenomenon is the mere play of heat and cold on vapour in rapid motion? "What noble things these clouds are," Ruskin exclaims in another place, "and with what feeling it seems to be intended by their Creator that we should contemplate them." As legend and fairy tale sufficiently bear testimony, the clouds have afforded more happiness to men than any other of the great creatures of His making; "we find God going before the Israelites in a pillar of cloud; revealing Himself in a cloud on Sinai; appearing in a cloud on the mercy seat; ascending into a cloud before the eyes of the disciples on Mount Olivet;" and at the last it will be in the clouds of heaven that men shall see "the Son of Man coming with power and great glory."

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* "Modern Painters," vol. vi., General Index, Bibliography and Notes. George Allen. 5s. net.

Readers who know how large and beautiful an element of ethical teaching and religious emotion pervades Mr. Ruskin's work will be glad to learn that the Misses Ellen and Mary Gibbs have drawn together into a most attractive volume the Bible references and hagiology scattered through his numerous works.* It is a rare and exquisite anthology —one of those books which are kept within arm's length and picked up in moments of dulness or lassitude or depression in the certainty that on one page or other there will be found light and solace, strength and loveliness. Let me cite but the passage in which Ruskin lingers over the incident recorded in St. John xxi:

> "There is no event in the whole life of Christ to which, in hours of doubt or fear, men turn with more anxious thirst to know the close facts of it, or with more earnest and passionate dwelling upon every syllable of its recorded narrative, than Christ's showing Himself to His disciples at the Lake of Galilee. There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full fronting our disbelief, in this manifestation. The others, recorded after the resurrection, were sudden, phantom-like, occurring to men in profound sorrow and wearied agitation of heart; not, it might seem, safe judges of what they saw. But the agitation was now over. They had gone back to their daily work, thinking still their business lay net-wards, unmeshed from the literal rope and drag. 'Simon Peter saith unto them "I go a-fishing." They say unto him, "We also go with thee."' True words enough, and having far echo beyond those Galilean hills. That night they caught nothing; but when the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold, a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked them simply if they had caught anything. They said No; and it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand, to look who it is; and though the glinting of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is at last; and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in, over the nets. One would have liked to see him swim those hundred yards, and stagger to his knees on the beach. Well, the others got to the beach, too, in time, in such slow way as men in general do get, in this world, to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful 'dragging the net with fishes'; but they got there—seven of them in all—first the Denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who. They sit down on the shore face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then, to Peter, all dripping still, shivering and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal fire—thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of His—to him, so amazed, comes the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?' Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you."—*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. iv. § 16.

Why, is not that alone worth the price of the whole book?

And at this point I pause to compare the chapter of the Authorised Version with the text, "translated according to the letter and idiom of the original language," of Dr. Robert Young's Bible, of which a new revised edition has just been issued,* and which, in spite of the lapse of years, is still in considerable demand. To a layman, with its curious mingling of tenses and its use of the imperfect, it has a strange flavour of Gaelic quaintness; and for my own part I am glad to find "Lads" instead of "Children" in verse 5, "Have ye any meat?"

To return to the Ruskin selections, it is impossible on glancing over his excursions in hagiology not to regret that he has not given us a volume of "Lives of the Saints." His treatment of the Geneviève legend is perfect in its sympathetic picturesqueness, its touches of mysticism, its poetic tenderness, and its high lights on the permanent truth which is at the core of all noble legends. In a few lines he gives the quintessence of the life of St. Jerome—"the first great teacher of the nobleness of ascetic scholarship and courtesy as opposed to ascetic savageness; the founder, properly, of the ordered cell and tended garden, where before was but the desert and the wild wood." By a chance I find that the tenth volume of Mr. Baring-Gould's

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* "The Bible References of John Ruskin." By Mary and Ellen Gibbs. George Allen. 5*s*. net.

* Edinburgh: G. A. Young and Co. 8*s*. 6*d*.

"Lives of the Saints"* (just issued) contains an interesting and copious account of St. Jerome, who, after many wanderings, made himself a home near the spot where our Lord was born, and toiling at a translation and commentary of the Scriptures, produced that Vulgate which has made him "the master of Christian prose for all following ages." He was a very human saint, this famous fourth-century cenobite, whose style has "the dark splendour of ebony" and whose chief fault was his controversial ferocity. "Now that I am an old white-haired man," he writes, "with bald pate, I often dream that I am declaiming in my new toga some petty cause before the rhetorician (his teacher); and when I wake up I congratulate myself that I am free from the agonies of speech-making." And again, "Which of us does not remember his infancy? I certainly do, enough to make a grave man like you laugh." Of the volume as a whole it is hardly necessary to speak here; it is another irresistible evidence of Mr. Baring-Gould's versatility, energy, research and sound judgment. The numerous interesting illustrations, several of them reproduced from old missals or frescoes of the great masters, give the present edition a special value and attractiveness.

In the old saint-sagas and mediæval pictures prominent place is given to St. Jerome's lion—the most quaint, the most fantastically amusing specimen of the great carnivora. Mr. Ruskin seems to think that it does not much concern us whether the saint kept a lion or not. I am not so sure; the fact would be interesting to those for whom Dr. Louis Robinson has issued "Wild Traits in Tame Animals"—a fresh and pleasantly written study of the ways of dog and cat, horse and donkey, sheep, goats, and cattle, and finally the poultry yard.† At once acute and amusing is the conception of man from a dog's point of view. "It has been said," Dr. Robinson observes, "that a man stands to his dog in the position of a god; but when we consider that our own conceptions of deity lead us to the general idea of an enormously powerful and omniscient *man*, who loves, hates, rewards, and punishes in human-like fashion, it involves no strain of imagination to conceive that from the dog's point of view his master is an elongated and abnormally cunning *dog*—of different shape and manners certainly from the common run of dogs, yet canine in his essential nature." And the hypothesis works satisfactorily enough for the philosopher who "thinks through his nose." By the way, what a providential thing it seems to have been that primeval man's olfactory nerves were small and rudimentary, and comparatively of little use to him in the quest for food! Had they been anything like the large ganglionic lobes of the dog, we should probably now be getting a living "by sniffing for roots and grubs like a badger, or by yelping along a trail like a pack of jackals. Because, happily, he could not profitably follow his nose, primitive man was obliged to exercise his wits." Dr. Robinson has a special faculty for putting himself in the place of the "lower brethren" of whom he writes. While he supposes that probably it is in virtue of an "inherent impulse" that cattle attack and even kill their sick or wounded fellows, he conjectures, nevertheless, that they may argue the matter out in the following stolid, beefy way: "This fellow seems to be a source of attraction to our enemies; look how those beasts of wolves are swarming about him! We had no idea that there were so many of the brutes skulking about in the woods! Perhaps he has wickedly collected them on purpose; or, since they have suddenly appeared out of nowhere, it may be that the rascal *makes them*—who knows? At any rate, he and his new friends are a nuisance and a danger—so here goes to knock him out of the herd!" To how many of us has it occurred that the bark of a dog is an indication that he is a gregarious creature; that the shying of a horse is a relic of the ancient instinct which impelled the animal to swerve aside from the tiger ambushed in the reeds or the wolf in the bush; that the split hoof and low-carried head of cattle are an evidence that their native haunt was a moist wooded country. I must warn the author not to gibe at Mr. Phil Robinson's story of the ram that killed a tiger. That is quite veridical.

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* "The Lives of the Saints." By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. New edition in 16 volumes. Vol. x. September. 216 biographies with 36 illustrations. John C. Nimmo. 5*s*. net.

† "Wild Traits in Tame Animals. Being some familiar studies in evolution." By Louis Robinson, M.D. With illustrations. William Blackwood and Sons. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

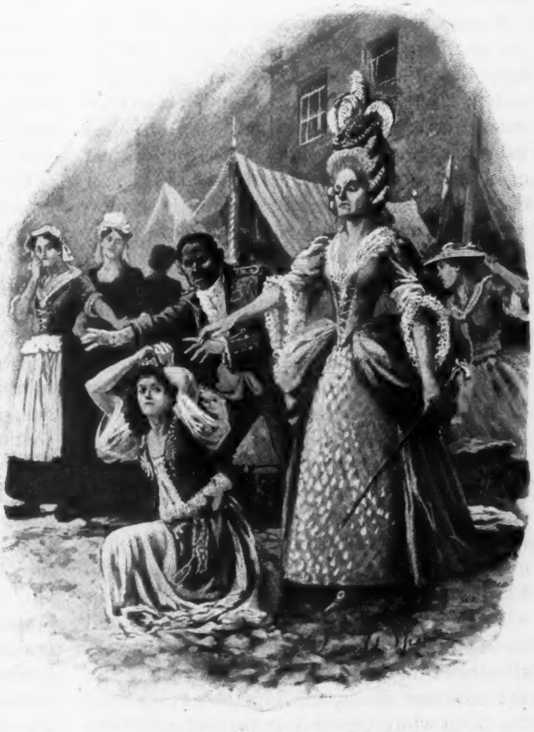
ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

CHAPTER XII

PHILIP D'AVRANCHE sauntered slowly through the Vier Marchi, nodding right and left to people who greeted him. It was Saturday, and market day. The square was fast crowding with people. All was a cheerful babel; there was movement, colour everywhere. Here were the high and the humble, the ugly and the beautiful—hardi vlon and hardi biaou; the dwarfed and the tall, the dandy and the dowdy, the miser and the spendthrift; young ladies gay in silks, laces and scarves from Spain and gentlemen with powdered wigs from Paris; sailors with red tunics from the Mediterranean, and fishermen with blue and purple blouses from Brazil; man-o'-warsmen with Greek petticoats, Turkish fezzes and Portuguese espadras. Jersey housewives, in bedgônes and white caps, with molleton dresses rolled up to the knees, pushed their way through the crowd, baskets of eggs, or black butter, or jugs of cinnamon brandy on their heads. From La Pyramide—the hospitable base of the statue of King George II.—fishwives called the merits of their conger-eels, lobsters, crackfish and ormers; and the clatter of a thousand sabots made the Vier Marchi to sound like a shipbuilder's yard.

In this square Philip had loitered and played as a child. Down there, leaning against a pillar of the Corn Market piazza, was the grizzly-haired seller of foreign cloths and silks and droll odds and ends, who had given him a silver flageolet when he was a little lad. There were the same swaggering manners, the big gold rings in his ears, the brown stockings; there was the same red sash about the waist, the loose unbuttoned shirt, the truculent knife-belt; there were the same keen brown eyes that looked you through and through, and the mouth with a middle tooth in both jaws gone. Here he was stooping over the beautiful brass-nailed bahue, lifting out gay cloths, laces, necklets, slippers, oddments and curios, just as he had done twenty years before.

At least fifteen years had gone since Philip had talked with this picturesque merchant of the pavement, who opened his chest where he pleased, and bought and sold



"Snatched her cap from her head, and bade her dress as became her place" where no one else dared buy or sell; for most folk in Jersey shrank from interfering with Elie Mattingley, the pirate, smuggler, and sometime master of a privateer. He had had dealings with people high and low in the island, and they had not always, nor often, been conducted in the open Vier Marchi.

Fifteen years ago he used to have his little daughter Carterette always beside him when he displayed and sold his wares. Philip wondered what had become of her. He glanced round. . . . Ah! there she was, not far from her father, over in front of the guardhouse, between the Rue des Vignes and the Coin ès Anes, selling, at a little counter with a canopy of yellow silk (brought by her father from that distant land called Piracy), a famous stew made of milk, bacon, coalwort, mackerel, and gooseberries; mogues of hot *soupe à la graisse*, simnels, curds, coffee, and Jersey wonders, which last she made on the spot by dipping the little rings of dough in a basin of lard on a charcoal fire at her side.

Carterette was short and spare, with soft yet snapping eyes as black as night—or her hair; with a warm, dusky skin, a tongue which clattered pleasantly, and very often wisely, a hand as small and plump as a baby's, a pretty foot which, to the disgust of some mothers and maidens of greater degree, was encased in a red French slipper, instead of wooden sabots stuffed with straw, her ankles nicely dressed in soft black stockings, in place of the woollen native hose, as became her station. Once the Lady of Saint Michael's, passing through the square, and seeing the gay broidered and laced cap which Carterette wore, had snatched it from her head, thrown it on the ground, and bade her dress as became her place. But the Lady of Saint Michael's repented her of that, because her lord saw fit, for certain private reasons persistently urged by Elie Mattingley, to apologise in writing for this high-handed exercise of his wife's social governance. So Carterette wore her red slippers and her cap whenever she came to the Vier Marchi, and she continued to wear them on Sunday. At all other times she wore the pink bedgône, the molleton dress, the blue stockings, and the plain white cap and apron tied with blue ribbon, like other girls of her class, though indeed she was unique among them by reason of her father's mysterious life and occupation.

Philip watched Carterette now for a moment, a dozen laughing memories coming back to him; for he had teased her and played with her when she was a child, had even called her his little sweetheart. But then he had always been doing that sort of thing even as a lad. Carterette had a sunny, almost languorous temper, and she was not easy to rouse, but when roused she was as uncontrollable as an animal in its rage. Looking at her now he wondered what her fate would be—to marry one of these fishermen or carters? No, she would look beyond that. Perhaps it would be one of those adventurers wearing bearskin caps and buckskin vests, with strings of ivory ornament round their necks, home from Gaspé, where they had toiled in the great fisheries, some as common fishermen, some as mates and maybe one or two as masters. No, she would look beyond that. Perhaps a red coat and pipeclay would catch her eye, she would drift away to camp or barracks, and become a dreary slattern with every cheerful prospect dead. No, her own shrewdness would be her safety. Perhaps she would be carried off by one of those well-to-do, black-bearded young farmers with the red knitted queminzolle, blue breeches and black cocked hat, with his great pile of Chaumontel pears, kegs of cider, baskets of gooseberries and bunches of parsley.

Yes, that would be her fate, no doubt, for there was every prejudice in her favour among the people of the Island. She was Jersey born, her father was reputed to have laid by a goodly sum of money—not all got in this Vier Marchi; and that he was a smuggler and had been a pirate roused a sentiment in their bosoms nearer to envy than anything else. He who went beyond this isle adventuring, and brought back golden proofs that a Jerseyman had gathered profit out of other countries, and with a minimum of labour, was to be cherished. Go away naked and come back clothed, empty and come back filled, simple and come back with a wink of knowledge, penniless and come back with the price of numerous vergées of land, and you shall answer the catechism of the Vier Marchi without apprehension. Be lambs in Jersey, but harry the rest of the world with a lion's tooth, was the Eleventh Commandment in the Vier Marchi, hence Mattingley's secure and enviable place therein. Some there were who hated the smuggler, but their time was not yet come.

Yes, thought Philip idly now, as he left the square, the girl would probably marry a farmer, and when he came again he should find her stout of body, and maybe shrewish of face, crying up the virtues of her butter and her knitted stockings, having made the yellow silk canopy above her there into a gorgeous quilt for the nuptial bed.

Yet the young farmers who hovered near her, now buying a glass of cider or a mogue of soup, received but scant attention from her. She laughed with them, treated them lightly, and went about her business again with a toss of the head. Not once did she show a moment's real interest, not until a fine upstanding fellow came round the corner from the Rue des Vignes, and passed her booth.

She was dipping a doughnut into the boiling lard, but she paused with it suspended. The little dark face took on a warm glow, the eyes glistened. She paid no attention to the Lieutenant-Bailly, with whom she was a favourite, and who half paused with a "Lord love you, little brown angel!" as he was passing into the Coin ès Anes.

"Maître Ranulph!" called the girl softly. Then as the tall fellow turned to her and lifted his cap she added briskly: "Where away so fast with face hard as a hatchet?"

"Garçon Cart'rette!" he said abstractedly —he had always called her that.

He was about to move on. She frowned in vexation, yet she saw that he was pale and heavy-eyed and she beckoned him to come to her.

"What's gone wrong, my big wood-worm?" she said, eyeing him closely, striving anxiously to read his face. He looked at her sharply, but the softness in her black eyes somehow reassured him, and he said quite kindly:

"Nannin, 'tite garçon, nothing's the matter."

"I thought you'd be blithe as a sparrow with your father back from the grave!" Then as Ranulph's face seemed to darken, she added, "He's not worse, he's not worse?"

"No, no, he's well enough now," he said, forcing a smile.

She was not satisfied, but she went on talking, intent to find the cause of his abstraction. "Only to think," she said, "only to think that he wasn't killed at all at the Battle of Jersey, and was a prisoner in France, and comes back here to you—and we all thought him dead, didn't we?"

"I left him for dead that morning on the Grouville road," he answered. Then, as if with a great effort, and after the manner of one who has learned a part, he said: "As the French ran away mad, the paw of one on the tail of the other, they found him trying to drag himself along the road. They nabbed him, and made him go aboard their boats and pilot them out from the Rocque Platte, and over to France. Then because they hadn't gobbled us up here what did the French Gover'ment do? They clapped a lot of 'em in irons and sent 'em away to South America, and my father with 'em. That's why we heard neither click nor clack of him. He escaped a year ago. Then he fell sick. When he got well he set sail for Jersey, was wrecked off the Ecréhos, and everybody knows the rest. Diantre! he had a hard time, my father."

The girl had listened intently. She had heard all these things in flying rumours, and she had believed the rumours; but now that Maître Ranulph told her—Ranulph, whose word she would have taken quicker than the oath of a jurat—she doubted, and with that doubt her face flushed as though she herself had been caught in a lie, had done a mean thing. Somehow her heart was aching for him, and yet why it was so she could not have said. All this time she had held the doughnut poised, she seemed to have forgotten her work. Suddenly the wooden fork which held the cake was taken deftly from her fingers by the daft Dormy Jamais who had crept near.

"Des monz à fou," said he, "to spoil good eating so! What's the old Jersey saying: When sails flap, owner may whistle for cargo. Tut, tut, goose Cart'rette!"

Carterette took no note, but said to Ranulph:

"Of course he *had* to pilot the Frenchmen back, or they'd have killed him, and it 'd done no good to refuse. He was the first man that fought the French on the day of the battle, wasn't he? I've always heard that."

Unconsciously she was building up a defence for Olivier Delagarde. She was, as it were, anticipating insinuation from other quarters. She was playing Ranulph's game, because she instinctively felt that behind this story there was gloom in Maître Ranulph's mind and mystery in the tale itself. She noticed too that Ranulph shrank from her words. She was not very quick of intellect, so she had to feel her way fumblingly. She must have time to think, but she said tentatively:

"I suppose it's no secret? I can tell any one at all what happened to your father?" she asked.

"Oh yes, of course!" he said rather eagerly. "Tell every one about it. He doesn't mind."

Maître Ranulph deceived but badly. Bold and convincing in all honest things, he was as yet unconvincing in this grave deception. He had kept silence all these years, enduring what he thought a buried shame; but now how different it was, and how terrible! His father had conspired with the French, had sought to betray the Island into their hands: if the truth were known to-day they would hang him for a traitor on the Mont ès Pendus. No mercy would be shown him.

Whatever came, he must drink this bitter cup to the dregs. He could never betray his own father. He must consume with inward disgust while Olivier Delagarde shamelessly babbled his monstrous lies to all who would listen. And he must tell these lies too, conceal, deceive, and live in daily fear of discovery. He must sit opposite his father day by day at table, talk with him, care for him, and shrink inwardly at every knock at the door lest it should be an officer come to carry the pitiful traitor off to prison. While this criminal lived his nights must be sleepless, his days heavy and feverish, his thoughts clouded, his work cheerless.

More than all a thousand times he must give up for ever the thought of Guida. Here was the acid that ate home, here the torture, the black hopelessness, the cloud upon his brain, the machine of fate that clamped his heart. Never again could he rise in the morning with a song on his lips; never again his happy meditations go lilting with the clanging blows of the adze and the singing of the saws; never again could he lie at night in his tent upon the shore thinking of Guida in hope, and watching the stars wheel past.

All these things had vanished when he looked into the tent-door on the Ecréhos, and heard a querulous voice call his name. Now, in spite of himself, whenever he thought upon Guida's face, this other fateful figure, this Medusan head of a traitor, shot in between.

Since his return his father had not been strong enough to go abroad; but to-day he had determined to walk to the Vier Marchi. At first Ranulph had decided to go to his shipyard at St. Aubin's, but something held him in St. Helier's, and at last in fear and anxiety he had come to the Vier Marchi. There was a horrible fascination in being where his father was, in listening to his falsehoods, in watching the turns and twists of his gross hypocrisies.

But sometimes he was moved by a strange pity, for Olivier Delagarde was, in truth, far older than his years: a thin, shuffling, pallid invalid, with a face of mingled saintliness and viciousness. If the old man lied, and had not been in prison all these years, he must have had misery far worse, for neither vice nor poverty alone could so shatter a human being. The son's pity seemed to look down from a great height upon the contemptible figure with the soft, beautiful hair, the fine forehead, the unstable eye and the abominable mouth. This compassion kept him from becoming hard, but it would also preserve him to hourly sacrifice and agony — Prometheus chained to his rock. In the short fortnight that had gone since the day upon the Ecréhos he had changed as much as do most people in ten years. Since then he had not seen Philip or Guida.

To Carterette he seemed not the man that she had known. With her woman's instinct she knew that he loved Guida, but she also knew that nothing that might have happened between them could have brought this look into his face: it had in it something shrinking and shamed. As these thoughts flashed through her mind her heart grew warmer. Suppose Ranulph was in some trouble—well, now might be her great chance! All that the stubborn, faithful little heart in the little body could do for him she would do. She might show him that he could not live without her friendship, and then perhaps, by-and-by, that he could not live without her love.

Ranulph was about to move on. She stopped him.

"When you need me, Maître Ranulph, you know where to find me," she said scarce above a whisper.

He looked at her sharply, almost fiercely, but again the tenderness of her eyes, the directness of her look, convinced him. She might be, as she was, a little uncertain with other people; with himself she was invincibly straightforward.

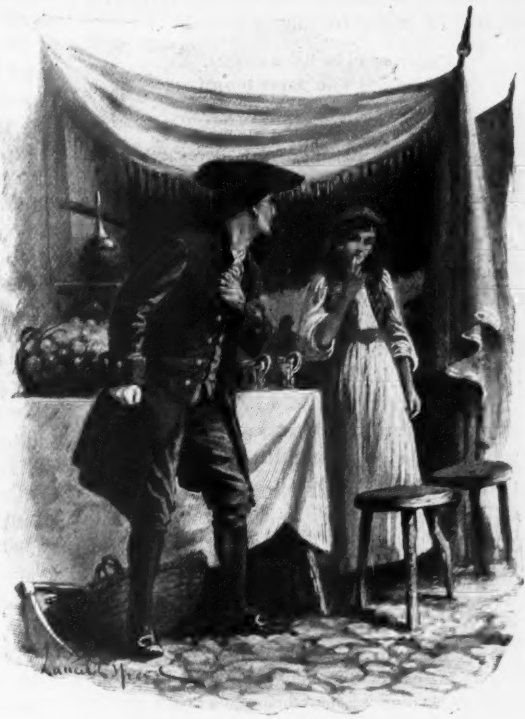
"P'raps you don't trust me?" she added, for she read his changing expression.

"Oh, I'd trust you quick enough!" he said.

"Then do it now—you're having some bad trouble," she rejoined.

He leaned over her stall and said to her steadily and with a little moroseness:

"If I was in trouble I'd bear it by myself. I'd ask no one to help me; I'm a man, and I can stand alone. Don't go telling folk that I look as if I were in trouble. I'm going to launch to-morrow the biggest ship that has ever gone from a Jersey building yard—that doesn't look like trouble, does it? Turn about is fair play, garçon Cart'rette: so when you're in trouble come to me. You're not a man, and it's a man's place to help a woman, all the more when she's a fine and good little stand-by like you."


"If I was in trouble I'd bear it by myself"

He forced a smile, turned upon his heel, and threaded his way through the square, nodding to people, answering them shortly, moving on, and keeping a look-out for his father. This he could do easily, for he was the tallest man in the Vier Marchi by at least three inches.

Carterette, quite oblivious of all else, stood looking after him. She was only recalled to herself by Dormy Jamais, who was humming some patois verses which had been handed down from generation to generation, passed on from veille to veille, to which, when the whim seized him, he added poignant local allusions. He was diligently cooking Carterette's Jersey wonders, occasionally turning his eyes up at her—eyes which were like spots of greyish, yellowish light in a face of putty and flour; without eyelashes, without eyebrows, a little like a fish's, something like a monkey's. They were never still. They were set in the face, as it were, like little round glowworms in a mould of clay. They burned on night and day; no man had ever seen Dormy Jamais asleep.

Carterette did not resent his officiousness. He had a kind of kennel in her father's loft, and he was devoted to her. More than all else, Dormy Jamais was clean. His clothes were mostly rags, but they were comely, compact rags. When he washed them no one seemed to know, but no languid young gentleman who lounged where the sun was warmest against the houses in the Vier Marchi was better laundered.

As Carterette turned round to him he

was twirling a cake on the wooden fork, and singing, or rather trolling:

Caderoussel he has a coat,
All lined with paper brown;
And only when it freezes hard
He wears it in the town.
What do you think of Caderoussel?
Ah, then, but list to me:
Caderoussel is a bon e'fant——

"Come, come, dirty-fingers!" she said. "Leave my work alone, and stop your chatter."

The daft one held up his fingers, but to do so had to thrust a cake into his mouth to hold it.

"They're as clean as a ha'pendy," he said, mumbling through the cake. Then he took the cake out of his mouth, and was about to place it with the others.

"Black béganne," she cried; "how dare you! V'là—into your pocket with it!"

He did as he was bid, humming to himself again:

M'sieu' de la Palisse is dead,
Dead of a maladie;
Quart' of an hour before his death
He could breathe like you and me!
Ah bah, the poor M'sieu'
De la Palisse is dead!

"Shut up! Mon doux d'la vie, you chatter like a monkey!"

"The poor Maître, the poor Maître Ranulph!" said Dormy.

"What's the matter with him?" said Carterette, turning on him sharply.

"Once he was as lively as a basket of mice; but now——"

"Well, now, achocre!" she said irritably, and stamping her foot.

"Now the cat's out of the bag, and the mice are gone—oui-gia!"

She looked at him keenly. What did this simpleton know—or did he know anything?

"You've got things in your noddle!" she said in angry impatience.

He nodded, grinning. "As thick as haws," he answered, "but I can't get at them for the brambles."

"And they call you an idiot!" she said in furious despair. This fool was eluding her. She gripped her big wooden fork with energy. If it had been a hoe-handle she would have struck him. "You're as deep as the sea," she cried.

He nodded, and his eyes rolled in his head like marbles, as he kept them on the wooden fork in her hand, to dodge at the right moment.

"As cunning as a Norman," he mumbled

She heard a laugh behind her, a laugh of foolish good-nature, which made her angry too, for it seemed to be making fun of her. She wheeled to see M. Savary *dit* Détricand leaning with both elbows on the little counter, his chin in his hand, grinning provokingly.

"Oh it's you!" she said snappishly; "I hope you're pleased."

"Don't be cross," he answered, his head moving about a little unsteadily. "I wasn't laughing at you, heaven-born Jersienne! I wasn't, 'pon my honour! I was laughing at a thing I saw five minutes ago." He shook his head from side to side in a gurgling enjoyment now. "You mustn't mind me, seraphine," he added, "I'd a hot night, and I'm warm as a thrush now. But I saw a thing five minutes ago!"—he rolled on the stall. "Sh!" he said in a loud mock whisper, "here he comes now. *Milles diables!* but here's a tongue for you, and here's a royal gentleman that speaks truth like a travelling dentist!"

Carterette followed his gesture and saw coming out of the Route ès Couchons, where the brave Peirson issued to his death eleven years before, the father of Maître Ranulph, Olivier Delagarde.

He walked with the air of a man who courted observation. He imagined himself a hero; he had told his lie so many times now that he almost believed it himself. The long nose, the overhanging brows, the pale face, the white hair, the rheumatic walk which still was unlike the stolid stiffness of his laborious fellow countrymen, the unchanging smile almost a leer, made him an inescapable figure.

He was soon surrounded. Never a favourite when he lived in Jersey before the invasion years ago, all that seemed forgotten now, for the word had gone abroad that he was a patriot raised from the dead—an honour to his country. Many pressed forward to shake hands with him.

"Help of Heaven, is that you, M'sieu'?" said one.

"Misery me! you owed me five chelins, but I wiped it out—oh my good!" cried another.

"Es-tu gentiment, Delagarde?" asked a third.

"Ah, man pèthe bénin, this man!" exclaimed a fourth.

"Shakez," cried a tall carter holding out his hand. He had lived in England, and now made English verbs into French by adding a syllable.

"Holy morning—me too! And have a cup of cider!" called another, until it would seem as though the whole Marchi were descending upon the hero of the hour.

One after another called on him to tell his story; some tried to hurry him to La Pyramide, but others placed a cider-keg for him where he stood, almost lifting him on to it.

"Go on, go on, tell us the story!" théy cried. "To the devil with the Frenchies!"

"Here—here's a dish of Adam's ale," cried an old woman, handing him a bowl of water.

They cheered him lustily. The pallor of his face changed to a warmth. The exaltation of his successful deceit was on him. He had the fatuousness of those who have deceived with impunity; with confidence he unreeled the dark line out to the end. Still hungry for applause, he repeated the account of how the sombre tatterdemalion brigade of Frenchmen came down upon him out of the night, and how he should have killed Rullecour himself had it not been for a French officer who at the critical moment struck him down from behind.

During this recital Ranulph and Carterette had drawn near. As it progressed Ranulph's face became gloomier and gloomier. Of course this lie was necessary from his father's standpoint, but it was horrible. He watched the enthusiasm with which the crowd received every little detail of the egregious history. Everybody believed the old man: *he* was safe, no matter what happened to himself, Ranulph Delagarde, ex-artilleryman, shipbuilder—and son of a criminal. At any rate, the worst was over now, the first public statement of the lifelong lie. He drew a sigh of relief and misery in one.

At that instant he caught sight of a flushed face, which broke into a laugh of tipsy mirth when Olivier Delagarde told how the French officer had stricken him down just as he was about to finish off Rullecour. It was Détricand. All at once the whole thing rushed upon Ranulph.

What a fool he had been! He had met this officer of Rullecour's these ten years past, and never once had the Frenchman, by so much as a hint, suggested that he knew the truth about his father. Here and now the contemptuous mirth upon the Frenchman's face told the whole story. The danger and horror of the situation descended on him. He made up his mind instantly what to do, and started towards Détricand.

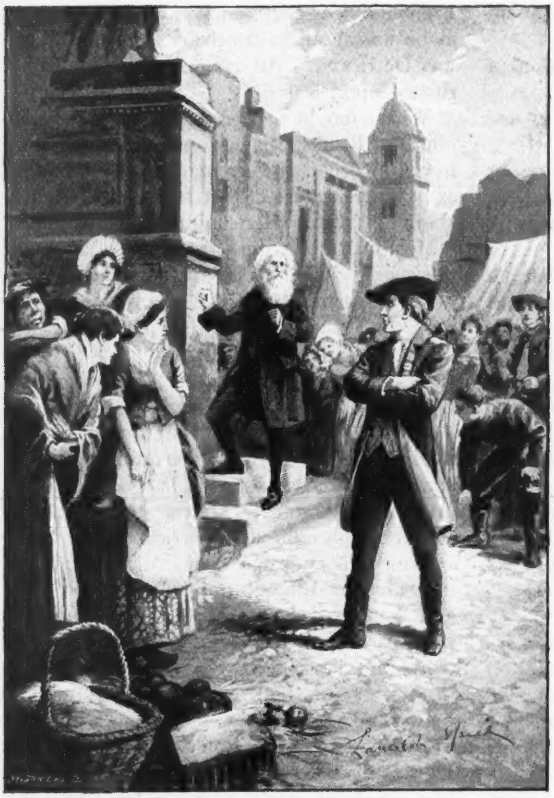
At that moment his father caught sight of Détricand also, saw the laugh, the sneer on his face, recognised him, and halting short in his speech, turned pale and trembled, staring as at a ghost. He had not counted on this. His breath almost stopped as he saw Ranulph approach Détricand.

Now the end was come. His fabric of lies would be torn down; he would be tried and hanged on the Mont ès Pendus, or perhaps be torn to pieces by this crowd. He could not have moved a foot from where he was if he had been given a million pounds.

The sight of Ranulph's face revealed to Détricand the true meaning of this farce and how easily it might become tragedy. He read the story of Ranulph's torture, of his sacrifice, and his decision was instantly made: he would befriend the son. He looked straight into Ranulph's eyes, and his own eyes said he had resolved to know nothing whatever about this criminal on the cider-cask. The two men telegraphed to each other a glance of perfect understanding, and then Détricand turned on his heel, and walked away into the crowd.

The sudden change in the old man's appearance had not been lost on the spectators, but they attributed it to weakness or a sudden sickness. One ran for a glass of brandy, another for cider, and an old woman handed up to him a hanap of cinnamon drops, saying, "Ah bidemme, the poor old êfant!"

The old man lifted the brandy with a trembling hand and drank it. When he looked again Détricand had disappeared. A dark, sinister expression crossed over his face, and an evil thought pulled down the



"Turned pale and trembled, staring as at a ghost"

corners of his mouth. He stepped down from the cask. His son went to him and taking his arm, said, "Come, you have done enough for to-day."

The old man made no reply, but submissively walked away into the Coin ès Anes. Once however he turned and looked the way Détricand had gone, muttering. Some of the peasants cheered him as he passed. Presently, free of the crowd and entering the Rue d'Egypte he said to Ranulph:

"I'm going alone; I don't need you."

"Where are you going?" asked Ranulph.

"Home," answered the old man gloomily.

Ranulph stopped. "All right," said he; "better not come out again to-day."

"You're not going to let the Frenchman hurt me?" asked Delagarde with a morose querulous anxiety. "You're going to stop that? They'd put me in prison."

Ranulph stooped over his father, his eyes alive with anger, his face blurred with disgust.

"Go home," said he, "and never again while you live mention this, or I'll take you to prison myself."

Ranulph watched his father disappear down the Rue d'Egypte, and then he retraced his steps to the Vier Marchi. With a new-formed determination he quickened his walk, and ruled his face to a sort of forced gaiety, lest any one should think his moodiness strange. One person after another accosted him. He listened eagerly to see if anything were said which might show suspicion of his father. The gossip however was all in M. Delagarde's favour. From group to group he went, answering greetings playfully and steeling himself to the whole disgusting business.

Presently he saw entering the square from La Rue des Très Pigeons the Chevalier du Champsavoys and the Sieur de Mauprat. This was the first public appearance of the Chevalier since the lamentable business at the Vier Prison a fortnight before. The simple folk had forgotten their insane treatment of him then, and they saluted him now with a chirping, "Es-tu biaou, Chevalier?" and "Es-tu gentiment, M'sieu'?" to which he responded with an amicable forgiveness. To his idea they were only naughty children, their minds reasoning no more clearly than they saw the streets before their homes through the tiny little squares of bottle-glass in their windows.

The two old gentlemen were offered odd little drinks in odd little wooden cups, as they threaded their way among the clattering hucksters; and once or twice with as odd little courtesies they drank. They even accepted bunches of leaves from Manon Moignard the witch who passed, feared yet favoured, among the frequenters of the Vier Marchi. These leaves, steeped in brandy, were to cure them of stiffness of step—to make them young again. Presently they came face to face with Détricand, The Chevalier stopped short with pleased yet wistful surprise. His fine smooth brow knitted a little when he saw that his compatriot had been drinking again, and his eyes had a pained look as he said eagerly:

"Have you heard from the Comte de Tournay, Monsieur? I have not seen you these weeks past—you said you would not disappoint me."

Détricand drew from his pocket a letter and handed it over, saying, "Here is a letter from the Comte."

The old gentleman took the letter, nervously opened it, and read it slowly, saying each sentence over twice as though to get the full meaning.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "he is going back to France to fight for the King!"

Then he looked at Détricand sadly, benevolently. "*Mon cher*," said he, "if I could but persuade you to give up the wine-cup and follow his example!"

Détricand drew himself up with a jerk, and made an abrupt motion of the hand. "You can persuade me, Chevalier," said he. "This is my last bout. I had sworn to have it with—with a soldier I knew, and I've kept my word. But it's the last, the very last in my life, on the honour of—of the Détricands. And I'm going with the Comte de Tournay to fight for the King."

The little Chevalier's lips trembled, and taking the young man by the collar of his coat, he stood tip-toed, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Will you accept something from me?" asked M. de Mauprat in a shaking voice, joining in his friend's enthusiasm. He took from his pocket a timepiece which he had worn for fifty years. "It is a little gift to my France, which I shall see no more," he added. "May no time be ill spent that it records for you, Monsieur."

Détricand laughed in his careless way, but the face that had been seamed with dissipation took on a new and better look, as with a hand-grasp of gratitude he put the timepiece in his pocket.

"I'll do my best," he said simply. "I'll be with de la Rochejaquelein and the army of the Vendée to-morrow night."

Then he shook hands with both little gentlemen and moved away towards the Rue des Très Pigeons. Presently some one touched his arm. He looked round. It was Ranulph.

"I stood near," said Ranulph; "I chanced to hear what you said to them. You've been a friend to me to-day—and these eleven years past. You knew—about my father, all the time."

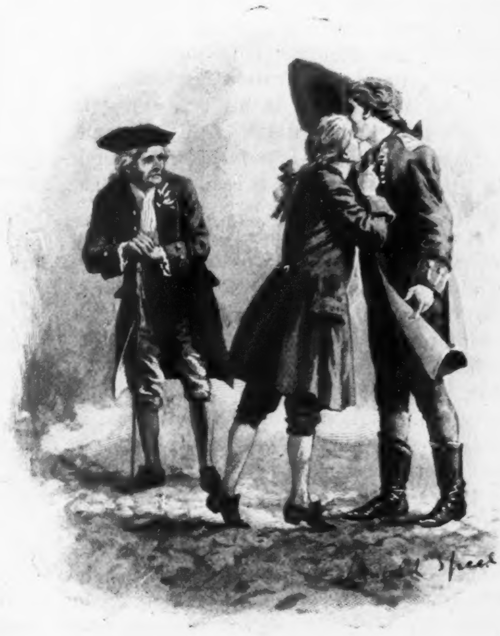
Before replying Détricand looked round to see that no one was listening.

"Look you, Monsieur, a man must keep some decencies in his life, or cut his own throat. What a ruffian I'd be to do you or your father harm! I'm silent, of course. Let your mind rest about me. But there's the baker Carcand——"

"The baker escaped?" asked Ranulph dumfounded. "I thought he was tied to a rock and left to drown."

"I had him set free after Rullecour had gone on. He got away to France. I saw him at St. Brieuc four years ago."

Ranulph's anxiety deepened. "He might



'Stood tip-toed and kissed him on both cheeks" come back, and then if anything happened to him——"

"He'd try and make things happen to others, eh! But there's little danger of his coming back. They know *he's* a traitor, and he knows he'd be hung. If he's alive he'll stay where he is. Cheer up! Take my word, Olivier Delagarde only has himself to fear." He put out his hand. "Good-bye! We'll meet again," said he, "if we both live. If ever I can do anything for you, if you ever want to find me, come or send to—no, I'll write it," he suddenly added, and scribbling something on a piece of paper he handed it over. Ranulph took it, and scarce looking at the address put it in his pocket.

They parted with another handshake, Détricand making his way down into the Rue d'Egypte, and towards the Place du Vier Prison.

Ranulph stood looking at the crowd before him dazedly, misery, revolt and bitterness in his heart. He who had deserved well of fate, he must live a life of shame and deception, he must feel the ground of his home and his honour crumbling beneath his feet, through no fault of his own. This French adventurer, Détricand, after years of riotous living, could pick up the threads of life again with a laugh and no shame, while he felt himself going down, down, down, with no hope of rising again.

As he stood buried in his reflections the town crier entered the Vier Marchi, and, going to La Pyramide, took his place upon the steps of it, and in a loud voice began reading a proclamation.

It was to the effect that the great fishing company trading to Gaspé needed twenty Jersiais to go out and replace a number of the company's officers and men who had been drowned in a gale off the rock called Percé. To these twenty, if they went at once, good pay and rapid promotion would be given. But they must be men of intelligence and force, of well-known character and vigour.

The critical moment in Maîtié Ranulph's life came now. Here he was penned up in a little island with a criminal who had the reputation of a martyr. It was not to be borne. Why not leave it all behind? Why not let his father shift for himself, abide his own fate? Why not leave him the home, what money he had laid by, and go—go—go where he could forget, go where he could breathe! Surely self-preservation, that was the first law; surely no known code of human opinion or practice called upon him to share the daily crimes of any living soul—it was a daily repetition of his crime for this traitor to maintain the atrocious lie of patriotism.

He would go—it was his right.

Taking a few steps forward towards the officer of the company who stood by the crier, he was about to speak. Some one touched him.

He turned and saw Carterette. She had divined his intention, and though she was in the dark as to the motive, she saw that he wished to go to Gaspé. Her heart seemed to contract till the pain of it hurt her; then, as a thought flashed into her mind, it was freed again and began to pound hard against her breast. She must prevent him from leaving Jersey, from leaving her. What she might feel personally would have no effect upon him; she would appeal to him from a different standpoint.

"You must not go," she said. "You must not leave your father alone, Maître Ranulph."

For a minute he did not reply. Through his dark wretchedness one thought pierced its way: this girl was his good friend.

"I'll take him with me," he said.

"He would die in the awful cold," she answered. "Nannin-gia, you must stay."

"Eh ben!" he said presently, with an air of heavy resignation, and, turning, walked away. Her eyes followed him. As she went back to her booth she smiled: he had come one step her way.

CHAPTER XIII

When Détricand left the Vier Marchi he made his way along the Rue d'Egypte to the house of M. de Mauprat. The front door was open, and he could see through to the kitchen, whence came a voice singing an old chanson in the quaint Jersey patois:

Ma commère, quand je danse,
Man cotillon va-t-i bain?
I va chin, i va là,
I va fort bain comm' i va.

Détricand listened for a moment very well pleased. Guida was singing at her work, singing unconsciously, for sometimes a line was dropped or broken off, and the verse picked up again a moment afterwards. A nice savour of boiling fruit came from within, and the place altogether was so white and clean, so sweet and comfortable, that Détricand would have waited longer at the doorway had he been an older friend in this house. He knocked, and presently Guida appeared, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, her fingers stained with the rich red of the black raspberries which she was making into a preserve. Her face was alight with some inward pleasure, her eyes were as blue as the sea. She was slightly flushed with her work, and yet somehow she looked cool and fresh, a wonder of perfect health.

A curious shade of disappointment came into her face when she saw who it was. It was clear to Détricand that she expected someone else; it was also clear that his coming gave no especial pleasure to her, though she looked at him not without interest. She had thought of him more than once since that day when the famous letter to the Chevalier was read, and she had wondered if he had succeeded in getting the message to the Comte de Tournay. She had also instinctively compared him, this ribald, roystering, notorious fellow, with Philip d'Avranche, Philip the brave, the ambitious, the conquering. She was sure that Philip had never over-drunk himself in his life; and now, looking into the face of Détricand, she was sure that he had been drinking again. One thing was apparent, however: he was better dressed than she ever remembered seeing him—better pulled together and more alert in movement; and bearing himself with an air of purpose. But there still was that curious grey whiteness under the eyes telling of recent dissipation. There was also the red scar along his temple, showing the track of the bullet fired at him in the Place du Vier Prison some weeks before.

"I've fetched back your handkerchief—you tied up my head with it, you know," he said, taking it from his pocket. "I'm going away, and I wanted to thank you and return it to you."

"Come in, will you not, Monsieur?" she said.

He readily entered the kitchen, still holding the handkerchief in his hand, but he did not give it to her.

"Where will you sit?" she said, looking round. "I'm very busy. You mustn't mind my working," she added, going to the brass bashin at the fire. "This preserve will spoil if I don't watch it."

He seated himself on the veille, and nodded his head.

"I like this," he said. "I'm fond of kitchens. I always was. When I was fifteen I was sent away from home because I liked the stables and the kitchen too well. I remember I fell in love with the cook."

Guida flushed, frowned, her lips tightened, then presently a look of amusement broke over her face, and she burst out laughing.

"Why do you tell me these things?" she said. "Excuse me, Monsieur, but why do you always tell unpleasant things about yourself? People think ill of you, and otherwise they might think—better."

"I don't want them to think better till I am better," he answered. "The only way I can prevent myself becoming a sneak is by blabbing my faults. Now, I was drunk last night—very, very drunk!"

A look of disgust came into her face.

"Why do you relate this sort of thing to me, Monsieur? Do—do I remind you of the cook at home, or of an oyster-girl in Jersey?"

She was flushing, but her voice was clear and vibrant, the look of the eyes direct and fearless. How dared he hold her handkerchief like that!

"I tell you them," he answered slowly, looking at the handkerchief in his hand, then raising his eyes to hers steadily and with whimsical gravity, "because I want you to ask me never to drink again."

She looked at him scarcely comprehending, yet feeling a deep compliment somewhere, for this man was a gentleman by birth, and his manner was respectful now and had always been respectful to her.

"Why do you want me to ask you that?" she asked.

"Because I'm going to France to join the war of the Vendée, and——"

"With the Comte de Tournay?" she interrupted.

He nodded his head. "And if I thought I was keeping a promise to a woman of the right sort, I'd not break it. Anyhow, whatever my motive, I want to make it to you."

"I'm only a girl—not a woman," she said.

"You'll be a woman when I see you again," he answered. "Will you ask me to promise?" he persisted, watching her intently.

"Why, of course," she answered kindly, almost gently—the compliment was so friendly, he could not be all bad.

"Then say my name, and ask me," he said.

"Monsieur——"

"Leave out the *Monsieur*," he interrupted.

"Yves Savary *dit* Détricand, will you promise me, Guida Landresse——"

"De Landresse," he interposed.

"Guida Landresse de Landresse, that you will never again drink wine to excess, and that you will never do anything that any 'right sort of woman' would not like a man to do?"

"On my honour I promise," he said slowly, "and I'll keep the promise too, because Guida Landresse has asked me."

A strange feeling came over her. She had suddenly, in some indirect, allusive way, become interested in a man's life. Yet she had done nothing, and in truth she cared nothing. They stood looking at each other, she slightly embarrassed, he hopeful and eager, when suddenly a step sounded without, a voice called "Guida!" and as Guida coloured and Détricand turned towards the door, Philip d'Avranche entered impetuously.

He stopped short on seeing Détricand. They knew each other slightly and they bowed. Philip frowned. He saw that something had occurred between the two. Détricand on his part realised the significance of that familiar "Guida!" which had been called from outside.

He took up his cap. "It is greeting and good-bye, I am just off for France," he said.

Philip eyed him coldly and not a little maliciously, for he knew Détricand's reputation well, the signs of a hard life were thick on him, and he did not like to think of Guida being alone with him.

"France should offer a wide field for your talents just now," he answered drily; "they seem wasted here."

Détricand's eye flashed, but he answered coolly: "It was not talent that brought me here but a boy's waywardness and folly; it's not talent that has kept me from starving here, I'm afraid, but the ingenuity of the desperate."

"Why stay here? The world was wide, and France was a step away. You would not have needed talents there. You would no doubt have been rewarded by the Court which sent you and Rullecour to ravage Jersey——"

"The proper order is *Rullecour and me*, Monsieur."

Détricand seemed suddenly to have got back a manner to which he had been long a stranger. His temper became imperturbable, and this was not lost on Philip; his manner had a well-bred distinction and balanced serenity, while Philip himself had no such perfect control; which made him the more impatient and angry. Détricand added in a composed and nonchalant tone:

"I've no doubt there were those at Court who'd have clothed me in purple and fine linen, and given me wine and milk, but it was my whim to work in the galleys here, as it were."

"Then I trust you have enjoyed your Botany Bay, Monsieur," answered Philip mockingly. "You have been your own jailor, you could lay the strokes on heavy or light." He moved to the veille, and threw a leg across a corner of it. Guida busied herself at the fireplace, but listened intently.

"I've certainly been my own enemy, whether the strokes were heavy or light," replied Détricand with strange candour and lifting a shoulder slightly.

"And a friend to Jersey at the same time, eh?" was the sneering reply.

Détricand was quite in the humour to tell the truth even to this man who hated him. He was giving himself the luxury of auricular confession. But Philip did not see that when once such a man has stood in his own pillory and sat in his own stocks, he has voluntarily given satisfaction to the law and paid the piper, and will take no after insult.

Détricand still would not be tempted out of his composure. "No," he answered, "I've been an enemy to Jersey too, both by act and example, but people here have been kind enough to forget the act, and the example I set is not unique."

"You've never thought that you've outstayed your welcome, eh?"

"As to that, every country is free to whoever wills, if one cares to pay the entrance fee and can endure the entertainment. One hasn't to apologise for living in a country. You probably get no better treatment than you deserve, and no worse. One thing balances another."

The man's composure of manner, his cool impeachment and defence of himself intensely irritated Philip, the more so because Guida was present, and this gentlemanly vagrant seemed to have placed him at disadvantage.

"You paid no entrance fee here; you stole in through a hole in the wall. You should have been hanged."

"Monsieur d'Avranche!" said Guida reproachfully, turning round from the fire.

Détricand's answer came biting and dry. "You are an officer of your King, as was I. You should know that hanging the invaders of Jersey would have been butchery. We were soldiers of France; we had the honour of being treated as prisoners of war, Monsieur."

This shot went home. Philip had been touched in that nerve called military honour. He got to his feet.

"You are right," he answered with a reluctant frankness. "Our grudge is not individual, it is against France, and we'll pay it soon with good interest, Monsieur!"

"The individual grudge will not be lost sight of in the general, I hope?" rejoined Détricand with cool suggestion, his clear, persistent grey eye looking coldly into Philip's.

"I shall do you that honour," said Philip with a mistaken disdain.

Détricand bowed low. "You shall always find me in the suite of the Prince of Vaufontaine, Monsieur, and ready to be so distinguished by you," he answered. Turning to Guida, he added, "Mademoiselle will perhaps do me the honour to notice me again one day?" then, with a mocking nod to Philip, he left the house.

Philip and Guida stood looking after him in silence for a minute. Suddenly Guida said to herself: "My handkerchief! Why did he take my handkerchief? He put it in his pocket again."

Philip turned on her impatiently.

"What was that adventurer saying to you, Guida?—Prince of Vaufontaine indeed! What did he come here for?"

Guida looked at him for a minute in surprise. She scarcely grasped the significance of the question. Before she had time to consider, he pressed it again, and without hesitation she told him all that had happened—it was so very little, of course—between Détricand and herself. She omitted nothing save that Détricand had carried off the handkerchief, and she could not have told, if she had been asked, why she did not mention it.

Philip raged inwardly. He saw the meaning of the whole situation from Détricand's standpoint, but he was wise enough from his own standpoint to keep it to himself; and so both of them reserved something, she from no motive that she knew, he from an ulterior one. He was angry too—angry at Détricand, angry at Guida for her very innocence, and because she had caught and held even this slight line of association which Détricand had thrown.

Yet in any case Détricand was going to-morrow, and to-day—to-day should decide all between Guida and himself! Used to bold moves, in this affair of love he was living up to his custom; and the encounter with Détricand added the last touch to his resolution, nerved him to follow his strong impulse to set all upon one hazard. Two months ago he had told Guida that he loved her; to-day there should be a still more daring venture—a thing which was not captured by a kind of forlorn hope seemed not worth having. The girl had seized his emotions from the first moment, and had held them. To him she was the most original creature he had ever met, the most natural, the most humorous in temper, the most sincere. She had no duplicity, no guile, no arts.

He said to himself that he knew his own mind always, he believed in inspirations: very well, he would back his knowledge, his inspiration, by an irretrievable move. Yesterday he had received an important communication from his commander: that had decided him, and to-day a still more important communication should be made to Guida.

"Won't you come into the garden?" he said presently.

"A moment—a moment!" she answered him lightly, for the frown had passed from his face, and he was his old buoyant self again. At this time in his life he was not capable of sustained gloom. "I'm to make an end to this bashin of berries first," she added. So saying, she waved him away with a little air of tyranny; and he perched himself boyishly on the big chair in the corner and began playing with the flax on the spinning-wheel near by and swinging his feet with idle impatience. Then he took to humming a ditty which the Jersey housewife used to sing as she spun, while Guida disposed of the sweet-smelling fruit. Suddenly Guida stopped and stamped her foot.

"No, no, that's not right, stupid sailorman," she said, and she sang a verse at him over the last details of her work:

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton,
The moon wheels full, and the tide flows high,
And your wedding dress you must put it on
Ere the night hath no moon in the sky—
Gigoton Mergaton, spin!

She paused. He was entranced. He had never heard her sing, and the full, beautiful notes of her contralto voice thrilled him like organ music. His look devoured her, her song captured him.

"Please go on," he said, "I never heard it that way."

She was embarrassed yet delighted with his praise, and she threw into the next verse a deep weirdness.

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton,
Your gown shall be stitched ere the old moon fade:
The age of a moon shall your hands spin on,
Or a wife in her shroud shall be laid—
Gigoton Mergaton, spin!

"Yes, yes, that's it!" he exclaimed with gay ardour. "That's it. Sing on. There are two more verses."

"I'll only sing one," she answered, with a little air of wilfulness:

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!
The Little Good Folk the spell they have cast;
By your work well done while the moon hath shone,
Ye shall cleave unto joy at last—
Gigoton Mergaton, spin!

As she sang the last verse she seemed in a dream, and her rich voice, rising with the spirit of the concluding lines, poured out the notes like a bird drunk with the air of spring.

"Guida!" he cried, springing to his feet, "when you sing like that it seems to me that I live in a world that has nothing to do with the sordid business of life, with my dull craft, with getting the weather-gauge or sailing in triple line. You're a planet all by yourself, Mistress Guida! Are you ready to come into the garden?"

"Yes, yes, in a minute," she answered. "You go out to the big apple-tree, and I'll come in a minute."

The apple-tree was in the farthest corner of the large garden. Beehives and currant-bushes hid it on one side, and from the other you looked over a low wall to the grim pillars on the Mont ès Pendus, which, despite their horrid associations, looked like Druidic monuments; while the hill and the fields around the hill were as green and as sweet as this garden itself. Near to the apple-tree was the little summer-house where Guida and her mother used to sit and read, Guida on the three-legged stool, her mother on the low, wide seat covered with ferns. This place Guida used to flourish with flowers. The vines, too, crept through the rough lattice-work, and all together made the place a bower, secluded and serene. The water of the little stream outside the hedge made music too.

Not here, but on the bench beneath the apple-tree, Philip placed himself. What a change was all this, he thought to himself, from the staring hot stones of Malta, the squalor of Constantinople, the frigid cliffs of Spitzbergen, the noisome tropical forests of the Indies! This was Arcady. It was peace and it was content. His life was bound to be varied and perhaps stormy—this would be the true change, that is, the spirit of this would be. Of course he would have two sides to his life like most men: that which was lived before the world, and that which was of the home. He would have the fight for fame. In this he would have to use, not duplicity, but diplomacy, to play a kind of game; but this other side to his life, the side of love and home, should be simple, direct—all genuine and strong and true. In this way he would have a wonderful career. And Guida should be in that career.

He heard her footstep now, and standing up he parted the apple boughs for her entrance. She was dressed all in white, without a touch of colour save in the wild rose at her throat, and in the pretty red shoes with the broad buckles which M. de Mauprat had purchased of Elie Mattingley and given to her for her birthday. Her face, too, had colour—the soft, warm tint of the peach-blossom—and her auburn hair was like an aureole.

Philip's eyes gleamed. He stretched out both his hands in greeting and tenderness.

"Guida—sweetheart!" he said.

She laughed up at him mischievously, and put her hands behind her back.

"*Ma fé!* you are so very forward," she said, seating herself on the bench. "And you must not call me Guida, and you have no right to call me sweetheart."

"I know I've no right to call you anything, but to myself I always call you Guida, and sweetheart too, and I've liked to think that you would care to know my thoughts," he answered.

"Yes, I wish I knew your thoughts," she responded, looking up at him seriously and intently; "I should like to know every thought in your mind. . . . . Do you know—you don't mind my saying just what I think?—I find myself feeling that there's something in you that I never touch; I mean, that a friend ought to touch, if it's a real friendship. You appear to be so frank, and I know you are frank and good and true, and yet I seem always to be hunting for something in your mind, and it slips away from me always—always. I suppose it's because we're two different beings, and no two beings can ever know each other in this world, not altogether. We're what the Chevalier calls 'separate entities.' I seem to understand better lately his odd, wise talk. He said the other day, 'Lonely we come into the world, and lonely we go out of it.' That's what I mean. It makes me shudder sometimes—that part of us which lives alone for ever. We go running on as happy as can be, like Biribi there in the garden, and all at once we stop short at a hedge, just as he does there—a hedge just too tall to look over and with no foothold for climbing. That's what I want so much; I want to look over the Hedge."

How strong and fine her brow was! How perfectly clear the eye! How natural and powerful the intelligence of the face! When she spoke like this to Philip, as she sometimes did, she seemed quite unconscious that he was a listener, it was rather as if he were part of her and thinking the same thoughts. Philip thought her wonderful. He had never bothered his head in that way about serious or abstract things when he was her age, and he could not understand it. What was more, he could not have thought as she did if he had tried. She had that sort of mind which accepts no stereotyped reflection or idea; she worked things out for herself. Her words were her own, and not another's. She was not imitative, nor yet was she bizarre; she was individual, simple, and inquiring.

"That's the thing that hurts most in life," she added presently; "that trying to find and not being able to—ah, *voilà*, what a child I am to babble so!" she broke off with a little laugh, which had, however, a plaintive note. There was a touch of undeveloped pathos in her character, for she had been left alone too young, been given responsibility too soon.

He knew he must say something, and in a sympathetic tone he replied:

"Yes, Guida, but after a while we stop trying to follow and see and find, and we walk in the old paths and take things as they are."

"Have *you* stopped?" she said to him wistfully.

"Oh no, not altogether," he replied, dropping his tones to tenderness, "for I've been trying to peep over a hedge this afternoon, and I haven't done it yet."

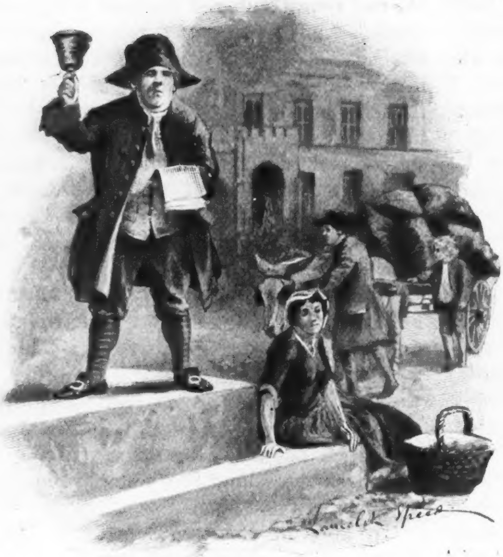
"Have you?" she rejoined, then paused, for the look in his eyes embarrassed her. . . . . "Why do you look at me like that?" she added tremulously.

"Guida," he said earnestly, leaning towards her, "two months ago I asked you if you would listen to me when I told you of my love, and you said you would. Well, sometimes when we have met since I have told you the same story, and you have kept your promise and listened. Guida, I want to keep on telling you the same story for a long time—even till you or I die."

"Do you—ah, then, do you?" she asked simply. "Do you really wish that?"

"It is the dearest wish of my life, and always will be," he added, taking her unresisting hands.

"I like to hear you say it," she answered simply, "and it cannot be wrong, can it? *Is* there any wrong in my listening to you?



"In a loud voice began reading a proclamation"

Yet why do I feel that it is not quite right?—sometimes I do feel that."

"One thing will make all right," he said eagerly; "one thing. I love you, Guida, love you devotedly. Do you—tell me—do you love me? Do not fear to tell me, dearest, for then will come the thing that makes all right."

"I do not know," she responded, her heart beating fast, her eyes drooping before him; "but when you go from me, I am not happy till I see you again. When you are gone, I want to be alone that I may remember all that you have said, and say it over to myself again. When I hear you speak I want to shut my eyes, I am so happy; and every word of mine seems clumsy when you talk to me; and I feel of how little account I am beside you. Is that love, Philip—Philip, do you think that is love?"

They were standing now. The fruit that hung above Guida's head was not fairer and sweeter than she. Philip drew her to him, and her eyes lifted to his.

"Is that love, Philip?" she repeated. "Tell me, for I do not know—it has all come so soon! You are wiser; do not deceive me; you understand, and I do not. Philip, do not let me deceive myself."

"As the judgment of life is before us, I believe that you love me, Guida, though I don't deserve it," he answered with tender seriousness.

"And it is *right* that you should love me—that we should love each other, Philip?"

"It will be right soon," he said, "right for ever. . . . Guida, I want you to marry me."

His arm tightened round her waist, as though he half feared she would fly from him. He was right; she made a motion backward, but he held her firmly, tenderly.

"Marry—marry you, Philip!" she exclaimed in trembling dismay.

It was true, she had never thought of that; there had not been time. Too much had come all at once.

"Marry me—yes, marry me, Guida. That will make all right; that will bind us together for ever. Have you never thought of that?"

"Oh, never, never!" she answered, impatient to set him right. "Why should I? I cannot—cannot do it. Oh, it could not be—not at least for a long long time, not for years and years, Philip."

"Guida," he answered gravely and persistently, "I want you to marry me to-morrow."

She was overwhelmed. She could scarcely speak. "To-morrow—to-morrow, Philip! You are laughing at me. I could not—how could I marry you to-morrow?"

"Guida, dearest,"—he took her hands more tightly now—"you must, Guida. The day after to-morrow my ship is going to Portsmouth for two months. Then we return again here, but I will not go now unless I go as your husband."

"Oh, no, I could not—it is impossible, Philip! It is madness—it is wrong! My grandfather——"

"Your grandfather need not know, sweetheart."

"How can you say such wicked things, Philip?"

"My dearest, it is not necessary for him to know. I don't want any one to know until I come back from Portsmouth. Then I shall have a ship of my own—commander of the *Araminta* I shall be then. I have word from the Admiralty to that effect. But I dare not let them know that I am married until I get commissioned to my ship. The Admiralty has set its face against lieutenants marrying."

"Then do not marry, Philip. You ought not, you see."

Her pleading was like the beating of helpless wings against the bars of a golden cage.

"But I *must* marry you, Guida. A sailor's life is uncertain, and what I want I want now. When I come back from Portsmouth everyone shall know, but if you love me—and I know you do—you must marry me to-morrow. Until I come back no one shall know about it except the clergyman, the Reverend Lorenzo Dow of St. Michael's—I have seen him—and Shoreham, a brother officer of mine. Ah, you must, Guida, you must! Whatever is worth doing is better worth doing in the time one's own heart says. I want it more, a thousand times more, than I ever wanted anything in my life!"

She looked at him in a troubled sort of way. Somehow she felt wiser than he at that moment, wiser and stronger, though she scarcely defined the feeling to herself, though she knew that her brain would yield to her heart in this.

"Would it make you so much happier, Philip?" she said more kindly than joyfully, more in grave acquiescence than in delighted belief and anticipation.

"Yes, on my honour—supremely happy!"

"You are afraid that otherwise—by some chance—you might lose me?" She said it tenderly, yet with a little pain.

"Yes, yes, that is it, Guida dearest!" he replied.

"I suppose women are different altogether from men," she answered. "I could have waited ever so long, believing that you would come again, and that I should never lose you. But men are different; I see, yes, I see that, Philip."

"We are more impetuous. We know, we sailors, that now—to-day—is our time; that to-morrow may be Fate's, and Fate is a fickle jade: she beckons you up with one hand to-day, and waves you down with the other to-morrow."

"Philip," she said, scarcely above a whisper, and putting her hands on his arms, as her head sank towards him, "I must be honest with you, I must be that or nothing at all. I do not feel as you do about it; I can't. I would much—much—rather everybody knew. And I feel it almost wrong that they do not." She paused a minute, her brow clouded slightly, then cleared again, and she went on bravely: "Philip, I want you to promise me that you will leave me just as soon as we are married, and that you will not try to see me until you come again from Portsmouth. I am sure that is right, for the deception will not then be so great. I should be better able then to tell the poor grandfather! Will you promise me, Philip—dear? It—it is so hard for me! Ah, *can't* you understand!"

This hopeless everlasting cry of a woman's soul!

He clasped her close. "Yes, Guida, my heart, I understand, and I promise you—I promise you."

Her head dropped on his breast, her arms ran round his neck. He raised her face; her eyes were closed, they were dropping tears. He tenderly kissed the tears away.

CHAPTER XIV

Oh, give to me my gui-l'année,
  I pray you, Monseigneur;
The king's princess doth ride to-day,
  And I ride forth with her.
Oh! I will ride the maid beside
  Till we come to the sea,
Till my good ship receive my bride,
  And she sail far with me.
Oh, donnez-moi ma gui-l'année,
  Monseigneur, je vous prie!

The singer was perched on a huge broad stone, which, lying athwart several other tall perpendicular stones, made a kind of hut, approached by a pathway of other upright narrow pillars, irregular and crude, such as a child might build in miniature with ragged blocks or bricks. Yet standing alone on the little cliff overlooking the sea, the primeval structure had a sort of rude nobleness and dignity. How vast must have been the labour of man's hands to lift the massive table of rock upon the supporting shafts—relics of an age when they were the only architecture, national monuments, memorials and barbaric mausoleums; when savage ancestors in lion skins, with stone weapons of war, led by white-robed Druid priests, came here and left the mistletoe wreath upon these Houses of Death builded for their adored warriors. As though some protecting spirit were guarding them through the ages, no human habitation is near them, no modern machinery of life touches them with sordid irony, or robs them of their lonely pride of years. Castles and towers and forts, Rollo's and Cæsar's, have passed, but these remain:

> *Oh, donnez-moi ma gui-l'année,*
> *Monseigneur, je vous prie—*

Even this song sung by the singer on the rock carried on the ancient story, the sacred legend that he who wore in his breast this mistletoe got from the Druids' altar, bearing his bride forth by sea or land, should suffer no mischance; and for the bride herself, the *morgen-gifn* should fail not, but should attest richly the perfect bliss of the nuptial hours.

The light had almost gone from the day, though the last glittering crimson petals had scarce dropped from the rose of sunset. Upon the sea there was not a ripple—it was a lake of molten silver, shading into a leaden silence far away. The tide was high, and the ragged rocks of the Banc des Violets in the south and the Corbière in the west were all but hidden. Only two or three showed their heads placidly above the flow. Who might think that these rocky fields of the main had been covered with dead men, like any field of battle? Less merciful than the earth, this sea quickly and furtively drags its dead men out of sight after maltreating and shamelessly disgracing their ruined bodies, leaving the fields of rock and reef deceitfully smiling and for ever relentlessly lying in wait; while the just earth in kindness covers and protects those who die within her boundaries. Her warring children ravaging her fields and valleys and hills no longer—their own bodies nourish her into benignant peace again:

> They smile and pass, the children of the sword,
> No more the sword they wield—
> But, oh, how deep the corn upon the battle-field!

Below the mound where the tuneful youth loitered was a path, which led down through the fields and into the highway. In this path walked lingeringly a man and a maid. Despite the peaceful, almost dormant life about them, the great event of their lives had just occurred, that which is at once a vast adventure and a simple testament of nature: they had been joined in marriage in the parish church of St. Michael's near by. As the voice of the singer came down to them now, the two looked up, then passed out of view.

But still the voice followed them, and the man looked down at the maid repeating the refrain:

> Oh, give to me my gui-l'année,
> *Monsiegneur, je vous prie!*

The maid looked up at the man tenderly, almost devoutly.

"I have no Druid's mistletoe from the Chapel of St. George, but I will give you—stoop down, Philip," she added, "I will give you the first kiss I have ever given to any man."

He stooped. She kissed him on the forehead, then upon the cheek, and lastly upon the lips.

"Guida, my wife!" Philip said, and drew her to his breast.

"My Philip!" she answered softly.

"Won't you say, 'Philip, my husband'?"

She did as he asked in a voice no louder than a bee's.

Presently she looked up at him with a look a little abashed, a little anxious, yet tender withal.

"Philip," she said, "I wonder what we will think of this day a year from now—no, don't frown, Philip," she added: "you look at things differently from me. To-day is everything to you; to-morrow is very much to me. It isn't that I am afraid, it is that thoughts of possibilities will come whether one likes it or not. If I couldn't tell you everything I feel I should be most unhappy. You see, I want to be able to do that—to tell you everything."

"Of course, of course," he said, not quite comprehending her, for his thoughts were always more material. He was revelling in the beauty of the girl before him, in her perfect outward self, in her unique personality: the more subtle and the deeper part of her, the searching soul never in this world to be satisfied with superficial reasons and the obvious cause—these he did not know; was he ever to know? It was the law of her nature that she was never to deceive herself, to pretend anything, nor to offer pretence. To see things, to look beyond the hedge—that was to be a passion with her; already it was nearly that. But she was very young, she was yet to pass through the sacred and terrifying ordeal of linking her life past all recall to another's, soul and body.

"Of course," Philip continued, "you must tell me everything, and I'll understand. And as for what we'll think of this in another year, why, doesn't it stand to reason that we'll think it the best day of our lives—as it is, Guida!" He smiled at her, and touched her soft hair. "Evil can't come out of good, can it? And this is good—as good as anything in the world can be! . . . There, look into my eyes that way—just that way."

"Are you happy—very, very happy, Philip?" she asked, lingering on the words.

"Perfectly happy, Guida," he answered; and in truth he seemed so, his eyes were so bright, his face so eloquent, his bearing so buoyant.

"And you think we have done quite right, Philip?" she asked earnestly.

"Of course, of course we have. We are honourably disposing of our own fates. We love each other. We are married as surely as other people are married. Where is the wrong? We have told no one, simply because for a couple of months it is best not to do so. The clergyman wouldn't have married us if there'd been anything wrong."

"Oh, it isn't what the clergyman might think that I mean; it's what we ourselves think down, down deep in our hearts. If you, Philip—if you say it is all right, I will believe that it is right, for you would not want your wife to have one single wrong thing, like a dark spot, on her life with you—would you? If it is all right to you, it must be all right for me—don't you see?"

He did see that, and it made him grave for an instant, it made him not quite so sure.

"If your mother were alive," he answered, "of course she should have known; but it wasn't necessary for your grandfather to know: he talks; he couldn't keep it to himself even for a month. But we have been properly married by a clergyman, we have a witness, Shoreham over there (he pointed towards the Druid's cromlech where the young man was singing), and it only concerns us now—just you and me."

"But if anything happened to you during the next two months, Philip, and you did not come back!"

"My dearest, dearest Guida," he answered, taking her hands in his, and laughing boyishly, "in that case you will announce the marriage. Shoreham and the clergyman are witnesses; besides, there's the certificate which Mr. Dow will give you to-morrow; and, above all, there's the formal record on the parish register. There, little critic and sweetest interrogation mark in the world—there is the law and the gospel! Come, come, let us be gay, let this be the happiest hour we've yet had in all our lives."

"How can I be altogether gay, Philip, when we part now, and I shall not see you for two whole long months?"

"Mayn't I see you just for a minute to-morrow morning, before I go?"

"No, no, oh no, Philip, you must not, indeed you must not! Remember your promise, remember that you were not to see me again until you came back from Portsmouth. Even this is not quite what we agreed, for you are still with me, and we've been married nearly half-an-hour!"

"Perhaps we were married a thousand years ago—I don't know!" he answered, drawing her to him. "It's all a magnificent dream so far."

"You must go, you must keep your word. Don't break the first promise you ever made me, Philip."

She did not say it very reproachfully, for his look was ardent and worshipful, and she could not be even a little austere in her new joy.

"I am going," he answered. "We will go back to the town, I by the road, you by the shore, so no one will see us, and——"

"Philip," said Guida suddenly, "is it just the same being married without banns?"

His laugh had again a boyish ring of delight. "Of course, just the same, my doubting fay," said he. "Don't be frightened about anything. Now promise me that—will you promise me?"

She looked at him a moment steadily, her eyes lingering on his face with great tenderness, and then she said:

"Yes, Philip, I will not trouble nor question any longer. I will only believe that everything is all right. Say good-bye to me, Philip. I am happy now, but if—if you stay any longer—ah, please, please go, Philip!"

A minute afterwards Philip and Shoreham were entering the high road, waving their handkerchiefs to her as they went.

She was now seated on the Druids' cromlech where Philip's friend had sat, and with swimming eyes and smiling lips she watched the young men until they were lost to view. Her eyes lingered on the road long after the two had passed; but presently they turned towards the sea, and thoughts began to flash through her mind, many at once, some new, none quite the same as had ever come to her before. She was growing to a new consciousness, a new glass through which to see life was quickly being adjusted to her inner sight.

Her eyes wandered over the sea. How immense it was, how mysterious! How it begot in one feelings both of love and of fear! She was not at this moment in sympathy with its wonderful calm. There had been times when she had seemed of it, part of it, absorbed by it, till it flowed over her soul and wrapped her in a sleep of content. Now it was different. Mystery and the million happenings of life lay hidden in that far silver haze. It was on the brink of such a sea that her mind seemed to be hovering now. Nothing was defined, nothing was clear. She was too agitated to think; life, being, was one wide, vague sensation, partly of delight, partly of trepidation. Everything had a bright tremulousness. This mystery was not dark clouds, it was a shaking, glittering mist, and yet there came from it an air which made her pulse beat hard, her breath come with joyous lightness.

Many a time, with her mother, she had sat upon the shore at St. Aubin's Bay, and looked out where white sails fluttered like the wings of restless doves; then nearer, maybe just beneath her, there had risen the keen singing of the saw, and she could see the white flash of the adze as it shaped the beams; the skeleton of a noble ship being covered with its flesh of wood, and veined with iron; the tall masts quivering to their places as the workmen hauled at the pulleys, singing snatches of patois rhymes. She had seen more than one ship launched, and a strange shiver of pleasure and of pain had gone through her; for as the water caught the graceful figure of the vessel, and the wind bellied out the sails, it seemed to her as if some ship of her own hopes were going out between the rocks and the reefs to the open sea. What would the ship bring back to her? Or would anything ever come back?

The books of adventure, poetry, history, and mythology she had read with her mother had quickened her mind, had given her intuition, had made her temperament more sensitive—and her heart less peaceful. She suffered the awe of imagination, its delights and its penalties, the occasional contempt which it brings for oneself, the frequent disdain of the world, the vicarious suffering, and the joys that pain. She was a pipe to be played on. In her was almost every note of human feeling: home and duty, song and gaiety, daring and neighbourly kindness, love of sky and sea and air and orchards, the good-smelling earth and wholesome animal life, and all the incidents, tragic, comic, or commonplace, of human existence.

How wonderful love was, she thought! How wonderful that so many millions who had loved had come and gone, and yet of all they felt they had spoken no word that laid bare the exact feeling to her or to any other. Everyone must feel in order to know. The barbarians who had set up these stones she sat on, they had loved and hated, and everything they had dared or suffered was recorded—but where? And who could know exactly what they felt? There again the pain of life came to her, the universal agony, the trying to speak, to reveal; and the proof, the hourly proof the wisest and most gifted have, that what they feel they cannot quite express, by sound, or by colour, or by the graven stone, or by the spoken word. . . . But life was good, ah yes! and all that might be revealed to her she would pray for; and Philip—her Philip—would help her to the revelation!

Her Philip! Her heart gave a great throb, for the knowledge that she was a wife came home to her with a pleasant shock. Her name was no longer Guida Landresse de Landresse, but Guida d'Avranche. She had gone from one tribe to another, she had been adopted, changed. A new life was begun.

She rose, slowly made her way down to the sea, and proceeded along the sands and shore-paths to the town.

Presently a large vessel, with new sails, beautiful white hull, and gracious form, came slowly round a point. She shaded her eyes to look at it.

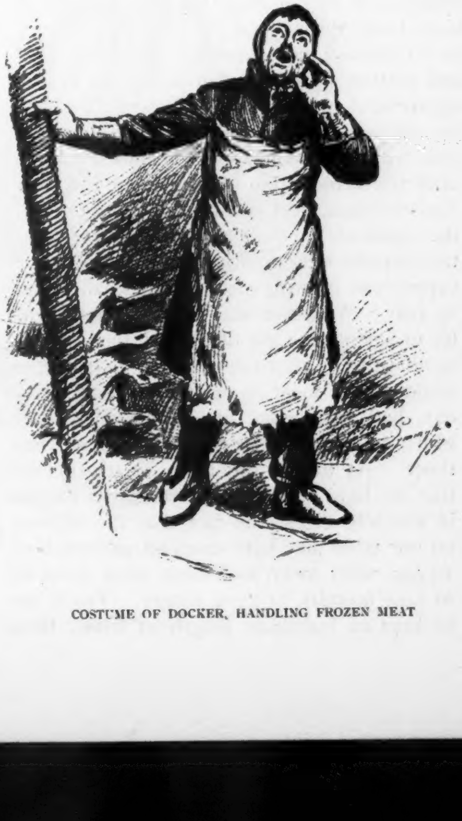
"Why, it's the boat Maître Ranulph has launched to-day," she said. Then she stopped suddenly. "Poor Ranulph! poor Ro!" she added gently. She knew that he cared for her—loved her. Where had he been these three weeks past? She had not seen him once since that great day when they had visited the Ecréhos.

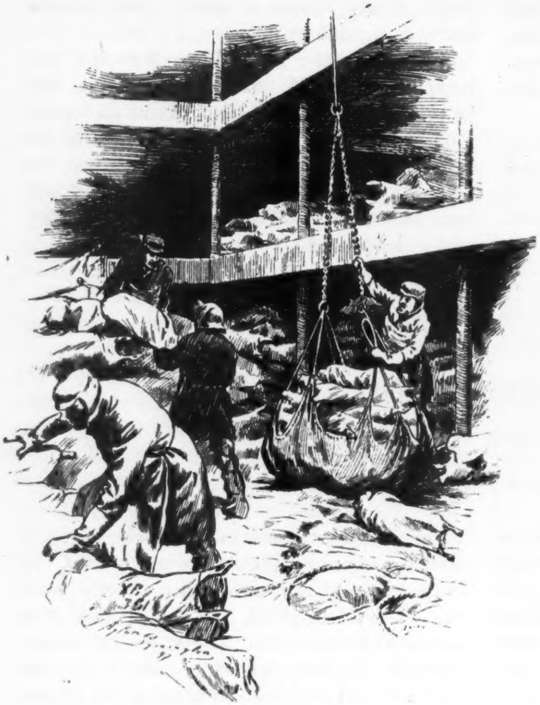
FROZEN FOOD

By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. AYTON SYMINGTON

HOW to preserve meat was a problem which for a long time exercised the minds of inventors. It is on the records that between 1691 and 1855 more than a hundred patents were taken out for different processes. No one man lit upon the idea of freezing meat; the knowledge that intense cold prevented decomposition of animal tissue was of course common to everybody; the only difficulty was in making practical use of it. And this was not overcome till 1880, when 400 frozen carcases of Australian sheep were landed at the London Docks. Before that time, indeed as early as 1862, a small trade had been done with the Colonies in salted mutton, whilst meat preserved by being placed in tubs, and boiling fat poured over it, had also been successfully landed. Tinned meat, too, was in vogue then as now, and with the same objection, that the excessive cooking it had to undergo deprived it of its flavour. It is true that an ingenious gentleman named Morgan suggested a method by which the veins of the animal were, shortly after death, filled with brine solution; but this, like many other preservatives, seems to have had but a short-lived reputation, so that *The Times* hailed the advent of the first consignment of frozen food as "a prodigious fact." The British public would in theory have nothing to do with Australian mutton; but somebody appears to have eaten it, for the next year 17,275 carcases came into this country. It seems extremely probable, in view of the extreme prejudice with which frozen meat was at first regarded, that a great deal of it was sold as home fed, so that the consumer, through his own ignorance and folly, not only ate Colonial mutton against his wishes, but had to pay more than its market value. This is sometimes the case now, but not so


COSTUME OF DOCKER, HANDLING FROZEN MEAT



IN THE HOLD OF A "WHITE STAR" LINER

often as is supposed. There is scarcely a large town throughout the kingdom without its "Colonial meat stores," and both beef and mutton from the Antipodes are keenly appreciated by the working classes. Perhaps the prejudice was mainly a middle-class one after all, for it should be remembered that, until the introduction of Australian and New Zealand meat, beef and mutton were beyond the reach of the bulk of the workers. For the mouths were multiplying and the home supply was growing smaller and smaller year by year. Whatever may be the arguments for or against the use of animal food, it is a significant fact that the wealthier classes, who could afford meat upon their tables every day, had an average life of fifty-five years, whilst among the poor it was no higher than thirty. As to the prejudice, we may reflect that we have had rather more than a decade in which to digest the fact that the mutton on our table may have cropped pasture land 13,000 miles away, and been dead from six to nine months, or even longer. For it can be kept an indefinite length of time; there are carcases of mutton in the cold storage chambers of Nelson's Wharf, on the banks of the Thames at Lambeth, which have been there seven years, and are apparently none the worse for it. These, however, are retained experimentally; the average time is from six weeks to two months. It is only fair to add that tinned meat still holds the record for longevity. Witness the case of that preserved mutton vouched for by Dr. Letheby in his Cantor lecture, which had been tinned forty-four years and was still in condition at the end of that time. Those tins had an adventurous career. In 1824 they were wrecked in the good ship *Fury*, and cast ashore with other stores on the beach at Prince's Inlet. They were found by Sir John Ross eight years afterwards in a state of perfect preservation, having passed through alarming variations of temperature annually—from 92 degrees below zero to 80 degrees above—and withstood the attacks of savage beasts, perhaps of savage men. For sixteen years more they lay there broiled and frozen alternately; then H.M.S. *Investigator* came upon the scene, and still the contents were in good condition. For nearly a quarter of a century they had withstood the climatic rigours, and, as was but natural, some of them were brought home again, where they lived on in honoured old age, till they were brought under the notice of Dr. Letheby.

It is a curious reflection that if you could have imported sheep into Australia before 1787 they would have produced an even greater sensation than the frozen carcases did here in 1880. For there were no sheep in Australia until they were introduced by the first convict settlers at Botany Bay. The vessels called at the Cape of Good Hope on the way out, and took on board the progenitors of the vast flocks which now roam the Australian plains.

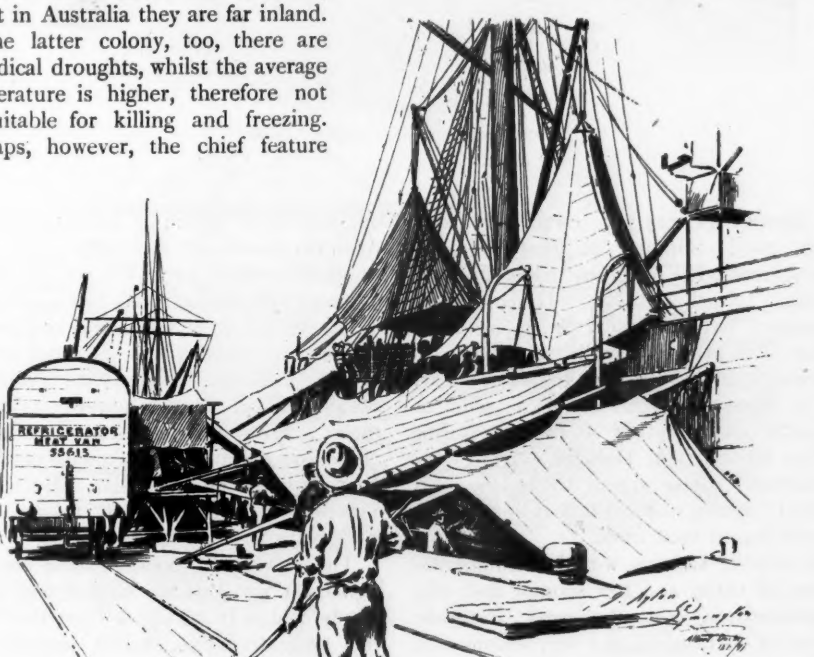
They became so numerous that the colonists did not know what on earth to do with them. If you had a population of a little less than four millions—that is scarcely one four-hundredth of the population of the world—and yet possessed one-fourth of the world's sheep, you would be in a pretty quandary.

And that was the exact position of Australia. If the colonists ate mutton at every meal and had five meals a day, there would still be a surplus. And so it came about that in 1880 sheep were being bred in the colony in thousands for their skins and tallow only. The very finest mutton was not worth putting on the market, and was converted into manure for the land.

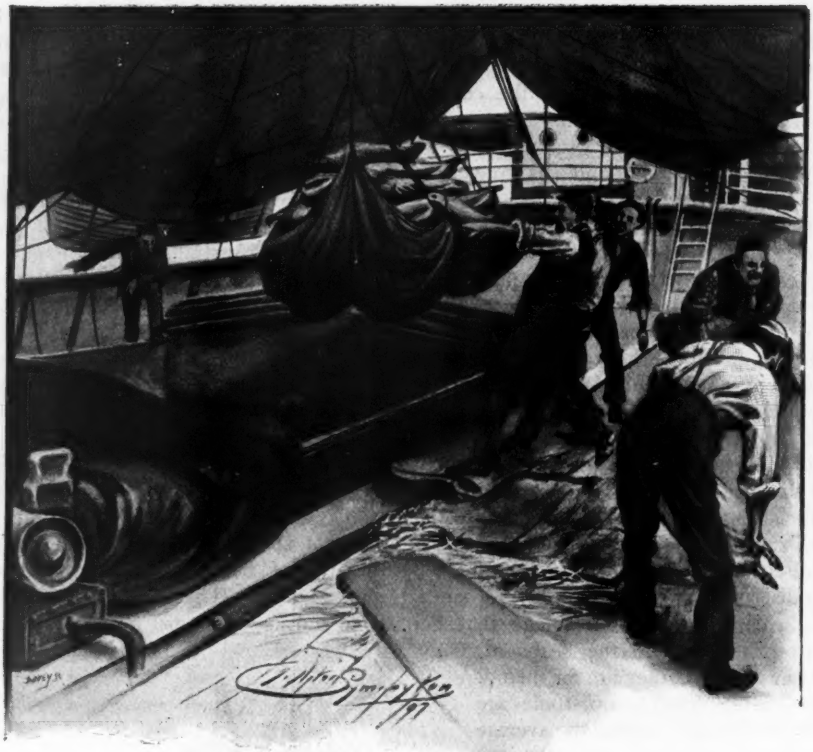
Before the Food Committee of the Society of Arts, sitting in 1867, an Australian sheep farmer averred that during four months of the year he boiled down daily from 1000 to 1500 sheep for their tallow, for which he received about £25 per ton in the colony and about £40 per ton in London. A bullock fetched from three to four pounds, a sheep of eighty pounds weight eight and sixpence, and salted legs of mutton of prime quality were worth three shillings a dozen.

New Zealand also, in 1882, went into the trade extensively, and with such success that in the second year of her venture she passed Australia, and has held the lead ever since. New Zealand has the advantage that her pastures are close to the seaboard, whilst in Australia they are far inland. In the latter colony, too, there are periodical droughts, whilst the average temperature is higher, therefore not so suitable for killing and freezing. Perhaps, however, the chief feature is the fact that the New Zealand sheep are of the cross-bred variety, more highly esteemed in the English market than the merinos which Australia chiefly furnishes. The merino market is the North of England, in the coal and iron districts; those engaged in less exacting physical occupations prefer lean meat. Frozen meat also comes to us from the River Plate in large quantities, and as it is of the same class as that arriving from Australia enters into close competition with it.

A few figures may not be out of place in showing what enormous strides have been made, and where at least a third of us get the family joint from. During ten months ending in October of last year, New Zealand sent 1,075,145 cwts. of mutton and 62,006 cwts. of beef, New South Wales and Victoria 624,013 cwts. of mutton and 52,489 cwts. of beef. The amount coming from Queensland was not so large, only 16,394 cwts., but the quantity of beef imported from there was 389,821 cwts. The River Plate was responsible during the same time for mutton to



DISCHARGING INTO BARGES AND RAILWAY TRUCKS



DISCHARGING MUTTON ON THE S.S. "MAORI"

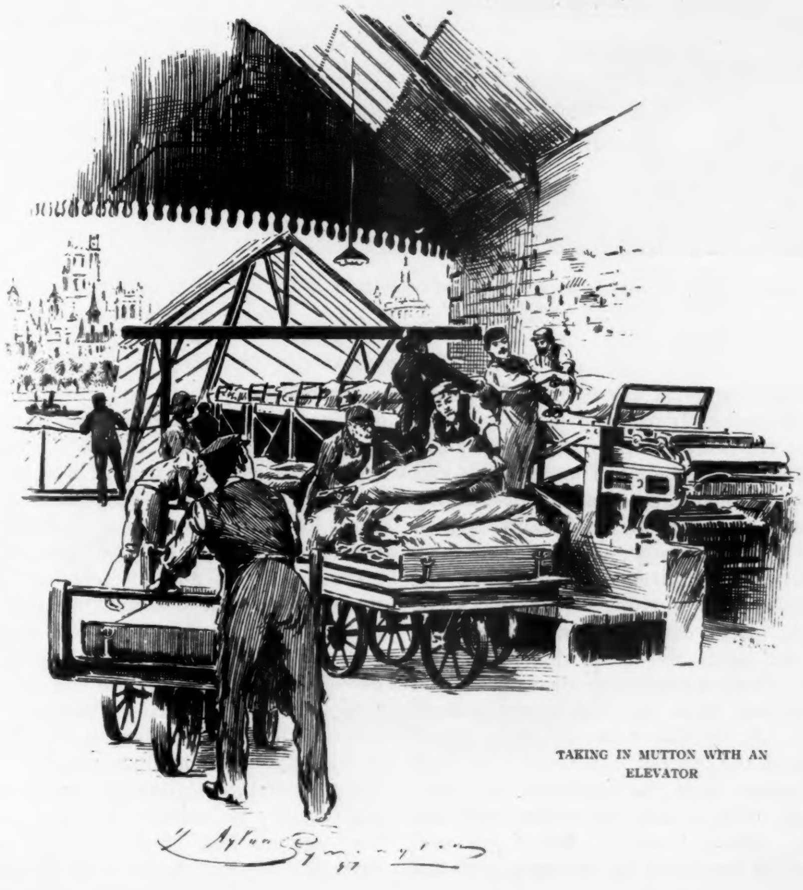
the amount of 727,773 cwts., and beef 63,836 cwts. Supplies of meat are also derived from other countries: from America, Canada, North Russia, Holland and Germany; but the meat is in no sense frozen. It is technically described as "chilled"—all the treatment that is necessary for a short passage. America sent us 1,856,846 cwts. of beef in this way during the ten months, and Holland 182,115 cwts. of mutton. These appear to be the only "chilled" figures which will bear comparison with the frozen meat trade.

Of course, America, with her numberless hordes of cattle and her prompt and easy communication with the great European centres of distribution, is a very serious rival as far as the beef trade is concerned. Yet it would be difficult to set a limit to the expansion of our trade in beef with the Colonies if it is remembered that in 1883 the total beef export of New Zealand and Australia combined was only 1481 cwts., whilst the returns from January to the end of November last year were 392,132 quarters for Australia, 124,068 in excess of 1896, and 24,236 quarters for New Zealand, or 9710 quarters in excess. Australasian beef, though saleable enough, is not, however, as good as their mutton. When American beef is quoted on the market at sixpence per pound, New Zealand and Australian will fetch from a penny three farthings to twopence and five-eighths.

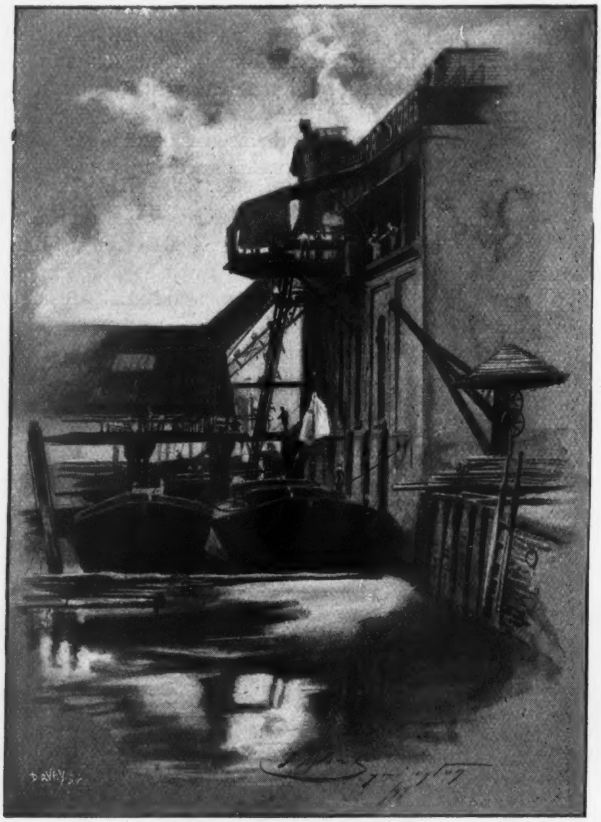
The story of a New Zealand sheep designed for the London market may be very briefly told. It is taken from the run to the slaughter-house, killed, dressed, and transferred to the cooling-room. The skin and superfluous fat are retained; after ten hours cooling, the carcase goes into the refrigerating-room for thirty-six hours

Thence it goes to the storing-room, and when it has been enveloped in its cotton "shirt" and labelled is ready for its journey over sea. The steamers which bring the meat to us through the tropics have, of course, to be fitted with refrigerating appliances, and our sheep takes its place amongst thousands of others, some of the boats being fitted to carry as many as 70,000 carcases at one time. There are eighty-eight vessels engaged in the trade, capable of transporting 6,700,000 sheep per annum. Arrived in the Thames, the barges come alongside the vessel, and the sheep is transferred to a cold-storage depôt. Here, as has been already indicated, it may lie for weeks, or for months if necessary, so that—an important commercial advantage—there is no necessity for immediate sale on a depressed market. Finally, to part company with our sheep, it finds its way to Smithfield market, or is despatched by rail into the provinces. Having once left the cold stores, it will not be long before it reaches the consumer's table.

Figures are in themselves quite inadequate to express the vastness of this industry, which has sprung into being almost in the last ten years. You have to get in touch with the forces at work. At Nelson's Wharf they deal with 10,000 carcases a day, and sometimes with as many as 12,000. A cold-storage warehouse is a topsy-turvy sort of place; you go up to the top of the building to get inside, and go downstairs to get to the ground floor. This is part of the system of insulation—cold air sinks, whilst warm air rises. By entering under the roof there is no irruption of warm outer air into the cold storage chambers, which would raise the



TAKING IN MUTTON WITH AN ELEVATOR

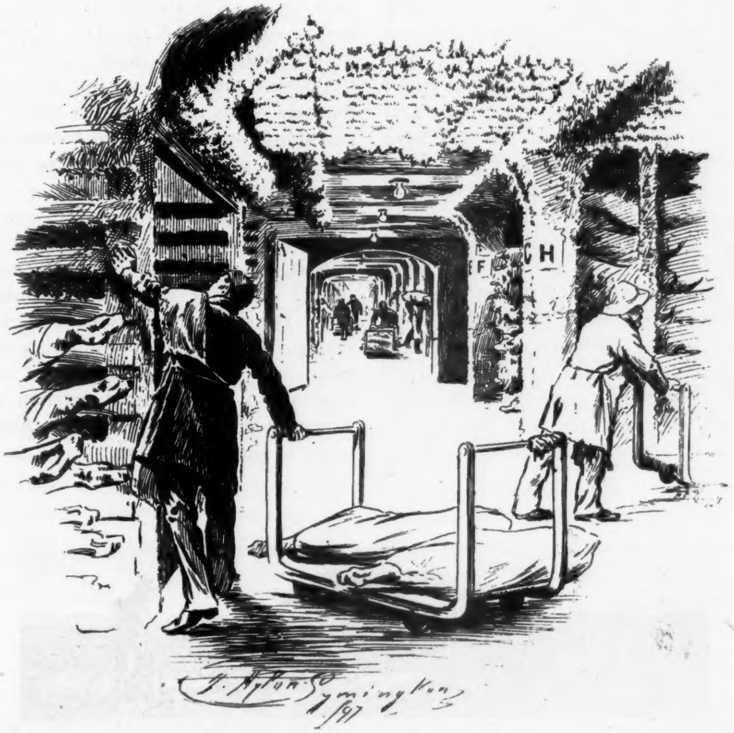


TAKING IN BEEF AND MUTTON BY CRANES AND ELEVATORS AT A RIVERSIDE WAREHOUSE

temperature and tax the refrigerating machinery unnecessarily to bring it down again. Having reached the top by way of a lift you find yourself in a bustle of activity, lifts and elevators taking in on this side, discharging on that. One side of the building is open to the Thames, another side to a small dock tributary to the river—and up come the carcases cradled on endless chains or "sheep siphons," faster even, when at full pressure, than the hands above can deal with them, sorting them according to their quality and despatching them to the Arctic regions below. At the side of the warehouse facing the street the process is reversed—up come the carcases from the chambers, and down the lifts they go into the railway vans and trolleys waiting beneath. But if you wish to see this branch of the industry at its full height you must be on the spot between eleven at night and six in the morning. It is then that Smithfield begins to make its wants felt, to the tune, say, of five or six thousand sheep.

The temperature on this floor, so perfect is the system of insulation, gives you not the slightest idea of the rigours of the climate beneath. A preliminary taste of it may, however, be obtained by a visit to the inspecting room on the same level. Through this room every carcase has to pass before it is allowed to leave the warehouse. As the door slides back and you step in, you instinctively pull up your coat collar and feel for your gloves. The pipes which run round the room are covered three inches deep with hoar-frost and the ceiling is encrusted with it. Everything sparkles with ice crystals in the electric light and the frozen carcases of sheep and sides of beef which hang from the roof are as hard as a nether millstone. The bones are if anything harder still; a frozen bone with the weight of a quarter of beef behind it would go through a five-inch board. There are solid blocks of ice standing about, five or six huge cubes of it, with bunches of flowers and fruit frozen inside, to give the visitor a further taste of the marvellous. One of them has imprisoned a miniature model of a lamb, which, to the keen enjoyment of Nelson's Wharf, a journalistic wag set down on his departure as "the smallest lamb ever imported from New Zealand." It is, however, merely sharp bracing weather here as compared with the floor beneath. There the temperature stands at twenty degrees Fahrenheit; yet another dip down and it is four degrees less. For there are no less than five of these floors, each divided into three fire-proof sections. In these the sheep lie piled on either side of you, one above the other, in "bays" twenty-three feet deep. A flock of a thousand sheep would take up some room on a country road, and be rather an unusual spectacle; there are one hundred and fifty such flocks stored in this one building, and it will hold 250,000 sheep at a pinch. The elevators will deal with 2000 sheep an hour, the chains moving at the rate of 120 feet a minute; and from 6000 to 8000 sheep come and go from the wharf each day in the week. The yearly average is about 1,500,000 sheep and lambs, 100,000 quarters of beef, thousands of legs and shoulders of mutton, and numberless cases of frozen kidneys, ox-tails, ox-tongues, and sweetbreads.

A natural inquiry enough is where the supply of cold weather comes from, and a visit to the engine-house explains the difficulty. At the first blush it is not easy to understand how you can get frost and snow from so torrid a region. There are three or four roaring furnaces at work, served by mechanical stokers; the atmosphere would be unbearable but for the thick coats of insulating material with which the pipes are covered. And then, in the centre of the engine-room, you come across a small pipe thickly crusted with rime. Farther on, and there is the faintest possible smell of ammonia, and the secret is out. There are, roughly speaking, ten tons of ammonia circulating through twelve miles of pipes. The intense cold which reigns in the refrigerating chambers is produced by the alternate compression and expansion of this ammonia. Compressed and driven through the pipes, it passes through an aperture no larger than a pin's point, and is then allowed to expand again, withdrawing the heat from the atmosphere as it does so. The capacity of the two compressors used, expressed in terms of ice manufactured in the twenty-four hours, is no less than forty tons. All this cold would of course be soon lost and dissipated but for the system of insulation. This has been carried to so high a pitch of perfection that the refrigerating machinery has been stopped



INTERIOR OF COLD STORAGE WAREHOUSE

for thirty-eight hours and the temperature has risen no more than three-and-a-half degrees on the lower floors.

Most of the meat leaves Nelson's Wharf in the frozen state, and takes its chance of thawing on the journey, or when it reaches its destination. But for those who are willing to pay a farthing more per pound there are what are known as the "defrosting chambers." It takes just about as long to thaw a sheep or a quarter of beef as it does to freeze it—that is, four days for the beef and two days for the mutton. The temperature is gradually raised, and kept dry by pipes of expanded ammonia running along the walls, to which all moisture is attracted and deposited as snow. Rapid thawing makes the meat unsightly and does not improve its flavour. It is impossible, as the meat passes from the defrosting chamber, to distinguish between it and home killed; experts confess that, cooked and placed upon the table, even they could not tell the difference.

In Australia to-day there are seventeen freezing works in existence, whilst in New Zealand there are twenty-two. They could freeze about seven millions of sheep between them annually. Queensland in 1893 had the forethought to start freezing stores going at Gibraltar, Aden, Ceylon, Singapore and other ports of call. After all charges have been met, the Australasian farmer gets about twopence a pound for his sheep, excluding his receipts from the skin and fat. The cost of getting the animal slaughtered, frozen, and put on board is scarcely a halfpenny a pound; the cost of transit averages three-halfpence a pound. The farmer, however, does not necessarily undertake the risk and responsibility of making his own consignments. There are generally speculators to be found who will save him the trouble and pay him twopence a pound on the farm.

The possible developments of the frozen food trade do not stop at beef and mutton. Hares, rabbits, turkeys, ducks, chickens, butter and fish, have all been imported into this country in a frozen state during recent years. Rabbits, though only naturalised in Australia a few years ago, have multiplied so quickly that they have become a pest to the agriculturist. Still, they have given rise to a new occupation, that of catching them and killing them for exportation. Large numbers of them arrived here in the spring of last year, and were stored till September. Put on the market then, they were eagerly bought up by the "gutter butchers," or costermongers, and found so much favour with their customers that they seriously interfered with the sale of the cheaper qualities of mutton coming from the River Plate and Australia. Victoria sent us, between January and October of last year, 114,977 cwts. of frozen butter, and New Zealand 62,456 cwts. The amount coming from the other Australian colonies was inconsiderable. During last year the question of shipping Australian butter back again was actually canvassed. The drought there was so severe that it was an open question whether larger profits could not be made by reselling it to the colonists than by putting it on the home market. It is interesting to notice that the consumption of butter and butter substitutes per head of the population of the United Kingdom is continually rising.

The principal source of our foreign poultry supply for some years past has been Russia, but Australia and New Zealand now intend to make a bid for popular favour. Large consignments may be expected in the spring, when English and Irish stocks are exhausted. There is talk in the colonies of sending to China for Langshan fowls, to France for Houdins, and to England for some of the native stock.

THE FOUR WINDS OF DESIRE

By FIONA MACLEOD

IAN MÒR told me this one day. I remember that day well. It was late in the afternoon; the first snow had fallen, and we were sitting before a fire of red-smouldering and blue-flaming pine logs. He had been a long while silent. I knew his thoughts, for in his hand he held an old letter, and in his eyes there was the dream of that Dream.

Then something I said made him speak.

"Ay," he said, "the Four Winds of Desire: Wonder, Love, Sorrow, and Death. The Four Winds of Desire—that is how the saying runs with us. I was a boy when first I heard the blowing of the Four Winds, and have heard them all my life-long ever since, and shall hear them till only the Fourth Wind blows."

"Tell me," I whispered.

I was a boy then. It was when we lived in Strachurmore of Loch Fyne. I had many dreams even then, though it was the fish in the sea and the bird in the air and the beast on the hill that I cared most for. When my father died, the shock hurt me, young as I was: when my mother died, my life changed. It was after that I went to live with my mother's people in Strachurmore.

One day I went into the pinewood among the hills beyond the strath.

I was tired, and it was near dusk, when I saw four children coming through the wood. They were clad in white—a soft white raiment such as I had never seen before in the remote place where I lived—and they had wreathed flowers among their hair, and were more beautiful than any children I had ever met. They seemed to me all of the same age; two of them were boys, and two were girls. I was glad to be with them. They came towards me and took my hand in theirs, and called me "Little One." For a long time we played happily among the dancing sun-rays with which the setting sun filled the pine-glades. Never had I been so happy, for all the woodland creatures had suddenly become fearless, and some even familiar. The hinds and fawns stood among the fern, gently pawing the green sprays, and staring at us with soft, velvety, dark eyes; the rabbits frisked to and fro unheeding; out of the trees the shy, swift squirrels leaped to our shoulders, or scurried before our feet; the cushats flew down, rested on our outstretched hands, or circled overhead.

When at last the gloaming stole through the greenglooms, I turned to say good-night to my playmates.

I saw no one.

Amazed, I stared this way and that, and looked long down each vista. They were nowhere to be seen. In vain I called; not a voice, not a sound, not the faintest whisper reached me. And was it the coming of the dusk, or the going of those fair ones, that withdrew from me the loving-kindness of the woodland creatures, for now the wild doves would not come nigh, and the fawns leaped startled through the bracken, and the homing bee droned swiftly on his way?

Trained as I was in the woodland life, I knew by the sound as well as the breath upon the skin which way any wind came from. But now I stood puzzled, for when I held out my hands, palms windward, I felt a breeze strike one from the north and one from the south; and on my face the soft kiss of the west fell; and when I turned I knew the sudden chill of the east.

Were there four winds blowing at once? Where was I; in what dark wood? Was I adream?

A little child is easily wrought to sudden terror. I was about to turn and run out of the dusky wood into where the last lingering light still put a sheen as of golden air upon the hill-pastures, when I stood still, bewildered again.

In the glade where I was there had been nothing but green moss. Now I saw four blooms of an exceeding beauty—tall, fragrant, wonderful, unlike any I had ever seen.

One was a flower of living azure, a blue as deep as the speedwell, as unfathomable as the sky; one was snow-white, with the whiteness of moonfire—soft, tender, delicate as foam, wrought in strong perfection as ivory; one was of pale gold, dusked at the heart with violet shadow; and one was dark as the darkest pansy, and had a heart of crimson flame.

For long I stared intent, wondering, wrought with delight, with joy, with fear, and at the last tears. Then fearful of the growing dark, slowly I moved away; but somewhat within me bade me turn and pluck the blooms.

Having plucked them, I fled with fear-swift feet: seeing nothing save the glimmer of the red light in the hillside croft of old Sheen MacArthur, where I longed to be; hearing nothing save the strange whispering or sighing of the four bewildering eddies of wind.

When I reached the turf-set croft, and drew silently to the side of the old woman by the fire, Sheen, startled, rose and stared at me.

"Is that you yourself, Ian?" she said at last, when she had muttered "God save me."

"It is I, Sheen."

"What will you be having there in your arms, my wee laddie?" she asked. "Why do you carry dead bracken?"

"Bracken!" I exclaimed indignantly: "Have you no sight upon you, Sheen, not to see that these are the loveliest and loveliest flowers that ever were. I found them in the wood there."

The old woman regarded me intently, tears in her sad weary eyes.

"What like are they, mo lennav achree? Tell me, I am old, an' passing away swift, an' the sight is not mine now as it was."

I held up my wonderful flowers for answer. But Sheen shook her head only, and put a quiet caressing hand on me.

"'Tis the moonshine," she muttered.

"What's that you are saying, Sheen?" I asked.

"Nothing, lennavan-mo. It's too dark for poor old Sheen, so tell me what like the flowers are that I thought to be sprays of dead bracken."

I told her, and after each telling I put the fair, wonderful bloom near her face, so that she might sigh with pleasure at the great fragrance of it, rarer but like the honey-breath of warm limes or twilight meadow-sweet. Alas! Sheen smelt only dead bracken.

"Who gave them to you, Ian?" she asked suddenly.

Then I told her about the children.

She looked at me with startled eyes.

"God save us," she exclaimed, and crossed herself again and again, for she was of the ancient faith of our people.

"God save us," she said once more; then, abruptly, she bade me run home at once, but that she would go with me as far as the byres, which were a quarter-mile from the house of my mother's brother.

On the way she told me an old wonder-woven tale, but I was sleepy and tired. It was something about the thrice a hundred and sixty and five* hidden paths that lead to Lost Eden. And in that Eden are the four blooms of eternal beauty, whereto the souls of men and women go as pale flickering moths, and drink the divine dew, and inhale the intoxicating fragrance. The name of the blue flower, said Sheen in her whispering, half-sobbing Gaelic, as she held my little close-clasping hand in hers, is Mystery; and the name of the white one, Love; and the name of that of pale gold dusked with violet shadow, Sorrow; and the name of that dark as the darkest pansy with a heart of flame, Death.

But when Sheen bade me good-night, and stooped and kissed me, I saw with tears that I must have dropped my lovely blooms. There was nothing in my arms but some dead sprays of bracken.

And why I said nothing to Sheen, as she turned and went slowly away, was that in her dress, over her breast, I saw a nestling bloom, like to one of those I had plucked in the wood. It was dark as the darkest pansy, and had a crimson heart as of flame.

For long I could not sleep. Round the house I heard the blowing of wind. I heard the sighing of the west, and the calling of the north, and the slow breathing of the south, and the swift lapse of the east.

Then much of what I had heard from Sheen came back to me, and I tried hard to remember what she said about the Four Winds of Desire.

But I could not, and fell asleep. And when Morag, whom I loved so, the wife of my mother's brother, came to me in the morning, with tears in her eyes, to tell me of the death in the night of poor old Sheen MacArthur, she looked round and round my little room.

Some sprays of dead bracken lay on my bed. But was it from them came a fragrance more rare and exquisite yet, as of the honey-breath of warm limes, or twilight meadow-sweet?

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* In Gaelic, numbers are built up thus, and not given succinctly as in English.

A GLASGOW ART COLLECTION

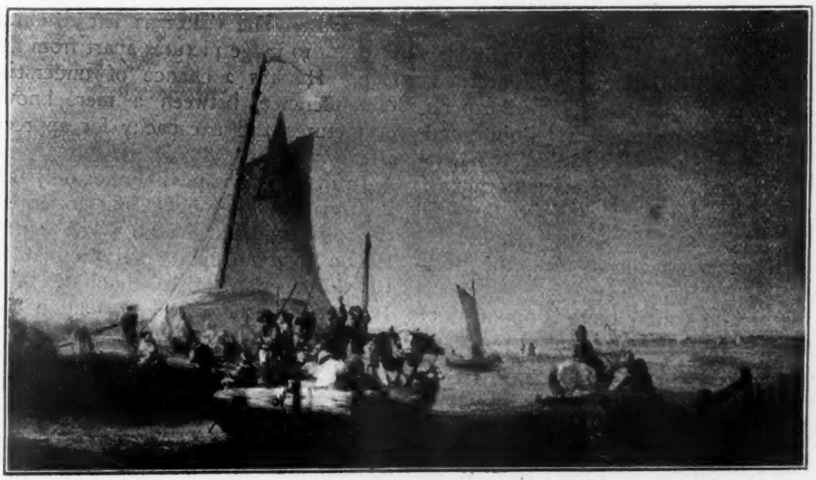
By EDWARD PINNINGTON

FIRST PAPER

THE collection to be here surveyed, that of Joseph Agnew, Esq., of Bath Street and Harwood, consists of about four hundred and fifty pictures. The significance of so large a total may be most fully realised by resorting to a local standard of comparison. The Corporation Art Galleries of Glasgow are known throughout Europe as containing one of the great art collections of the world. The pictures in it number fully six hundred. Were the Agnew collection, therefore, one-third larger, it would be equal in size to that of the city. Viewing the former as having been amassed by one private collector, it might fitly be described as colossal. Years of toil and study separate the first picture from, say, the four hundredth; for every picture was chosen singly, scrutinised, thought over, and finally acquired for its own individual sake. Of these things the figures, baldly stated as above, really tell nothing. They convey, again, no idea whatever of the complex appeal rising from the mass, which addresses itself to the historic sense, the artistic, and the simply human.

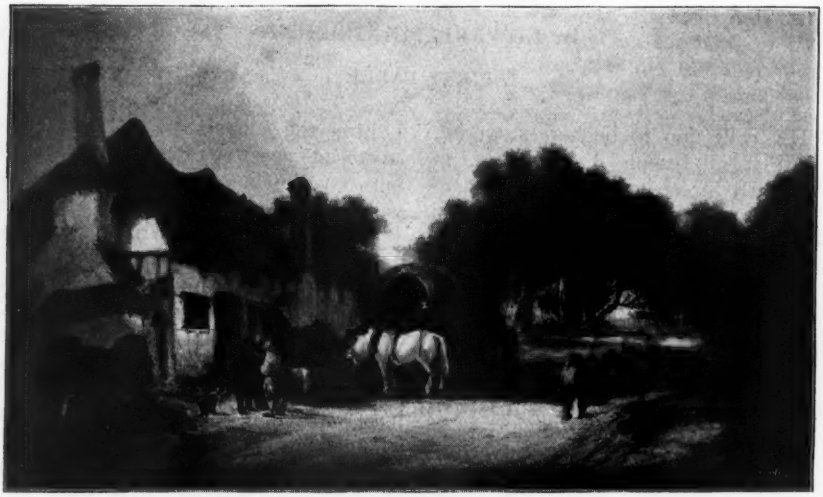
From the converse view, there falls to be advanced one radical point of difference between the average public and private gallery. Assuming the latter to bear the impress of the collector's individuality, it is a key to taste and character. It centres in the human being of whose life it is, in a sense, the record. It reflects human nature of a specific mould independently of the message of art read in the pictures. The collection is pervaded by a personal presence. However valuable in contents and wide in scope, the public gallery, on the other hand, is an accumulation, a congeries of works of art. It reflects no personal preference, except in sections, and, as a rule, grows by accretion rather than selection. The air, too, is full of stinging questions of quality, and possibly of authenticity.

It is better to leave these latter vexations at the door of the private gallery, and to enter it simply for appreciation and enjoyment. This is said deliberately, because in no other way is it possible to take advantage of the privilege conferred. To take the former analogy, the best pictures in the



THE FERRYBOAT

(J. S. Cotman)



RESTING TIME

(W. J. Muller)

Corporation collection are those which "experts" have ascribed to the greatest number of different painters. Men versed in the making of pictures appear to find a luxury in challenging, without any reason, skilled judgments based upon as little. Symonds reminds us, *à propos* of Giorgione, that criticism has reduced the number of his genuine easel pictures to half-a-dozen. He exists as a great name. According to Stanley Little, so far as the Italians are concerned, the ascriptions of the most learned experts cannot always be regarded as absolute and final. The cause is not far to seek. Where the pupil worked upon the master's canvas, and the master upon the pupil's, there is slight wonder that the painting should be ascribed to either, which was really the work of both.

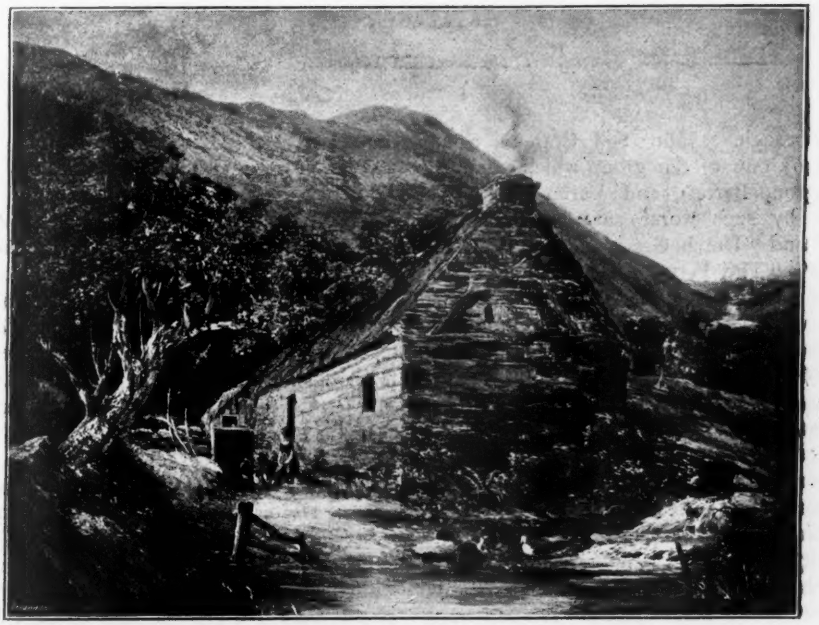
In the private gallery there is opportunity of studying art cut free from dispute and moral questions of picture-manufacture. One there meets art face to face. Pictures are acquired for their own, not their painter's sake. Nowhere else is the same loving, searching zeal displayed in the pursuit of art for art's sake in its purest form, *i.e.*, art for the sake of the message it brings. The soundest of all lessons in art is thereby learned, viz., that if a painting be technically good, and its purport be sound, it matters little who painted it; conversely, if the painting be crude and its effluence be unwholesome, all the experts in Christendom cannot make it, in its essence, a good picture. Either the painter is absolutely lost in the pigments, or the picture has no place upon the walls. The visitor is left absolutely at freedom to judge pictures apart from authorship. He has a chance of understanding the difference between a mere knowledge of pictures and a capacity for appreciating art.

In that way it is possible not only to enjoy the privilege thoroughly, but to enter into the spirit of the collector. The Agnew collection was built upon an elastic plan. It is based upon the British school of landscape. In that sentence is the foundation-stone of the entire pictorial structure. There are many divergent and graceful branches, but that is the parent stem. Parallel with the personal view, accordingly, runs that other in which the pictures are seen as carefully chosen illustrations of the most interesting period in the history of landscape-painting. Beginning with Hobbema in Holland, attention is carried along the line indicated by

Richard Wilson and Old Crome, until the group is reached which burst upon England at the close of last century—Constable, Cox, Turner, Stark, and Vincent—and passes thence to Barbizon, to Holland in William Maris, and northwards to Scotland to Sam Bough and Alexander Fraser.

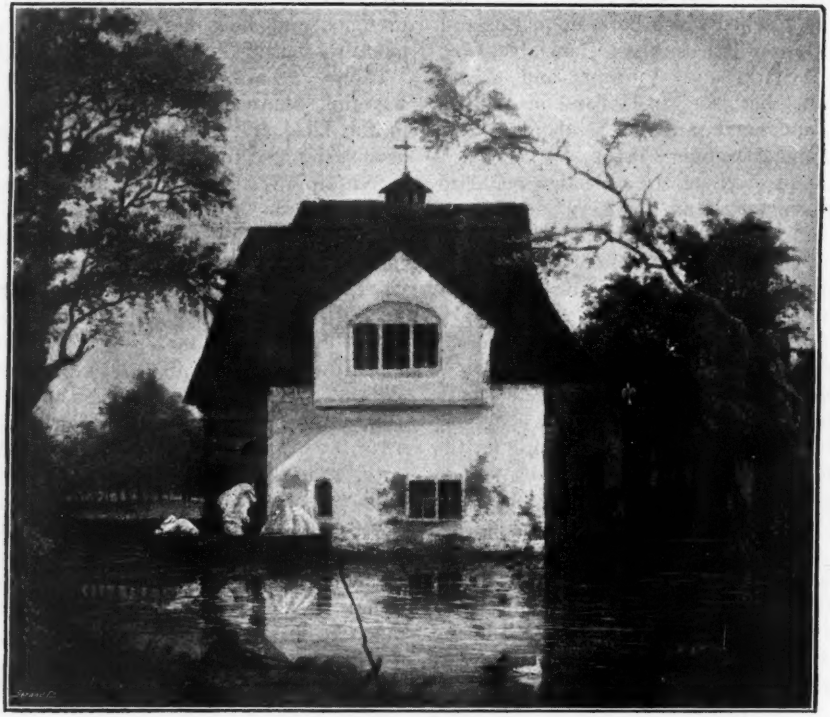
A careful study of the collection may lead to the bridging, if not to the obliteration, of many difficulties, and to the smoothing out of many wrinkling littlenesses. One truth it emphasises: every dead painter once had a place in the march of living art. It is possibly difficult to see in Mr. Agnew's Hobbema, or even in his Richard Wilson, a prophecy of his Constables, but it is better trustingly to believe that Hobbema, Ruysdael and their countrymen did something for the advancement of art than, standing beside Turner, to deny that they did anything. Their appeal is to the heart and intellect. They make us feel and reflect. One is struck by the pensive cast of thought in the typical Hobbema, the grave solemnity with which he looks out upon the world, and the sympathetic fidelity with which he treats yellowing foliage and catches autumn tones. He tells of nature by making us feel her presence and hear her voice. In similar mood we halt in the golden glow of Richard Wilson's "Lake Como," and note the wavering beauty of the tree'd islet shadowed in the lake, and the setting of the scene against the roseate sky.

Wilson was the first English painter of landscape, the pioneer of a new art. By beginning with him, and looking forward, the most intelligent view of the collection, as a whole, may probably be obtained. For the sake of chronological sequence, the following dates may be found useful: Ruysdael, 1636–81; Hobbema, 1638–1709; Richard Wilson, 1714–82; Gainsborough, 1727–88; John ("Old") Crome, 1769–1821; Müller, 1812–45; Turner, 1785–1851; Constable, 1776–1836; Cox, 1783–1859; Stark, 1794–1859; George Vincent, 1796–1830; Bough, 1822–78; Cecil Lawson, 1851–82; Alexander Fraser, 1827, and still living. The sequence of figures by no means accounts for everything. Bough and Fraser, no doubt, owed much to Constable, Cox, and Müller, but if Cecil Lawson had any artistic progenitors they were more probably Gaspard Poussin and



WELSH COTTAGE (1840)

(David Cox)



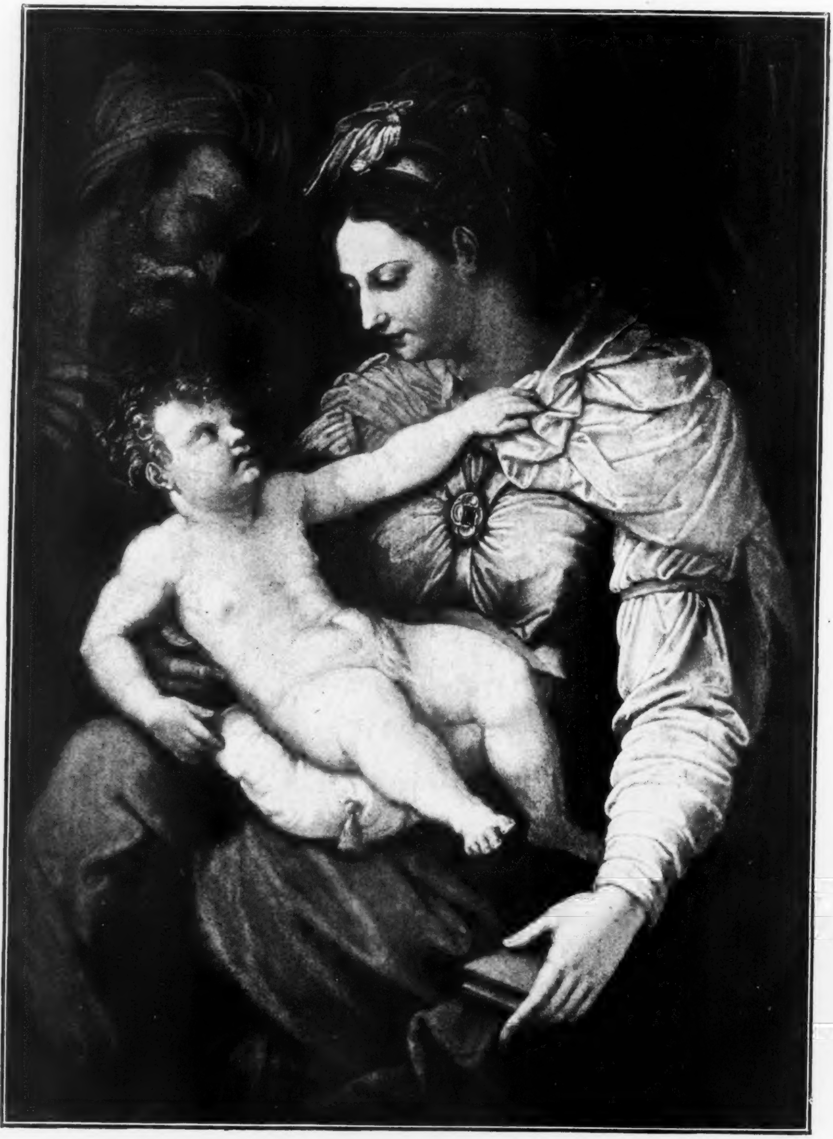
OLD MILL ON THE YAR

(By John ("Old") Crome)

Gainsborough. John Sell Cotman, again (d. 1839), one of the group which included Bonington, Barrett, and Varley, is widely known by such works as "The Phantom Ship" and "Dutch Greenlanders." In Mr. Agnew's "The Ferry Boat" we are caught by its mellow, restful tone. The boat is laden with people and cattle, and there are abundant opportunities for a colourist in tints of dress, hide, and setting. Müller also touches sentiment in his "Resting Time"—peasants and horses at an inn door—which leads one somehow to think at least as much of George Morland as of W. J. Müller.

Returning to pure landscape, the dividing-line lies between Crome and Turner. The majority of the older painters were disposed in each passing mood to wear, so to speak, the appropriate suit of paint. It was thence easy to slip into a conventional manner. It is not, however, proposed to settle any of the vexed questions inseparable from the general subject. One can easily follow the succession of styles; their genealogy is a different matter. In landscape, the influences exercised by Ruskin and Constable, in pointing the way direct to nature, are usually dealt with far too absolutely. Nature-worship existed in England before either Constable or Ruskin. All that can be conceded is that Constable gave the most able expression to the feeling for nature in paint, and Ruskin gave it its most powerful and brilliant expression in letters.

The facts of biography are always more trustworthy guides than the analogies of style. Here, Crome's "Old Mill on the Yar" does not suggest precedent. The concentration of a high front light upon the whitened gable, and the fleecy, luminous clouds against which the roof is set, cause a division between the front and back lights after a manner practised by many of the Dutchmen, Swanevelt, Van Stry, and Albert



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THE HOLY FAMILY

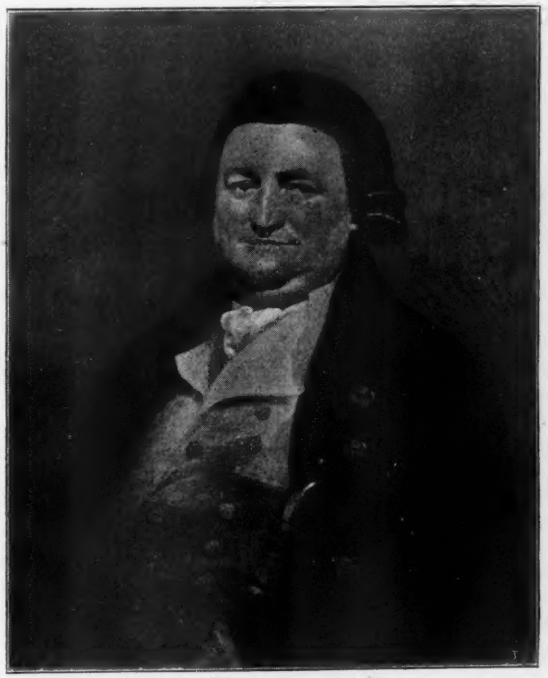
By Parmigiano

Cuyp, but the feeling is English. The change is noticed in the treatment of the reflections, the flashing point represented by the pigeon on the ridge of the roof, and the warmth of tone and atmosphere, so different from Hobbema and Ruysdael in their colder moods. Yet all the world has heard Old Crome's dying words of love of Hobbema, and that Vincent and Stark studied under Crome is an ascertained fact. Hence we find Stark's "Old Mill—Devonshire" somewhat less decided than Constable and less fluent than Cox, although they were his contemporaries. It is, nevertheless, a pleasing change upon the recurrent theme, foliage mellowed by a yellow tinge, reminiscent of Holland, a warning touch of russet, a foretaste of autumn. Place beside it Cox's "Welsh Cottage," and you at once feel the healthy vigour of rural life. You are away from the artificiality of life into the country, and, as Hodgson phrases it, you draw a long breath and murmur the words "fresh air." Cox is all brightness and breeziness.

That is the quality in Constable which made him a new centre. In youth he copied Ruysdael, but afterwards broke with his earlier masters, and dubbed their work "cold, trumpery stuff." Studying pictures became to him seeking truth at secondhand. "There is room," he decided, "for a natural painter," and his decision is the secret of his power. The chief point for us at present is that, without having initiated nature-worship, the English landscape-painters turned so pointedly from earlier conventions as to mark an era in landscape-painting. Little of importance in its history is left without illustration in Mr. Agnew's collection.

But, besides exemplifying the course of history and declaring a special preference in their possessor, the "message of art" is read in pictures by looking at them objectively. In history-painting is the record of the race; in *genre* is the life of man; in landscape is, in Ruskinian language, the praise of God. "Art for art's sake," as a painter's aim, is, at the best, the expression of an extremely narrow and perverted view of the function of one of the most powerful instruments of culture and civilisation. No man familiar with pictures can avoid being touched with the canvas-and-paint view of art. He looks to *technique*; but he can see the fascination of pure art without being deaf and callous to what pictures say, and the feeling they express. For, after all, art is the language of emotion. It is the expression of the beautiful. It is the vehicle of thought and passion. Art is nature *plus* man.

That both can be admired in one painting is settled by Mr. Agnew's "Holy Family." It is labelled "Parmegiano," a designation suggesting Mazzola. But whether the work of the painter of Parma or not, the workmanship is of a quality to remind us of Vasari, who tells of a report current in Rome that the soul of Raphael passed into the body of Parmigiano. The types are



THE COURT PHYSICIAN

(Franz Hals)

Italian rather than Arab or Jewish, and drawing and modelling are equally admirable. A manner compounded of grace and strength leads to the most delicate effects, but the charm of the work lies in the rich and pure but soft colour. The head of the Virgin is superb, carnations clear and translucent, hair of lustrous nut-brown, and head-dress of blue. The picture is a beautiful phrasing of the opening chapter of the Gospel story. The appeal it makes, therefore, may be called broadly human.

It is the same with Hals, who came nigh fifty years after Mazzola passed; the latter died young, under forty. In his own way no painter was ever more thoroughly human than Franz Hals. Looking at the "Court Physician," the latter's success and rise to royal favour are at once explained. The face might make sickness popular for the pleasure of consulting the physician. It also explains the popularity of the painter. His unerring penetration of character and his swift seizure of distinctive expression are marvellous. His humour, geniality, vigour filled his studio with both patrons and pupils, when Rembrandt, the master-painter of his country, probing the subtleties of *technique* and the secrets of colour and light, was almost neglected.

LIFE'S MINOR MORALITIES

By LADY MAGNUS

III.—WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS

"GIVE me," said Carlyle, "the man who sings over his work"; and though in his own life-labour he fell very far short of fulfilling his desire, yet in a sense perhaps the very failure accentuates the sincerity of his aspiration. Undoubtedly, it is the work that is sung over that is likely in all ordinary cases to turn out good work; not necessarily the best, for that implies competition and conjures up a vision of the perspiring rather than the inspiring workman, of that unlovely development of our up-to-date best, who is, in all things, eager to "go one better." For his sort of work a blare of trumpets would be fitter accompaniment, since in the crash the sense would be less of those minor notes and those lost chords which to sensitive ears would make a discord in the song. One owns, indeed, to a liking, wherever it is possible, to drop altogether that phrase of best, to lift one's life task above the jar and fret of the comparative and superlative forms of doing it, and to rest satisfied with good. There is to us a delightful serenity, a sense of completeness, about the humbler, simpler word wherever and whenever we find it, and a suggestion of honest appreciation of honest effort, of calm disregard alike of critic, credit, or competitor, about the work which the workman himself calls good. One may, of course, be reminded of the divine discontent of genius, but we all have our pet aversions among the pet phrases of proverbial philosophy, and that one in our *index expurgatoris* takes high rank. We doubt the genius, we take leave to deny the divinity, in work or worker where discontent is a dominant note. Divine discontent! It is a fine sounding phrase, but to our mind a terribly misleading one, confusing with its halo the old wise distinction between holy and profane. One inclines, in all reverence, to quote against it the divine content of the Master with His work. When it was finished, "He saw that it was good."

It is easy, of course, to turn the seamy side of content to the counsellors of perfection, and for them, in the fierce white light they employ, to dub it conceit, but surely it is possible to sing over one's work in a mood very widely distinct from self-complacency. To whine over it and to carp at it may even conceivably imply quite as an unduly high estimate of his powers on the part of the otherwise inarticulate genius as, say, to whistle; and there is, at any rate, no question as to which manner of workman is the more comfortable to fellow-toilers who fall short of the somewhat uncertain standard of genius, and who desire not to be measured by their degrees of discontent. Work done with frowns and fears, to a trembling accompaniment of shut doors and shut lips, should be very valuable indeed to justify its cost, and worse might easily be better worth. Genius, after all, perhaps, in spite of the "masterpieces" we hear of so very often, is not really quite so common as a certain class of critics assert, and it seems a fair demand that the symptom, claimed as characteristic, should be as exceptional as the disease. And although the climbers, not to speak of the saunterers and the stumblers, on the slopes of Parnassus have grown in these days to be bewilderingly many, there must still remain a considerable residuum of undistinguished folks who, not even in their dreams, would plead their genius as a proximate cause for their disagreeableness. "This is the way, walk ye in it," we have been, most of us, admonished from our cradle, and as we plod along the straight and narrow path, striving, more or less successfully, to do our duty, some of us seem sometimes to forget a little, especially when we are among friends, that to walk in the ways of pleasantness is a duty too. The signposts on the right road, the railed off one, have directions writ large, and those who run may read and without much strain may keep well within the rails and safe out of the mire. But the minor morality bye-laws are set up in smaller type, and some of us seem too short-sighted, and some of us, it may be, too far-sighted, too intent in our strained look out for the unseen, to observe them. This must be the reason why perfectly upright people are often so exasperating in their goodness. They tread the straight path after so rigidly erect a fashion, they are so confidently, scrupulously careful not to turn into the ways of pleasantness, that they somehow miss the paths of peace. They guard themselves as a matter of conscience from the insincerity of a smile, they shrink from the sin of a white lie; they are always so just in their judgments, so consistent in their conclusions, and they always give such useful presents! And the result is often that, in a dreadfully paradoxical way, such big virtues set one wickedly hankering after small vices, and even as one admires, with distant homage, all the logic and all the literalness, one falls to remembering that

> A truth that's told with bad intent,
> Beats all the lies you can invent.

It might be at the risk of a principle as well as a paradox to put white lies, even when exclusively employed by the peacemakers, in a list of minor moralities, yet in make-believe smiles, at any rate, there is without doubt as much room for heroism as for insincerity, and as to useless presents, the virtue that is latent in them insists on a paper to itself. Happiness is atmosphere, as Isaac Disraeli somewhere says, and certain it is that the good people who are like a continuous grey day—without shine or storm—although they may feed you with food convenient for you, and in entirely correct measure, just quietly fill you at the same time with a paralysing sense of despondency. One longs to stir that over sensitive conscience of theirs to a sense of activity outside of their own salvation, and to convince them that work to be effective needs the accompaniment of the song. It should not be difficult, for depressing as are such pious and painful people, they are nevertheless, with the rarest exceptions, entirely good in intention. They need, however, to realise that gloom and peevishness cause more sorrow and more sin in the world than so-called levity; they need to learn not to confuse lightness of heart with shallowness of feeling or to believe that merriment precludes depth of soul. That last is a pretty common mistake, and few greater mistakes can be made. "In the time to come," wrote an ancient commentator on the Psalms, "every man will be called to account for all the good things his eyes beheld and which he refused to enjoy." It was a fine saying, evidencing a comprehensive grasp of the spirit of the Law which bids us "rejoice," and makes of joyousness a duty. No dull perfunctory performance of our daily task may take its place. It is not enough to serve, nor even to serve and wait. "Because thou servest not the Lord," so runs the warning, "with joyfulness and with gladness of heart for the abundance of all things . . . thou shalt serve thine enemies in hunger and in thirst, and in the want of all things."* And as it is with our work so it is with our worries. When we read of Mrs. Carlyle suffering from influenza and her husband entertaining her with a long description of the battle of Mollwitz, all the sympathy demanded does not keep us from considering that she had done better both for herself and for him had she "borne it," not as her biographer admiringly tells us "like a martyr," but like a sweet tempered woman, and stopped it with a kiss. "Because there are thorns in thy lot," says an old writer, "that is no reason for sitting down on them," and they may be got rid of in a dozen different and better ways than by using them as stuffing for smartly upholstered chairs and cushions. We recall an old friend who once got rid of what threatened to be a thorn in his side, in what has always struck us as a particularly happy manner. He was quite old but had kept his love of beauty and of goodness, and had lived up to his standards in delightfully youthful fashion, and the long visits which his grandchildren paid him were by no means purgatorial experiences to either. Long country drives—two or three bright-eyed children by his side and their nurse opposite, used to be part of the everyday programme, till one summer the order was reversed; the nurse sat by his side, the children had the back seat, and the mother of the little ones looked on and wondered. "My love," said the dear old man to his daughter. "Your new nurse is very excellent, but very ugly. I could not drive comfortably looking at her all the while. She feels more honoured in sitting by my side and I more happy in looking out of the window." The cheerful little ruse saved the situation, and it would be a severe virtue which could find anything but a minor morality in it. For discomfort of every sort, for big troubles or little ones, a cheerful heart does, in truth, do good like a medicine, a medicine that suits all complaints and is a palliative if not a cure for all ailments, needful for those who take their pleasures sadly and yet more necessary, in large doses, for such of us as cry out when we are hurt, and calling our pains tortures, bear them in a spirit less than Spartan. Pain is always hard to bear and hardest of all perhaps in its manifold minor forms of monotonous little aches which are not dangerous, and dreary little solitudes which yet are not Siberian.

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* Deut. xviii. 27, 28.

There is a passage in an ancient liturgy which runs, "Bless us, oh Lord, with abundant fortitude and peace." It is no set petition for set occasion but just a daily prayer for what with most of us there is daily and abundant need. And the fortitude means smiles, a cheerful "acquaintance with grief" not a solemn and state reception of it. To smile with a sob at the heart, to jest with an ache in any organ, is more or less of an effort to us all, but an effort, which, with practice, may grow into the grateful habit which is proverbial second nature. And there are so many ailments of this minor sort which are beneath the notice of a physician and so many an illegitimate little grief for which we are not licenced to shut ourselves up and wear becoming mourning. The big sorrows with the black borders have a dignity about them, they carry the homage of silence, the solace of sympathy, whilst the commonplace of the little worries, which often constitutes their tragedy, makes a stage or an audience or even a comfortable pose impossible. Yet is there room for sympathy and need for fortitude about every unnamed one of them all. Even for pathos, though the cause should sound something less than pathetic. Who has ever felt the smallest inclination to laugh over the heroine of "Auld Robin Gray," though the very crown and climax of her disasters concerned the cow? Nevertheless, trouble of all sorts may, like age, be borne gracefully, and there is without doubt a knack of carrying burdens, even the awkward bundley ones, after a fashion which leaves the hands free, and permits the feet to tread, though perchance, a trifle lamely, the pleasant ways. But to attain this knack one has to clearly recognise cheerfulness as a duty, and to be resolute to sing, and to sing out loud over one's work. And such knack—it may be observed by the way—is never attained by those who pride themselves on their superior sensitiveness; on their gift for "feeling smoky chimneys worse than anybody." "Don't ask me to go and see poor people," said a lady of this sort once; "I really cannot go among them, I feel for them too much," and she honestly thought herself of superior make to her helpful and everyday friend. Folks with these deep feelings rarely feel out of their own depths, and not unseldom make a mistake in diagnosis between their temper and their temperament, their selfishness and their sensitiveness.

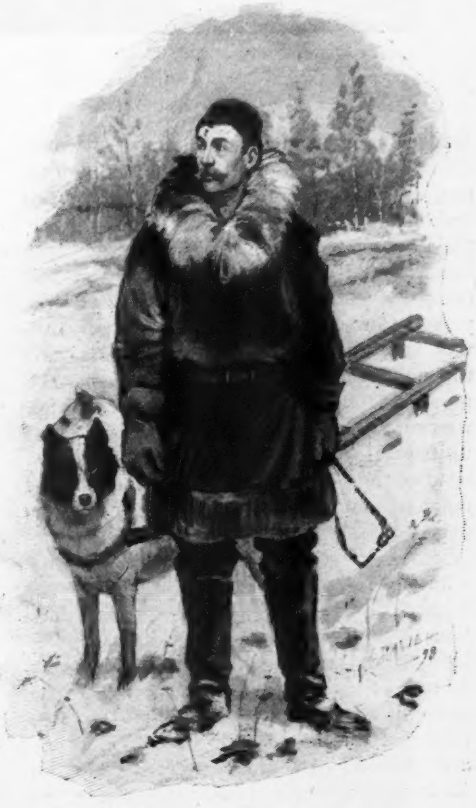
If we want to open up the ways that are ways of pleasantness we must cheerfully cut down all our prickles; they all grow from the one root, self, though they blossom variously and according to their kind, into self-love, self-importance and the like. In the space thus set free all sorts of little wayside flowers will spring up with the marvellous growth that is the every year miracle of an English May time.

THE YUKON VALLEY GOLDFIELDS

By M. REES DAVIES

FOR a number of years past the few people who have made personal acquaintance with the district comprised within the watershed of the Yukon river have been prophesying a literally golden future for it. The recent discoveries on the creeks tributary to the Klondyke, or Throndiuck, river, itself a tributary of the Yukon, bid fair to justify the most sanguine of these anticipations. One is impelled to this conclusion after making a very generous allowance for the contagious air of exaggeration which seems inseparable from a great gold discovery. Should the forecast of the Dominion Government surveyor prove accurate—and it should be remembered that Mr. Ogilvie's avocation imposes upon him the necessity of very definite language—then California and Ballarat become almost insignificant compared with this new Eldorado. Even should the forecast not prove accurate, the gold in sight at this moment will give the Klondyke district precedence for auriferous wealth over the Cariboo and Kootenay mines further to the south in British Columbia, as well as over Cripple Creek, in Colorado. Whether, therefore, it turns out to be a greater than California, or merely a second Cariboo, the Yukon gold district is an object of real interest; and for this reason the nature of the country and the conditions of life there are deserving of some attention, not only in the interests of the gold hunters, but for the edification of those wiser persons who, having heard of the discomforts and hardships, prefer not to relinquish their present lot in favour of one which may very conceivably prove to be much worse.

Though it is only ten years since the first systematic exploration of the Yukon Valley was resolved upon and carried out by the Dominion Government, stray traders of the

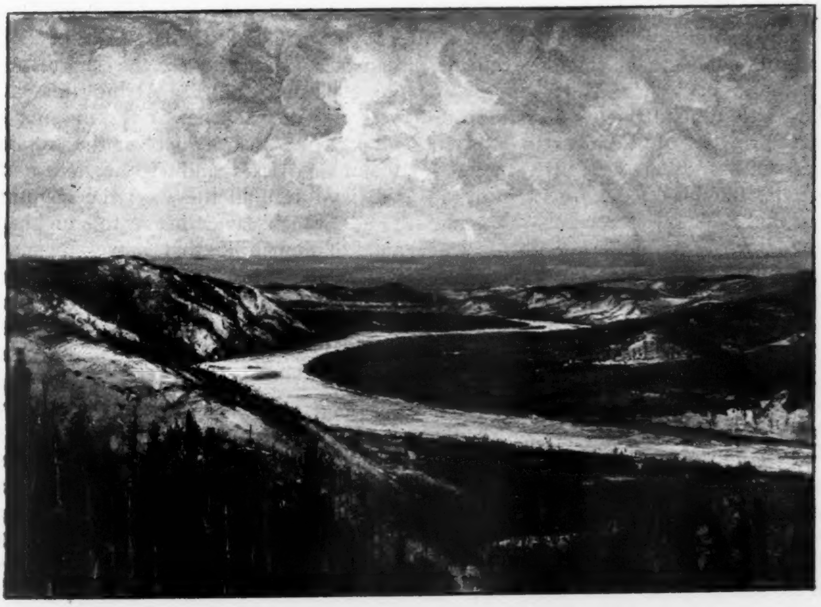


POLICEMAN IN WINTER DRESS

MILES CAÑON

Hudson's Bay Company penetrated beyond the boundary line, into what is now American territory, half a century ago. In fact, Fort Yukon, at the junction of the Yukon with the Porcupine, and a little west of the great bend, owes its existence to an agent of the company, who established it in 1847. Seven years before Mr. A. H. Murray went that way, another agent had been commissioned to explore the Upper Liard and to cross the mountains in search of "any river flowing westward." This agent ascended the Liard to its head waters, and struck across to the head of the Pelly, which he descended to its point of junction with the Lewes. Had he persevered, he might, with luck, have anticipated the actual discovery of the Klondyke, Forty Mile, and Circle City diggings by fifty-seven years, and have earned thereby the not unmixed gratitude of mankind. But he turned back, being impelled thereto by his companions, who credited the story of some Wood Indians that the lower portion of the river was inhabited by a large and powerful tribe of bloodthirsty cannibals. Eight years afterwards he returned, and, just at the confluence of the two rivers, established a station which he called Fort Selkirk. This station was raided and destroyed a few years later by some Coast Indians; but those who pass may still see the ruins of what was once the most important post of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the west of the Rocky Mountains in the Far North. Twenty-five years ago two private traders, named Harper and McQuestion, entered the country and built numerous posts along the river as far as Circle City. They appear to be the men to whom we are indebted for our first clear knowledge of the presence of gold in the neighbourhood, and the stories they and their agents told proved quite sufficient inducement to some adventurous men engaged in the south to try their luck further north. These hardy pioneers moved slowly. They found gold on the bars of the Lewes and its affluents, especially the Big Salmon river. In the following year they were working the Stewart river, to which all the mining population gradually gravitated. In 1886—that is, four years later—came the sensational discovery of "coarse" gold on Forty Mile Creek, on the main stream, past both the Stewart and the Klondyke rivers. In due course, the miners settled on this new ground, and established what is now a considerable township, close to the international boundary. Somewhat later, the news of further rich deposits in the neighbourhood of Circle City attracted many of the adventurers to that locality, which is a matter of a hundred miles away; and, though the saloons of Forty Mile have never been empty, it is yet true that down to last year the American camp was by far the more active of the two. Induced by unmistakable evidences of mineral wealth, the Dominion Government, in 1887, organised an expedition for the exploration of the Canadian portion of the Yukon watershed, and in pursuance of this object Dr. George M. Dawson, now the Director of the Geological Survey, devoted the whole of one season, and Mr. Ogilvie nearly two full years, to obtaining geological, topographical, and general information, chiefly respecting the tract of country adjacent to the 141st degree of longitude, which, by the Treaty of St. Petersburg, is designated as the western boundary line between Alaska and the North West territories of Canada.

Even during the short summer the Yukon district is not attractive. It covers an area as extensive as France. It is mountainous in character and somewhat sparsely wooded, though it comprises large tracts of merely hilly or gently rolling ground, in addition to many wide and flat-bottomed valleys. The most mountainous part is in the south-east; the further you go to the north-west, the more isolated do the mountains become, and more and more extensive are the sweeping tracts of lowland. The average base level is a little over 2000 feet, and the few practicable trails take you over a dreary waste of barren land, suggestive of nothing that Europe has to show, and only diversified here and there by a river or by some scrubby timber, principally poplar, pine and spruce. Along the more important streams timber is relatively plentiful, but it is small and of little value. The land is, for the most part, poor. Birds are scarce, with the exception of ptarmigan and (in their season) wild geese, ducks, divers, and other fowl. Some of the rivers contain salmon, but they are generally thin and sickly, as salmon will be after travelling inland for any great distance. The only fish that is plentiful is the Arctic trout, which possesses affinities with the grayling. Silver-grey, black, blue, and red foxes are numerous; and so are martens and lynxes. But the spread of mining is driving game animals into the remote and



THE YUKON AT THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY (LOOKING NORTH)

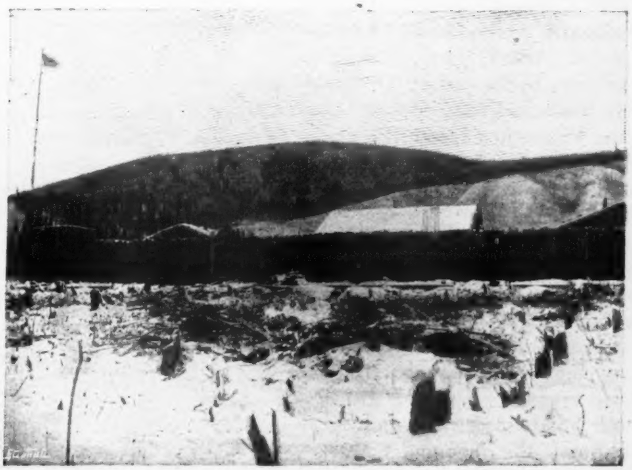
STERN-WHEEL STEAMER ON THE YUKON

untrodden parts, and the Indians are forced to ascend the tributary streams for a distance of ten or twenty miles before they can hope to sight a herd of cariboo or moose.

There are two species of cariboo—one, the ordinary kind, found in most parts of the north west; the other, called the "wood cariboo," a much larger and more majestic animal, and bearing a resemblance to the elk or wapiti, save that its antlers are smaller. Mountain sheep and goats frequent the sides of the higher mountains, beyond the reach of man. Bears complete the catalogue of game animals found in Yukon Valley, unless we add the Arctic rabbit, which is erratic in its habits and in its appearances in a given locality. Of bears there are four varieties—the grizzly, the black, the brown, and the "silver tip." The last receives its name from its grey colour and white throat and beard, and has a reputation for fierceness—which appears to be the outcome of camp tales rather than of much intimate dealing with the brute.

This brief *résumé* of the country and its characteristics will convince everyone that the Yukon valley is not the place to which a man would go (in the expressive American phrase) "for the good of his health." As a fact, it is interesting to this generation only for its gold. To obtain this precious metal, men have before now shown themselves prepared to suffer great privations, and to undergo hardships of all imaginable sorts. But never before has there been an influx of adventurers into a mining camp so remote from civilisation, and so uninviting in itself. In California and Australia there were initial inconveniences, but they were quickly removed, and the greatest disability under which the miners suffered was the necessity of paying treble prices, at the most, for the necessaries and the luxuries of life. The climate was propitious, and the most out-of-the-way camp in either of the two countries was no more than three hundred miles from a large township, or from the coast. On the Amoor, at the present day, mining conditions are not altogether alluring; but here again there is the compensation of reasonably close proximity to some kind of civilisation, if only that of Vladivostock or Nikolaievsk. By the shortest route, the Yukon mining camps are fully six hundred and fifty miles from the small town of Juneau, and the road is one of difficulty and danger; while from Victoria, Vancouver Island, the last place of any consequence going north, the shortest route exceeds 1600 miles. At no time of the year is the journey one of unalloyed pleasure, because it involves the crossing of mountain passes, and (if one does not take the land trail all the way) the shooting of rapids which lay a heavy toll on the sum total of human life that braves them. The summer endures for no more than four or five months; during the rest of the year the whole face of the land is snowbound and icy, with the thermometer down sometimes as low as seventy or seventy-six degrees below zero. It is only in the brief warm season that travel over the recognised trails is practicable, and the desolate aspect of the country makes it imperative for a man to carry his own provisions; for the Indians are scarce and, even when friendly of disposition, unable to afford much aid—certainly none without a heavy return. The price of food in the mining camps is always phenomenally high; in winter it is sometimes impossible to procure a sufficiency of it at any price, simply because it is not to be obtained. This last year saw the formation of a number of companies organised for the special purpose of providing "wet" and "dry goods" of every description for the inhabitants; it being notorious that, in mining centres, the individuals who come out best in the end—always except the few lucky ones—are not those who win the gold, but those who provide for them. It is, therefore, probable that the coming season will see an abundance of drink, food and clothing, and the competition may serve to keep prices down somewhat. But hitherto only one transportation company has served the district regularly. This company sends goods to St. Michael's, at the mouth of the Yukon in the Behring Sea, from San Francisco and Seattle, by two or three ocean steamers. At St. Michael's the goods are transferred into stern-wheel steamers of small tonnage, which sail for 1800 miles along the river before they reach the mining district. The Yukon is seldom clear of ice before the beginning of July, or after the middle of September, and if in any particular season the cold weather returns early, only two, instead of three, river trips are possible, and conseqently the camps, which counted on the third, must suffer a shortage and get through the winter as best they can. The wholesale mortality resulting from untoward accidents of this kind caused the Dominion Government, when last year's rush set in, and it became manifest that the supply of food would be insufficient for the ensuing winter, to issue a regulation forbidding entry into British territory to all adventurers unprovided with a full year's supplies. To one ignorant of all the circumstances, this order may possibly appear needlessly stringent; but no one who is capable of realising the situation will be of that opinion.

The least unpleasant of the several routes to the Yukon gold fields is undoubtedly that by way of St. Michael's and the great river itself. The principal drawback is the distance that must be traversed, though the length of the voyage, communication being by steam throughout, is no greater than is entailed by one of the routes across the Coast Mountains, while the cost of the two is much about the same. But for one who goes *viâ* St. Michael's, half a dozen go from Dyea or Juneau over the mountains and along the chain of lakes and rivers that finally empties into the Yukon at Fort Selkirk. A steamship service, augmented since the rush, connects Vancouver Island with Fort Wrangell, near the Stikine river; with Juneau near the mouth of the Taku river, and with the small town of Dyea at the head of the Lynn Canal. Your gold-hunter may start from either of these places—from Fort Wrangell to Telegraph Creek by river-steamer, thence overland to Teslin Lake, and from this lake along the rivers; from Juneau by way of the Taku river, to the head of Teslin Lake, and thence by the same route; and from Dyea over one of the passes—Chilkoot, White, and Skagway—to Lake Takaheena, Lake Lindemann, or Lake Tagish, all of which connect with rivers that join the Lewes. The Taku route is not much used at present, but a railway is to be built by the beginning of September next from Glenora or Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake,



FORT CUDAHY (EXTERIOR)

FORT CUDAHY (INTERIOR)

and a service of river steamers is to be instituted from this point. There are two other trails, which involve little river and lake travelling. One is that of a trader named Dalton, who went up the Chilkoot (which flows into the Lynn Canal on the west, forty miles south of Dyea) and Klaheela rivers, crossed the divide to the Takaheena, and continued northward over a fairly open country, practicable for horses, as far as Fort Selkirk. In the summer of 1895 a Juneau butcher sent forty head of cattle to Fort Cudahy, fifty miles beyond Dawson City, at the mouth of the Klondyke. The man in charge, whose name was Bounds, crossed the divide over the Chilkoot Pass, followed the shore of Lake Arkell, and, keeping to the east of Dalton's trail, reached the Yukon just below the Rink Rapids. Here the cattle were slaughtered, and the meat floated down on a raft to Cudahy, where it retailed at four shillings a pound, and was thought cheap at the money. It is proposed to establish a winter road somewhere across the country traversed by these two pioneers. The Yukon cannot be followed, for the ice (as may be seen from our illustration) is too much broken; so that, if it becomes absolutely necessary to have a winter route, it must be overland for nearly the whole distance. Of the customary route from Dyea, over one of the three passes and down the lakes and rivers, we have heard much since the mining boom was started. But little has been said about those obstructions to navigation — the rapids. The first series is below the Miles Cañon, and the last of this series, the White Horse Rapid, is by far the most dangerous along the river. The cañon is more than half a mile in length, and about midway is a circular basin 150 yards in diameter confined between steep sloping sides 100 feet high. It will readily be realised that the basin, with its maelström whirl, is a very difficult point to pass; and when we add that the sides of the cañon throughout the entire length consist of perpendicular basaltic rocks, never less than eighty feet high, and that the water rushes through at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, some idea should be afforded of the character of the place. The White Horse Rapids are three-eighths of a mile in length. They are confined by low banks, also of basalt, which

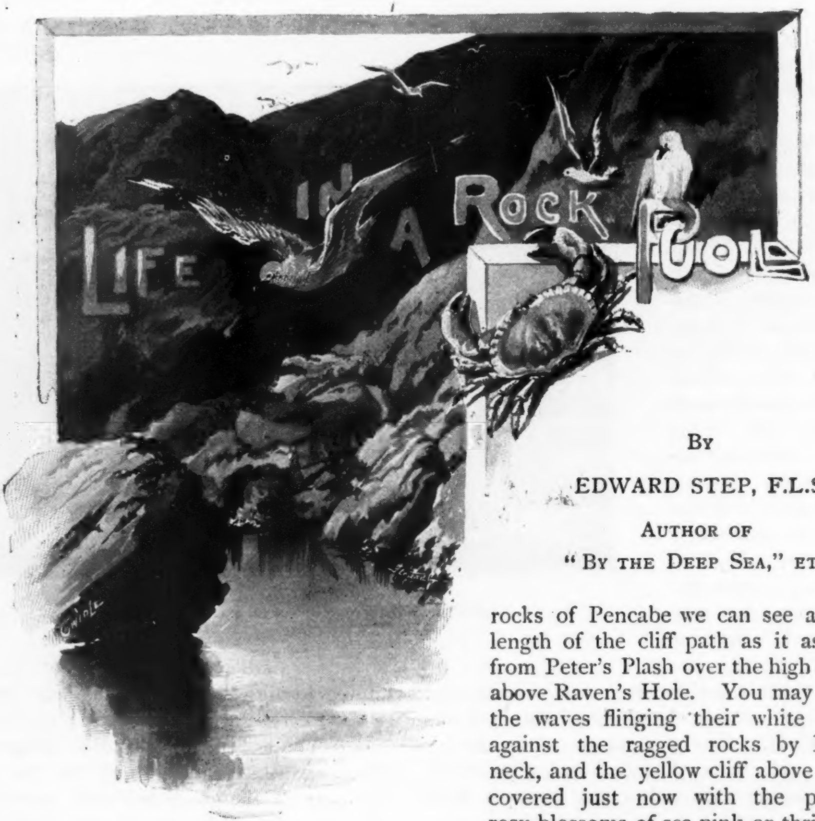
THE YUKON ICE-BOUND AT FORTY MILE

at the foot suddenly close in and form a channel only 30 feet wide. This is the most dangerous spot of all; for the water drops suddenly, and rushes through at a tremendous pace, leaping and seething like a cataract. The total fall is 32 feet. Miners have learned by experience to leave this channel alone. They have constructed a porterage road on the west side, and in some places have laid down rollways, along which to push their boats. At the foot of the cañon, too, they have erected some windlasses with which to haul the boats uphill—a task that means more manual exertion but considerably less mental strain, and no risk worth speaking about. The only other rapids of any moment are the Five Finger Rapids on the Lewes. They are formed by several islands which stand in the middle of the channel and back up the water so as to raise it fully a foot, causing a heavy swell below. Six miles further down are the so-called Rink Rapids—a mere ripple occasioned by a barrier of rocks half way across the river from the western bank. Save for these breaks, the river winds along between low snowcapped hills, with an occasional dip that permits of landing. Now and again, especially between the Rink Rapids and the Pelly, it opens out into a lake-like expanse, three miles or more long, and containing numerous bare islands. At Fort Selkirk the Yukon is nearly 600 yards wide. Thence it flows steadily in one main stream, fed by innumerable tributaries, and gathering volume as it goes, until it reaches the sea, something like two thousand miles away. It spreads so rapidly that immediately below the boundary line, 200 miles beyond Fort Selkirk, it is 2000 feet in width, while at the sea it is 20 miles in width.

GROUP OF NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE (SUMMER DRESS)

The only mining at present done in the Yukon district is on alluvial deposits. The gold in these gravels consists, for the most part, of "fine" thin flakes washed by the action of the waters from the auriferous rocks of the uplands, and intercepted on its way down during countless generations in favourably located creeks. Dr. Dawson's assertion that the deposits are spread over an area of 250,000 square miles may or may not approximate to the truth, but there is every reason to suppose that the tributaries of the Klondyke at present worked are not the only rich placer mining localities, or even that they are the richest.

The greatest obstacle to the progress of alluvial washings is offered by the stony hardness of the ground, which has been so effectually frozen by the winters of ages that the sun of a summer avails only to thaw a foot or two; and the working of a claim to its full extent can only be rendered possible by keeping big fires burning over it every night, and by removing every morning the few inches of pay dirt that are loosened. There is nothing intricate in any of the processes adopted for separating the gold from the gravel. The simplest is the "pan," or hand method, which is slow and laborious, and is never continued for long if a rocker or a sluice is available. Sluicing, which is invariably preferred when there is a good water supply with sufficient head or fall, consists in running water over pay dirt along a succession of long narrow boxes, fitted into one another like stove pipes, and slatted and holed at intervals along the bottom for the reception of the particles as they drop. If the gold be fine, mercury is placed behind the slats or in the holes to catch it. Three times as much gravel may be washed by this method as by the use of rockers, and consequently three times as much gold is secured in a given space of time.


LIFE IN A ROCK POOL

By

EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.,

Author of
"By the Deep Sea," etc.

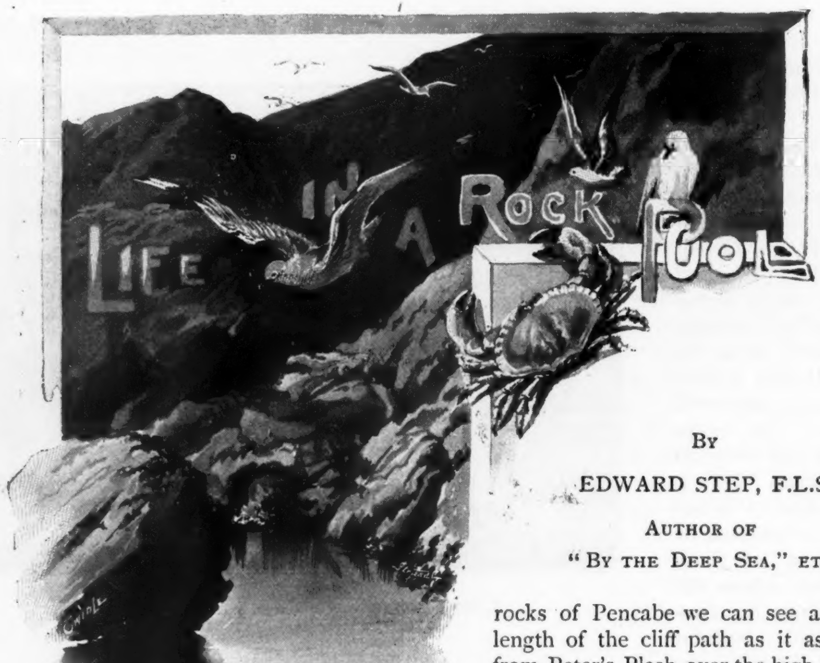
ONE of our favourite recreations is to slip down the cliff road, just beyond the coastguard's look-out, and lounge about on the rocks at the foot of the Cabe when the tide has gone back. The high cliffs run southward with many indentations and undulations until, a mile away, they put out another long foot called the Greeb. Sitting or lying on the rocks of Pencabe we can see a good length of the cliff path as it ascends from Peter's Plash over the high hump above Raven's Hole. You may watch the waves flinging their white crests against the ragged rocks by Breakneck, and the yellow cliff above them, covered just now with the profuse rosy blossoms of sea-pink or thrift, the silvery-white flowers of sea campion and the yellow-green of the sprouting samphire. Both sea-pink and samphire come down over the rocks of the Cabe to high-water mark, their roots squeezed between the flakes of the slate rocks. There is no sharp line of demarcation between marine and maritime vegetation — no neutral zone, too dry for seaweeds and too wet for terrestrial plants. The little-known sea-milkwort comes lower down even than sea-pink, and the orange-lichen, *Physcia*, lower still; whilst the black *Lichina pygmæa* spends half its time in the water and the other half drying itself, in company with the true seaweed, the channelled wrack (*Pelvetia*).

So, also, the sea twice a day encroaches on the shore, and twice a month comes higher still to show there is no hard and fast line set as boundary betwixt sea and land. And when it retires every twelve hours, it leaves detached portions of itself as samples of the whole in little basins its own sharp teeth have bitten in the hard rocks. Many persons come to the Cabe to bask in the sun on its rocks, and to watch the larger vessels going up or down the Channel and the fishing craft nearer the shore. They see the masses of colour up the cliffs, the gannets and cormorants and gulls wresting a living from the waves, the glorious, ever-varying colours of sea and sky, the Gull Rock and the distant headlands—may even mark the bunches of sea-fern over the mouth of the cave, and the rock pipits flitting low along the rocks; but few of them see these pools. They know the rocks are pitted with holes which fill with water, and present traps for the unwary; but it is the proverbial one in a thousand who knows how to adjust his vision to see through the water and watch the life that teems in each of these minute oceans. Keenness and adaptability of vision are yet not all that are requisite for pool-gazing. A man must be able to humble himself, to lie prone upon the rocks, and his garments must not be of too fine a character for contact with the sharp edges of acorn shells. He should have also something of the artistic sense, the faculty for discerning beauty of form and colour, even though it be presented to him in such cheap things as seaweeds, shells, anemones, and other creatures of low estate.

Every pool is not a replica of its fellows—by no means. This pool has its ends east and west, that lies north and south; the next is shielded by a high rock betwixt it and the sea, so that it gets no sun till late in the day, and its waters are cold. A slight difference in aspect or exposure may make a great difference in the species of seaweed that will grow in that basin, and, given a difference in the flora, you may confidently rely upon a corresponding diversity of fauna. Again, the question of altitude has something to do with the matter, though the highest pool may be only a dozen feet above the lowest in vertical height. The highest pools get a change of water only at the spring-tides; those nearest the sea are only uncovered at the same period, whilst the intermediate range of pools gets 730 changes a year. Then there is the diversity of form, which has important bearings on the question of inhabitants, just as the style of architecture will influence a man in renting or buying a house. A janny past the juvenile stage of existence likes space for a sharp, quick run through the water, and convenient little caves at either end of his journey in which to hide: he would not look with favour upon one of those clean-walled, circular pots in the rock, which are merely pools in the making, with only the faint beginnings of vegetation. Until the sea has, by rattling these stones round it for a longer period, considerably enlarged it, the tenants will not take possession, though a few may look in at one tide and be off at the next.

Another class of pool is remarkable for the swarms of prawns within it. This is almost certain to have a flat stone across the concave bottom, allowing space beneath for a cool, roomy retreat. Then we shall come across some in which anemones of several species are the chief occupants. In most cases their harmonies of colour render them invisible at first, but they are gradually revealed to that careful scrutiny of the whole pool, inch by inch, which is the only practical plan if one really wishes to see all it contains. Can we describe the life of one of these pools within the strait bounds our Editor sets for such a paper? No; in this pool there is the material for a volume, if one were faithfully to record its inhabitants and their ways. At present we may merely glance at a few of its living contents and briefly note some characteristic of each, without attempting life-histories.

This pool is of medium size, and appears to have had its origin in a natural fissure of the rock, its length running parallel with the cliffs. The sea cast in pebbles, and by keeping these in rapid motion at every incoming of the tide fretted its sides and widened it considerably. On the seaward and is never continued for long if a rocker or a sluice is available. Sluicing, which is invariably preferred when there is a good water supply with sufficient head or fall, consists in running water over pay dirt along a succession of long narrow boxes, fitted into one another like stove pipes, and slatted and holed at intervals along the bottom for the reception of the particles as they drop. If the gold be fine, mercury is placed behind the slats or in the holes to catch it. Three times as much gravel may be washed by this method as by the use of rockers, and consequently three times as much gold is secured in a given space of time.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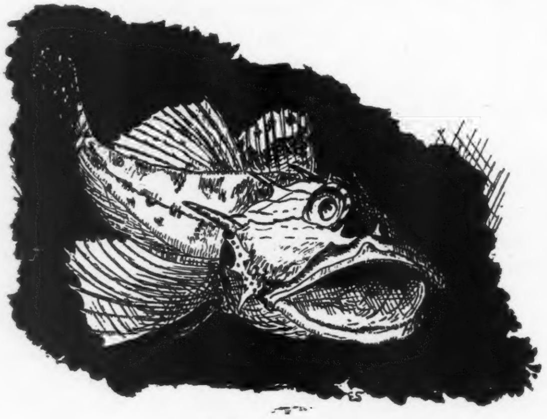
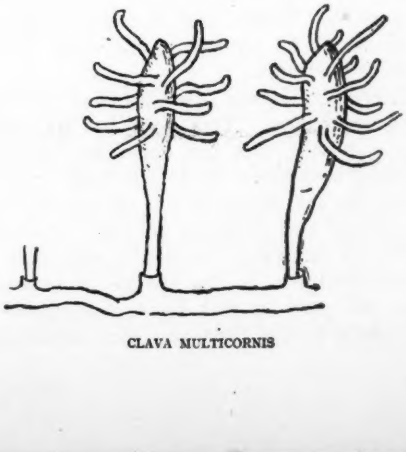


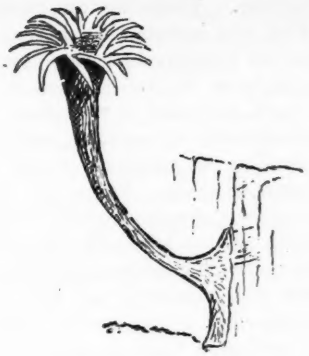
THE FATHER LASHER

side the rocks slope away, and afford a convenient, though not very yielding couch, upon which we may recline, with our head and shoulders just over the edge of the pool. Some small fishes rush away in alarm and disappear. Never mind; perfect stillness will bring them back again. The floor of the pool and part of its sides are covered with overlapping scales of pinkish hue—one of the so-called corallines, formerly supposed to be of similar nature to coral, but now known to be a seaweed (*Melobesia*), which secretes a limy coat much as the crab secretes its shelly covering. Here and there is a bare, oval patch with the blue-grey of the rock showing up. This is the "pitch" of a limpet, who is now ranging around after food; he will return by and by to the identical spot, and you will then see not a trace of the bare rock. Look! here are numbers of limpets, though you fail to identify them; and small wonder, for their shells in these pools are either covered with shapeless masses of coralline or with tufts of vegetation, which completely disguise them. Here is a good example. See, we will lift it with our knife from its close contact with the rock, and drop it in this glass jar that you may witness the beauty of its vegetation. Here are two-inch lengths of the green *Enteromorpha*, whose fronds are irregularly-shaped tubes, which become distended with the oxygen gas they give off; they are then thought to resemble animal intestines—hence their name. This plant is a most efficient aid to keep sea-water sweet, and many marine animals appreciate it as food. But you are particularly struck by that miniature clump of mimic ferns that springs from one side of the shell. This is the *Bryopsis plumosa*, a lovely weed that has no common name. It is remarkable in the fact that the entire frond consists of but one cell. What appears to be a mid-rib is a hollow tube, and all the branches on either side which give it the fern-like appearance are merely extensions of the same without any dividing walls.

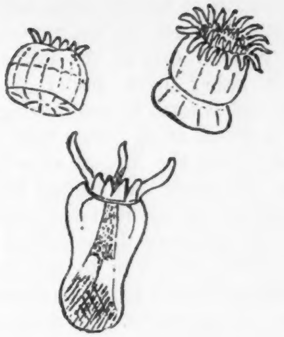
Watch and keep still. Here are those fish again, appearing to view quite as strangely as they vanished. See, they are coming up the sides towards us, with little jumps forward, clinging to the wall by means of their ventral fins, which they commonly use as feet. They are young jannies or smooth blennies—playful little fellows which are among the most inquisitive, as well as most plucky of fishes. We quietly slip in a finger-tip, and immediately four or five of them converge upon it and bob their noses against it. Were there a good-sized individual among them, he would rush at it with his dog-like mouth open and give it a nip with his close-set, tiny teeth. This propensity appears to be due less to viciousness than to the playful character of the fish. Not that we wish to make out that the janny cannot exhibit vice. See him when he comes across a limpet whose shell is raised from the rock; how he will seize the shell in his jaws, and try his best to pull the adhesive "foot" of the mollusk from the rock. We



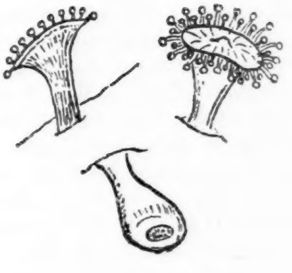
CLAVA MULTICORNIS



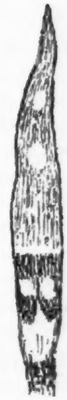
YOUNG OF DAISY ANEMONE



LARVAL FORMS OF GEM PIMPLET



GLOBE-HORN



TENTACLE OF THE CAVE-DWELLER SHOWING B-MARK

have seen him succeed in this attempt, and then rush round the pool, hammering the limpet against the rocks in his well-considered, but futile efforts to break it.

There is another little fish here very similar to the janny, but with a fringed crimson crest, which it erects at will, between its eyes; and its tail and fins are likewise tinged with crimson. This is Montagu's blenny, and he will show himself quite as playful as the janny. Occasionally, too, we may find a specimen of the butterfly blenny, which is a kind of glorified janny, with larger and more rounded fins behind the gill-covers, and the first division of the back-fin more elevated and marked with a large, deep-blue spot surrounded by a lighter ring.

The janny does not strike us as a graceful swimmer; his progress through the water is not wanting in rapidity, but it is a heavy, blundering rush, and in deep, open water he would not have a chance against a pursuer. In the pool that sudden rush with several splashes serves admirably. It diverts attention for an instant, which is ample time to enable the janny to sink heavily against the floor or wall of his pool, and lo! he is invisible. His indescribable, inconstant colouring is a matter of transverse streaks and spots, ever-varying in strength and tint to harmonise with his surroundings. You look for him, but fail to see him, though he is just under your nose, and watching you intently with those intelligent eyes.

If the janny is a clumsy fish, how may we describe the father lasher (*Cottus*), which nearly approaches to tadpole form, and whose open mouth discloses an enormous cavern with a very small exit at the farther end. The father lasher lives under a stone, whence he rushes forth at any moving thing. His head is armed at all points with long or short stout spines, the longest of which are above the gill-covers and behind the eyes. By the inflation of the rounded gill-covers, the father lasher forces these spines into a more threatening position, to the end that he may assume a more ferocious aspect even than when they are at rest. To most persons he is repulsive and quite equal to an assault upon his parent, if looks are any indication of character. Yet those who know him intimately would consider "somewhat grotesque," to be a more fitting description. His colouring is splendid, though the markings on his body and fins are very indefinite, like those of the janny. Father lasher also is one of the chameleons of the sea. If his retreat is draped with green weeds, he also is green; if he lives on a bare stony bottom, he is grey, with lighter and darker lines and dots; but if, again, he dwells among crimson weeds, he glows with crimson tints. Such an one was brought to us the other day from deeper water, where red is the prevailing hue of the weeds, and the father lasher was a splendid creature, though a foolish one. He had attempted to swallow a spiny squat lobster, from the same region, and of the same red colour *plus* some transverse lines of vivid blue across the red. It appeared as though the squat lobster had mistaken the father lasher's capacious mouth for a little cavern, into which he had shot backwards, as is the custom of squat lobsters. There was room in the cavern, yet the fish desired the squat lobster to go further, but owing to the smallness of the throat this was not possible. Then the lasher would have spat him from his mouth again, but the squat's spines prevented this. Had the fish's mouth been less full he might have crushed the crustacean between his jaws, but he appeared to have lost control over them by over-relaxation of their muscles. And so he died, and his dried carcase, with the squat's broad pincer claws protruding from the mouth, is in our possession.

Our pool contains many species of seaweeds, some of them of singular beauty, but we must reserve them for attention at some future time. There they are, however, growing from the bottom, hanging as a screen before the entrance to a little grotto, or as a tapestry upon the walls. Pick off a tuft of fine weed, and rinse it vigorously in a wide-mouthed bottle of sea-water, and you will be surprised at the number of forms of life that are yours so easily. There are minute sea-snails actively ranging around, the remarkable skeleton shrimp (*Caprella*) sprawling about in an apparently aimless, inebriated fashion, worms of wondrous length and slenderness, with more limbs than we can stay to count, tiny sand-stars that progress by incessant writhing of the five attenuated divisions of the body, which they will throw off on the slightest provocation—or without it. Besides the multitude of creatures visible to the unassisted vision that we shake out of that tuft of weeds, there are far more of the very minute forms of life, such as would keep an energetic microscopist happy for days. There are also the interesting forms of hydroid zoophytes. Many of the broken shells upon the bottom of the pool, if examined with a simple pocket lens, will be found to have colonies of these low forms of animal life upon them, as also have the less-easily examined walls. Of one of these, the club zoophyte (*Clava*), we find a colony upon the broken valve of a Venus shell. Placing this in our bottle and viewing it from the side, we see what appears to be a row of small pinkish white pins set on end, with club-shaped heads beset with tentacles. These pins all rise from a creeping stem, the bond of union between the members of the colony. Many species of similar creatures may be found upon almost any shell or stone that the pool contains, but, of course, they are not sufficiently obtrusive to be seen by the novice without close and careful examination.

Then there are the mollusks in considerable variety, but with the exception of the limpet and the top-shells (*Trochus*), most of these will be found to be immature. The pools serve as nurseries for these and other creatures, which depart to the freer life of the open waters before they become full grown. There are young winkles in profusion in every crevice; there are the more elongated thick white shells of the purple or dog-winkle (*Purpura*), whose eggs, like a group of yellow nine-pins, are clustered on the rocks round about, and there are a couple of species of tops. But the one running so quickly over the bottom is a top-shell with a new tenant inside; no mollusk ever exhibits so much haste as that. The present occupant is a young hermit-crab, such as are abundant between tide-marks, though you will not get a fair-sized specimen except from deep water. There are usually several young specimens in every pool, but when they get too large for the largest of our top-shells, they go into deeper water, and so thrive that ultimately they become six inches long, and of such proportions that they can comfortably occupy one of the largest of whelk-shells. Then, as a rule, they are associated with two strange friends, one a beautiful worm (*Nereis*) eight or nine inches long, who shares the hermit's cell and scavenges for him; the other an anemone, four inches high, who perches on the apex of the whelk-shell and wraps it in his broad base. But that is a story only indirectly associated with our rock-pool, and we must not go further into it just now.

The mention of this parasite anemone reminds us of the anemones of our pool. These are very numerous, though it is only the common beadlet that is at first obvious. This species is over all the rocks, many individuals perched up where the tide leaves them uncovered for hours twice every day. The beadlet varies greatly in colour from bright crimson to brown, olive and green; and one would suppose that it would make use of its colour variation for protective purposes, but it always appears pretty strongly contrasted with the rock upon which it sits fully exposed. Other anemones harmonise with their surroundings so nicely that they become invisible; but the beadlet appears to rely for safety upon its unpleasant odour. A species plentifully represented in the pools of the Cabe is the gem pimplet (*Bunodes*), but usually so associated with a coralline floor that you need to have this anemone "in your eye" before you can detect it, so well does its colouring of pink and pearly grey, with oval bars of white across the tentacles, blend with its surroundings. The pimples with which its column is covered, in vertical lines, are really suckers by which it partially erects itself against a rock. The enormous and brilliantly coloured dahlia anemone (*Urticina*), has similar suckers, and uses them for the purpose of covering its column with gravel and fragments of shell, so that when its tentacles are withdrawn there is a rounded heap of gravel before you and no sign of one of the largest and—apart from its natural surroundings—most conspicuous of anemones. There are several of them fully expanded in this pool, yet you will not see them until we point them out to you, and then you will see them in almost every pool around, and will wonder how they eluded you before. Its broad, conical tentacles and bright hues justify comparison with a cactus dahlia, which is much more than we can say in the case of another florally-named species—the daisy. There are plenty of examples of this ill-named anemone (*Cereus*) in our pool, usually with the base fixed in a hole in the floor, and the column reaching up through the carpet of sand and *débris*, the velvety dark-brown disk and tentacles being strangely inconspicuous, and presenting the illusion of a deep hollow in the floor. The cave-dweller (*Cylista*) is very similar in colour and habit; it mostly occupies some narrow crevice of the rock, spreading its tentacles abroad on the floor. It is readily distinguished from the daisy, by the well or ill-defined capital B marked on every tentacle in black and white.

Here and there in pools we shall find a colony of the rosy anemone (*Sagartia*), with a buff column furnished with suckers, and the tentacles of a clear, pale, rosy tint. But the gem of our British anemones, to our mind, is the little globe-horn (*Corynactis*), which occurs in this pool, though it is most frequently found on vertical rock faces that are uncovered only at spring tides. It measures from a third to two-thirds of an inch either way, and when the tentacles are spread perfectly flat, the width across them may amount to an inch. Its general colouring is a transparent, emerald-green column and disk, whilst the round, tapering tentacles are colourless and transparent, studded with minute points of rich brown, arranged spirally, the tentacle ending in a globular head of rosy pink. There are colour variations in which the column is rosy-lilac, pearly-grey, dull scarlet, or pure white with contrasting tints in the tentacles.

But here comes the tide. That little wave was a gentle reminder that the tide has been flowing quietly for some time and that it is now time to move. In a short space our pool and the surrounding rocks will be right under water, and as yet we have had time to glance at only a few of the many things it contains. Never mind. Other days will come, and we may get the opportunity for another peep at the "Life of a Rock Pool."

NATIVE INDUSTRIES IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

By A. WERNER

NYASALAND has now been a British Protectorate for nearly seven years, but comparatively little is known about it at home. Its chief products, one might say flippantly, are missions and coffee. It is inhabited by two native races, the Yao and the Mang'anja, both of whom (except some Yao chiefs who have come under the influence of Mohammedan half-breeds from the coast and been engaged in the slave-trade) are disposed to be very friendly towards the English. Both are interesting types of primitive races. The Yao, mostly men of splendid physique, are a strong and warlike race, in past times a standing terror to their weaker neighbours. Their original home was in the mountains east of Lake Nyasa, whence, in 1861, they poured down like locusts and "ate up" the country now known as the Shiré Highlands. They now dwell peaceably side by side with the Mang'anja, though looking down on the latter in something of the spirit with which Rob Roy regarded the Glasgow burgesses. "We do not know Mang'anja," said a boy at the Blantyre Mission to me one day, when I had been questioning him about some words in that language, "*we* are Yaos!" A good many years ago, the first manager of the African Lakes Company was giving a magic lantern address to a mixed audience of both races, and took occasion, while explaining a picture of angels, to dilate on the prospect of heaven. The Yao part of the audience listened to the description, and then inquired whether there would be any Mang'anja there too. "Certainly," was the reply, "if they love God and obey His laws." "Then," said these aristocrats with one voice, "we do not wish to go there."

The Mang'anja are a gentle and pliable people, more amiable on first acquaintance than the Yao, but without that sturdy independence which, along with less pleasing qualities, distinguishes the latter. They excel them in industrial pursuits. Livingstone especially mentions their spinning and weaving of cotton and their iron-work; but these two branches have fallen somewhat into decay of late years, first through the desolating wars which broke up their villages, and afterwards through the spread of trade, which enables them to get cotton cloth, hoes, knives, &c., more quickly and cheaply than they could make them for themselves. The old hand-made cotton cloth is still sometimes met with, and is far superior to the article (worth, in England, about 2½d. a yard) issued by planters as payment to their workmen (a currency now being superseded by English money), but of course the weaving was a slow process.

Sometimes you come across a village forge (*chipala*), where the smith makes queer little spatula-shaped razors (the native shaves his head with great frequency, first smearing the hair with castor-oil or some other grease in lieu of shaving-soap) or pointed double-edged knife-blades. Very often these are made out of stray bits of old iron—perhaps even bands off a packing-case. These knives have elaborately-carved sheaths and handles, and are either slung over the right shoulder so as to hang under the left arm, or, if small, tied to the left upper arm by a string passing through the loop in the sheath. The Yao knives are of a different pattern, with one edge and a broad back to the blade, and three grooves down one side, like the knife described in Rider Haggard's "Jess," and there stated (rather unnecessarily) to have come all the way from Somaliland.

I do not think there is any distinction to-be drawn between Yao and Mang'anja in the matter of basket-work. Both seem alike skilled in the art, and both look on it as a masculine occupation, unlike the making of pots, which is exclusively the affair of the women. There are several sorts of baskets in use, each with its own distinctive name, and all made mainly of split bamboo. The *ntanga*, which starts as a cube at the bottom, but is circular at the top, and may be any size from one to two feet across, is almost indestructible and serves a variety of purposes—carrying away the earth when digging coffee-pits, bringing maize or bananas for sale, or holding the *mzungu's* provisions, cups and saucers, on a journey. In any case, of course, it is carried on the head. Then we have the *chipeta*, or *liselo*, wide and flat, used for winnowing grain, holding *ufa*, or (at Blantyre Mission) bringing clean clothes from the laundry. The *nsengwa* is a smaller and more delicate flat basket, somewhat different in shape from the *chipeta*. Eggs are brought for sale in it, and it is sometimes used as a dish or plate for the stiff native porridge, which can be kneaded into lumps and picked up in the hand. A fourth kind is the *ntungwi*, a closed basket consisting of an upper and under half, the one fitting on the other like a box. The wide wooden rims are usually ornamented in patterns formed by lightly burning the surface of the wood, and then cutting the pattern on it. The Yao are particularly fond of this kind of reversed poker-work.

The pots are of various kinds, some meant to hold water and some not. The latter are made of a very friable kind of clay, full of particles of mica, and when burnt are blackened so as to look exactly as if rubbed over with stove-polish. I saw an old woman engaged in this process, and found that she was using a lump of stone which I believe to be graphite; she told me it was picked up in the beds of streams in the hills. The pots are either plain or ornamented with a simple pattern of incised lines. I have seen one or two specimens of a very pretty glazed red and black ware, which had a kind of scalloped pattern a little more elaborate. They are made entirely by hand; but the circular form, so far as I have seen, is always perfectly true. Gourds and calabashes of various kinds are used for holding and drawing water.

Besides the heavy task of pounding the maize, the hoeing and other field work (as in all primitive communities, where the men either have to be on the watch against enemies or are away hunting and fishing) falls on the women—though both the Yao and Mang'anja men frequently take a share in it, and, in fact, it is a part of the Yao marriage-contract that a man must hoe a garden for his parents-in-law. One result of this state of things is, that the men are far more neat-fingered than the women. This is seen not only in the making of mats and baskets, but also in sewing, which, along with weaving and spinning, is (as I should have said before) also looked on as a masculine employment. Men often mend holes in their calicoes with a curious circular darn or patch, which—when executed in red thread on a blue ground—quite suggests having been intended as an ornament. It has been found at the mission schools that boys learn sewing, knitting, &c., far more quickly than girls; and a young man making a jacket or hemming a calico for his intended is, to native eyes, neither an uncommon nor a ridiculous sight. She, in her turn, will testify her devotion by washing, ironing, and, if possible, starching his shirt for him. Laundry work has been one of the branches most successfully taught by the Blantyre Mission; the girls, as a rule, take to it "quite naturally," and, in particular, betray a positive passion for ironing.

Bead-work, perhaps, forms an exception to the above rule. I have more than once seen girls engaged in it, and certainly it needs both an accurate eye and an infinitude of patience to carry out the pattern on the broad bands (over an inch wide sometimes) which are often worn round the head. Necklets and wristlets of various kinds are often very pretty and tasteful, and I once saw a piece about a foot by 18 inches which must have taken many months to make, and looked exceedingly well. What it was originally intended for I don't know—perhaps it was made to order as a curio, the bead-work of the people living on the Shiré banks being well known. The lady in whose possession I saw it had fixed it up as a wall ornament. A curio frequently bought by travellers is the little oblong comb made out of stalks of grass woven together with string, the upper or ornamental half being worked with beads. It is worn stuck in the hair sideways, backwards, or forwards according to taste. A variety of these combs is made with a kind of mosaic of different coloured bits of grass instead of beads. This kind of comb is often made by the Angoni, who come over to Blantyre as carriers, or to work in the coffee plantations during the dry season. I bought a specimen from a man who had thus been amusing himself "between bugles"—*i.e.*, in the interval between 11.30 A.M. and 2.30 P.M., which is the mid-day rest on the plantations.

THE TRAMP AT HOME

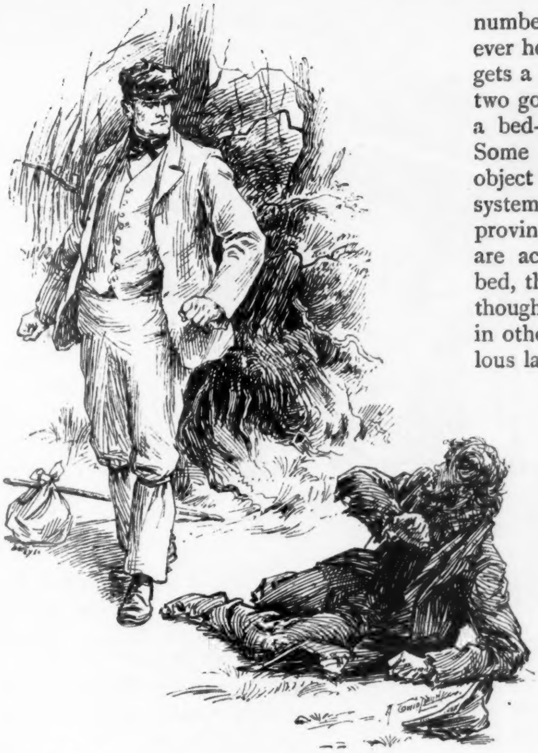
By T. W. WILKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

IF there were in England a paper similar in scope to the Parisian beggar's organ —here, surely, is an "obvious void" in trade journalism—it would be crammed with letters from indignant subscribers on the shortcomings of wayfarers' lodging-houses. For wherever nomads foregather they invariably discuss the public accommodation of the road, and criticise it unmercifully. It is, in truth, very bad. Scattered over the three kingdoms are thousands of vagrants' hotels, which are so well distributed that only very rarely, except in out of the way corners of the country, does the tramp find, as on leaving Rugby, that there is no resting place for him within a radius of about a dozen miles. But only a few of such establishments are at all tolerable, and those are mostly in large centres of population, not in the towns and villages where you find the thoroughpaced vagabond.

Close together, in some comparatively small places on the great trunk roads, are all three kinds of caravansaries open to tramps: "models," barrack-like buildings to which men only are usually admitted; beer-houses having beds to let for fourpence per night; and "padding kens," or establishments entirely devoted to the reception of vagrants of both sexes. But the professional mendicant class carefully shun "models." In them they are brought into contact with the "travelling tradesman," as the mechanic who takes to the road in search of work is called, and their particular bugbear, the British navigator. The working-man has no love for tramps, and the navvy hates them as a certain personage is said to hate holy water. A wanderer from boyhood himself, the sturdy pioneer has seen so much of the vagrant community that he knows all their tricks and failings. It is an axiom of that class, indeed, that "if a man can 'mouch' (beg from) a navvy he can 'mouch' anybody." Versed as he is in the ways of the road, the restless labourer will not be played upon; and he is prone, moreover, to floor any nomad who ruffles his feathers ever so slightly. For these reasons tramps give "models" a wide berth. Equally objectionable to them are beer-houses, in which they rarely feel at ease. Whenever possible, therefore, they put up at the recognised hotel of their class—the "padding ken." Wretched as it is, there, and there only, are they at home.

Towards evening the subject which in vagrant circles takes the place usually filled by the weather becomes deeply interesting to wayfarers. During the greater part of the year tramps do not, as a rule, stop more than about fourteen or sixteen hours in a town, and they have, in consequence, to seek fresh lodgings every night, so that on nearing their destination they are naturally anxious to learn the character of the accommodation they will find. Usually the roadster reaches his halting-place about six o'clock, sometimes only to discover that even at that hour every house is crowded. Nomads regularly pay 1*s*. 6*d*. or 2*s*. for sitting, or even standing, room at Doncaster during the race week, and in the hopping season scores of them are turned away from Kentish lodging-houses.



"He is prone, moreover, to floor any nomad who ruffles his feathers"

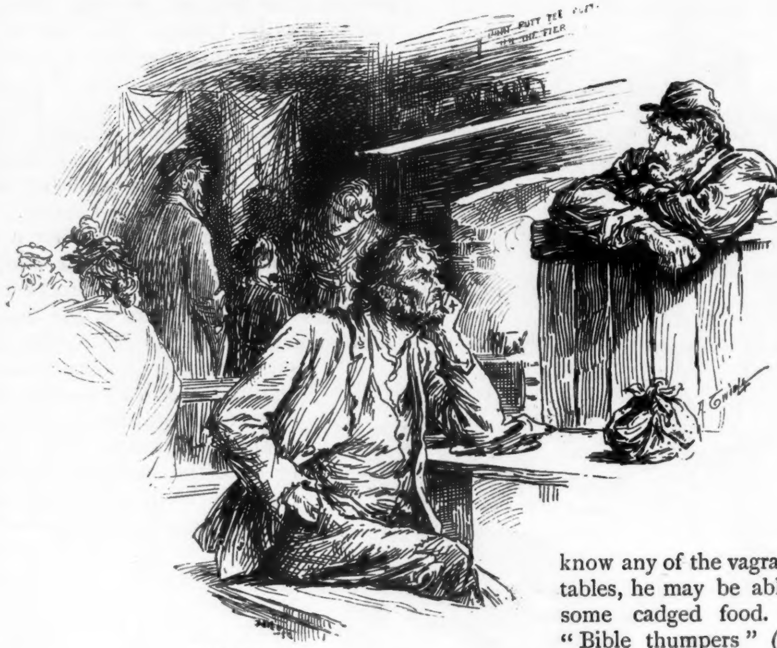
Shortly after breakfast one morning a vendor of flypapers, in the presence of the writer, held out sixpence to the landlady of a Tonbridge establishment.

"Here's my 'kip' for to-night, missus," said he.

"How do you know you're going to stop here to-night?" she retorted, tossing her head disdainfully. "No, you'll have to go on, and give somebody else a chance."

Not at all uncommon is it in these circumstances for a man either to walk to the next town or village or to sleep in a barn or under a hedge. Even when houses are only moderately full the wayfarer is frequently tricked by hosts. In the "padding kens" of Wakefield, Market Harborough, St. Albans, Bedford, Oxford, Derby, and many other towns are still to be found numbers of double beds, which are generally allotted in a haphazard fashion. On paying the lodging money a man is given a check bearing the number of his bed, and the next comer, who ever he may be, young or old, clean or dirty, gets a corresponding voucher; and until the two go upstairs neither knows what kind of a bed-fellow he is to have for the night. Some tramps, for obvious reasons, strongly object to this abominable and dangerous system, which should be abolished in the provinces, as it has been in London. They are accordingly careful to ask for a single bed, the general price of which is fourpence, though in some towns it is threepence and in others sixpence. Here is the unscrupulous landlord's chance. He replies that all such beds are let, adding that a double one can be had for sixpence. Should only a few more tramps come in, that arrangement holds good, and the keeper of the establishment nets twopence more in every case than he would otherwise have received; but if the house fills up, he tells each man that he has made a mistake, there is a single bed left, and returns him one third of his lodging money. The fact is, of course, that in the meantime he has let every double bed to two men, who have paid him fourpence each—clearly more profitable than allowing it to be occupied by one for sixpence.

If there is room, however, the tramp straightway pays for his night's shelter, and then walks into the kitchen. Sometimes there are three such rooms in a house—for single men, single women, and "couples" respectively—though the "padding ken," unlike the London "doss-house," seldom has more than one class of sleeping accommodation; but usually one apartment has to suffice for lodgers of both conditions and sexes. And a squalid, depressing apartment it invariably is. Picture a low-roofed room. Its furniture consists of several long tables, with stools on either side. At the end is a huge fireplace filled with a glowing mass of crackling coke, on which rests a monster urn, ever on the boil. Above, on the mantelpiece, are ranged a serried row of lidless tin teapots, the blackened bottoms of which bear eloquent witness to the practice that is forbidden by a public notice exhibited in the kitchen of a Yorkshire lodging-house: "Don't putt tee potts on the fier." Higher still is generally pasted a scrap of paper setting



"At home

know any of the vagrants at the tables, he may be able to buy some cadged food. Female "Bible thumpers" (hawkers), who beg under the protection of their "stiff," or licence, frequently have more "scran" than

forth the rules of the house, which are always few in number and curt in phraseology. "No smoking in the bedroom"; "No washing under three days" (meaning that a lodger will not be allowed to wash his shirt until he has slept in the house for three consecutive nights); "No washing on Saturday or Sunday"; "One couple one pan" (a very necessary regulation, since in houses where it is not in force those who are not astir very early find that all the saucepans have been appropriated); "Don't take all the fire"—these are among the most common of the laws and injunctions blazoned over the fireplace. On the fender below are the remainder of the teapots, the tops covered with paper to keep in the aroma of the brew. These belong to the vagrants scattered about the room eating their supper; single men mostly, but a few of them "couples," surrounded by dirty, noisy children. Such is the kitchen of the nomad's lodging-house. In its main features it is the same everywhere from John-o'-Groats to Land's End.

On entering this common room, the tramp proceeds to prepare his supper. Should he know any of the vagrants at the tables, he may be able to buy some cadged food. Female "Bible thumpers" (hawkers), who beg under the protection of their "stiff," or licence, frequently have more "scran" than they can possibly eat, and in that case they dispose of it in huge pennyworths to less fortunate roadsters. Otherwise the hungry man has to repair to a little shop in the neighbourhood, and purchase a halfpennyworth of tea and sugar mixed, a pennyworth of bread, and a bloater, kipper, or haddock. Rarely can a single tramp afford a more luxurious meal. "Couples" often sit down to savoury messes; but the man who has no visible excuse for begging, and whose misfortune it is to look disgracefully healthy, cannot often indulge in more than a bloater, or, at most, twopennyworth of odds and ends from the butcher's. Even if better food were within his reach, he could not cook it decently, owing to the condition of the kitchen utensils. I have seen men driven, as a last resource, to boil eggs, and even bloaters, in teapots. Cookery is indeed an art in wayside lodging-houses.

After eating his supper, the tramp joins in the conversation going on around him—conversation which begins and ends with begging exploits. But, contrary to popular belief, the "good" houses in the district are never mentioned, or, if anything should be said about an establishment worth "calling," that is certain to be one of the many places where all comers are "assisted" as a matter of course, whether five or fifty vagrants visit it in a day. The roadster who knows of what he calls a "mark" keeps his own counsel, lest it should become "spoiled" by being "called" too frequently. A stranger to a district can get more useful information from the lodging-house "deputy"—who is to him all that the hotel clerk is to the traveller—than from fifty fellow-roadsters. In some towns, however, the tramp is not allowed to smoke his pipe undisturbed. Every night two policemen visit the "padding ken" kitchens, and "administer interrogatories," as the lawyers say, to all the inmates in turn. This is the kind of dialogue one hears as the officers make their rounds:

Constable (to sun-tanned roadster): "Well, what do *you* reckon to do for a living?"

Roadster (sniffing): "Oh, I'm a hot-cross bun baker, I am, and our society won't let us work at anything else." (He looks at the company in general.)

Constable (magisterially): "Now, I don't want no cheek." (Deliberately, as if to indicate that this is absolutely the tramp's last chance): "What—is—your—trade?"

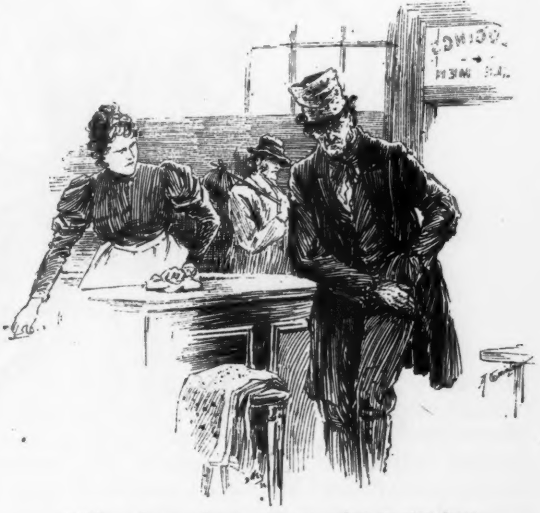
Roadster (cheerfully): "My trade? Why didn't you say that before? I'm a tailor—that's what I am."

Constable (severely): "Well, just clear out of this in the morning. If you're here to-morrow night, *we'll* find you a bed."

One after another all the occupants of the kitchen are similarly examined. Professional wayfarers are told to take their departure on the following morning; but nothing is said to those who can show that they are gaining a living honestly, or prove that they are "travelling tradesmen." Such persons are free to prolong their stay or not at their own pleasure.

About nine or ten o'clock the tramp generally prepares to retire for the night, although during the hot weather he is in no hurry to go upstairs. Then, indeed, it is commonly considered a privilege to be allowed to sleep on a table or a form in the kitchen. But he is not allowed the same liberty as the London "dosser." That wily member of the community can retire practically when he likes, and turn out of "kip" at any hour that will suit his engagements for the day. Not so the roadster. He must go to bed early. Proprietors of "padding kens" clear their kitchens at certain hours, and in a very unceremonious manner, too. In some establishments, for instance, the "deputy" and his assistants begin cleaning the tables and forms at ten or eleven o'clock, and, as they are none too careful in throwing water about, the inmates are obliged to fly upstairs to prevent themselves from getting wet through. In others, again, the bottom of the grate is withdrawn, and as a consequence the tardy lodgers, half choked with the dust and nearly suffocated with the fumes of sulphur from the fallen embers, are glad to beat a hasty retreat.

Not less unconventional are the means adopted for getting tramps out of bed, sometimes at 6 A.M., but generally two hours later. A certain lodging-house keeper used to place cotton wool in the keyhole of a bedroom door, ignite it, and blow the smoke in among the slumberers. Presently came the sound of a terrific "Atishoo!" then of another, and then of another, as man after man awoke. A few seconds later the lodgers tumbled out of the room as if flying from a

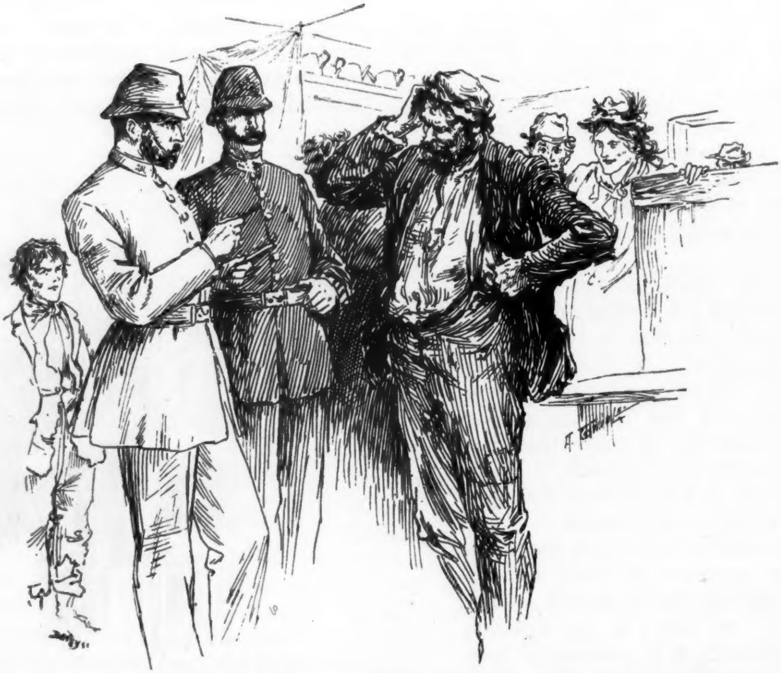


"'How do you know you are going to stop here to-night?' she retorted" mad dog, rubbing their smarting eyes and sneezing loudly in chorus. Ingenious host! Never was a more effective method devised of compelling tramps to turn out to time. The clever "padding ken" proprietor certainly had to abandon it. One morning a sturdy vagrant, objecting to be roused in so unpleasant a fashion, seized that inventive genius by the neck and left him for dead. But that is a mere detail.

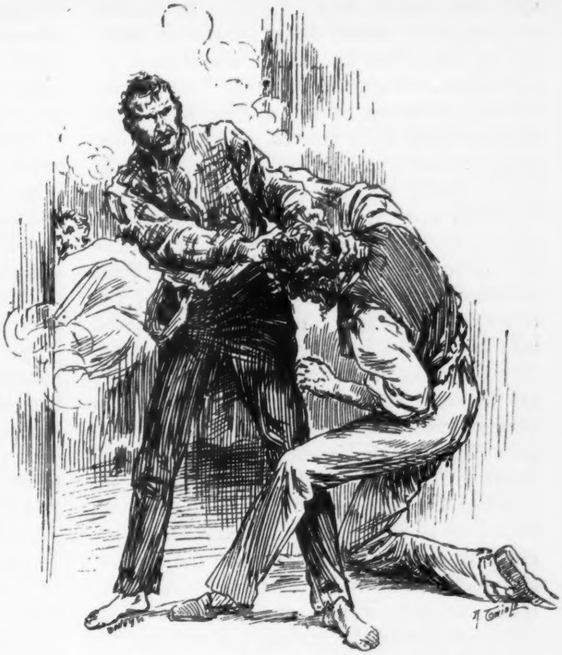
That the tramp is as loth to retire as to get up is not surprising. The sleeping side of the road lodging-house is truly horrible. Sometimes the walls upstairs are black as coal, being tarred from floor to ceiling; the bedding is almost invariably filthy; and often "guests" are exposed to cruel, cutting draughts from grateless fireplaces and windows lacking many panes of glass. When a man does go to bed, therefore, he is frequently unable to drop off to sleep until after daybreak, and, not having obtained much rest by six or eight o'clock, he is naturally reluctant to rise promptly.

But, whether he has had any repose or not, he must bestir himself. If he is ill, he is allowed a little grace, but even then he is soon got rid of, being packed off to the workhouse at the earliest opportunity. A hawker, with plenty of "swag" or stock, is in some cases permitted to keep his bed for a day or two, because he can pay in kind, if not in cash, for the accommodation. A well-known Leicester lodging-house keeper, too, is always very considerate to those wayfarers who are stricken down with illness in his large establishment. If one of his patrons dies on the premises or in the workhouse, he is buried, not by the poor-law authorities, but at the expense of the kind-hearted landlord. Generally, however, the lot of the sick nomad is hard indeed. Helpless, friendless, alone in the world, he is to be commiserated, if ever man is.

By about nine o'clock the tramp, having meanwhile breakfasted, begins to get ready for the road. The kitchen then wears its busiest aspect. Single men contribute little to the hurry and bustle. Having no travelling kit, and being unable to shave, or even to brush the dirt from their boots—for nothing in the way of toilet requisites, except,



"'Oh, I'm a hot-cross bun baker, I am, and our society won't let us work at anything else'" perhaps, a towel, is provided by lodging-house keepers—they are soon dressed. It is the "couples" who give animation to the scene. Unlike the other class of roadsters, they make elaborate preparations for business. The fathers, if they enact the rôle of the British Workman Unemployed, look up basses and aprons, as well as polish their boots with finical nicety; the mothers swill the children with a scrupulous regard for cleanliness, curl their straggling locks with infinite artistic care, and put them on clean pinafores which they have washed overnight; and then make their own toilet, often simultaneously drilling into their offspring lessons in the theory and practice of trampism. Few actors give more thought to "make-up" than do these females. Never do they overlook a single detail likely to soften the heart of the public. In every sense they are the worst class of the great vagrant community.



"Seized that inventive genius by the neck"

As soon as the lodgers are ready for the road, they set off and go their several ways, and when ten o'clock comes, the kitchen is deserted, save, perhaps, for an old "Bible thumper," who can afford a day's rest. Glad indeed are most of the single vagrants to be in the open air again, for "padding ken" life is a great trial, the greatest trial to which roadsters are subjected. Money in plenty is made out of tramps' hotels, and yet as little as possible is done for the comfort of those who patronise them.

PAGES FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL IN THE CRIMEA

By the late Sir GEORGE H. B. MACLEOD, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., etc.
Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow

CONCLUDING PAPER

SINCE the armistice we can ride down the whole length of the Tchernaya, and by the head of the harbour, which is very beautiful. The high, wild rocks are cut into caves and chapels, and above them the grey battlements of a ruined castle look down as they have done for ages. The sedgy banks are merry with the sparkling stream, and the heads of sportsmen pop up every here and there from the reeds as they stalk the numerous wild fowl. Upwards, the level banks wind among the hills, and downwards the stream falls into the shining harbour. Russians, French and English fraternise with wonderful cordiality, by means of the usual "bono" dialect. Presents are exchanged, and often passed across the river by curious contrivances. Small things are thrown made up in clay, while the larger are floated on the stream, and guided by cord. The officers willingly exchange swords and belts, and the men sell their little crosses. The Russians, generally, are great hulking fellows, with flat, coarse faces, though some more *distingué* at times appear. All are dressed in the ugliest and worst made clothes it is possible to conceive. One officer sang "Rule Britannia" and the Emperor's hymn, the other day. He spoke English perfectly, and said his mother had been a Scotch woman. The Cossacks are the worst of them. They are big and strong enough, but most uncivilised and wild-looking. The most miserable Highland shelty would be a superb warhorse to the majority of their chargers, and, perched on high saddles, with their knees drawn up to their chins, and their long, grey coats spread over the flanks of the ponies, and with lance in hand, these great, dirty louts canter their hairy rats of horses about in an extraordinary manner. They look, for all the world, like the troop one would expect to find crowning the cliffs of a newly discovered and savage island; with bows and arrows they would be complete.

All along the river, among the sedges and bushes, as well as on the green hill sides above, numberless dead bodies lie bleaching in sun and rain. They have lain there since the battle of Inkermann, in the line of retreat from which this part of the Tchernaya lies. Trying to drag their wounded bodies to the water, the poor wretches died miserably. They lie sometimes alone, at other times in groups. Bones and tattered clothes map out the outline of a human form on the grass. High up, under the rocks, in crevices and drains, and among the bushes, they lie in heaps. In some sheltered spots their bodies are undecayed, and, though dry like mummies, their features are quite distinct. Many of them must have died of starvation. Being able to crawl so far, they might have been saved if discovered. What misery, pain, and despair must have existed here! In the cold haze of that November morning they dragged their mangled bodies into these lonely retreats, and who knows for how many days in cold and rain and hunger they may have looked hopelessly for aid. Their pouches and water-cans lie beside them, and in many cases their boots still contain their severed feet. Over such piles the wondering and thoughtless crowd of comrades and enemies laugh and make merry in the sunshine. The peace has come too late for them.

There have been many gay conferences among the Generals. It looks like a coming peace. On March 14th I was an interested spectator of one of those at Trakir Bridge, and a most gay scene it was. A marquee was pitched for them to meet in. No half-clothed Russians came there, but all those who appeared came dressed in the most gorgeous uniforms, and mounted on the handsomest horses. Some had white tunics fringed with black fur, others were in light blue and silver, and some Cossack orderlies were dressed in scarlet—coat and cap profusely decorated with gold. Most of them had the long grey overcoat suspended to their shoulders, with which we are so familiar, and contrasted strangely with their comrades, who were twisting and turning to keep themselves warm under the cold shadow of the distant hills, in rags and tatters. A lady also graced the scene in a drosky. The group formed by the Russians and the officers of the allied armies, representing as these did almost every corps, was brilliant in the extreme. The picturesquely dressed Zouaves, who kept the ground, formed a fitting setting to the picture. On the hillside, rising tier above tier, as if in a theatre, numerous spectators looked on. The allied generals rode back a short way with the Russians, and when the conference broke up there was a regular helter-skelter of all sorts and conditions, on every shape of pony, through the river and over the plain after them.

March 16th.—Another great English review—horse, foot and artillery. A most animated and brilliant sight.

March 18th.—A frost so keen that it shaves you. My beastly chimney has got so "thrawn" that it will neither be commanded nor coaxed, so I have to go without a fire. I had in despair to break up my solitary box to cook my food for breakfast.

The Russian officers are all about, and a very nice set they prove to be. Most of those who come here are most polished gentlemen and speak French and English.

March 25th.—Spring again has got the upper hand, and has for the moment dispelled the frost. All is again life and happiness. On Sunday there was a grand salute fired because of the birth of the "Prince Imperial." The ninety guns made a great row. All Horse Artillery, and they galloped and wheeled and fired, and worked themselves into a frenzy on the heights beyond us for a long time. The "Grey Battery" of 32-pounders, with twelve grey horses, four abreast, was a splendid sight. The French also blew away a great deal of powder.

I have sold my big Gothic horse; may his new owner have peace! He constantly reared up when mounted, and once fell over, giving me hardly time to jump off. His mane and tail have lately disappeared, and his ribs have become painfully apparent, so with his high ridge of a backbone he looked like a miniature Gothic cathedral. I need hardly say I let him go cheap.

March.—Easter Monday. The day of the long-talked-of races. The roads were crowded with men in every conceivable uniform, and every possible horse. About 40,000 spectators covered every point of vantage. They were held in the plains of Tchernaya, now green with the young spring grass. The leaps for the steeplechase were very stiff, and to watch the flights of the horses going over them like india-rubber balls was very beautiful. The many colours among the crowd mixed and mingled like the threads in a web shot by a shuttle. The Russians crowded their own side of the river but did not cross. A dirtier looking lot it would have been difficult to find.

Many most amusing scenes occurred. Several Frenchmen went head-foremost into the water leap. One fat podgy fellow with a gay scarf tied round his waist rode manfully at the brook, but when his horse got to the edge it put its legs straight out before it and shot the gay cavalier into the muddy water. Nothing daunted, he came out all dripping, mounted and repeated the trick again and again with the utmost gravity and amidst the shouts of laughter of a great crowd, which took no further heed of the ruck of horses which had passed, but were content to see the stubborn little Frenchman try it again. It was in the energy with which he rode up to the inevitable that much of the fun lay. His legs and arms worked like windmills and he swore frantically, and then, after all this storm, came the sudden stop, and the little man either went straddle on the beast's neck or, what was more common, plunged with outstretched arms into the ditch. After a dozen falls and no result he gave it up by administering a good licking to his horse and selling him then and there by auction. Some horses never tried to go over but jumped high into the air and came down with an awful splash into the middle of the water. I was quite sore with laughing. Bands of music, flags, booths, grand stand, everything contributed to make the scene most pleasant. The day was "everything that could be desired."

April 4th.—There go the 101 guns on the signing of peace. The dream is over and only the shouting remains.

April 7th.—Reviews, races, picnics crowd upon us. We cannot get into the Russian lines. Willie Young passed ten days with me and left two days ago. His society was most agreeable and he helped greatly to cheer up the hut.

The rats are much less numerous. There has been a terrible war of extermination waged for some time against them. We give luncheon parties (the polite drink, by the way, is Mareschino!), stop the outside rat holes, raise the floor boards, and slay them. We killed fifty-two in a hut near mine. They burrow into recesses in the soil which are so shallow that their tails stick out. When they are caught the skin comes away and a white twig, like a small branch of willow from which the bark has been peeled, remains. It is not pretty, but I admire a rat greatly when it is dead. This Russian rat is a black, ugly monster, and armies of them have come up from the town since it has been destroyed. They have been met in the ravines in solid masses marching up to the camp. Lord Alex. Russell has the most extraordinary courage in dealing with them. He puts his bare hand into their holes and pulls them out, places them in a bag and carries them into the open, and then making a circle of men and dogs he shakes them out, and *then* what a row. One night, during winter, a queer terrier came timidly into my hut and lay down by the fire. He had a villainous squint, and was not very intelligent or companionable but I let him remain. He had, however, no taste for the rats, and after-trying to put up with them for a time he gave it up and departed into space as he came, without causing me any deep or abiding sorrow.

Young and I were ambitious to cook some "new thing," but our attempts all came to grief. A pudding of his was a gross imitation of a poultice. Irish stew and a rough (very rough) curry were our best attempts, and when one was hungry appeared to be almost perfect. I worked the stew by putting the meat, potatoes, fat or butter, and a bucket of onions into a pot with a little water, and leaving it to stew all day. When the gong sounded, the pot was put on the table, a *big* jelly mug was filled with beer, which a king of men, called Byass (*not* Bass), has sent out in shiploads, half a loaf was told off to each man, and with a short grace we set to. The pot was dived into and luck decided whether it was to be meat or potato. It was, however, in the last clearing out of the *mash* at the bottom, where the potatoes, onions (oh how jolly!), grease and meat juice abounded, that the glories of the ragout lay, and round which the memory dwelt.

April 9th.—Been over the Mackenzie Heights, which we have so long looked at from afar. The Russian encampment was a horror. Their underground huts became saturated with typhus, and the smell of the place filled my nostrils for days. No wonder they lost 120,000 with camp typhus. Such a place to live in for months of winter weather! The Emperor of Russia, who brought on all this terrible campaign, should have been brought with all his court, and tethered there for a month or two when his "generals," January and February, were in command.

We saw the Cossacks do some very pretty pieces of horsemanship. Riding full tilt, they leaned over so as to touch the ground with their hands. The men generally were a strong, thick-set, dirty lot, with Calmuck faces as flat as a plate, and without a ray of intelligence. From the height the view over all the position of the Allies and away to the sea was superb. No wonder they knew all we did, and that their telegraph was constantly busy. They might have seen what we had for dinner.

April 12th.—Hot weather has fairly set in, so much so that the recollections of winter are now not so doleful, and frost does not appear so terrible an affair. Tubs are now possible, and also undressing to go to bed.

April 13th.—Rode across to Belbec. The valley must have been very pretty before it knew war. Our army passed this way in that extraordinary flank march from the Alma to Balaclava, and was then within a few miles (though they did not know it) of Sebastopol on its north side, and might have walked into it unopposed, as the Russians were quite disorganised and unprepared, but the chance was lost, and Todleben, with the genius of a god, kept us out. No doubt it was best, as things have turned out, because the Russians were far more used up by having to send all the troops and stores so far, especially in winter, than if we had captured the place and had had to follow them. It has leaked out that they lost a whole army of 40,000 men in the snow and cold in the winter at Pericope.

In returning we went over the north side with its marvellous batteries and intricate lines of defence. Forts Constantine and Catherine, and the Star Fort were very massive, and all the earthworks were superbly finished.

The frogs in the marshes at the head of the harbour were giving a grand concert as we passed, but a few weeks afterwards there was not a croak, as the French had got among them, and, as they proved to be the genuine green frog of the *gourmet*, they were soon fished out, and brought up to camp for sale dangling from sticks. That concert was, like the swans', their dying dirge.

April 17th.—To-day we have enjoyed a sight never to be forgotten. General Lüders, who commands in the Russian lines, and a strong staff of all their notables, came over to see a review of the whole Allied Army. The General is a fine, soldier-like man of about fifty, who reminded me much of Dr. Hunter of the Andersonian. He was attended by a troop of the Blue and Grey, and one of the Red and Green Cossack regiments. The French put 120,000 men on and we 60,000. The French formation was so ridiculously loose that they took hours to march past, while our men came away like a wall, so closely were they "locked," and so magnificently did they march. The contrast was perfectly absurd all round. Our men fat and jolly, clean and smart. The French, poverty-stricken and shabby like the "supers" in a theatre. The whole country seemed in motion, and the glint and tinsel of war could not have been better seen. The Highlanders, drawn up in two long columns facing inwards, so as to make a lane up which that magnificent staff as large as a cavalry regiment, and glittering in all the hues of the rainbow, advanced, was a sight their country might well be proud of. As they presented arms, the lines marked out by the steel bayonets, the head-dresses with the various coloured "heckles," the red coats, the kilts and the white gaiters was beyond expression effective. Whatever the kilt may be for a campaigning dress it is unrivalled for a review. The whole looked so strong and steady that a coldness and an awe crept over one as you felt that you were in the presence of the personification of war in its strength and might.

The march past was glorious. Regiment after regiment swept past like solid blocks of variegated marble, wall after wall as straight and steady as if cut out of stone; only the flash of the feet in a long line, rising and falling in perfect unison. The whole mighty machine went past in its various forms and divisions, each as perfect as the other, and the combination as complete as I suppose was ever seen. Pellisier and Della Marmora, Lüders and the Hetman of the Cossacks, stood beside our Commander-in-Chief. Some of the Russians were thatched with orders.

Many other reviews and military pageants followed in anticipation of the separation.

I alone have got the clasp for Sebastopol of all those who were not born in the purple, *i.e.*, who belong to the regular army, and it has been given me "on account of having been under fire on several occasions."

April 27th.—Got my "warning" to be ready to take the road home. I am very sorry now that it has really come. The weather is perfect, and we have nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves.

Before leaving camp, I should have said, we were told to take all our horses down to a fair which was to be held with the Russians at the Tchernaya, for we were told that we must sell them as none were to be allowed to go home in the transports. This order came, too, after we had been made very shortly before to supply ourselves with our full allowance in case of a march inland. I had two ponies and a "charger." For the last I had paid £40, and £15 for each of the ponies. Well, the Russians, knowing that we *must* sell, would give almost nothing for the beasts; so I only obtained £8 for my *three*, with an almost new Peats' saddle and bridle which had alone cost me £9![*] But what made the affair wholly absurd was that when I went to change the paper money I got in payment at Sympheropol, where we were told we should get full value, we had to drop 15 francs in the 100 or go without. So it was too evident what a sell the whole thing was.

The chief of the Russian hospital at Sympheropol told me that they had had over 10,000 operations in Sebastopol during the siege, and had lost 200,000 men in the trenches. He thought that the war had cost them 800,000 men in all, and that 40,000 men had perished in the snow in the Steppes.

Sailed on May 13, 1856, in the *Star of the South*, Captain Frain, a ship with 600 tons of powder in her, Captain Messenger, 28th Regt., besides Dr. Rooke and myself. The camp is in motion, and though we all suffered much on that dreary plateau, yet, I think, few did not regret the leaving or the breaking up of so many pleasant companionships.

May 18th.—After a week's tacking and wrestling with the elements, we have got into the Bosphorus without being blown up. If the powder had developed its "potential energy," Rooke and myself, not to say the ship and the rest of the crew, would have gone to the stars in atomic molecules, but it was not to be; so we arrived at length in Stamboul to find the hotels and streets crowded with "heroes" on their way home. What a burst of swagger there will be! What a mass of pent-up self-esteem the steamers carry away swaddled in old stained red coats and ponderous boots! Most of these men, however, came out quite lately, and some of them never saw a shot fired, while what long rows of silent graves cover thousands whose sacrifice made the glory and honour they have not lived to reap.

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[*] I afterwards, on representing this in London, got £30 paid me for my loss.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR APRIL

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

FIRST SUNDAY

THERE is nothing which more really distinguishes one man from another than the prevailing tone of their several ways of thinking. We have diverse features, tongues, customs, ranks, occupations, and all of these cause distinctions of one kind or other, mainly superficial on the whole. They may separate people so that they can have little or no intercourse together, and yet they do not go very deep, or imply any radical difference of character. It is otherwise, however, with our general tone and habit of thought. Diversity there indicates the existence of qualities and tendencies which are not superficial, but affect our whole being. Thus, *e.g.*, the bent of one mind is conservative, of another progressive; or this man has the literary instinct, that the scientific; and the whole drift of their thoughts is profoundly influenced by their essentially different ways of looking at things. There is nothing wrong in that. Each is only obeying the law of his own nature. Yet it may well keep them far apart, so that the one shall hardly comprehend how the other can think or act as he does.

But the diversity becomes still more significant when moral differences take the place of mental variations. The conservative mind may have as noble and worthy aims as the progressive. The one may strive to keep what of good we have attained, while the other may be reaching forth in search of better things to come. But when the moral element itself comes into play, it produces the widest divergence, and the quality of our thoughts becomes truly of infinite moment. From that point of view the things that chiefly occupy our minds are often more significant than the things we commonly do. For our outward life, our ordinary line of action, may be very much the same as that of our neighbours who belong to the same class of society or the same religious community. We are all under the same social influences and restraints. The same claims of respectability make their demands upon us all alike. As a rule, therefore, we all behave very much in the same way, because we are expected to do so, and would suffer in credit and character if we did not. As professing Christians we all go to church, and observe the Sabbath, and contribute more or less to missions and charities, and maintain generally the same proprieties of outward behaviour. Some, of course, are more strict than others, but none of us can afford quite to neglect these things. Just so also the various classes of society have their several ideas of what is becoming, and are generally careful to observe them. Professional men have their own standard of honour, and rarely indeed depart from it. Working men have their own view of what is fit and proper for them, and in the main they observe it. So the conduct of all is shaped in much the same moulds of custom, and if any depart from that custom they have, sooner or later, pretty heavy penalties to pay.

Yet underneath this visible sameness, when you get at their inner thoughts, you may well find that the real men are as different as it is possible to imagine. The moulds of conduct may be alike, and yet the metal poured into them may be as fine gold in one case, and as brass or iron in another. The merest glimpse into their minds, when at times you can obtain it, discovers to you perhaps a state of things there which you could never have dreamt of from any observation of their conduct. For many of them have no idea and no desire but what is utterly worldly and selfish. All their conduct is regulated on the principle that they should do whatever is profitable, whatever will pay, whatever is safe, whatever will advantage themselves, whether it injure others or no. They may be in church, or at the Communion table, but if you could search their minds you would find that these, which are the common staple of their thoughts, cleave to them still even there. Again, there are others whose minds are always occupied with the fashions and frivolities of the little world in which they live, and how to cut a better figure there, and be more considered and admired, and achieve the kind of success which it esteems; and whatever they be doing, these are the things that they desire—the thoughts that they clasp to their hearts. Yea, and there are even some, who yet conduct themselves much as their neighbours do, of whom, could you but get into their souls, you might truly say that whatever is false or dishonourable or unjust, whatever is impure and unlovely and to be hated, these are the very things their thoughts are chiefly busied about. Happily there are also some people, in whose company you could not find yourself for a chance half-hour without feeling that their minds are, not merely now and then, but habitually, occupied with things of high concern. It is not natural to them to take a low or merely worldly view of any matter; they live and move and have their being in another and purer atmosphere. It is revolting to them to be brought into contact with base or ignoble thoughts, nor will they let their minds be soiled with them for a moment. To them it is nothing that a practice is profitable, or safe or fashionable. They have quite other tests that they must apply before they will have anything to do with it. Is it true? is it honourable? is it right? is it pure, or lovely, or praiseworthy?—these are the kind of questions that habitually occupy their minds, and whatever subject almost is broached to them, sooner or later it is lifted up into these higher relations, and tried by the standard of moral rectitude and beauty. It is an inspiring thing to come across one of that stamp: other men drag the highest things down to the mire; he raises the commonest to the level of things divine.

SECOND SUNDAY

It is this elevated tone of mind, then, that the Apostle desires the Philippians to cultivate, in the first instance. It was not enough that they should be careful about their outward conduct, their behaviour before men. That might suit the Pharisees, who were abundantly diligent to "wash the outside of the cup and platter." But Paul, like his Master, had no liking for "whited sepulchres." He was far indeed from indulging in such uncharitable judgments as we sometimes hear, far from insinuating that well-behaved people would be found to be no better than the wicked if we could only read their hearts. On the contrary, he gave them credit for being what they appeared to be, unless something in their conduct discovered the hollowness of their pretence, and compelled him to rebuke it. Yet just because he had so great a love for those Philippians, he could not but press home this truth on their minds, that their thoughts were even of more consequence than their actions, and that all their well-ordered lives would go for nothing with the Heart-searcher if their ideas were ignoble and their aims were unworthy. Therefore he exhorted them to see carefully to their thoughts, that they were always and supremely occupied about things true and honourable and righteous, things pure and lovely and of good report.

These six different qualities appear to fall naturally into two sets, with three of them in each set, and the phrase that follows, "if there be any virtue, if there be any praise," seems to characterise the first set as being specially virtues, and the second as praiseworthy and attractive. The former speaks of moral vigour, and the latter of moral beauty.

As to the first set of qualities, "what is true, what is honest or rather honourable, and what is righteous," they are all to be taken in the broadest sense in which these words can be used. When we are called to think about what is true, *e.g.*, it is not meant that we are always and only to concern ourselves about "the truth as it is in Jesus." That may well be the supreme object of our meditations, because it is the highest and weightiest matter with which we can have to deal, carrying issues of infinite moment to every soul that lives. We cannot be thinking rightly about whatsoever things are true if we give a secondary place to this, the grandest of all verities that can occupy our minds. But truth of all kinds is precious, and every lie is pernicious, and one of the foremost things to be considered about any matter is whether it be true or false. Moreover, in reflecting on what is true we may well have to consider whether we ourselves are true, whether the words we speak, and the deeds we do are sincere and single-minded, for there is no such "dead fly in the apothecary's ointment" as a lack of truth in the inward parts. The truth about God, then, the truth about ourselves, and truth of all kinds, surely it were well that our thoughts should be concerned about that. "Buy the truth, and sell it not," buy it at my cost, and sell it for no price whatever. Let not your soul for one moment consent to palter with the truth, or to take shelter in a lie. Whatsoever things are true, think on these things.

Further, Paul would have us to consider also whatsoever things are honest, or rather honourable, for matters of honesty come properly under the next head—viz., things that are "righteous." The idea frequently attached to what is reckoned honourable, or dishonourable, conduct is certainly not what the Apostle had in his mind. For according to the conventional use of this term, an action may be honourable which yet is far from moral, and one may deem himself dishonoured by doing only what is right. Yet, however the code of honour may be degraded by worldly men, the Apostle recognises here that there are things by which a right-minded man would feel himself degraded if he did them—would feel that he would not be acting worthily, but would bring shame and self-reproach on himself. There is a self-respect which is due to one's own character, and anything which lowers it is surely to be shunned. Of course it is well to be humble, and to think as little as possible about one's self, especially not to be touchy about our honour, which in the main will take care of itself. Yet it is also well to think of what is honourable, what is worthy of our Christian character, what will "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour," and give no occasion to the adversary to mock. A brave, simple, manly character will be honoured of all men, and he will do well who thinks often how to maintain it.

The last of this set of virtues is justice, or in its larger sense, righteousness. Our Christian faith binds us over to lead an upright life—just, honest, faithful in all things. Moral integrity must rule in all that we do. If our religion does not make us honest and upright, it is very little worth, whatever comfort it brings us, and whatever hopes it allows us to cherish. The common staple of every-day morality at least should be found in every man professing godliness. Stealing, cheating, roguery, every kind of wrong or injustice, not so much as a shadow of these should be found in the Christian's life; for his thoughts should lift him up above the suspicion of such conduct, and make it wholly impossible to him. Whatsoever things are right, let us fix our thoughts on them, so constantly, so unchangeably that the very idea of doing otherwise cannot even enter our minds.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE former set of themes for Christian thought embraced the more severe class of virtues which lie at the foundation of moral character. Truth, honour, righteousness are objects of highest concern which have a foremost claim on the attention of all men. No one who neglects them can be giving heed to his own spiritual well-being, and I think it were impossible to be thinking too much or too earnestly about them.

Yet the second group of qualities is not less necessary for the completeness of Christian character. They present, not so much its severe virtues, as its beautiful attributes—the things that call forth our praise. Things pure, things lovely, things of good report—*i.e.*, winning and attractive—these also the Apostle would have us to think of, and to keep our minds in right tone by shrinking from anything that would lessen their influence over us.

Whatsoever things are pure, stainless, leaving no trace of defilement on our souls, these are to be cherished in our hearts, and all of a different kind to be watchfully excluded. Impure thoughts had already been declared by our Lord to be equivalent to impure deeds, for "He that looketh on a woman to lust after hath committed adultery with her in his heart." I allow, indeed, that involuntary suggestions may arise in the mind, and be at once arrested and cast out. Yet even these are so far defiling, and the thoroughly pure heart will not be visited by them any more than a thoroughly honest man is troubled by suggestions to steal. Still if the will consent not to its presence, but resolutely rejects and gets rid of it, doubtless such involuntary thought is not exactly equivalent to wilful wrong-doing. On the other hand, "out of the heart proceedeth everything that defileth a man," and if the impure thought is cherished, or even quietly let alone, it will go hard but that, sooner or later, it will lead to impure conduct. Therefore the Apostle would have us to set our thoughts fixedly on whatsoever things are pure. It is the part of a follower of Jesus to keep his mind clean, and to be holy for God is holy.

Not less is it necessary to reflect on the things that are lovely or lovable, and to cherish them with all care. There are many beautiful qualities embraced under this head, more than we can well enumerate. It is lovely to have a sweet temper, to be gentle towards all men, to be patient with the weak and pitiful to the suffering, to be kind and courteous, to sympathise with one another in sorrow or in joy, to be forgiving and merciful, to be more ready to serve than to lord it over others, to be meek and lowly, and slow to take offence. Nothing so lovely as a loving heart. Yet these qualities will not grow to any fulness if we are not often thinking about them, and watchful to root out any upspringing of their opposites. There are few or none who are naturally lovely in every respect, though some are certainly more so than others. It needs constant thoughtfulness to check outbreaks of an unlovely spirit in one shape or other.

The "things of good report," or more properly the things that are winning and attractive, do not, it seems to me, point to a separate class of virtues, but rather indicate generally that if there be anything else, besides purity and loveliness, which would make the Christian life attractive, we are to think also of that. Whatever would lead people to dislike that life is to be avoided, because in itself it is winning, and we ought to present it in such a form as to get a good report of it among those that are without. We have no right to make it repulsive. Let us remember what has been called "the sweet reasonableness of Jesus," and let us think how we can reproduce His character and attract others to His cause.

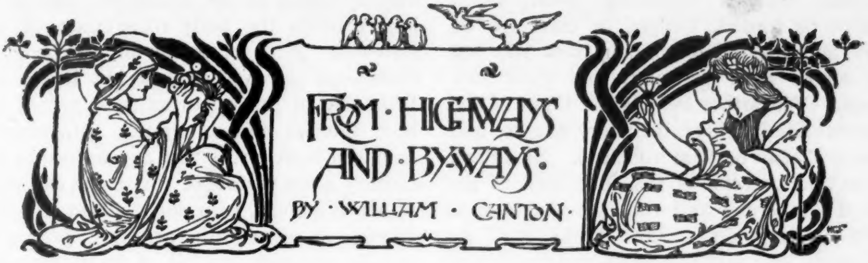
For, of course, we are not only called to think of these things, but also to do them. They are not merely to be the subjects of our constant meditation, but also the objects of our steadfast endeavour. Always the true thought must be translated into the true action, the right spirit into a right life. But just as there are men whose outward behaviour is fair enough to look at, while yet their minds are filled with mean and unworthy ideas, so also there are others—not so many, perhaps, but yet some—whose thoughts are just and true and pure, while yet their actual lives are far from being what might be expected of those who have such lofty ideals. In both these ways it is possible to dissociate the outer conduct from the inner spirit. Those of a fine nature, who are incapable of thinking base thoughts, have nevertheless at times such broken and powerless wills that they are constantly doing things which cover them with self-reproach and shame. That is deplorable weakness, to say the least of it. Let it be your steadfast endeavour, then, not only to think of such things, but also to do them. We must not dishonour the name of our Master either by an ignoble spirit, or by unworthy actions. It is vain to approve what is excellent if we consent to what is not. Remember your great Exemplar, in whose thoughts the prince of this world found nothing akin to his own, and whose conduct no one could convict of any sin; and see that ye run your race, looking ever to Jesus, who is in all things our Example.

FOURTH SUNDAY

In the passage we have been considering we get a comprehensive view of the large demands which the Christian profession makes upon all who name the name of Jesus. There are but a few touches, yet the picture which they suggest has a wonderful breadth and strength and fulness. There is nothing superficial about it, nothing one-sided, but it is at once penetrating and complete. The man he sets before us is *one* alike in thought and in action, and he is not less heedful of the graces than he is of the virtues proper to such a character. Due prominence is given, as it always should be given, to the strenuous moral qualities which form the backbone of character; but the Apostle is equally careful to insist on those other attributes which clothe it with beauty and attractiveness. That is the ideal we are to aim at, and to be daily growing up to.

But how rarely do we find this actually realised! How seldom even do men appear to very heartily desire it! On the whole, I am persuaded that Christians do strive that their outer and their inner life should correspond—that their deeds should truly represent their desires, and that their thoughts should be discovered in their actions. They do not pretend to be what they are not. Hypocrites, no doubt, there are, but they know that they are play-acting, and that they are not followers of Him to whom that sort of character was, of all, the most abhorrent. But while genuine believers are careful both to do and to think what is good, and so far to aim at spiritual completeness, there are many sincere Christians who are very one-sided in their presentation of the different elements—the virtues and graces—which go to make up the perfect Christian manhood. Some, *e.g.*, give all diligence to see to the first class, and devote their constant thoughts to what is true, what is honourable, what is righteous, which also they are faithful to do. They fully allow the claims which these have, and are true and honourable and upright in all their ways. But, then, they are apt to be somewhat stern and hard. They practise a noble integrity, and we cannot but esteem them highly, but they do not clothe it with "the holy beauties," the pure and sweet and lovable qualities which are fitted to win our hearts. It is to such men that Paul alludes, I think, when he says "scarcely for a righteous man would one die." Their truth, their honour, their integrity are greatly to be admired and entirely to be trusted, but they are not, somehow, lovable, and not only would one be slow to die for them, but I fear most people would not wish to live very much in their company. They regard only one side of the Christian character, it may be the most essential, but it is not the most winning. On the other hand, there are others, quite sincere men in their way too, who give themselves almost exclusively to the things that are lovely and of good report. They are gentle and sweet in their manner, full of sympathy and benevolence, and they cultivate all that is pure and delicate and refined, till they come to have a singular charm for every one they meet. Yet under these amenities, not of external conduct only, but of inward mental habitude, it may well chance that there shall be a spirit not very staunchly true, or sensitively honourable, or strictly righteous. Thus it is possible almost wholly to divorce the Christian graces from their corresponding virtues, and to have, on the one hand, a person who is unpleasantly upright, and on the other one who is sweetly and amiably negligent.

I am persuaded that we do unspeakable harm to the cause of Christ by our failure in this respect. It is bad for ourselves thus to submit only half of our moral nature to the fashioning influence of the Holy Spirit. It greatly lessens our own joy and peace, but it still more weakens our influence on others for their good. Have you not heard, now and then, something said to this effect? "O you Christians, with your obtrusive virtues, always labouring to drill us into your way of thinking and acting! No doubt, you are good men, and want to make us all good, but how little sympathy you have! how little understanding of our temptations and difficulties! You are very excellent, but also very repelling. Your rigid severity of goodness makes us worse instead of better. Let us alone, as we let you." Yet, on the other hand, looking at a different class altogether, have you not also heard at times complaints of this sort? "Christians! Well, they are highly philanthropic and amiable, no doubt, but have they the strong fibre of moral integrity? The meek and soft and gentle elements of character may be cultivated a little too exclusively. They are very beautiful, of course, and attractive. But is there not something soft and flabby in your extremely amiable religious people? Can we depend on their truth? can we be sure of their honour? can we rely on their justice?" Of course, such things may be said when there is no real ground for them; but pretty often there is only too good cause for such accusations, and nothing does more harm to the cause of Christ than this. For men will judge, cannot but judge of it, not merely by its written records, but by what they see of it in our lives; and because we are so one-sided they are fain to regard it either as a harsh moral integrity, or an amiable moral laxity. Therefore they will have nothing to do with it, because they do not really see it, and they do not see it, because we are not fully living it—are hardly even trying to show what a perfect and beautiful thing it is.



FROM · HIGHWAYS AND · BYWAYS ·

BY · WILLIAM · CANTON ·

"THE Sundering Flood" is the last gift we may expect from the hand which gave us "The Life and Death of Jason," the incomparable legends of "The Earthly Paradise," and those prose works which are poems in all but form.* It is strange to reflect that in these strenuous and strident days of business and problems and spiritual conflict and dark uncertainties and traditions outworn, the "dreamer of dreams, born out of his due time," should have been able to remain a dreamer to the end—that in his sixtieth as in his thirtieth year his spirit should have found in a Romance wholly removed from that imperious self which pervades our modern fiction

> A bower quiet, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

For here we are in the region of the absolute ideal. In spite of the quaint map which shows us the course of the Sundering Flood from the Great Mountains to the City by the Sea, we know that the Wood Masterless and the Desert Waste, and East and West Cheaping, and Longryggs and Wethermel, and the Bight of the Cloven Knoll (where the lovers met and talked across the impassable river) exist nowhere save in the geography of the Land of Make-believe. And I do not think that the author was at all concerned that we should be convinced of the truth of his story. One supposes that he was content to share his day-dream with the reader; to create pictures of youth and courage and beautiful love, of fidelity and endurance and patience, of effort and achievement, and finally of success and happiness and a delightful peace at the close; but in no case is the reader to feel any of the deep disquiet of life, the anguish of loss, the desolation of defeat, the despair of failure. Of all these we have more than enough in our real world; why should we reproduce them in the vision of the crystal-gazer?

For my own part, so exquisite is the workmanship, so beautiful is the day-dream, that I have no fault to find with this kind of pure idealism; and yet when I observe what slight verbal changes would have altered the date of "The Sundering Flood" to the date, say, of "Lorna Doone," and when I perceive how easy it would have been to convert the mythical Steelhead into a veritable human ally—recollect Silver Sand in "The Raiders"—I almost regret that Mr. Morris preferred the Saga to the Romance. In other words, the average reader likes to be able to fancy, for the time being, not that this or that might have happened, but that it did actually so happen—and that it did happen so despite all one's own discouraging experience of the ups and downs of life.

After all, whatever one's preference may be, what a pure, sweet, tranquillising book it is! What a charm of imagination and what a wonderful music of English speech it contains! The light of romance plays on that great river which runs inland a hundred miles with such a flood that "the biggest of dromonds and round-ships might fare along it, and oft lay amid pleasant up-country places, with their yards all but touching the husbandman's stead," and on Sundays at high mass in the grey village church the lads and lasses were set dreaming of foreign lands by the sight of the tall masts showing dimly among the painted saints of the aisle windows. But it is not here, it is more than a hundred miles farther inland still that the river becomes truly a sundering flood, which cannot be forded, bridged or traversed by ferry, and the folk on either bank can but cry across their greetings and their new songs. Yet farther away is the Bight of the Cloven Knoll, where the story lingers, and where it may be said to close. Singularly sweet and graceful is this love idyll of the lad of Wethermel and the little shepherdess with the magic pipe. One thinks of all the old-world love idylls in verse and prose, and of some of the pleasant imaginings of more recent romance, and among them this holds its place, I will not say unrivalled, but distinct and rarely beautiful.

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* "The Sundering Flood." By William Morris. Longmans, Green & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*

After the manner of the Saga, there are swift feats of derring-do, righting of wrong, shattering of evil power, stern slaughter of knaves and miscreants. And the lad of Wethermel waxes mighty of his hands and wise in war-craft, and since he has dwarf-wrought weapons and strange unseen powers for friends, we have no fear for his future. We know that though his shepherdess has been carried off by the Red Skimmers, he will at last meet her and rescue her from her enemies, but what will be new and fresh and memorable will be the mode of telling how it all happened. And on the way will be encountered one of the great ideal knights, Sir Mark, a model of chivalry and gracious courtesy and unselfish devotion to womanhood. What figurative or allegorical significance may be readable into this picture of life I am unable to guess. I dare say it would not be difficult for an ingenious person to demonstrate that it has its high ethical teaching, but I must confess that I am content to take it all as simple Saga—full of fine colour and tenderness of thought and feeling. I had marked several passages for quotation, but I have already overrun my space. One phrase, however, sticks to me: "Though there may be somewhat to be won, yet on the other hand the pay may be little more than leave to do the work." That, too, is good money; often the best, and sometimes the only money.

I hope that the new edition of the volume of short stories, "In the Midst of Life,"* may be taken as an indication that it no longer needs the tardy recognition of any reviewer. And yet so few of the people I meet seem to have heard of Mr. Bierce that I am glad of this opportunity to record the keen interest and admiration with which I read the book on its first appearance in this country a few years ago. With the exception of Mr. Kipling's, I do not recollect any short stories so alive with arresting power, so vividly coloured, so full of fresh sensation as the best of these. It is the section entitled "Soldiers" which seems to me to contain the work of most noticeable power and originality. "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" is one of those masterpieces in which even the element of surprise scarcely suffers impoverishment on a second reading. No more hideous picture of war has ever been delineated than "Chickamauga," in which the pitiful innocence of a deaf and dumb child is thrown up in ghastly relief against the mutilated and agonising victims of a lost battle crawling to the creek for water and dropping dead on the way. Then one might particularise "One of the Missing" and "Parker Adderson, Philosopher," as two remarkable studies in widely different directions. I am not sure that these sketches do not convey a more poignant and overwhelming impression of the horror of warfare than even that astonishing *tour de force*, "The Red Badge of Honour." The tales of "Civilians" are also admirable in their own way, though it is a least unaccustomed way; still it is safe to say that no one who opens "In the Midst of Life" will voluntarily lay the book aside half-read.

And yet, horrible as war is and ever must be, who can read of the great battle-fields or the famous sea-fights of a nation without feeling a thrill of exultation and triumph? Is this a mere survival of the old hereditary impulse to harry and burn, a half-dormant brute appetite of the ages of violence and rapine? I can hardly think so. There *are* times and there *are* causes which fully justify, I will not say a vast homicidal deed, but that conflict which cannot be waged without the brutalities of sword and fire. There are worse things than war in the world; there are infinitely worse things than suffering and death; and among these may be reckoned the craven and immoral sacrifices which a nation may make to avoid war.

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* "In the Midst of Life: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians." By Ambrose Bierce. A new edition. Chatto and Windus. 3*s.* 6*d.*

To some it may appear no more than specious sophistry to deprecate and denounce warfare, and yet at the same time to read with a quickened pulse the chronicles of the gallant deeds which have built up and preserved our national greatness. I venture to take a different view. In an imperfect state of society, in a state so imperfect that the ideals and principles of public life fall notoriously short of those of private life, war has been, and will still continue to be, a possibility; and on our ability to front such a possibility our existence as an Empire and as a people will depend. That ability includes some of the finest faculties of our moral nature, and the author of the "Deeds that Won the Empire"* gives them due prominence—"heroic daring, heroic fortitude, loyalty to duty stronger than the love of life, the temper which dreads dishonour more than it fears death, the patriotism which makes love of the Fatherland a passion." Assuredly one may tell the old story of the battles of England "not to glorify war, but to nourish patriotism."

Mr. Fitchett's book is an admirable piece of work—vivid, truthful, condensed, excellently written, but the title seems somewhat inappropriate, unless it means that it was deeds *such as these* that won the Empire. Of all these great fights by sea and land some probably saved us from the peril of subjugation or extinction, but, unless I mistake, not one added a square foot of territory to our sway. Indeed, of the feats which did create that empiry whereon the sun never sets, not one is recorded; and this is the more to be regretted as an almost undue prominence is given to the Peninsular War. The period covered ranges from the capture of the Heights of Abraham to the Battle of Waterloo. In connection with the former it is interesting to recollect how, in the black hours before dawn, as the English boats drifted from Point Levi with 1700 troops, Wolfe recited Gray's "Elegy":

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour.
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave,

and added, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec." Notwithstanding all that has been written about Waterloo, Mr. Fitchett mentions a fact which is quite new to me, and which looks more like a detail in one of Mr. Bierce's stories than a matter of history:

> Wellington sent an aide-de-camp to ask General Hackett what square of his that was which was so far in advance. It was a mass of killed and wounded men belonging to the 30th and 73rd regiments that lay slain, yet in ranks, on the spot the square had occupied at one period of the fight, and from which it had been withdrawn.

There are in these pages several superb stories of naval victories, and they should be familiar to every schoolboy—whether it be the recapture of the *Hermione* in 1799, a mad feat worthy of the wild genius of Dundonald; the episode of Cochrane's fire-ships in the Basque Roads; the cutting-out of the *Chevrette* in Cameret Bay in 1801; the dramatic thirteen-minutes' tussle of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, or the mighty struggle of Trafalgar. And in connection with these splendid sea-stories, Mr. Fitchett has a paragraph which to one acquainted with the service must speak whole volumes:

> Nelson spent two years in battling with the fierce north-westers of the Gulf of Lyons, keeping watch over a great French squadron in Toulon, and from May 1803 to August 1805 left his ship only three times, and that for less than an hour on each occasion. The watch kept by Cornwallis off Brest, through summer and winter, for nearly three years, Mahan declares, has never, for constancy and vigilance, been excelled, perhaps never equalled, in the history of blockades. The hardship of these long sea-watches was terrible. It was waging a fight with weariness and brain-paralysing monotony, and cold and scurvy and tempest, as well as with human foes. Collingwood was once twenty-two months at sea without dropping anchor. In seventeen years of sea service—between 1793 and 1810—he was only twelve months in England.

Readers north of the Border, to whom the name of Robertson of Irvine is as familiar as admiration and love can make it, will be glad to know that Mr. Guthrie of Ardrossan has issued in a dainty and beautifully printed volume a selection of passages from the sermons and addresses of the great poet-preacher.* The task could have been undertaken by no one more capable than Robertson's best biographer. It is doubtless true that the printed page can never do justice to the living voice, the kindling eye, the impassioned face of the preacher, but even for those who never felt the spell of his eloquence these pages will be precious for their truth, beauty, and suggestiveness. They remind one of his own account of the difference between the Greek Temple and the Gothic Cathedral—they are "full of beckonings into the Infinite."

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* "Deeds that Won the Empire: Historic Battle Scenes." By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett ("Vedette"). With portraits and plan. Third Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

"Allegories"† is the simple and comprehensive title of the attractive volume dedicated by the Dean of Canterbury with a grandfather's love to the thirteen little children of his sons and daughters. Of the four stories it contains I venture to think that the schoolboys will be most interested in "The Basilisk and the Leopard"; but in each the narrative is spirited and ingeniously framed, and the significance of the allegory cannot perplex even the youngest, if he is helped to the meaning of the names of the *dramatis personæ*. Here as elsewhere the author is fluent and imaginative, and his eloquence is enriched with the fruits of illimitable reading and unfailing memory. To some it may seem that youthful readers may stumble over the numerous quotations. I am by no means sure of that: I have known very young readers to whom the quotations in "Pelham" used to be its chief attraction. Several of the illustrations are charming, though the artist's gifts seem to lie rather in the direction of sweetness than of strength.

In spite of a certain inequality in its contents, "Some Western Folk"‡ is a little book of quite exceptional achievement. Several of the stories are remarkable for their pathos and tragic intensity; they are excellently written, and there is not lacking the sense of comedy which is the salt of fiction. Miss Quiller Couch has the faculty of seeing the poignant drama which is so often played out unobserved under the mask of the commonplace, but I am not so certain that her experience includes the simple sweetness of quiet life, or the homely faith which gives serenity and patient contentment. Nevertheless, though we miss in these pages the tone of gladness, one may confidently look for much memorable work from the imagination which has realised "A Hard Woman," "The Righting of Lavinia," and "A Faith Cure."

There are strains of haunting music in Mrs. Shorter's little volume, "The Fairy Changeling."* "The Priest's Brother," "The Ballad of the Little Black Hound," "Banagher Rhue," and "The Fair Little Maiden," to mention no others, are genuine contributions to Irish folk minstrelsy, and many of the other poems have a charm which they owe to a simple emotion rather than to art. One of the most striking of these is the tenderly Celtic lyric "A Bird from the West" which sings outside the window in the grey dawn, and carries the listener's heart home to Ireland.

We lingered over Ulster stern and wild.
  I called: "Arise! doth none remember me?"
One turnèd in the darkness murmuring,
  "How loud upon the breakers sobs the sea!"

We rested over Connaught—whispering said:
  "Awake, awake, and welcome! I am here."
One woke and shivered at the morning grey:
  "The trees, I never heard them sigh so drear.'

We flew low over Munster. Long I wept:
  "You used to love me, love me once again!"
They spoke from out the shadows wondering:
  "You'd think of tears, so bitter falls the rain."

Long over Leinster lingered we. "Good-bye!
  My best beloved, good-bye for evermore."
Sleepless they tossed and whispered to the dawn:
  "So sad a wind was never heard before."

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* "Garnered Fruit: Passages from Sermons and Addresses delivered by Robertson of Irvine, poet-preacher." Selected by Arthur Guthrie. Ardrossan: A. Guthrie and Sons. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

† "Allegories." By Frederic W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury. With 25 illustrations by Amelia Bauerle. Longmans, Green & Co. 6*s.*

‡ "Some Western Folk." By Mabel Quiller Couch, Author of "The Recovery of Jane Varcoe." Horace Marshall and Son. 3*s.* 6*d.*

* "The Fairy Changeling and other Poems." By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). John Lane. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

BY GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

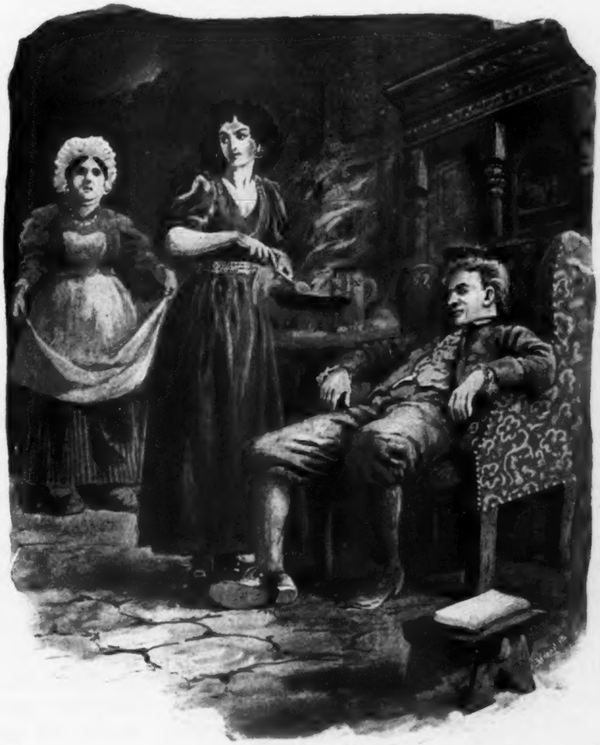
CHAPTER XV

THE house of Elie Mattingley the smuggler stood in the Rue d'Egypt, not far east of the Vier Prison. It was a little larger than any other house in the street, a little higher, a little wider, a little older. It had belonged to a jurat of some repute who parted with it to Mattingley not long before he died, on what terms no one had discovered. There was no doubt as to the validity of the transfer, for the deed was duly registered *au greffe*, and it said: "In consideration of one livre turnois," &c.; but not even the greffier believed that this was the real purchase money — and he was used to seeing strange examples of deed and purchase. Possibly, however, it was a libel against the departed jurat that he and Mattingley had had dealings unrecognised by customs laws, crystallising at last into this legacy to the famous pirate-smuggler.

Unlike any other house in the street, this one had a high stone wall in front, enclosing a small square paved with flat stones. In one corner of this square was an old ivy-covered well, with beautiful ferns growing inside its hood. The well had a small antique iron gate, and the bucket, which hung on a hook inside the hood, was an old open wine-keg — appropriate emblem for a smuggler's house. In one corner, girdled by about five square feet of green earth, grew a pear-tree, bearing large juicy pears, reserved solely for the use of a certain distinguished lodger—the Chevalier du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir.

In the summer the Chevalier always had his breakfast under this tree. It consisted of a cup of coffee made by his faithful châtelaine, Carterette, a roll of bread, an omelette, and two ripe pears. This was his breakfast while the pears lasted; when they were done he had the grapes that grew on the wall; and when they in turn were gone, it was time to take his breakfast indoors and have done with fruits and summering.

Occasionally one other person had breakfast under the pear-tree with the Chevalier.



"When he chanced to be there, Carterette herself usually cooked his breakfast"

This was Savary *dit* Détricand, whom the Chevalier met less frequently however than many people of the town, though they lived in the same house. Détricand had been but a fitful lodger, absent at times for a month or so, and running up bills for food and wine, of which payment was never summarily demanded by Mattingley, for some time or other he always paid. When he did pay, he never questioned the bill, and, what was most important, whether he was sober or "warm as a thrush," he always treated Carterette with respect; though they quarrelled often too, and she was not unsparing with her tongue, under slight temptation. Yet, when he chanced to be there, Carterette herself usually cooked his breakfast, for Détricand had once said that no one could roast a conger like her, and she had at once succumbed to the frank flattery. But Carterette did more. She gave Détricand good advice in as candid and peremptory a way yet with as good feeling as ever woman gave to man. He accepted it nonchalantly, but he did not follow it, for he had no desire to reform for the sake of principle, and he did not care enough for Carterette to do it from personal feeling. It was given to Guida Landresse to rouse that personal feeling, and on his own part he had made a promise to her; and he intended keeping it.

Despite their many differences and Carterette's frequent bad tempers, when the day came for Détricand to leave for France—when, sober and in his right mind, and with an air of purpose in his face, he sat down under the pear-tree for his last breakfast with the Chevalier, Carterette was very unhappy. The Chevalier politely insisted on her sitting at breakfast with them; a thing he had never done before. Ever since yesterday when Olivier Delagarde had appeared in the Vier Marchi, she had longed to speak to Détricand about him, but there had been no opportunity, and she had not dared do it with any obvious intention. Once or twice during breakfast, Maître Ranulph's name was mentioned, and Carterette listened with beating heart. Then the Chevalier praised Ranulph's father, and Détricand turned the conversation. Carterette noticed this.

She spent the rest of the day in wondering what Ranulph's trouble was, and in what way it was associated with his father. Towards evening she determined that she would go to Ranulph's house to see M. Delagarde. Ranulph was not likely to be there until sundown, when he would return from St. Aubin's, and no doubt his father would be at home.

She was just starting when the door in the garden wall opened, and Olivier Delagarde entered. The evening sun was shining softly over the house and the granite wall, which in the soft light was mauve-tinted, while the well-worn paving-stones looked like some choice mineral. Carterette was standing in the door as the old man entered, and when he doffed his hat to her she thought she had never seen anything more beautiful than the smooth forehead, white hair, and long beard of the returned patriot. That was the first impression; but as you looked closer you saw the quick, furtive, watery eye; and when by chance the moustache was lifted, the unwholesome, drooping mouth revealed a dark depth of depravity, and the teeth were broken, blackened, and irregular. There was, too, something sinister in the yellow stockings, luridly contrasting with the black knickerbockers and rusty blue coat.

At first Carterette was inclined to run towards the prophet-like figure—it was Ranulph's father; next she drew back with dislike—the smile was leering malice under the guise of amiable mirth. But he was old, and he looked feeble, so her mind instantly changed again, and she offered him a seat on a bench beside the arched doorway with the inscription above it:

> Nor Poverty nor Riches, but Daily Bread
> Under Mine Own Fig Tree.

In front of the bench was a table where Mattingley and Carterette were wont to eat their meals in summer, and in the table were round holes wherein small wooden bowls or trenchers were sunk. After the custom of the country, Carterette at once offered the old man refreshment. He asked for something to drink, and she brought him brandy—good old brandy was always to be got at the house of Elie Mattingley! Then she brought forth a fine old delft bowl, with handles like a loving-cup, reserved for honoured guests. It was full of conger-eel soup, and she fitted it into the hole occupied by the wooden trencher. As Olivier Delagarde drank Carterette noticed a peculiar, uncanny twitching of the fingers and eyelids.

The old man's eyes were continually watching, always shifting from place to place. He asked Carterette several questions. He had known the house years before—did the deep stream still run beneath it? Was the round hole still in the floor of the back room, from which water used to be drawn in old days? Yes, Carterette said, that was M. Détricand's bedroom now, and you could plainly hear the stream running beneath the house. Did not the noise of the water worry poor M. Détricand? And so it still went straight on into the sea—and, of course, much swifter after such a heavy rain as they had had the day before!

Carterette took him into every room in the house save her own and those of the Chevalier du Champsavoys. In the kitchen and in Détricand's bedroom, Olivier Delagarde's eyes were very busy. He saw that the door of the kitchen opened immediately into a garden with a gate in the wall at the back. He also saw that the lozenge-paned windows opened like doors, and were not securely fastened; and he tried the trap-door in Détricand's bedroom to see if the water flowed beneath, just as it did when he was young. . . . Yes, there it was running swiftly away to the sea!

At first Carterette thought it strange that Delagarde should show such interest in all this; but then, again, why should he not? He had known the house as a boy. Then he babbled all the way to the door that led into the street; for now he would stay no longer. He seemed in a hurry to be gone, nor could the suggestion that Elie Mattingley would soon return induce him to remain.

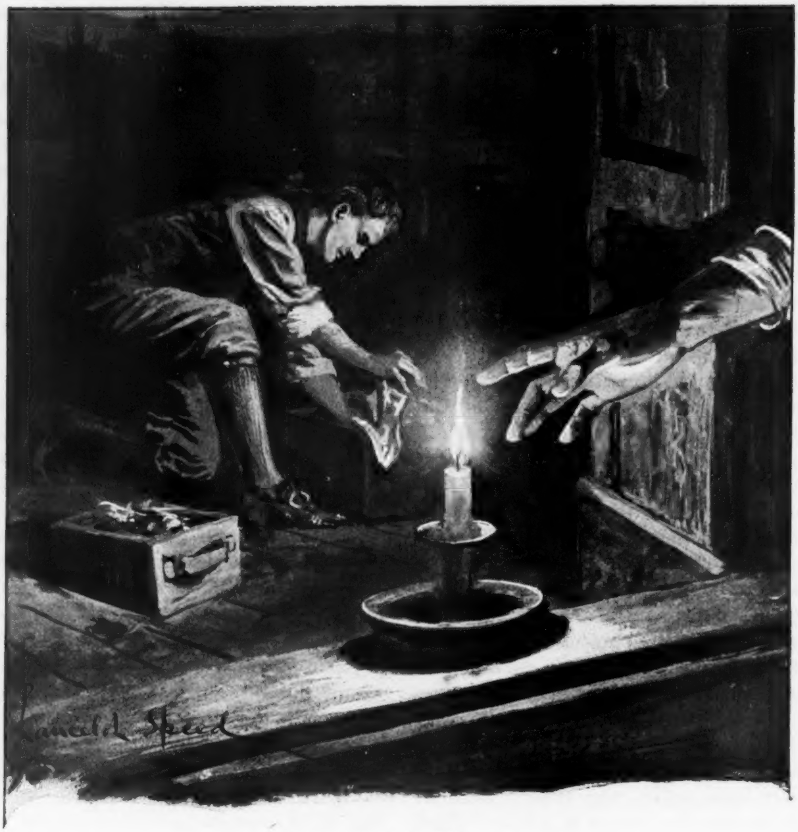
When he had gone, Carterette sat wondering why it was that Ranulph's father should inspire her with so much dislike. She knew that at this moment no man in Jersey was so popular as Olivier Delagarde. The longer she thought the more puzzled she became. No sooner had she got one theory than another forced her to move on. In the language of her people, she did not know on which foot to dance.

As she sat and thought, Détricand entered, loaded with parcels and bundles. These were mostly gifts for her father and herself; and for du Champsavoys there was a fine delft shaving-dish shaped like a quarter-moon to fit the neck. These were distributed, and then came the packing of Détricand's bags; and by the time supper was over, and this was done, it was quite dark. Then Détricand said that he would go to bed at once, for it was ten o'clock, and he must be up at three, when his boat was to steal away to Brittany, and land him near to the outposts of the Royalist army led by de la Rochejaquelein.

Détricand was having the best hour of an ill-spent life; he was enjoying that rare virtue, enthusiasm, which in his case was joined to that dangerous temptation, repentance with reformation: deep pitfalls of pride and self-righteousness. No man so vain as he who, having erred and gone astray, is now returned to the dazzling heights of a self-conscious virtue.

He was, however, of those to whom is given the gift of humour, which saveth from haughtiness and the pious despotism of the returned prodigal. He was going back to France, to fight in what he believed to be a hopeless cause, but the very hopelessness of it appealed to him, and he would not have gone if it were sure to be successful. In a prosperous cause his gallantry and devotion would not necessarily count for much; in a despairing one it might put another stone on the pyramid of sacrifice and chivalry. He was quite ready to have it out with the ravagers of France, and to pay the price with his life, if need be.

Now at last the packing was finished, everything was done, and he was stooping over a bag to fasten it. The candle was in the window. Suddenly a hand—a long, skinny hand—reached softly out from behind a large press, and swallowed and crushed out the flame. Détricand raised his head quickly, astonished. There was no wind blowing—the candle had not even flickered when burning. But then, again, he had not heard a sound; perhaps that was because his foot was scraping the floor at the moment the light went out. He looked out of the window, but there was only starlight, and he could not see distinctly. Turning round he went to the door of the outer hall-way, opened it, and stepped into the garden. As he did so, a figure slipped from behind the press in the bedroom, swiftly raised the trap-door in the flooring, then, shadowed by the door leading into the hall-way, waited for Détricand.



"A hand reached softly out"

Presently Détricand's footstep was heard. He entered the hall, stood in the doorway of the bedroom for a moment, while he searched in his pockets for a light, then stepped inside.

Suddenly his attention was arrested. There was the sound of flowing water beneath his feet. This could always be heard in his room, but now how distinct and loud it was! He instantly realised that the trapdoor was open, and he listened for a second. He was now conscious of some one in the room. He made a step towards the door, but it suddenly closed softly. He moved swiftly to the window, for the presence was near the door.

What did it mean? Who was it? Was there one, or more? Was murder intended? The silence, the weirdness, stopped his tongue—besides, what was the good of crying out! Whatever was to happen would happen at once. He struck a light, and held it up. As he did so some one or something rushed at him. What a fool he had been, he thought: the light had revealed his situation perfectly. But at the same moment came the instinct to throw himself to one side; which he did as the rush came. In that one flash he had seen—a man's white beard.

Next instant there was a sharp sting in his right shoulder. The knife had missed his breast—the sudden swerving had saved him. Even as the knife struck, he threw himself on his assailant. Then came a struggle for the weapon. The long fingers of the man with the white beard clove to it like a dead soldier's to the handle of a sword.

Once again the knife gashed Détricand's hand, and then he pinioned the wrist of his enemy, and tripped him up. The miscreant fell half across the opening in the floor. One foot, hanging down, almost touched the running water.

Détricand had his foe at his mercy. There was the first inclination to drop him into the stream, but that was put away as quickly as it came. Presently he gave the wretch a sudden twist, pulling him clear of the hole, and at the same moment wrenched the knife from his fingers.

"Now, Monsieur," said he, feeling for a light, "now we'll have a look at you."

The figure lay quiet beneath him. The nervous strength was gone, the body was limp, the breathing was that of a frightened man. The light flared. Détricand held it down, and there was revealed the face of Olivier Delagarde, haggard, malicious, cowardly.

"So, Monsieur the traitor," said Détricand, "so you'd be a murderer too—eh?"

The old man mumbled an oath.

"Hand of the devil," continued Détricand, "was there ever a greater beast than you! I held my tongue about you these eleven years past, and I held it yesterday and saved your paltry life, and you'd repay me by stabbing me in the dark—in a fine old-fashioned way too, with your trap-doors, and blown-out candle, and Italian tricks, and——"

He held the candle down near the white beard as though he would singe it.

"Come, sit up against the wall there and let me look at you."

Cringingly the old man drew himself over to the wall. Détricand, seating himself in a chair, held the candle up before him.

After a moment he said, "What I want to know is, how could a low-flying cormorant like you beget a gull of the cliffs like Maître Ranulph?"

The old man did not answer, but sat blinking with malignant yet fearful eyes at Détricand, who continued:

"What did you come back for? Why didn't you stay dead? Ranulph had a name as clean as a piece of paper from the mill, and he can't write it now without turning sick because it's the same name as yours. You're the choice blackamoor of creation, aren't you? Now, what have you got to say?"

"Let me go, let me go," whined the old man with the white beard. "Let me go, Monsieur. Don't send me to prison."

Détricand stirred him with his foot, as one might a pile of dirt.

"Listen," said he: "down there in the Vier Marchi they're cutting off the ear of a man and nailing it to a post, because he ill-used a cow! What do you suppose they'd do to you, if I took you down to the Vier Marchi and told them that it was through you Rullecour landed, and that you'd have seen them all murdered eleven years ago—eh, maître cormorant?"

The old man crawled towards Détricand on his knees. "Let me go, let me go," he whined. "I was mad; I didn't know what I was doing; I haven't been right in the head since I was in the Guiana prison."

At that moment it struck Détricand that the old man must have had some awful experience in prison, for now the most painful terror was in his eyes, the most abject fear. He had never seen so pitiable and craven a sight. This seemed more like an animal which had been cowed by torture than a man who had endured punishment.

"What were you in prison for in Guiana, and what did they do to you there?" asked Détricand curiously.

Again the old man shivered horribly, and tears streamed down his cheeks as he whined piteously: "Oh no, no, no! for the mercy of Christ, no!" He threw up his hands as if to ward off a blow.

Détricand saw that this was not acting, —that it was a supreme terror, an awful momentary aberration; for the traitor's eyes were staring and dilated, the mouth was contracted in agony, the hands were rigidly clutching an imaginary something, the body stiffened where it crouched.

Détricand understood now. The old man had been tied to a triangle and whipped —how horribly who might know? His mood towards the miserable creature changed: he spoke to him in a firm, quiet tone.

"There, that's enough, you're not going to be hurt. Be quiet now, and you shall not be touched."

Then he stooped over, and quickly undoing the old man's vest, he pulled down the coat, waistcoat and shirt and looked at his back. As far as he could see it was scarred as though by a red-hot iron, and the healed welts were like whipcords on the shrivelled skin. The old man whimpered yet, but he was growing quieter. Détricand lifted him up, and buttoning the shirt and straightening the coat again with his own fingers, said:

"Now, Monsieur, you're to go home and sleep the sleep of the unjust, and you're to keep the Sixth Commandment, and you're to make no more lying speeches in the Vier Marchi. You've made a shameful mess of your son's life, and you're to die now as soon as you can without attracting attention. You're to pray for an accident to take you out of the world: a wind to blow you over a cliff, a roof to fall on you, a boat to go down with you, a hole in the ground to swallow you up, a fever or a plague to end you in a day!"

He opened the door to let him go; but suddenly catching his arms he held him in a close grip. "Hush!" he said in a mysterious whisper. "Listen!"

There was only the weird sound of the running water through the open trap-door of the floor. He knew how superstitious was every Jerseyman, from highest to lowest, and he worked upon that weakness now.

"You hear that flood running to the sea," he said solemnly. "You tried to kill and drown me to-night. You've heard how when one man has drowned another an invisible stream will follow the murderer wherever he goes, and he will hear it, hour after hour, month after month, year after year, until suddenly one day it will come on him in a huge flood, and he will be found, whether in the road, or in his bed, or at the table, or in the field, drowned, and dead!"

The old man shivered violently. "You know Manon Moignard the witch?" continued Détricand. "Well, if you don't do what I say—and I shall find out, mind you—she shall bewitch the flood on you. Listen! . . . hear it! That's the sound you'll hear every day of your life if you break the promise you've got to make to me now."

He spoke the promise with ghostly deliberation, and the old man, all the desperado gone out of him, repeated it in a husky voice. Whereupon Détricand led him into the garden, saw him safe out into the road, watched him disappear; and then slapping his hands as though to rid them of some pollution, and with an exclamation of disgust, he went back into the house.

Before morning he was standing on the soil of France, and by another sundown—that is, at the hour when Guida arrived home from her secret marriage with Philip d'Avranche—he saw the lights of the army of de la Rochejaquelein in the valley of the Vendée.

CHAPTER XVI

The night and morning after Guida's marriage came and went. The day drew on to the hour fixed for the going of the *Narcissus*. Guida had worked all forenoon with a feverish unrest, not trusting herself, though the temptation was great, to go where she might see Philip's vessel lying in the tideway. She had determined that only when the moment for sailing arrived would she visit the shore; but from her kitchen doorway there was spread before her a wide acreage of blue water and a perfect sky; and out there was Noirmont Point, round which Philip's ship would go and be lost to her vision thereafter.

The day wore on. She got her grandfather's dinner, saw him bestowed in his great arm-chair for his afternoon sleep, and when her household work was done, settled herself at the spinning wheel. The old man loved to have her spin and sing as he drowsed into a sound sleep. To-day his eyes had followed her everywhere. He could not have told why it was, but somehow all at once he seemed to deeply realise her—her beauty, the joy of this innocent living intelligence moving through his home. She had always been necessary to him, but he had taken her presence as a matter of course. She had always been to him the most wonderful child ever given to comfort an old man's life, but now as he abstractedly took a pinch of snuff from his little tortoise-shell case and then forgot to put it to his nose, he seemed suddenly to get that clearness of sight, that separateness, that perspective, from which he could see her as she really was. He took another pinch of snuff, and again forgot to put it to his nose, but brushed imaginary dust from his coat, as was his wont, and whispered to himself:

"Why now, why now, I had not thought

she was so much a woman. Flowers of the sea, but what eyes, what carriage, and what an air! I had not thought—h'm—how strange, blind old bat that I am!—I had not thought she was grown such a lady. Why, it was only yesterday, surely but yesterday, since I rocked her to sleep there in the corner. François de Mauprat"—he shook his head at himself—"you are growing old. Let me see—— Why, yes, she was born the day I sold the blue enamelled timepiece to his highness the duc de Mauban. The Duc was but putting the watch to his ear when a message comes to say the child there is born. 'Good,' says the duc de Mauban, when he hears, 'give me the honour, de Mauprat,' says he, 'for the sake of old days in France, to offer a name to the brave innocent—for the sake of old associations,' says de Mauban. 'You knew my wife, de Mauprat,' says he; 'you knew the duchesse Guida—Guidabaldine. She's been gone these ten years, alas! You were with me when we were married, de Mauprat,' says the Duc; 'I should care to return the compliment if you will allow me to offer a name, eh?' 'Monsieur le duc,' said I, 'there is no honour I more desire for my grandchild.' 'Then let the name of Guidabaldine be somewhere among others she will carry, and—and I'll not forget her, de Mauprat, I'll not forget her.' . . . Eh, eh, I wonder—I wonder if he *has* forgotten the little Guidabaldine there? He sent her a golden cup for the christening, but I wonder—I wonder—if he has forgotten her since? So quick of tongue, so bright of eye, so light of foot, so sweet a face—if one could but be always young! When her grandmother, my wife, my Julie, when she was young—ah! she was fair, fairer than Guida, but not so tall—not quite so tall. Ah! . . ."

He was growing more drowsy. The days of his life, though they lengthened on beyond fourscore, each in itself grew shorter. Sleep and a babbling memory, the pleasure of the sun, the calm and comfort of an existence freed from all passion, all ambition, all care—this was his life.

He was slipping away into unconsciousness when he realised that Guida was singing:

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!
The moon wheels full, and the tide flows high,
And your wedding-gown you must put it on
Ere the night hath no moon in the sky—
Gigoton Mergaton, spin!

She was smiling. She seemed quite unconscious of his presence; and how bright her eyes were, how alive with thought and vision was the face!

"I had never thought she was so much a woman," he said drowsily; "I—I wonder why—I never noticed it."

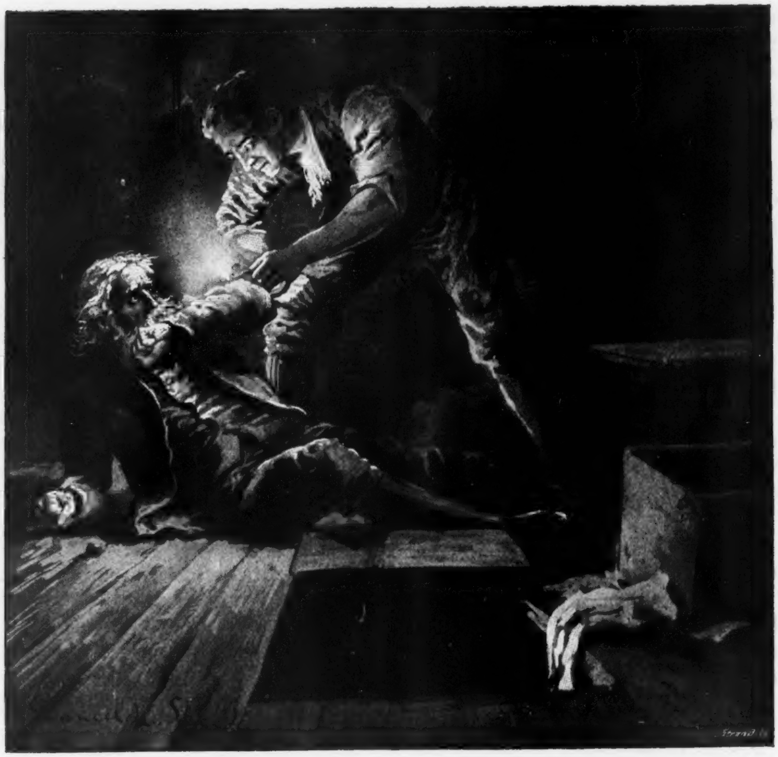
He roused himself again, brushed imaginary snuff from his coat, keeping time with his foot to the wheel as it went round. "I—I suppose she will wed soon. . . . I had forgotten. But she must marry well, she must marry well—she is the godchild of the duc de Mauban. How the wheel goes round! I used to hear—her mother—sing that song, 'Gigoton, Mergaton—spin—spin—spin.'"

He was asleep.

Guida put by the wheel, and left the house. Passing through the Rue des Sablons, she came to the shore. It was high tide. This was the time that Philip's ship was to go. She had dressed herself with as much solicitude as to what might please his eye as though she were going to meet him in person. And not without reason, for, though she could not see him from the land, she knew he could see her plainly through his telescope, if he chose.

She reached the shore. The time had come for Philip to go, but there was his ship rocking in the tideway with no sails set. Perhaps the *Narcissus* was not going; perhaps, after all, Philip was to remain! She laughed with pleasure at the thought of that. Her eyes lingered lovingly upon the ship which was her husband's home upon the sea. Just such another vessel Philip would command. At a word from him those guns, like long, black, threatening arms thrust out would strike for England with thunder and fire.

A bugle call came across the water to her. It was clear, vibrant, and compelling. It represented power. Power—that was what Philip, with his ship, would stand for in the name of England. Danger—oh yes, there would be danger, but Heaven would be good to her; Philip should go safe through storm and war, and some day great honours would be done him. He should be an admiral,



"'Was there ever a greater beast than you!'"

and more perhaps; he had said so. He was going to do it as much for her as for himself, and when he had done it, to be proud of it more for her than for himself; he had said so: she believed in him utterly. Since that day upon the Ecréhos it had never occurred to her not to believe him. Where she gave her faith she gave it utterly; where she withdrew it——

The bugle call sounded again. Perhaps that was the signal to set sail. No, a boat was putting out from the side of the *Narcissus!* It was coming landward. As she watched its approach she heard a chorus of boisterous voices behind her. She turned and saw nearing the shore from the Rue d'Egypte a half-dozen sailors, singing cheerily:

Get you on, get you on, get you on,
Get you on to your fo'c'stle 'ome;
Leave your lasses, leave your beer,
For the bugle what you 'ear
Pipes you on to your fo'c'stle 'ome—
'Ome, 'ome, 'ome—
Pipes you on to your fo'c'stle 'ome

Guida drew near.

"The *Narcissus* is not leaving to-day?' she asked of the foremost sailor.

The man touched his cap. "Not to-day, lady."

"When does she leave?"

"Well, that's more nor I can say, lady, but the cap'n of the maintop, yander, 'e knows."

She approached the captain of the maintop.

"When does the *Narcissus* leave?" she asked.

He looked her up and down, at first with something like boldness, but instantly he touched his hat.

"To-morrow, mistress—she leaves at 'igh tide to-morrow."

With an eye for a fee or a bribe, he drew a little away from the others, and said to her in a low tone:

"Is there anything what I could do for you, mistress? P'r'aps you wanted some word carried aboard, mistress?"

She hesitated an instant, then said:

"No—no, thank you."

He still waited, however, rubbing his hand on his hip with a mock bashfulness. There was an instant's pause, then she divined his meaning.

She took from her pocket a shilling. She had never given away so much money in her life before, but she seemed to feel instinctively that now she must give freely, *now that she was the wife of an officer of the Navy.* Strange how these sailors to-day seemed so different to her from ever before—she felt as if they all belonged to her. She offered the shilling to the captain of the maintop. His eyes gloated over the money, but he said with an affected surprise:

"Oh, I couldn't think of it, yer leddyship."

She smiled at him appealingly. Of course, she said to herself, he must take it: he was one of Philip's sailors, one of her sailors now.

"Ah! but you will take it," she said. "I—I have a r-relative"—she hesitated at the word—"in the Navy."

"'Ave you now, yer leddyship?" he said. "Well, then, I'm proud to 'ave the shilling to drink 'is 'ealth, yer leddyship."

He touched his hat, and was about to turn away.

"Stay a little," she said with bashful boldness. The joy of giving was rapidly growing to a vice. "Here's something for them," she added, nodding towards his fellows, and a second shilling came from her pocket.

"Just as you say, yer leddyship," he said, doubtfully and selfishly; "but for my part I think they've 'ad enough. I don't 'old with temptin' the weak passions of man."

"Well, then, perhaps you wouldn't mind keeping it?" she said sweetly.

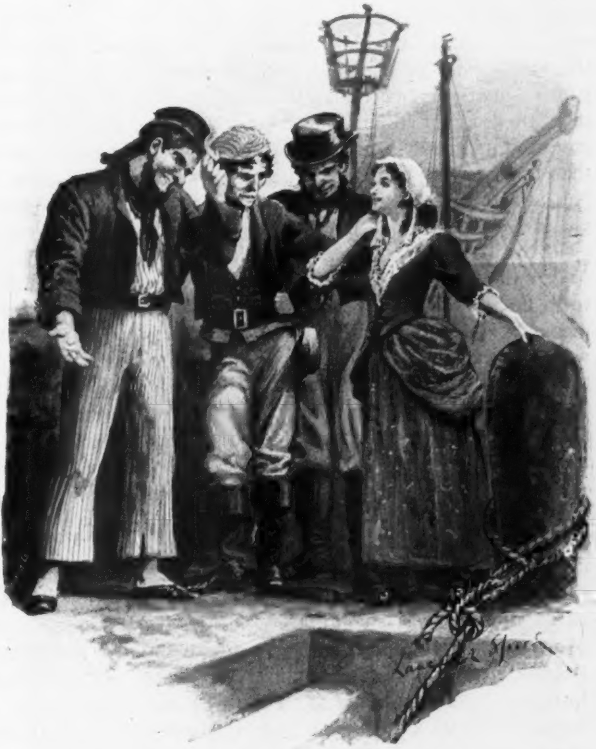
"Yer 'ighness," he answered, drawing himself up, "if it wasn't a werry hextrordinary occasion, I couldn't never think on it. But seein' as you're a sea-goin' family, yer 'ighness, why, I 'opes yer 'ighness'll give me leave to drink yer 'ighness' 'ealth this werry night as ever is."

He tossed the shilling into his mouth, and touched his hat again.

A moment afterwards the sailors were in the boat, rowing out towards the *Narcissus.* Their song came back across the water:

. . . O you A.B. sailor-man,
Wet your whistle while you can,
For the piping of the bugle calls you 'ome!
'Ome—'ome—'ome,
Calls you on to your fo'c'stle 'ome!

As the night came down, and she sat at the kitchen doorway looking out over the sea, she wondered that Philip had sent her no message. Of course he would not come himself, he must not: he had promised her. And yet how much she would like to see



"'Oh, I couldn't think of it, yer leddyship'" him for just one minute, to feel his arms about her, to hear him say good-bye once more. Yet too she liked him the more for not coming.

By-and-by she became very restless. She would have been almost happier if he had gone that day: he was within call of her yet they were not to see each other. She walked up and down the garden, Biribi the dog at her side. Sitting down on the bench beneath the apple-tree, she recalled every word that Philip had said to her two days before. Every tone of his voice, every look that he had given her, she went over in her mind, now smiling and now sighing. There is no reporting in the world so exact, so perfect, as that given by a woman's brain of the words, looks, and acts of her lover in the first days of mutual confession and understanding.

It can come but once, this dream, fantasy, illusion—call it what you will: it belongs to the birth hour of a new and powerful feeling; it is the first sunrise of the heart. What comes after may be the calmer joy of a more truthful, a less ideal emotion, but the transitory glory of the love and passion of youth shoots higher than all other glories into the sky of time. The splendour of youth is its madness, and the splendour of that madness is its unconquerable belief. And great is the strength of it, because violence alone can destroy it. It does not yield to time nor to decay, to the long wash of experience that wears away the stone, nor to disintegration. It is always broken into pieces at a blow. In the morning all is well, and ere the evening come the radiant temple is in ruins.

At night when Guida went to bed at first she could not sleep. Then came a drowsing, a floating between waking and sleeping, in which a hundred swift images of her short past flashed through her mind:

A butterfly floating in the white haze of a dusty road, and the cap of the careless lad that struck it down. . . . Berry-picking along the hedges beyond the quarries of Mont Mado, and washing her hands in the strange green pools at the bottom of the quarries. . . . Stooping to a stream and saying of it to a lad, "Ro, won't it never come back?" . . . From the front doorway watching a poor criminal shrink beneath the lash with which he was being flogged from the Vier Marchi to the Vier Prison. . . . Seeing a procession of bride and bridegroom with young men and women gay in ribbons and pretty cottons, calling from house to house to receive the good wishes of their friends, and drinking cinnamon wine and mulled cider—the frolic, the buoyancy, the gaiety of it all. Now, in a room full of people, she was standing on a veille all beautifully flourished with posies of broom and wild flowers, and Philip was there beside her, and he was holding her hand, and they were waiting and waiting for some one who never came. Nobody took any notice of her and Philip, she thought; they stood there waiting and waiting—why, there was M. Savary *dit* Détricand in the doorway, waving a handkerchief at her, and saying "I've found it! I've found it!"—and she awoke with a start.

Her heart was beating hard, and for a moment she was dazed; but presently she went to sleep again, and dreamed once more.

This time she was on a great warship, in a storm which was driving them towards a rocky shore. The sea was washing over the deck. She recognised the shore: it was the cliff at Plemont in the north of Jersey, and behind the ship lay the awful Paternosters. They were drifting, drifting on the wall of rock. High above on the shore there was a solitary stone hut. The ship came nearer and nearer. The storm increased in strength. In the midst of the violence she looked up and saw a man standing in the doorway of the hut. He turned his face towards her: it was Ranulph Delagarde, and he had a rope in his hand. He saw her and called to her, and made ready to throw the rope, but suddenly some one drew her back. She cried out, and then all grew black. . . .

And then, again, she knew she was in a small, dark cabin of the ship. She could hear the storm breaking over the deck. Now the ship struck. She could feel her grinding upon the rocks. She seemed to be sinking, sinking— There was a knocking, knocking at the door of the cabin, and a voice calling to her—how far away it seemed! Was she dying, was she drowning? The words of a nursery rhyme rang in her ears distinctly, keeping time to the knocking. She wondered who should be singing a nursery rhyme on a sinking ship:

La main morte,
La main morte,
Tapp' à la porte,
Tapp' à la porte.

She shuddered. Why should the dead hand tap at her door! Yet there it was tapping louder, louder. . . . She struggled, she tried to cry out, then suddenly she grew quiet, and the tapping got fainter and fainter—her eyes opened: she was awake.

For an instant she did not know where she was. Was it a dream still? For there was a tapping—tapping at her door—no, it was at the window. A shiver ran through her from head to foot. Her heart almost stopped beating. Some one was calling to her.

"Guida! Guida!"

It was Philip's voice. Her cheek had been cold the moment before; now she felt the blood tingling in her face. She slid to the floor, threw a shawl round her, and went to the casement. The tapping began again. For a moment she could not open the window. She was trembling from head to foot. Philip's voice reassured her.

"Guida, Guida, open the window a minute!"

She hesitated. She could not—no—she could not do it. He tapped still louder.

"Guida, don't you hear me?" he asked.

She undid the catch, but she had hardly the courage even yet. He heard her now, and pressed the window a little. Then she opened it slowly, and her white face showed. "O Philip," she said breathlessly, "why have you frightened me so?"

He caught her hand in his own. "Come out into the garden," he said. "Put on a dress and your slippers and come," he urged again, and kissed her hand.

"Philip," she said, "O Philip, I cannot! It is too late. It is midnight. Do not ask me. Oh, why did you come?"

"Because I wanted to speak with you for one minute. I have only a little while. Please come and say good-bye to me again. We are going to-morrow; there's no doubt about it this time."

"O Philip," she answered, her voice quivering, "how can I? Say good-bye to me here, now."

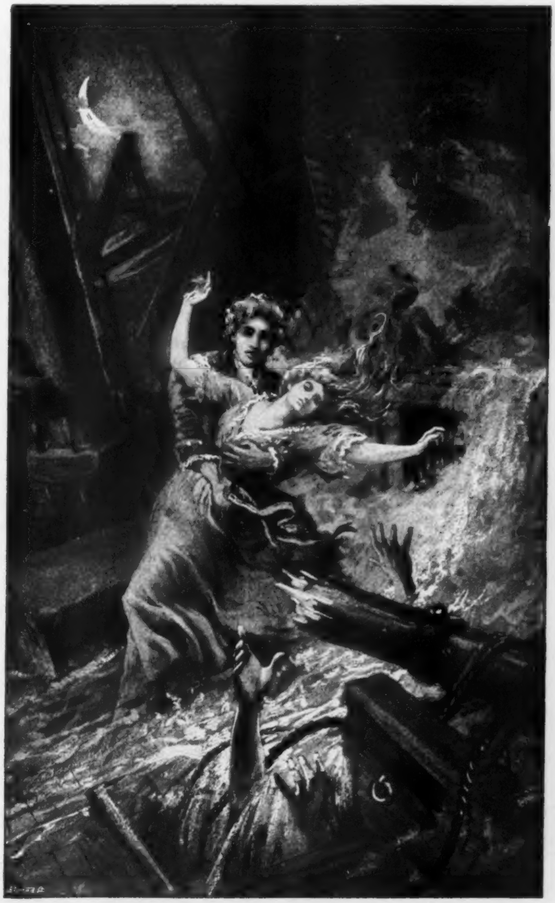
"No, no, Guida, you must come. I can't kiss you good-bye where you are."

"*Must* I come to you?" she said helplessly. "Well then, Philip," she added, "go to the bench by the apple-tree, and I shall be there in a moment."

"Dearest!" he exclaimed ardently.

She shut the window slowly.

For a moment he stood looking at the closed casement, then turned and went lightly



"Suddenly some one drew her back"

through the garden, and sat down on the bench under the apple-tree. There was a stiff south-easter blowing. It was too cold for Guida here. He looked about him for a more sheltered spot. The summer-house was near. There she would be protected from the wind.

How brightly the stars shone, how clearly the music of the stream came over the hedge! With what lazy restfulness the distant "All's well" floated across the mielles from a ship at anchor in the tideway. How like a slumber song the wash of the sea rolled drowsily along the wind! How gracious the smell of the earth, drinking up the dew of the affluent air, which the sun on the morrow should turn into life-blood for the grass and trees and flowers!

At last he heard her footstep. He rose quickly to meet her, and as she came timidly to him clasped her in his arms.

"Come into the summer-house, Guida," he said to her. "There you will be sheltered from the wind. There we will say good-bye, sweetheart."

His arm around her, he drew her with him, talking to her tenderly all the time. "Come and sit by me," he said, and he drew her close to him.

"O Philip," she said, "I'm sure this isn't right! You ought not to have come; you've broken your promise."

"Are you not glad to see me?"

"Oh, you know—you know that I'm glad to see you, but——"

"But you are my wife, Guida!"

"Oh no, Philip; no, not really so until all the world is told."

"My beloved Guida, what difference can that make?"

She sighed and shook her head. "To me, Philip, it is only that which makes it right—that the whole world knows. Ah, Philip, I am so afraid of—of secrecy."

"Nonsense!" he answered, "nonsense! Poor little wood-bird, you're frightened of nothing at all."

There was reassurance and comfort and loving care in his very tones. Her trembling presently grew less. As they talked, hundreds of glowworms shimmered in the hedge, the grasshoppers were whirring in the mielles beyond, a flutter of wings went by overhead. The leaves were rustling softly; the fresh cold wind came up from the sea upon the fragrant dusk. Her hands were in his, his voice soothing her, his low, eloquent words giving her absolute faith in his love for her, absolute trust in him.

Now she rose to go. But suddenly they both started and held their breath, for there was a sound outside the garden wall. Philip drew her back again quickly. *Clac-clac! Clac-clac!* was the sound, a strange, uncanny footstep. It seemed to be hurrying away, *Clac-clac! Clac-clac!*

All at once, with a half-sigh, a half-sob of relief, Guida said, "It is only Dormy Jamais."

"The man who never sleeps," said Philip.

The footstep faded away into the distance, *Clac-clac! Clac-clac!*

CHAPTER XVII

PHILIP was gone. Before breakfast was set upon the table, Guida saw the *Narcissus* sail round the Point of Noirmont and disappear. Her face had taken on a new expression since yesterday. An old touch of dreaminess, of vague anticipation was gone—that look which belongs to youth, which feels the confident charm of the unknown future. Life was revealed; but, together with joy, wonder and pain and knowledge informed the revelation.

To Guida the marvel was brought home with vivid force: her life was linked to another's, she was a wife. Like the Spanish maiden who looks down from her window into the street and calls to her lover, so from the windows of her brain, Guida looked down into the highway of life, and saw one figure draw aside from the great progression and cry to her, "*Mio destino!*"

That was it. Philip would signal, and she must come until either he or she should die. He had taken her hand, and she must never let it go; the breath of his being must henceforth give her new and healthy life, or fill her veins with a fever which should corrode the heart and burn away the spirit. Young though she was, she realised it; but she realised it without defining it. Her knowledge was expressed in her person, was diffused in her character, in her face. This gave her a spiritual force, an air, a dignity which can only come through the influence of some deep and powerful joy, or through as great and deep a suffering.

Seldom had a day of Guida's life been so busy. It seemed to her that people came and went more than usual. She did all that was required of her; she talked, she laughed a little, she answered back the pleasantries of the seafaring folk who passed her doorway or her garden. She was attentive to her grandfather; she was punctual and exact with her household duties. But all the time she was thinking—thinking—thinking. Now and again she smiled, but at times too tears sprang to her eyes, and were quickly dried. More than once she drew in her breath with a quick, sibilant sound, as though some thought wounded her, and she flushed suddenly, then turned pale, then came to her natural colour again. Yet there was an unusual transparency in her face to-day; a sort of shining, neither of joy nor of sorrow, but the light that comes from life's first deep experiences.

Among those who chanced to come to the cottage was Maîtresse Aimable. She came to ask Guida to go with her and Jean to the Island of Sark, twelve miles away, where Guida had never been, but whither Jean had long promised to take her. They would only be gone one night, and, as Maîtresse Aimable said, the Sieur de Mauprat could very well make shift that long for once.

The invitation came to Guida like water to thirsty land. She longed to get away from the town, to be where she could breathe; for all this day the earth seemed too small for breath: she gasped for the sea, to be alone there. To sail with Jean Touzel was practically to be alone, for Maîtresse Aimable never talked; and Jean knew Guida's ways, knew when she wished to be quiet, for he had an acuteness of temperament beyond his appearance or his reputation. In Jersey phrase, he saw beyond his spectacles—great brass-rimmed things, which added to the humorous rotundity of his cheek, gave a droll, childlike kind of wisdom to his look.

Guida said that she would gladly go to Sark, at which Maîtresse Aimable smiled placidly, and seemed about to leave, when, all at once, without any warning, she lowered herself like a vast crate upon the veille, and sat there looking at Guida with meditative inquiry.

Maîtresse Aimable was far from clever, she was thought to be as stupid as she was heavy: she spoke so little, she seemed so opaque, that only the children had any opinion of her. Yet, too, there were a few sick and bedridden folk who longed for her coming with something almost like pleasure—not with excitement, but certainly with a sense of satisfaction; for, though she only brought some soupe à la graisse, or a fresh-cooked conger-eel, or a little cider, and did nothing but sit and stare and try hopelessly to find her voice, she exuded a sort of drowsy benevolence from her face. If by chance she said, "I believe you," or "Body of my life!" she was thought to be getting garrulous.

At first the grave inquiry of her look startled Guida. She was beginning to know that sensitive fear and timidity which assail those who are possessed and tyrannised over by a secret. Under the meditative regard of her visitor, Guida said to herself with a quick suspicion, What does Maîtresse Aimable know about Philip and me?

How she loathed this secrecy! How guilty she now felt, where, indeed, no guilt was! How she longed to call her name, her new name, from the housetops, to testify to her absolute innocence; that her own verdict upon herself might not be like the antique verdict in the criminal procedure of the Jersey Royal Court, *More innocent than guilty*—as if in her case there were any guilt at all! Nothing could satisfy her but the absolute: that was her nature. She was not made for half-lights.

The voice of Maîtresse Aimable roused her. Her ponderous visitor had here made a discovery which had yet been made by no other human being. After her fashion, Maîtresse Aimable loved Jean Touzel as was given to few to love. Her absurd romance, her ancient illusion, had remained with her, vivifying her intelligence only in one direction. She knew when love lay behind a woman's face. Her portly stupidity gave way to intelligence here, and into the well where her voice had fallen there flashed a light from her own love-lorn, lonely, faithful heart, and the voice came up and spake freely, yet with that certainty belonging to a mechanical statement of fact. She said:

"I was sixteen when I fell in love; you're seventeen—you! Ah bah, so it goes!"

Guida's face crimsoned. What—how much did Maîtresse Aimable know? By what necromancy had this dull, fat, silent fisher-wife learned the secret which was the heart of her life, the soul of her being—which was Philip! She was frightened, but danger made her cautious. She suddenly took her first step into that strange wood called by some Diplomacy, by others Ingenuity, by others, and not always rightly, Duplicity.

"Can you guess who it is?" she asked, without replying directly to the oblique charge.

"It is not Maître Ranulph," answered her friendly inquisitor; "it is not that M'sieu' Détricand, the vaurien." Guida flushed with annoyance. "It is not Maître Blampied, that farmer with fifty vergées, all potatoes; it is not M'sieu' Janvrin, that bat'd'lagoule of an écrivain. Ah bah, so it goes!"

"Who is it then?" persisted Guida.

"Ah bah, that is the thing!" And Maîtresse Aimable's voice dropped again into the well of silence, and for a time defied all efforts to bring it up—Guida's or her own.

"How can you tell that I am in love, Maîtresse Aimable?" persisted Guida.

The other smiled with a torturing placidity, then opened her mouth; but nothing came of it. She watched Guida moving about the kitchen abstractedly. Her eye wandered to the racllyi, from which hung flitches of bacon, to the bellows hanging by the chimney, to the sanded floor, to the lozenge-shaped bottle-glass window with the panes set in lead, to the great Elizabethan oak chair, and at last back to Guida, as if through her the lost voice might be charmed up again.

The eyes of the two met at last, fairly, firmly: and now Guida was conscious of a look in Maîtresse Aimable's face which she had never seen before. Had a new sight been given to herself? Was it that we never can see until we are touched by the finger of experience, which has been dipped in the pool of pain? Then and there Guida realised that, though seeing is joy, there is the painful moment when the light breaks in on the tender sight. Guida saw and understood the look in Maîtresse Aimable's face, and instantly knew it to be the same look which was in her own.

With a sudden impulse she laid down the bashin she was polishing, and, going over quickly, she leaned her cheek against Maîtresse Aimable silently. She could feel the huge breast heave, she felt the vast cheek turn hot, she was conscious of a voice struggling up from the well of silence to speech, and she heard it say at last:

"Gat d'en âle! rosemary tea cures a cough, but nothing cures the love. Ah bah, so it goes!"

"Do you love Jean?" whispered Guida, not showing her face, but longing to hear the experience of another who suffered that joy called love.

Maîtresse Aimable's face got hotter; she did not speak, but patted Guida's back softly with her heavy hand and nodded complacently.

"Have you always loved him?" asked Guida again, with eager inquisition, which can only be likened to that of a wayside sinner turned chapel-going saint, who is hungry to know what chanced to others when they trod the primrose path.

Maîtresse Aimable again nodded, and her arm drew closer about Guida. There was a slight pause, then came an unsophisticated and disconcerting question:

"Has Jean always loved you?"

There was a pause, the fingers did not noticeably caress Guida's shoulder, and the voice said with the deliberate foresight and prudence of an unwilling and adroit witness:

"It is not the man who wears the wedding-ring."

Then, as if she had been disloyal in even suggesting that Jean might hold her lightly, she added, almost eagerly—an enthusiasm tempered by the pathos of a half-truth:

"But my Jean always sleeps at home."

This larger excursion into speech gave her courage, and she said more; and even as Guida listened hungrily (so soon had come upon her the apprehensions and wavering moods of loving woman!), she was wondering to hear this creature, considered so dull by all, speak as though out of a watchful and capable mind. What further Maîtresse Aimable said was proof that if she knew little and spake little, she knew that little well: and if she had gathered meagrely from life, she had at least winnowed out some small handfuls of grain from the straw and chaff. Her sagacity impelled her to say at last:

"If a man's eyes won't see, elder-water can't make him; if he will—ah bah, glad and good!" And both arms went round Guida, and hugged her awkwardly.

Maîtresse Aimable had, however, exhausted her reflections (for indeed she had talked more than she had ever done in any day of her life since she married), and her voice came up but once more that morning. As she left Guida in the doorway, she said with a last effort:

"I will have one bead to pray for you, tréjous." She showed her rosary, and, Huguenot though she was, Guida touched the bead reverently. "And if there is war, I will have two beads, tréjous. A bi'tôt—good-bye!"

Such was the self-revelation of Maîtresse Aimable, wife of Jean Touzel, who was cruelly called in St. Helier's "La Femme de Ballast."

Guida stood watching her from the doorway, and the last words of the fisher-wife kept repeating themselves through her brain: "*And if there is war, I will have two beads, tréjous!*"

The allusion in the words was clear. It meant that Maîtresse Aimable knew she loved Philip. How strange it was that one should read so truly without words spoken, or even from seeing acts which reveal. She herself seemed to read Maîtresse Aimable all at once—read her by virtue and in the light of the love, the consuming and primitive feeling in the breast of each for a man. Were not words necessary for speech after all? But she stopped short suddenly; for if love might find and read love, why was it she needed speech of Philip? Why was it her spirit kept beating up against the hedge beyond which his inner self was, and, unable to see that beyond, needed reassurance by words, by promises and protestations?

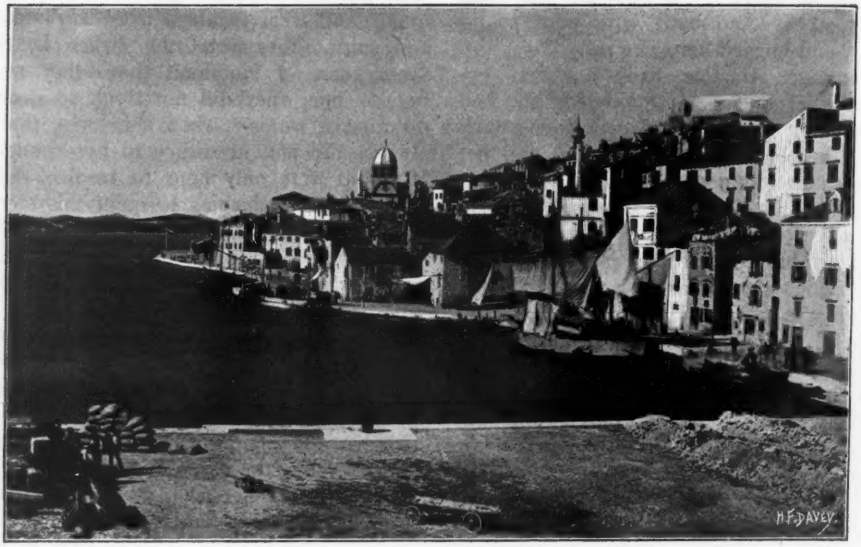
All at once she was angry with herself for thinking thus where Philip was concerned. Of course Philip loved her deeply. Of course she had seen the light of love in his eyes, had felt the arms of love about her. . . . Suddenly she shuddered and grew bitter, and a strange rebellion broke loose in her. Why had Philip failed to keep his promise? It was selfish, painfully, terribly selfish of Philip. Why, even though she had been foolish in her request—why had he not done as she wished? Was that love—was it love to break the first promise he had ever made to his wife? Did he not *know?*

Yet she excused him to herself. Women were different from men, and men did not understand what troubled a woman's heart and spirit; they were not shaken by the same gusts of emotion; they—they were not so fine, they did not think so deeply on what a woman, when she loves, thinks always, and acts according to her thought. If Philip were only here to resolve these fears, these perplexities, to quiet this storm in her! And yet, somehow, she felt that the storm was rooting up something very deep and radical in her. It frightened her, but she fought it down.

She went into her garden; and here among her flowers and her animals she grew brighter and gayer of heart; and she laughed a little, and was most tender and pretty with her grandfather when he came home from spending the day with the Chevalier.

In this manner the first day of her marriage passed, in happy reminiscence and in vague foreboding; in love and in reproaches as the secret wife; and yet as a loving, distracted girl, frightened at her own bitterness, and still knowing it to be quite justified.

The late afternoon was spent in gaiety with her grandfather and Amice Ingouville, the fat avocat; but at night when she went to bed she could not sleep. She tossed from side to side; a hundred thoughts came and went. She grew feverish, her breath choked her, and she got up and opened the window. It was clear, bright moonlight, and from where she lay she could see the mielles and the ocean and the star-sown sky above and beyond. Myriad thoughts, illusions, and imaginings swept through her brain. Supersensitive, acute, filled with impressions of things she had seen and things and places of which she had read, her brain danced through an area of intense fancies, as a kaleidoscope flashes past the eye. She was in that half-way country where the tangible is merged into the intangible; with a consciousness of being awake, while the feeling is that of an egregious, unnatural sleep. At first her dreaming was all patches—pictures of gulls and cormorants and tall rocks and cliffs and the surf-making sea; but by-and-by her flaming fancies took form and continuity, and she dreamed a strange dream of an island in the sea, and of a terrible thing that happened to Philip there.



SEBENICO FROM THE HARBOUR

IN DALMATIA

By Professor T. M. LINDSAY

FIRST PAPER

IT was a bright grey morning when we steamed out of Trieste and turned southwards along the Istrian coast on our way to the (to us) unknown Dalmatian lands. The sea was dotted with small Istrian fishing-boats, one-masted, and carrying one great sail; the sails glowed in the morning light with all manner of parti-coloured hues. Some were a bright Indian red, others had streaks of yellow and red running into each other, while others were as brown as the sails of Stornoway herring-boats. Each tiny vessel seemed to be dragging a huge net buried in the deep blue water, for we saw one end-rope fastened to a boom which projected far over the stern while another was tied somewhere between bow and midships. The fishermen lay on the tiny triangular bits of deck at bow and stern, or sat in the wide well between, and most of them were singing as their boats drifted lazily past.

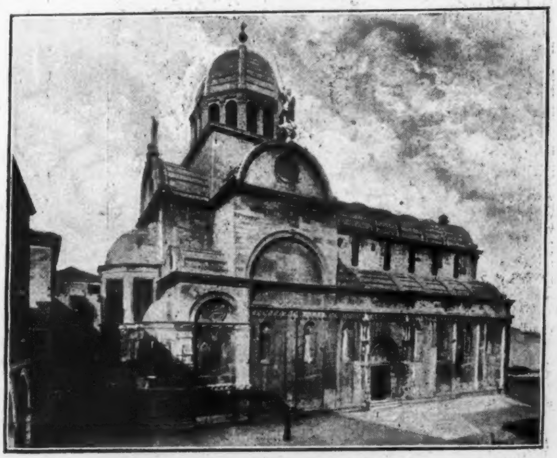
The coast is wonderfully indented, and we crossed wide arms of the sea, long vanishing triangles of silvery haze, and then found ourselves skirting the shore close enough to see villages with houses huddled together on some small promontory, those nearest us seeming to rise right out of the waters of the tideless Adriatic. As often as not the promontory curved round like a finger, and disclosed just as we passed it, a small harbour with rows of fishing boats, whose coloured sails, spread to dry, and strange shapes, made us feel that we were in the eastern seas. High above the little haven, a ruined tower and fortifications which meandered down the cliffs reminded us of the old Venetian engineers, and the village church with its campanile recalled Freeman's oft-repeated declaration that the Eastern shores of the Adriatic look like a finger shred from the Italian mainland.

The coast was beautiful in the morning light; steep, with low hills undulating eastwards into the haze of the Bosnian mountains that melted into the far horizon. It seemed to be wonderfully fertile, yellow with corn-fields, while the lower slopes were clothed with vines, and the further heights with great woods.

We reached Pola in the early afternoon, and steamed quietly up its strongly fortified land-locked harbour. How modern the great naval arsenal of Austria looked with its black monsters of ironclads, its forts of brick and earth, its floating docks and its tramcars! Yet it was already an ancient town when Tiberius, at the bidding of Augustus, stamped out the last Dalmatian revolt, admitted the whole coast line from the frontier of Italy to the frontier of Greece, "to the bondage and the repose of the Roman peace," and formally included the Istrian peninsula within the boundaries of Italy. It was then that Pola, under the fleeting name of Pietas Julia, became a great Roman city; then that her citizens began to emulate the ways of the Romans. It was then that they crowned the low hill with the capitol and adorned her streets and forum with the temple of Augustus; then that they raised the huge amphitheatre beside the great harbour. It was strange to see how the white walls of the amphitheatre still dominate the place. In spite of dockyards and forts and huge government buildings, it is the one conspicuous building which arrests the eyes as the steamer slowly moves to its berth, and on leaving, it is the last which fixes them as all other things fade into an indefinite blur. It was strange to find one's self striving to get out of the way of some huge trolly bearing from the arsenal forge to the dockyard a great mass of newly welded iron, and in a second afterwards to be standing within the great circular walls which enclosed the space where gladiators had fought, and Christians had been thrown to the beasts in the arena.

At last, after twenty-four hours sailing we were threading the north end of the long Dalmatian archipelago, and could see the Dalmatian mainland stretching eastwards to the great barrier of mountains which for centuries have been at once its defence and its terror. For Dalmatia is a long triangle, lying at the base of a precipitous range of mountains; it is widest at the north end, and tapers away to a point at the south, where it meets the Turkish frontier, while at Ragusa and at Cattaro the great wall of cliff rises perpendicular from the backmost street of the town; and this triangle, thrown up between seaboard and giant cliff, has been the advance guard of civilisation against barbarism, of Western aggressiveness against Eastern sloth, of Christianity against Paganism and Mohammedanism, and that, not once in a time, but continuously for two thousand years down to our own generation.

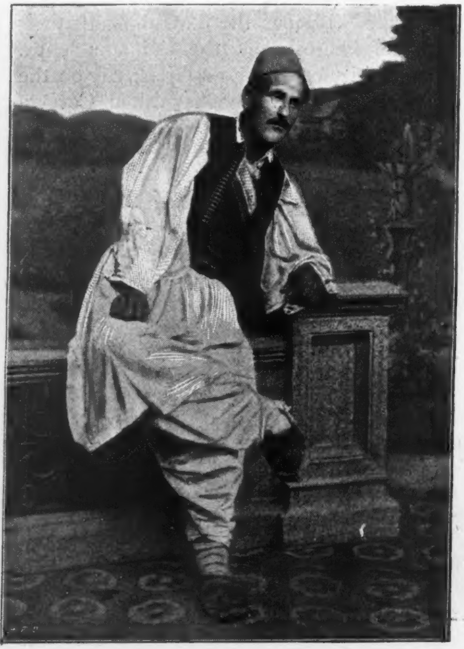
We were in a land full of the most startling historical memories. This Dalmatian country, with its archipelago, its deep bays, its promontories, and its inland seas, reminded the old Greeks so much of their own land that they pushed their colonies further north in these seas than anywhere else. A few miles south of the modern Ragusa, now a noted health resort for wealthy Austrians, Greek colonists from the Peloponnesus founded the city of New Epidauros on the promontory at the gate of its inland sea, and built a temple to Aesculapius in memory of the famous Hieron in their native highlands. Just below Cattaro, where travellers disembark to visit Montenegro, Dionysius the Tyrant built Lissos. On the fertile island now called Lesina, the Parians had their colony of Pharos; and the Cnidians sent a band of citizens to build a Greek city on the modern Curzola which they called Corcyra



THE CATHEDRAL, SEBENICO

(Corfu) the Black. Greek culture and trade flourished in the Dalmatian archipelago, and the sails of Greek ships dotted the blue waters; while Greek burghers watched the mountain passes to guard against a sudden descent of marauding Illyrian barbarians.

Then came a century of misrule, when a great pirate confederacy spread havoc among the trading vessels of the Greek colonists and of the Italian merchants and from their strongholds on Issa, midmost island of the archipelago (now Lissa, the scene in our own days of the great naval victory of young Italy over Austria), and in the inland sea of Cattaro defied all efforts to dislodge them, till the Roman Republic, in the breathing time between the first and second Punic Wars, organised expedition after expedition and at last stamped out the pirate kingdom. But it was not till Augustus had finally quelled the savage Illyrians beyond the mountain cliffs that the Dalmatian land entered on a period of long prosperity. Roman municipal colonies then clustered along the coast. Jadera (now Zara) rose on her peninsula with her subject islands lying in front, and a Roman arch and columns still attest her ancient splendour. Tragurium (modern Trau) was rebuilt on its island, and Narona at its river mouth. Salona, the "long Salona" of Lucan, with its amphitheatre, its forum, its basilica, its famous wells and its mountain fortress of Clisia became the greatest Roman town of Dalmatia. The whole land had peace.



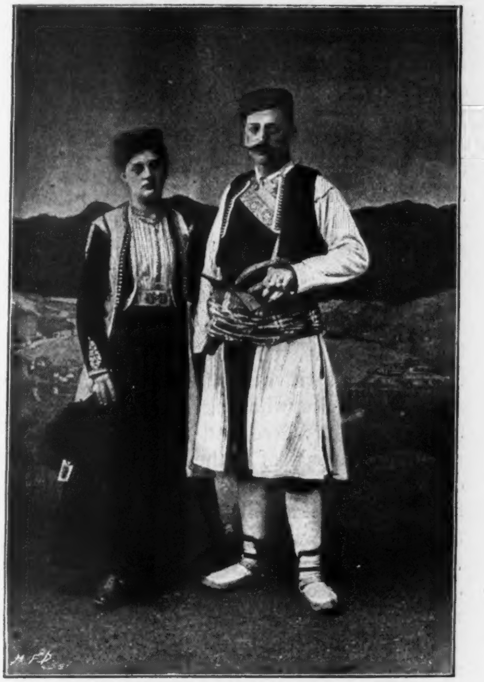
A TURK (CATTARO)

In the sixth century A.D. the savage Bulgarians, Croats and Serbs, burst the Danube line of Roman fortifications, and again the mountain range became the Dalmatian wall of defence, and the Dalmatian cities were again the advanced guards of civilisation. Each Roman municipality that could maintain itself against the savage rush of invasion became a little independent republic, content to purchase a precarious freedom from pillage by paying blackmail to the Servian robber-chiefs who ruled beyond the mountains; while some were totally submerged beneath the flood of barbarism. Where the mountain wall was weakest, there the savage flood overflowed to the sea-board, and down to the tenth century the whole coast line from Spalato to Ragusa was actually called Pagannia or the land of the pagans.

Then came the Mohammedan conquests. At first the Saracens, like the old Illyrians, established themselves on some of the islands, and in their pirate ships destroyed the Christian commerce. Then they subdued the Slavonic conquerors of the mainland; and the mountain wall became again both a defence and a terror. Down to our own generation bands of marauding Turks were accustomed to steal down the hill-passes and waylay the Christians of the plains, until at last Bosnia and Herzegovina were handed over to Austria, and the whole land has again the Roman peace. But the Moslems never conquered the seaboard. Venice succeeded Rome, absorbed the old Roman municipal towns, fortified them in her usual thorough-going fashion, carved the Lion of St. Mark on all their principal buildings, and made them trading posts in the Adriatic. Ragusa alone remained an independent republic down to the times of the Napoleonic Wars.

We wished to see Zara, Sebenico, Trau, Cattaro, to get a glimpse, if no more was possible, of Ragusa, to explore the ruins of Salona, and to wander through the lanes and streets of Spalato, the town which had found a nest for itself within the ruins of the huge palace of the Emperor Diocletian.

It was early morning when we reached Zara. Readers will remember the two great pictures in the Doge's palace in Venice; the one of which records the landing at Zara of the warriors engaged in that notorious Fifth Crusade, entered upon to crush the Turks, and ending in inflicting that dastardly blow to Christianity and civilisation, the Latin conquest of Constantinople; while the other commemorates the taking of the town by the Venetians. We landed where the Crusaders had disembarked. A few yards from the quay the great Venetian wall of fortification confronted us. The huge wall still surrounds three-fourths of the town, but its broad summit is planted with trees and has now become the fashionable walk of the people of Zara. We wandered through the narrow streets, thronged with people. We passed into the great square, and found the women washing at the town fountains, and carrying on a lively conversation with the Austrian soldiers who lounged about, while a benevolent looking old Austrian colonel passed taking his morning walk. An old octagonal Venetian tower stood in one corner of the square, a delicately cut and beautifully sculptured Greek column, pillaged from some Greek island by the Venetians, was placed in another. We saw a long inscription on the old fortification wall which formed one side of the square, and found that it commemorated the fact that a celebrated Venetian engineer had finished the fortifications of the town in two years, "from which," it went on to say, "all men may learn that while the old Romans were great men in their day, the men of Venice were no whit inferior to them in the present." That present had now become a remote past. It was almost 700 years since the stone-cutter had chiselled the vainglorious inscription. The town of Zara stands on a promontory, and the bay on the north side, where we had landed, was the old harbour. It was full of Dalmatian coasting vessels and of fishing boats. The coasters had big cargoes of all manner of fruits, and the sailors were engaged in lively barter with the townspeople. On the west side of the town which faces the Adriatic the walls have been demolished, modern houses have overflowed the old barriers, and stand high in wide streets and spacious esplanades.


DALMATIAN NATIONAL DRESS

It was while at Zara that we first felt what a thoroughly border-land Dalmatia was. The three great races of Europe were all represented there. The Teutons were the rulers; the Latins the bankers, the lawyers, the skilled artizans, and the merchants and shopkeepers; while the peasantry were Slavs. For Dalmatia is under the rule of Francis Joseph of Austria, and all the people we met and talked to were enthusiastic in praise of their governors. The speech of the towns is Italian, and the middle classes and artizans are all of Italian nationality; at least they say so, and are proud of the fact. The peasantry and the country folk are Servians. The signboards on all the better class shops are in Italian; but in the poorer parts of the town, where the peasants come to buy their bits of groceries and implements of husbandry, the words and lettering are Servian. We were to see more of this as we went further south, but it forced itself on us even in Zara.

The route to Sebenico wound its way through a labyrinth of small islands, many of them mere uninhabited rocks. We missed the bright sails of the fishing boats which abounded further north. Here the fishermen plied their craft in small rowing boats, and seemed to find the fish close to the steep rocky shores. The islands, even the largest of them, looked bare heaps of piled limestone rocks, but the glass disclosed traces of fields with beds of tomatoes, melons, and other fruits, while olives and mulberry trees grew every here and there among the rocks. The peaks of all the large islands were crowned with the ruins of old dismantled fortresses, with a village clustering round the crumbling walls. Whether these were the forsaken eyries of the old pirates or the castles of still older Illyrian chiefs we could not tell.

As the steamer made its way into the splendid harbour of Sebenico we saw the quaint town with its famed cathedral, and its heights with the remains of two huge castles, one of them the work of the Venetians and the other much older. Here as in most of these Dalmatian seaports, the Austrian Government has constructed docks and quays, and the large steamers of the Austrian Lloyds can be brought alongside the pier not a hundred yards from the principal street. Sebenico lies on the side of a hill, and in consequence the town is all steep narrow streets, which every now and then become stairs, up and down which the ponies and donkeys go with the most edifying patience. Every few yards one comes on some quaint old gateway, or tiny court yard, and the walls of many of the oldest houses have great stone sculptured coats-of-arms projecting from the brown plastered walls. The glory of most of those old houses has departed with the Venetian occupation. One noble old building which—an ancient inscription informed us—was once the abode of the Venetian Governor, now appears to be divided into small sets of rooms occupied by families of working people, and a monthly nurse has fixed her modest sign-board almost right below the winged Lion of St. Mark.

The old cathedral is famed throughout all the region; it has a beautiful crypt in which lie buried many Venetian notables, and a quaint doorway with more than life-size figures of Adam and Eve standing out from the main pillars; but what is more interesting to the student of history, local tradition asserts that it is built after the model of the great Church of the Holy Wisdom in Constantinople. Dalmatia is always the borderland. Its people are Roman Catholics, but the *old* churches are all of the Greek type. It is the frontier of the Cross facing the Crescent which rules across the mountain range; but while the Dalmatian coast is in religion and civilisation a bit of the west thrown out on the eastern side of the Adriatic, it preserves in the architectural shapes of its older churches the fact that Christianity came originally from the east.

LIFE'S MINOR MORALITIES

IV.—GIFTS.

By LADY MAGNUS

MANY and diverse are the ways of giving, and wide indeed is the range in givers betwixt those, the "liberal and princely," who bring the "gold and purple of their heart" "in unexpected largesse," and those, the kind more commonly encountered, who bring the decorous gold of their banking account and expect a printed acknowledgment. The gold and the purple even vary much in weight and in shades of colour, and all the differences of effect seem to indicate that giving, considered as an art, is not an altogether easy one. As a grace it is decidedly rare, and to many good people, giving up, though it has a harder sound about it, is more gracefully managed. Perhaps, like truth, which Thoreau tells us somewhere it takes two to arrive at, "one to speak and another to hear," giving, if the full value is to be got out of it, demands a talent in the one who takes as well as in the one who gives. Even if we except the Miltonic limitation that "None but such as are good men can give good things," there yet remains the presumption of "a well-governed and wise appetite" to discriminate between things "good" and things "delicious." And, in any case, on both sides a certain amount of generosity is necessary, and not the smaller share perhaps on the one whose lesser, larger part it is to say "Thank you."

"He is a good man," says Emerson, "who can receive a gift well," and there would certainly seem to be a morality missing somewhere when he who gives complains of ingratitude, or he who takes is less than grateful. No one with a normal experience finds much truth in the cynical saying that the hand that feeds may expect to be bitten. By animals, possibly, one inclines to retort, and not by them even of the nobler breeds. Or, further one might urge that of giving a dog a bone there are more ways than one, and that the dog himself, it is just conceivable, may have a standard in bones, and on the mode of being served with them. We once knew a poor gentleman who did some scholarly service for a rich one, and to price such service or to pay for it in hard cash was out of the question. The tactful counsel of a woman friend was called in. "What can I give him?" said the rich man. "What do you say to a handsome silver inkstand for his writing-table?" Poor scholar! his "library table" was just the family dining one with the flap put up and the not too plentiful dishes cleared away. A double perambulator just at that time would have been far more welcome than a double-bottled inkstand. The friend puckered her pretty brows and went to have tea with the wife, and the consequence was, as they say in the game, that by aid of a little common sense and a good deal of nice feeling, no ready-harnessed white elephant made its uncomfortable way into that household without a stable. Not what he wants to give, but what the other wants to have, should be the general first principle with all would-be donors, and the trouble and the thought should be taken as a matter of course, and ungrudgingly, for, without a doubt, in every instance the giver has the best of it.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" was the parting counsel of Paul of Tarsus as he embarked on his perilous voyage, and one recognises a force and a value in the dictum beyond that which attaches to its authorship —Paul we know was but quoting—and beyond, too, that which gathers with time round all last words and leave-takings. The "more," of course, is not altogether a matter of choice, and one may wonder, in parenthesis, that those who are born to the opportunities of the bigger blessing do not always seem quite up to the exercise of them. To have the power to give wisely, promptly, and in a large and liberal way, is indeed to be "blessed" beyond measure, and one wonders, even to the limits of indignation, over those beings who, having the power, earn any part of the famous reproach, "Had it been early, it had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it." Such powers, however, are perhaps too spacious for the minor moralities to work in, and it is rather in the grace of giving and in the art of receiving that these find their field for exercise. But a very wide field it is, nevertheless, and for the most part as unregarded and with as poor a rotation of crops as if it formed part of an Irish estate with an absentee landlord.

To many of us, for instance, whose social duties include frequent wedding attendances, and whose sum of mental perplexities is largely added to by reason of constant necessity to furnish forth some small space at some long table on these festive occasions, to such it might well seem whimsical to look for a morality, even a minor one, in useless presents. But then life, in spite of the universal fashion of invitation which seems to suggest the contrary, is not all weddings, and non-useful gifts are not all of the obvious and, so to speak, Salviati sort. The generous heterogeneous spread with its general air of design, as for the daughter of the horse-leech, is confusing, but, in this complicated and contradictory world, it is at any time difficult to decide off-hand and with any definiteness of dogmatism on what is useful and what is useless, and quite impossible to draw the line of separation by the crossing of a cheque. A ton of coals is an indisputably useful gift in the winter, but there is as indisputably many a hearth which can be only effectually warmed by less obvious means, and there are even conceivable aches, we will grant other than rheumatic, for which a bunch of flowers would be a surer cure than a whole bale of medicated flannel.

The sun, which at this moment is streaming through a west-set window in full evening glory of opal and gold, is a shining protest against any narrow or niggardly limitations. We are all of course profoundly aware of our immense utilitarian obligations to the "source of light and heat," as the primers phrase it; but what are we to say to all this fleeting radiance, these colours that are of no possible use for dyes or decorations, these lights which can be neither applied, nor turned on, nor turned off, all this tender grace of a day that is dead? Is it all to be pronounced of no use, useless? Would one keep all the coal-fields and the harvest-fields, all the material benefits of the sun, all its facilities even for experimental science, at the cost of leaving out all the extras provided for in the divine plan—the glory of sunrise and sunset, the delight of colour and scent and sound? Certainly the corn could ripen without the poppies, and the tree turn with time into profitable timber, though a bird never sang in its boughs; but true is it still that man lives not by bread alone, and that well-seasoned wood is not the only essential to a house built by hands. The blossom may be explained as a merely indispensable preliminary to fruit, but there remains the beauty of the blossom to upset any theory of a world which could be considered complete with only its needs supplied. It seems almost what Lord Beaconsfield once called "teasing with obvious comment, and torturing with inevitable inference," to call in the aid of such familiar, not to say commonplace, illustrations, in order to give force to our paradoxical contention for use in uselessness. But because, for real individual help, one bit of beauty outvalues all the utilities in the world, it seems a good deed, even at the risk of truisms, to heap up cumulative and corroborative testimony to its truth.

And applied to the art of giving the truth makes a morality. The widow's mite is a charity, the millionaire's cheque is a luxury, the personal outlay alone is a gift. It may take any form it likes, from a currant bun to a diamond bracelet, but, to be perfect, a gift must have something of the crowning grace of extra about it. Where it stops at supplying a material want, or expresses itself in a plain cheque, it is not a gift but a benefaction. The ton of coals or the ticket for coals cries out for a painted pair of bellows, and even an entirely sensible and comfortable armchair is the better for an accompanying cushion, worked, if possible, by hand! An ancient sage of a school much given to practical, if somewhat prolix, politics, in the matter of morals, once classified givers under four heads: There is first, he noted, the one who says, "What is mine is thine, and what is thine is thine," and this obvious personage he dismisses as a nonentity, and we can perhaps recognise in him the forefather of our man in the street. Then comes he, indifferent to rightful claims and distinctions, who says with careless insincerity, "What is mine is thine, and what is thine is mine," and for him the pithy epithet is coined of "man of the earth"; and this type too we seem to know at once, him of the earth earthy—poor surface soil, making no roots. Then there is the acquisitive sort, lacking but opportunity to progress from selfishness to theft. He, for his muttered "What is mine is mine, and what is thine is mine," is called, shortly, wicked. There remains the one whom, for his way of putting it, the sage dubs saint: "What is mine is thine, and what is thine is thine" is this ideal form, and it does seem to sum up the situation and to present a fine standard of giving. "What is mine is thine." Like a musical echo the meaning of it floats down to us. "What I have and what I am is for thee, less fortunate. And as a share and not as a dole. My pleasantness no less than my purse, my love and my laughter, as well as my loans and my lectures. 'And what is thine is thine'; the independence, the self-respect, the gratitude that is thine, is left to thee, untouched. I make no claim on either." New methods with fine new names do not seem to have made very much advance upon this.

CARRIER PIGEONS

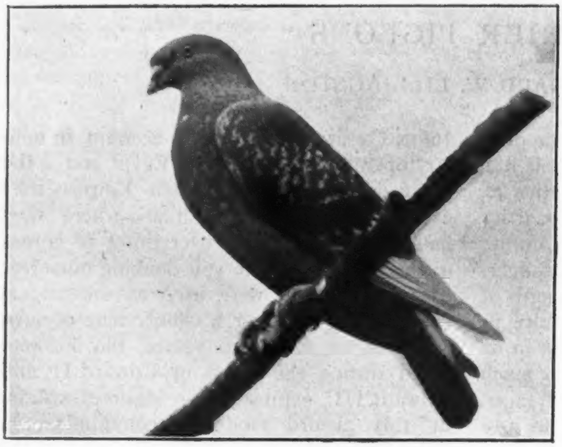
By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

THE Carrier Pigeon reminds one of a well-worn conundrum, for it is not technically speaking a Carrier at all, but a Homer. The Carrier proper is bred for exhibition purposes only, and would be utterly useless as a messenger. In point of fact, from the abnormal length of its wattles it has considerable difficulty in seeing even to eat its food. Finally, in its build it resembles the Homer about as much as a cart-horse does a mettlesome racer. Members of "the fancy," asked as to how the curious misnomer arose, shrug their shoulders dubiously. Carriers have always been Carriers, Homers Homers, within their time—and the public ought to know better!

The Homer is an eminently practical bird, and must have a profound contempt for the Fantail, the Turbit, the Tumbler, the Owl, the Jacobin, the Pouter, and the other fantastic variations of pigeon kind. It disdains to be petted: plain food, clean quarters, and plenty of freedom is all it asks for self and mate. It is, by the way, like all highly civilised races, monogamous. You can by its note readily tell a young bird from an old one. The young one squeaks—young birds are called "squabs" or "squeakers"—whilst the old bird grunts. The difference is so plain that in marking the birds the squeak is taken as conclusive evidence of age: "all young birds must squeak when marked by the society" is a common clause in flying club rules. The male bird takes a proper interest in the rearing of his family, and will take his turn at covering the brood. It is these domestic qualities which help to make the Homer. The message it bears is nothing to it, but it flies fast and far that it may get back to its mate, its young ones, and its home.

How long mankind has made use of this instinct for his own profit would be difficult to say. The sending of the dove out of the Ark is sometimes quoted as the first recorded instance. There is historical evidence that Carrier pigeons were used by the Greeks, and by the Romans, in their turn, about 120 B.C. Julius Cæsar turned them to account in military operations. In ancient Egypt and in the palmy days of the Ottoman Empire they carried the post. In China—where they had discovered almost everything of consequence when we were still daubing ourselves with woad—they were used as messengers centuries ago. Later, a countryman of ours, John Mandeville, who visited the Flowery Land during the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III., expressed his ignorant wonder at this absurd mode of communication. John Chinaman, turning the mangles of the West for Anglo-Saxon masters, may find compensation in the thought. The garrison of Acre, besieged by our Richard of the Lion Heart, kept in touch with the main body of the Paynims by means of Carrier pigeons. Skipping six centuries, we light on a notable piece of gossip: that the Rothschilds in this way got news of the Battle of Waterloo two days before the Government, and were thus able to make a pretty penny juggling with the national securities. It is an excellent story and must be taken for what it is worth.

When we come to the Siege of Paris we are dealing with unquestionable fact. Besiege Paris, impossible! said the Parisians; yet the month of November 1870 found the city cinctured with hostile bayonets and all communication with the outside world cut off. The Carrier pigeon was put upon its mettle. Between November 1870 and the end of January 1871, it took charge of forty-eight day mails and one thousand one hundred and eighty-six night mails. Large sums of money, both public and private, were remitted in this way. Correspondence was uninterruptedly kept up between London and Paris. Duplicate messages were sent in every case, for the German sharpshooters were especially alert. It must have been an eminently agreeable pursuit, combining as it did the pleasures of pot-hunting with the interception of the enemy's mails. The Paris papers set no limits to their indignation when it was reported that the invaders were training hawks to bring down the pigeons. It may not have been magnificent, but it



(*R. B. Lodge, photographer, Enfield*)

SHOW HOMER

was war. The problem of how to pack a great many letters in a small compass was solved by the aid of micro-photography. The originals were reproduced on thin imponderable films of collodion, each of which held on an average two thousand missives. A dozen of these films was a fair burden for a single bird: it would thus be the bearer of twenty-four thousand letters. On one occasion a bird got safely through with forty thousand. As a rule nineteen duplicates were despatched, so that—as it proved—the chances were all in favour of the post. During four months one hundred and fifty thousand official and one million private communications were taken into the French capital. I had almost forgotten to mention that the birds were at first taken out of Paris in balloons. To have flown them out of Paris as well as into it would have necessitated two sets of birds, and there would have been the insuperable difficulty of getting them into the city through the German lines. It is interesting to learn that the "never-ending audacity of elected persons," as Walt Whitman puts it, had earlier in the war scouted the idea of a pigeon post.

The unqualified success of it opened the eyes of the military authorities. Driven out of the field by electricity, the pigeon had been judged useless for other than civil purposes. But the telegraph has this essential weakness: cut its wires and it is no better than a broken toy. And then you cannot do without the Carrier pigeon. Germany took the lesson to heart, and military lofts were established all over the country. Other Continental nations followed suit. Our own War Office, after years of shilly-shallying, has got about five lofts going. The experiment is worth trying. The cost of twenty lofts would be a mere trifle in the national bill. You can board and lodge a Homer for a penny a week, a loft containing two hundred would not cost a pound a week—less than the keep of a horse.

But if M. Marco with his wireless telegraphy should oust the pigeon once and for all from the councils of war, it would scarcely affects its standing in popular favour. The pigeon flyer is inveterate, and in Lancashire at least "flying" is one of the primary passions. Oldham is the Homing metro-

(*R. B. Lodge, photographer, Enfield*)

WORKING HOMER

polis, but there is scarcely a grimy township in the Black Country which has not devotees by the score. Though a loft of Homers will be perfectly contented on a diet of maple peas, tares, or tick beans, there are incidental expenses which fall heavily on short purses. There is the carriage of the birds to the place from which they are flown, and if they are "convoyed" by the owner himself he has his own fare to pay. Otherwise he arranges with an obliging station-master to liberate them. The homing man, too, will generally belong to a flying club and there is a subscription to be found, though as some of the expenses are pooled there is probably a slight saving in that direction. There are no less than five hundred of these flying clubs throughout the country. In Manchester and Birmingham there are large organisations; in the south there is the London Columbarian Society. This last society has been established since 1875, and has had a career of uninterrupted success.

Not only are there sporting papers which find it pays to give a good deal of space to flying news, but there is one paper at least exclusively devoted to Homing. Birds lost or found are advertised in its columns, and challenges issued. The champions are often very outspoken. "If you were so anxious to test the quality of your birds against mine," runs one gentleman's advertisement, "why did you not keep your appointment on the 27th?" Why, indeed? "However, why bother with an out-of-season bombastic challenge?" is the parting shot. The season, by the way, extends from May till the end of August. During the winter the birds are in bad condition, and the atmospheric conditions often make flying them quite out of the question. To liberate them in mist or fog is to court the loss of valuable property.

A Homer of notable achievements and good pedigree has a well-defined value. Fifty-six guineas is the highest recorded price paid in this country for a bird, though by common report this sum has been exceeded. The average price is reasonable enough: you can get a good bird for from thirty shillings to four pounds. Sales by auction devoted to Homers are periodically held in London and the provinces, when "celebrated studs" and "fashionable strains" come under the hammer—you could momentarily fancy you were at a horse repository.

But, after all, Belgium is the place for the Homer. Every town and every village have their weekly race; pigeon flying is a national pastime. It was from Belgium that the Smerle came, which, crossed with the English Dragon, produced the modern Homer, the epitome of swiftness and endurance. The Dragon was bred first for flying purposes over here in 1860.

The average of speed has increased, though the distance a bird can cover in a single journey remains about the same. The velocity of a high-class Homer is from thirty to forty miles an hour, according to its condition, the wind, and the state of the atmosphere. A record fly took place recently from Marennes, in France, to New Mills, in Lancashire, a distance of five hundred and forty-nine miles. The winning bird arrived in twelve hours, having travelled at an average speed of forty-five miles an hour. It was on the wing all the time. Should a bird have alighted it may generally be detected by

(R. B. Lodge, photographer, Enfield)

RETURNING TO THE PERCH

traces of clay or mud on its feet. A high-bred bird which has flown the whole distance without stopping always arrives in a state of extreme exhaustion. Nine hundred miles, from Rome to Brussels, is the maximum distance which has been covered, but even the leading birds in this case took a fortnight and descended for rest and shelter on the road.

The birds are carefully trained. The young Homer is taken half a mile the first day, a mile the second, two miles the third, and so on, doubling the distance each time. It must be liberated each time only in the same direction as to its loft, for a bird can be trained only along one route at a time. When forty miles has been reached a week's rest comes between; a hundred miles is enough for a young bird's first year. So essential is the training that old birds are taken only two miles out for the first lesson of a season, though they may have flown their two hundred and fifty miles the year preceeding. The end of the next season, however, will, if the birds are willing and the trainer patient, be crowned by the accomplishment of a four-hundred-mile flight. As you get higher in the scale of distance, longer and longer rests are needed.

Male birds are generally used for long distances: family matters are apt to engross the attention of the hen, though she is still capable of good work when she has a mind for it. Pigeon racing as a form of sport stands almost by itself. All the emulation is between the owners; the birds are quite unconscious that they are competing, their only motive in putting forth their powers is to get home as quickly as possible. There is no common goal; the winners are the birds which reach their lofts in the shortest time. All the birds, having been stamped on the wing with a race number known only to the starters, are liberated, say, at Bordeaux. Their owners this side of the Channel watch patiently for their return. By a simple contrivance the bird on entering the loft on its arrival is prevented from getting out again. This enables the owner to capture it at once, and he forthwith despatches a telegram to the club centre giving the race mark and stating the exact time at which the bird reached home. An allowance is made for the time taken in getting to the telegraph office. The distance from the loft to Bordeaux divided by the time taken gives the velocity with which the bird has flown.

Much good ink and paper have been spoiled in trying to account for the homing instinct, or, as it is sometimes called, the instinct of orientation. Some writers have suggested that the birds possess a sixth sense. There is the preliminary objection that they have only four, for there seems little doubt that they have no sense of smell. Dismissing this as a side issue, have they an extra sense? There is evidence of Carriers reaching Portsmouth from the Start Lighthouse, flying through a thick fog. There is also evidence of pigeons tossed in a fog on a familiar route being utterly bewildered and unable to make headway. Lord Kelvin's theory of a "magnetic sense" will be useful in accounting for the first, whilst the second may perhaps be discounted by the suggestion that the particular pigeons, through insufficient training or deficiency, had not developed it. Man has senses enough and it would be a perilous thing to add another to his total, but it would only be adjusting the balance of things to credit the pigeon with an extra one. And the magnetic theory is really a very simple matter. It merely implies in the pigeon—incidentally in other birds as well—the power to fly without the aid of sight between certain points of the compass. In proof it is argued that some migratory birds prefer to travel by night, arriving at their destination none the less with unerring certainty.

On the other hand there are practical men who scout the idea. They say that the bird's flight depends solely upon sight and memory. If flown in a fog it either returns to the place of flight or is lost. "Let loose from a balloon on a clear day too far above the ground for objects to be discerned, it drops perpendicularly like a plummet until it nears the earth, when it begins to whirl round in a descending spiral," seeking for landmarks by which to direct its flight. Mr. John Day, a well-known south of England fancier, suggests that when the pigeon is well up in the air it may see perhaps for a hundred miles. Say it were crossing the Irish Channel, the water would look no more than a field of grass. It is certain that whichever view of the cause is correct, there is no inevitableness about the effect. Whether guided by a special instinct, or by sight and memory alone, birds do go astray, or become "disorientated" as it is called. Some, of course, fall victims to the pot-hunter, others to the hawk, whilst others turn up long after in the most unexpected places. A fancier found a valuable Homer of his own, which had been missing for weeks, caged for sale in the market-place of a country town. He bought it for sixpence, a bird worth many pounds. Another unfortunate bird was found "assisting" at a shooting match. The man who placed the pigeons in the trap fortunately noticed that the bird was marked, in time to prevent the murder, and it was restored to its owner. Then there is the domestic cat with a keen appreciation for a fat pigeon. And just as a dog has a legal right to his first bite at humankind, so is the cat legally entitled to her first pigeon, even though it may be worth five or ten pounds.

All Homers of standing carry a ring round the foot with letters and initials of identification; sometimes they bear the name and address of their owner stamped on the inside of the wing, so that a magistrate or a jury would probably find any person detaining them—or converting them to culinary purposes—to be "feloniously minded," a mental state frequently visited with unpleasant consequences.

The pigeon is still employed in newspaper work. The illustrated papers have used them in recent years to transmit sketches made by their artists of interesting events. The system of reporting football matches and sporting events has been so far perfected—in many cases the reporter is able to telephone the varying fortunes of the match as he sits watching it from the press box—that Carriers are not now so generally used as they were. There are still, however, evening papers with a pigeon service. They are generally supplemented by carts carrying duplicate messages. A news sheet which did not take this precaution was curiously frustrated. Of the two birds sent one went astray, whilst the other alighted on the coping facing the office of the paper, and as there was a pleasant summer rain falling, proceeded to take a bath. The most tempting offers of grain, the seductive words of its trainer, the blandishments of the entire literary staff were unavailing. It would not budge for the editor himself until it had finished its toilet. By the time this was over the rival paper had had an edition "on the streets" a full hour. Shooting the Carrier and capturing the message in the interests of a rival sheet is not, by the way, entirely unknown, though a little too unscrupulous to square with the ethics of even the most go-ahead journalism.

Pigeons have been employed in Arctic exploration before M. Andrée. Twelve pairs of birds were sent out with Captain Nares and Captain Young in the *Alert* and *Discovery* expedition. There seems to have been no competent person to take care of them, and few survived the voyage; the rest died in the winter quarters, except one, which was shot by a sailor in mistake for a ptarmigan.

Of course no birds could be trained to carry messages back to Europe from the frozen North. They are liberated on the chance that, disgusted with the region of ice and snow in which they find themselves, they may make for some inhabited country and fall into the hands of natives or others through whom the message, or the news of the capture, may be transmitted.

There are several ways of attaching a message to a bird. Some fasten it above, some below, one of the quills of the tail feathers. Others have a goose quill permanently attached with fine wire, so that a "tissue" may be slipped inside without unnecessary delay. The best way probably is to attach it to the leg just above the claw of the foot with a small india-rubber ring kept on the bird's leg ready for use. There is a curious superstition, entirely without foundation, that there are certain strains of Homers suitable some for hilly countries, others for crossing the Channel, and so forth.

SPRINGTIME IN THE WESTERN ISLES

By JANIE M. CLERK

WHEN larches are tipped with red, and yellow tassels fringe the hazels, we know that spring has come again, "calling up the moor-fowl," calling to the sleeping green things to waken and rise above the brown earth; and as the days grow longer and "horizons are luminous," shower and shine combine to call so loudly that they all come up with a rush, and in dell and dingle primroses smile at us, and ferns uncurl their soft, downy crooks.

But by the sea, away in the Western Isles, spring is heralded by quite other signs. There it is the far-ebbing tides that call to the people to come out, for the cold, dead winter is past; and so every day, when the long shore lies bare, and glistening brown rocks, unseen at other times, rear their heads, busy groups of men, women, and children may be seen hard at work with their sharp hooks cutting the sea-wrack and piling it up on creels on the backs of their shaggy ponies, while the sunlight is bright and strong, and the breeze blows in from the sea.

We used to go down to the rocks to sketch the characteristic groups and the sails passing up the Sound, or to hunt among the pools for the lovely things hidden away under a curtain of dark wrack which, drawn back, showed the clear water quivering over the soft reds and greens of the seaweeds and the jewelled pebbles. In the deep cuttings between the rocks, quite at the water's edge, great forests of tangle could be seen, the broad shining leaves streaming out on the ebbing tide, tossing up and down, never still for a moment; but down below, where the roots were fixed, the water was still and green, and across the shimmering sand and in and out of the glistening stems myriads of tiny finned creatures darted like birds. Pink and white sea-urchins, like great flower-buds, gleamed out among the brown leaves and stalks, through which the tide kept slipping with soft sighs, swirling back and back to toss and toy with its playthings again, while overhead sea-birds flashed on silvery wings, uttering sharp cries, and the whole air seemed full of quivering, pulsing life here by the Western sea.

We got to know most of the people on the shore after a few days. There was Flora Morrison, pretty Flora with a red shawl covering her "bonny brown hair;" old Grannie Beaton, past seventy, but as active and cheery as any one there; Angus Macleod, Donald McGillvray—all of them, from being merely picturesque bits of colour for our foregrounds, becoming of real interest as men and women of strong characters, hating and loving, toiling and scheming, suffering and rejoicing, as human nature will all the world over, however environed.

We got Flora to sing to us, in her high sweet voice, songs which "Donald Bard" volunteered to translate, doing so with wonderful fluency and dramatic gesture. Poor Donald! he was most unlike one's ideal "bard," being short and stout, with a round moon face fringed with whisker, but his eye shone with real poetic fervour as he warmed to his subject. One song haunted us: it told how two women who loved the same man found themselves alone on the shore when the tide was flowing. "She of the fair hair," wearied with her work, fell asleep, pillowing her head against a rock, when the sight of the long locks mingling thus with the seaweed suggested to her "dark" rival the fiendish thought of chaining her there for the tide to swallow up, and with fingers quickened by hate she plaited and wove the fair tresses so firmly into the strong wrack that when the helpless victim awoke it was in vain she struggled to rise or free herself! Then, lying there with her face to the sky, she sang, like the dying swan, her own death-song, lamenting her cruel fate and lonely death, and bewailing the grief of her loved one when he should find her thus, and see down in the water, glimmering on her breast, the golden brooch he had himself given her —while the waves crept nearer and nearer, until singer and song were silenced! Even in the broad sunlight we shivered, so wild and eerie was the tale, losing none of its effect when chanted in Donald's low, impressive voice.

Grannie Beaton grew jealous of our notice of Donald, and tried hard to gain favour and excite sympathy by alternate audible remarks on the "pretty ladies," and by a loud *barking* cough which we could not believe was quite genuine. No, we were never very sure of her in spite of her *bonhomie*, she had such a sly "pawky" eye; —but then she was very old, and poor, and cold; and so packets of tea and sugar (and snuff!) found their way, not once or twice, to her tumbledown cottage. She had her choice of her neighbours' firesides, where she was treated with great respect, for she had a sharp tongue, and the reputed power of the "evil eye."

In the days of her youth she had seen the fairies—"the wee men in the green coats." One night one of them ran in front of her on the yellow road when the moon was bright, and fast as she walked he kept ahead, and though she gave him "good evening" he answered nothing, but hurried on. She thought the sight of the church would send him off, but no—he passed the gate as if he did not see it, till he came to the moss, when he left the road, and up and over the first peat-stack he ran—such a hurry he was in!—and across the heather to a round little hill, and, with her own two eyes, she saw it open up and him running into it just as the moon went down behind the trees! And glad, glad was she to be at her own door again, after such a sight!

Lucky Grannie! No more can the "wee green-coated men" be met with on moonlit roads now, look for them as we may!

We noticed that Angus Macleod always worked by himself, his dark, handsome face and sombre eye seldom lighting up with interest or pleasure; but one day, finding him near us as we sketched, we entered into conversation, and were surprised by his intelligent answers and refined speech. He had seen a good deal of the world as a yachtsman, and intended trying for another berth soon.

"I weary of this place now," he said, "and would not come back were it not for the old folk, and putting the croft to rights in the spring now and then."

We felt there was some reason behind this, some story, and we heard it that evening from our landlady at the little inn.

"Is it Angus Macleod? Oh, poor lad, his was the sad story. It will be two—no, three years since he was going to be married to one of the prettiest and nicest and quietest lassies in the place, Morag Macdonald from the glen, and his heart was just set on her and she was terribly fond of him. Well, they were going to have what we call in the Gaelic *Ceangal-pòsaidh* (the betrothal), the friends on both sides meeting at the bride's house to make the arrangements, and having a feast—nearly as much a to-do as the wedding itself.

"Morag was a tasty lassie in her ways: everything must be pretty and nice to please her; and what did she think she must have for the supper-table but her auntie's fine tea-set of foreign china. Och, poor Morag! it was a sore day you ever thought of it. But off up the glen to her auntie's she went, a quiet, quiet day in late October I mind it was, and the dark coming soon.

"I went up early to give a help with things, but all was left ready by Morag, the fowls at the fire and the beautiful scones—nothing 'wanting' but the lassie herself. Then the company came; old Angus and young Angus you may be sure; and 'What is keeping Morag?' was the question passing round. Young Angus and his cousin Ronald, the best man, went off to seek her, and the rest of the friends sat round the fire telling stories to pass the time, and ever they would be going to the door to look out; but there was no word, and the darkness was now down, and the lamp lit. Well, it was a queer thing, but though all day there had not been a *breathe* of wind, it got up in a minute, loud and wild, and gave a skreigh all round the house that burst open the door and blew the peats out on the floor, and the dogs ran out with the fright and howled most pitiful!

"Oh, we all jumped up then, and some ran out, and my cousin, Morag's mother, cried: 'There's something wrong with the lassie, I know that well!' And we had all the same fear on us, for it was a wild sound, and went away as sudden as it came.

"The two old men went off then with the lantern, and the best maid and myself did our best to cheer up the mother, poor body. 'Keep a good heart,' we said; 'the lads will bring her safe back soon,' but it was far from what we were thinking ourselves. We made her a cup of tea; but no, she would not settle, but out to the door every minute, crying, 'Morag, Morag lassie, what's keeping you this night?'

"Then we saw the lanterns moving, and old Angus came running in, and 'Whisht now!' he said: 'the lassie's hurt, they're just coming,' and there was Angus and Ronald carrying the poor lamb between them! But oh! it was not hurt she was, but dead! It would not need a doctor to tell that: she was as white and as cold as the marble, and took no heed of father nor mother, nor Angus her own lad, nor of anything more in this world!

"What had caused the sad work? Oh, what but the nasty, rich, foreign china, she had set such store by, cutting her deep, deep where she fell down among the rocks in her hurry to get home—she that was as nimble-footed as a deer! But the track was steep, you see, with wee stones rolling loose on it, and her hands were not free. They found her with her face in the water. Och! Morag, that was a sad, sore night for all your friends. Angus, poor lad, was in an awful way, but Sir John made him go away in the yacht to foreign parts to divert his mind, and he's a good and a clever sailor now, but for my part I think it's the sad heart he will be carrying for many a long year when he thinks on that night."

Poor little Morag! When we thought of her the sunshine seemed less bright, and something of the joy and stir of life went out of the springtime—here by the Western sea.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

Methought I passed through poppy fields of Sleep,
Heart-weary, loathing Life, and seeking rest,
For on my soul the world's weight lay oppressed.

Through dusky groves Lethean, dark and deep,
Soft waters sighed, and rustling branches swept
A slumbrous song whose sadness never slept.

"O Night!" I cried, "give answer to my cry,
For I am weary wandering in this world
Of shuddering death, through dying star-dust hurled.

"Give me some guide, O God—or let me die:
Some voice from out the depths of Thy far land,
Or quickening contact of some kindly hand."

So, on a bank, by broad o'ershadowing tree,
In deep and dread despair I sate me down:
And by came one, with sorrow for a crown.

Engarlanded with dead joys faded he,
And pallid-worn with weary pilgrimage—
Crushing within his clay a soul's high rage.

"Is thine the hand," I cried, "to give me rest?"
"Go hence," he said. His voice had dolorous swell.
"Talk not to me of rest; the word is hell."

"Thy name?" I cried; "Oh, go not unconfessed."
And his deep eyes gazed on me, till my soul
Swam in a mist of wonder, past control.

"Men called me Wisdom, Learning, Light, and Truth;
I dreamed the glittering peaks of fame I scaled,
But in my waking all the glory paled.

"Around my feet I drew the flower of Youth,
In dust beneath me sate Strength, Joy, and Pride;
They slumber still, hands folded, where they died.

"For all my glory faded and I fell—
And at my heels the churls and house dogs ran:
They flung me forth to scorn, as charlatan.

"And now, as forth I wander, surely hell
Is in the hungering torture of my quest—
Through worlds on worlds in vain to fare for rest."

He passed: his shadow faded into night.
Anon I heard a foot that sadly stepped,
And sorrowing sound of one that, walking, wept.

And from the darkness, out to the wan light
That flickered through the shadow where I sate,
Came one, slow-stepping, swathed in sorrowing state.

Pale roses, parched and faded many a day,
From locks disordered dropped dry leaves that turned
To dust in falling, and fierce fever burned

His heart within him. All his weary way
He wailed and wept: a wight forlorn was he;
And thus he spake, with sorrow sad to see:

"My name was Pleasure: on my heedless lips
I crushed the grapes from joy or sin that fall:
Now in my heart it turns and yearns to gall.

"Even at my table came the dread eclipse:
Gay faces faded—Death's pale stare drew near,
And froze our souls beside our festal cheer.

"Through silent night a voice cried 'ICHABOD!'
Their glory is departed as a dream—
They sink—sweeps o'er them Time's oblivious stream.

"Yea, one, to my heart dear as very God,
Glared wild upon me, and with frenzied cry
Stretched out pale hands, and sank her down to die.

"'Soul of my soul—the hour we feared has come;
'Tis our last cup; farewell for evermore!
One kiss, O love, my love! my life is o'er.'

"There all sit on, in darksome death-state dumb,
While here I wander, sad, till Death shall stir
My grief, and still my hungering pain for her."

And, as the tear burst from my breaking heart,
Methought a warm lip kissed my woe away,
And through dim shadowland broke deathless day.

And while Sleep's pinions fluttered to depart,
I looked—it was my love, whose darling face
Stooped close to mine, and made the gloom give place.

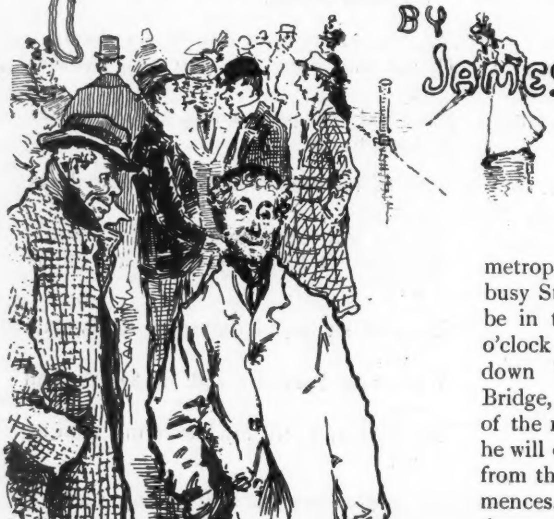
So know I neither Pleasure giveth rest,
Nor what our world calls Wisdom, in her blind
Mad stumble somewhat new and true to find.

But only Love—Love only, which is best
And deepest gift of God who giveth peace,
Strong as the grave is strong—eternal, ne'er to cease.

L. MACLEAN WATT.

POVERTY CORNER

BY JAMES BAYFIELD



It is a curious name—a name which, like "Queer Street," finds no place in the London Directory. But the name describes the place perfectly; for nowhere is it possible to find more poverty of the shabby genteel kind than is to be met with at "the Corner."

Where, then, and what is, "Poverty Corner?" It is almost in the centre of the metropolis, barely ten minutes' walk from the busy Strand. Should any reader happen to be in the latter thoroughfare about eleven o'clock on a Monday morning, let him turn down Wellington Street, cross Waterloo Bridge, and proceed along the western side of the road which bears that name. Soon he will come to a place where, at right angles from the Waterloo Road, York Road commences. With a frontage in both these thoroughfares, there stands a large, prosperous-looking hostelry of the modern kind, with a spacious pavement before it. This is "Poverty Corner," the open-air market of the music-hall and circus professions. Here may be seen on any Monday morning, comic singers, "descriptive vocalists," "Irish knockabouts," "serio-comics," "trick bicyclists," jugglers, "bare-back equestriennes," entertainers of every description, in fact—all waiting to be hired.

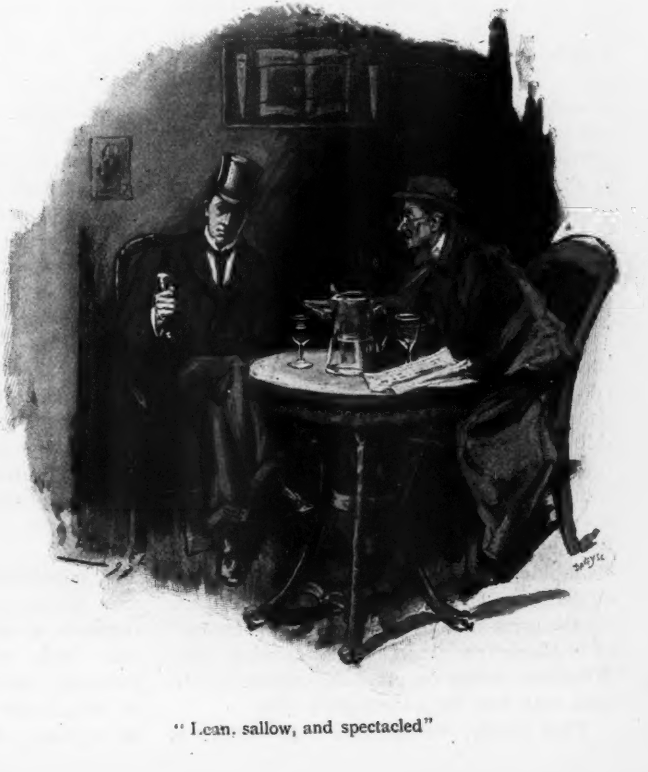
These *artistes* are not in the first flight of their professions. At "the Corner" you do not find favourites of the West-end halls on the look-out for engagements. They often drive up, it is true, and, followed by the envious glances of their less fortunate brethren, lounge into the saloon-bar of the aforementioned hostelry. But that is only because the place is the "profession's" recognised house of call. These stars of the music-hall firmament merely come to talk shop with flourishing fellow *artistes*, and, perchance, to put their names to bundles of contracts which their agents set before them.

Let me try to give a brief sketch of an average Monday morning gathering at "the Corner." It is not yet eleven o'clock, but already little knots of seedy-looking individuals of both sexes are standing about the ample pavement. Their clothes, though sadly the worse for wear, are neat and well-brushed; and, despite the pinched faces of many of those present, an air of cheerfulness pervades the assembly. For it is Monday morning, and at any moment some one may come along and give them engagements.

Look at that blue-chinned little man chatting gaily with the bull-necked young fellow on the edge of the kerb. That is Charley Trigg, "eccentric comedian and dancer." He has been out of a "shop" for nearly two months, and, though he looks happy enough, it is very probable he has had no breakfast this morning. But he is hopeful of getting a late "turn" at the Bijou—a North London hall—which will mean thirty shillings a week. The bull-necked individual with whom "Charley" is conversing is Dan Doogan of the Brothers Doogan, "renowned Irish knockabouts." The Brothers have just completed a three months' tour of the smaller provincial towns, so that, in all likelihood, half-a-crown will presently change hands, and Trigg will be able to dine.

A little further along is a curious group, composed of a middle-aged man, two young girls, and a squarely-built youth of about eighteen. They are the Bombini Acrobatic Troupe; but the family (the man is the father and trainer of the trio) is English. All four look decidedly out of condition, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that over three months have elapsed since they finished their last engagement. Only the very finest acrobats are wanted at the big London halls. Third-rate troupes are a drug in the market; and the Bombinis are, it must be confessed, only third-rate. There are dozens of such who are glad to do a nightly "turn" in some obscure place of amusement for two or three sovereigns a week.

Near the acrobats is a group of miscellaneous talent. It includes a vocalist whose speciality is pathetic "character," songs of "The Lifeboatman's Message" order, a squat little circus clown, a serio-comic lady, and a lantern-jawed young man, who, about a year ago, foolishly relinquished his stool in a city office for the glamour of the variety boards. The change of professions has apparently not been a success; for we cannot help noticing that one of the ex-clerk's shoes has no heel to it, that his light check suit is shiny with wear, and that the rim of his hat is broken. His is a common story. An amateur performer at smoking-concerts, the applause and flattery of his fellow-clerks imbued him with the belief that he was gifted with talent of no mean order. He therefore called upon a shady music-hall agent, and that gentleman, after hearing the aspirant sing a couple of comic ditties, prophesied great things, pocketed a £10 fee, and undertook to bring his client before the public. To this end it was arranged that the budding comedian



"Lean, sallow, and spectacled"

should do a "turn" at a little suburban hall. He would be paid no salary, of course; indeed, the agent assured him that in most cases an unknown man was expected to pay a fee for the privilege of appearing upon a real stage. Our aspirant eagerly agreed to waive the matter of salary, and, resigning his berth in the City, fulfilled the week's trial engagement. Extraordinary to relate, the public failed to recognise his genius; nor has it done so yet. It is true that the agent has secured him a few miserably paid engagements; but it is doubtful whether his earnings during the past six months have amounted to £20. He still believes, however, that he is possessed of great talent, and that the time will come when the big managers will bid against each other for his services. It is, as I have said, a common story. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women there are, who, under the belief that they would jump at once into popularity on the music-hall stage, have thrown up steady employment and drifted into the ranks of the failures who haunt "Poverty Corner."

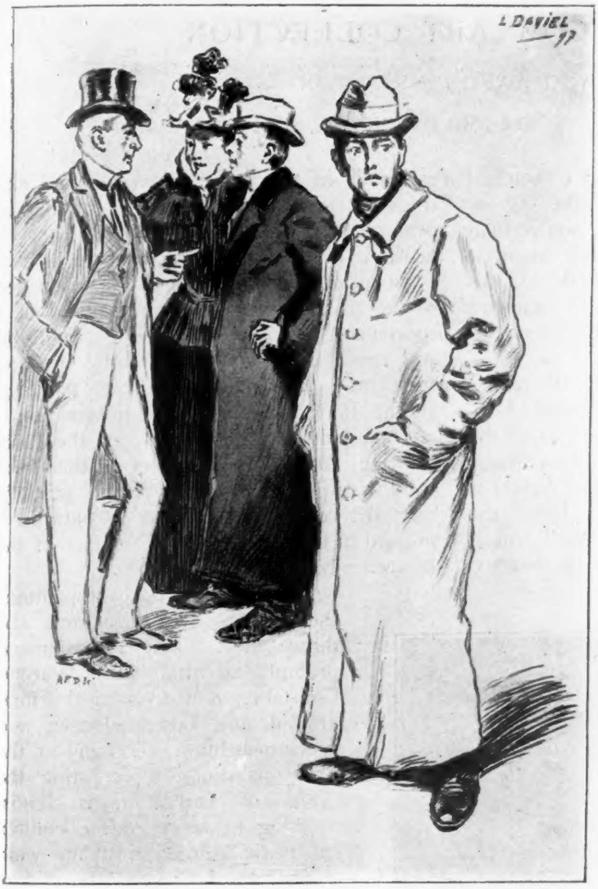
It would be wearisome to notice each individual group assembled on this Monday morning. All are "hard up," and all are hopeful of securing an engagement of some sort. It is almost painful to observe the anxiety with which the motley crowd of *artistes* watch the arrival of jewel-bedecked provincial managers and proprietors. Look at that tall, red-haired man endeavouring to attract the attention of a Birmingham music-hall proprietor, as the latter deliberately surveys the gathering of unappreciated talent on the pavement. The tall man styles himself "England's Champion Clog-dancer," but, judging by appearances, the championship has not brought its holder fortune. Clog-dancing must be losing popularity, for its accomplished exponent has not earned a shilling during the past seven weeks; and before he can fulfil another engagement, he will have to raise sufficient money to redeem his clogs from the pawnshop. Alas! the Birmingham proprietor will not look at the champion this morning. Midland audiences evidently prefer vocal to terpsichorean talent, for the great man approaches the "creator" of "Moriarty's Hod," and drawing that Hibernian *artiste* on one side, commences to treat with him for a fortnight's visit.

That portly, well-dressed man yonder is an agent. He is driving a hard bargain with an East-end manager on behalf of his client, Signor Danoletti, the "celebrated equilibrist and juggler." The "Signor" himself, a sharp-featured man with a waxed moustache, stands at his agent's elbow, and in response to a patronising query from the manager, supplies a few particulars as to previous engagements in an unmistakable cockney accent. Thereupon, terms are agreed to, and the manager, after making a note in his pocket-book, enters the saloon bar of the hostelry with agent and *artiste*.

Let us follow them in. There is an air of prosperity about the majority of the people we find lounging at the bar. That florid-faced man in the well-cut frock coat is a popular singer of comic songs. He "works" three West-end halls a night, and earns altogether about forty pounds per week. It was with that famous ditty—"I Pulverised the Policeman," that he made his first hit. The dapper little man, who is just lighting a huge cigar, is a "grotesque comedian." He also is a West-end favourite, his eccentric "make-up" and facial contortions nightly eliciting roars of laughter.

That's a curious individual at the further table. Lean, sallow-faced, and spectacled, he looks strangely out of place in this ornate saloon. He always wears a big slouch hat, and, winter and summer, cloaks himself in that shabby old "Inverness." What is he? He is a poet—a bard of the halls. For five shillings he will write you a ditty consisting of four verses and chorus, and for another half-crown will compose a melody to fit the words. Scores of his songs have made tremendous hits; have been whistled by the street boys, and ground out on the piano-organs. He is the author and composer of "Oh! That Flat-Iron"—a ditty which made the great Paul Pepper. Pepper, who now earns about thirty pounds a week, bought the song outright for half a guinea, and when it was published received in royalties on the copies sold considerably over one hundred pounds.

A music-hall bard of a different stamp is that heavy-moustached man who has just ordered a whisky-and-soda. Observe the neat little portfolio he is carrying. It probably contains a dozen new compositions in manuscript; and he will dispose of them all to-day. You won't catch *him* signing



"Little knots . . . standing about"

away all rights in one of his effusions for half a guinea. You may, perhaps, purchase the singing rights for that sum, but the song won't be one of ——'s best efforts. Two guineas is his usual figure. See, he is chatting with Leonard D'Arcy, of "The Liner's Doom" fame. Watch the bard as he opens his portfolio and draws forth a MS. enclosed in brown paper covers. He hands it to D'Arcy, and that experienced *artiste* runs his eye over the verses. "Um—words seem all right; what's the melody like?" he remarks, as he hands the MS. back. The song-writer takes a sip of his whisky-and-soda, and then beating time with his disengaged hand, softly hums over the first verse and chorus. Evidently D'Arcy likes the tune, for he nods his head, and immediately retires to an inner room with the bard, in order to sign one of the latter's printed agreements, and pay the sum demanded for exclusive singing rights.

But it is past one o'clock, and the bar is gradually emptying. Some of the customers pass into the dining-room, while others go home to their midday repast. We also emerge into the street, and discover that the little knots on the broad pavement are much less numerous than they were half an hour ago. The cheerfulness, too, has given way to dejection; for most of the agents and managers have closed their "date-books" and gone. Even as we look, two of the disappointed groups quietly disperse, and ten minutes later the pavement is clear save for a cabman, a police-sergeant, and a news-vendor. So we also, reader, will turn our backs on "Poverty Corner."

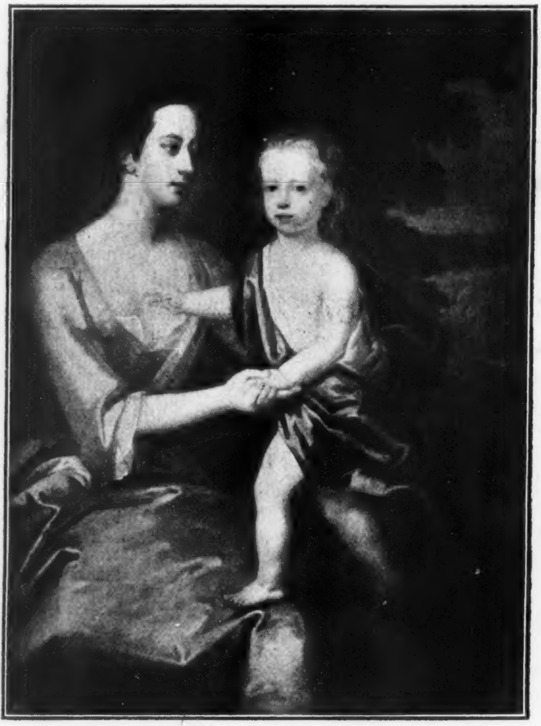
A GLASGOW ART COLLECTION

By EDWARD PINNINGTON

SECOND PAPER

FROM the plan of treatment sketched in the first paper upon the Agnew collection it will be understood that the turnstile stands amongst the painters grouped round Constable. In one direction we look back to Richard Wilson; in the other, forward to Alexander Fraser.

Two portraits, although bearing the names of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, stand apart both from the plan of the collection and from the historical and artistic interests to which it appeals. The former is entitled "Mrs. Beresford and Boy," the latter is "Boy with hooded Hawk," and is admirable in drawing and brush-work, especially in the buff-gauntleted hand and the feathers and hood of the hawk. The expression upon the clear boyish face is marked, first of all, with propriety—self-consciousness and childish pride restrained by the rising sense of manliness and of a sportsman's dignity. The pure carnations, and the light of youth illumining the eye, are noteworthy achievements in painting. In the Beresford portrait the imagination is not similarly awakened; and, in the flesh-painting, the differentiation of mother from child does not, in distinctness and subtlety, carry the conviction of truth to nature expressed in the clear depth of the face of the Lawrence boy.

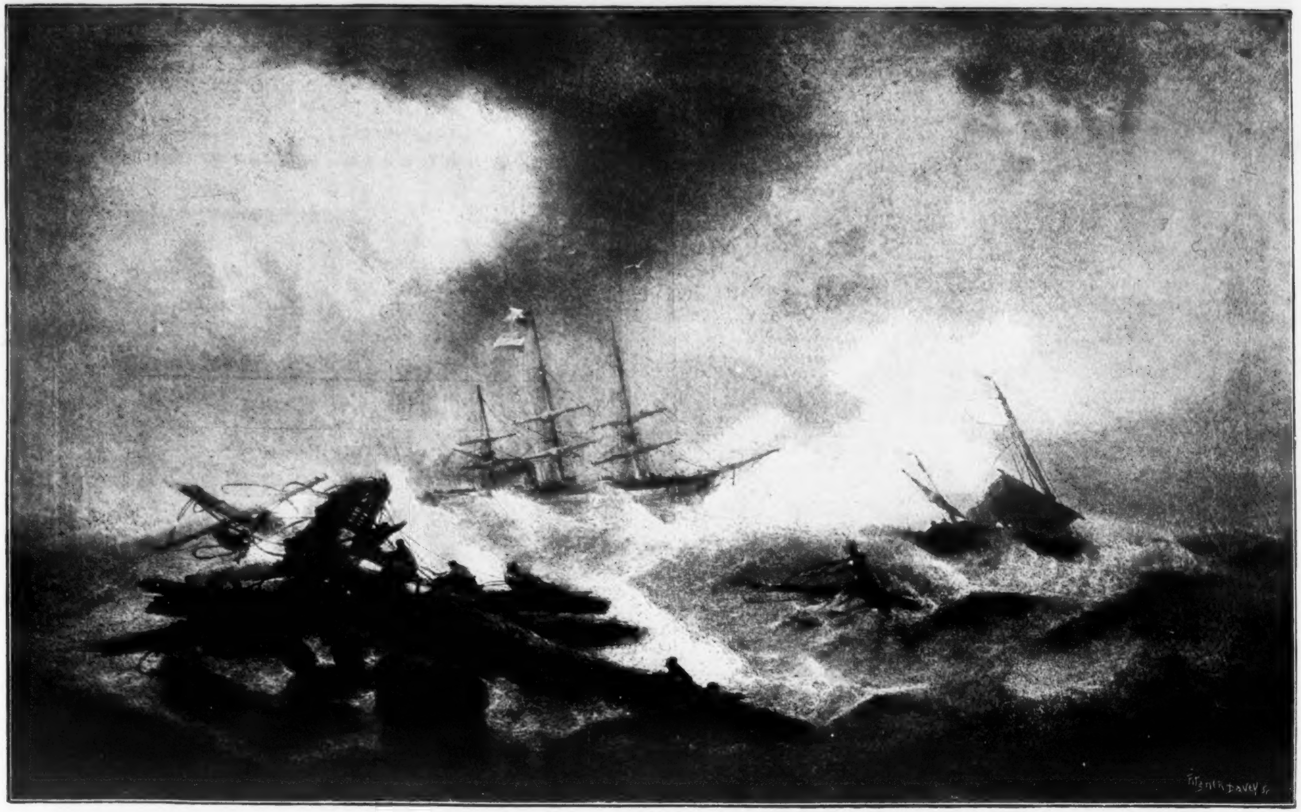


MRS. BERESFORD AND BOY

(Sir Joshua Reynolds)

Amongst the landscape painters, the more striking figures, and those most likely to command prompt attention, are Turner, Constable, and Cox in the foreground, and Bough, Fraser, and Lawson behind. Looking at the three paintings representing the genius of Turner, it is almost amusing to revert to the conflict his work kindled. In any view, and whatever else may be said of the "Wreck in the Mediterranean," it cannot be found wanting in realistic truth. The canvas tells with fidelity and force the story of elemental battle, the struggle with death, the cry for help, and even suggests despair of human aid. Of the Constable group, one of the most broadly characteristic is "The Lock" in two versions.

In the larger — from Lady Annesley's collection — the composition is the finer. Upon the right the sky is dark, and through an opening in the middle the light falls over buoyant and fleecy clouds down upon the landscape. It so touches the tree upon the right as to throw it forward, and between it and the sombre sky we are made



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WRECK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

By TURNER

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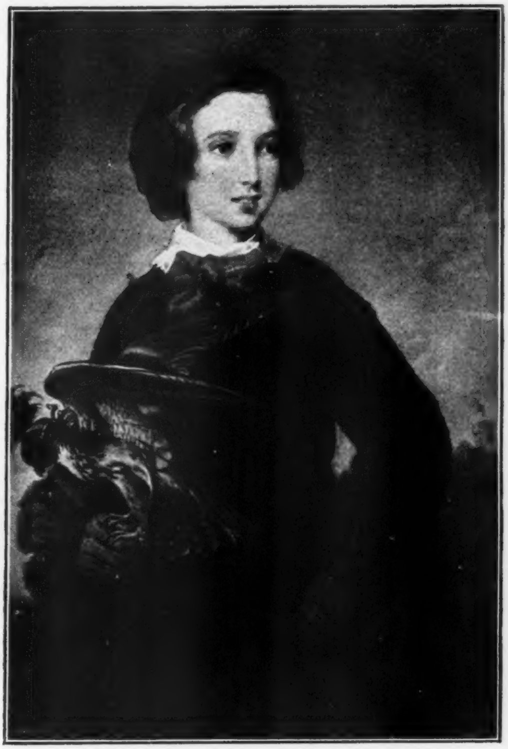
to feel the space where birds are sailing. The lock lies between the wings of an evenly balanced composition. This picture bears the double stamp of unity of design and harmony of colour. In describing the individual picture, the typical Constable is described. His manner may vary, but he invariably leaves an impression of that intimate intercourse with nature which leads to full knowledge.

Approaching David Cox as he is seen in "Pent-y-brydd," "Noseworthy Bridge, Devonshire," and the "Old Mill at Bettws-y-Coed," the lyrical quality of his art is the first to assert itself. At his best, Cox clothes the commonplace with a beauty which raises it into distinction. In the first-named picture the scene is such as might be seen well-nigh anywhere—a stream running through woodland, the trees throwing out their arms and bending towards it as if to catch hurried and broken glimpses of their own umbrageous beauty. The bridge also is a common rustic structure, carrying the path from bank to bank. The river, however, is no ordinary stream, for it sings and shouts as it goes, making music in the solitude. It pertains to the power and enduring interest of all the greater landscape painters that they make nature sentient and alive. As in portraiture character pervades likeness, so in landscape life and feeling are revealed in nature's forms. In that lies the great charm of Cox's woodland painting. The effect in "Pent-y-brydd" is mellow and rich, and the bridge and mill pictures are further examples of ripe and luminous colour. Breadth of grasp is combined with nice tenderness in detail.

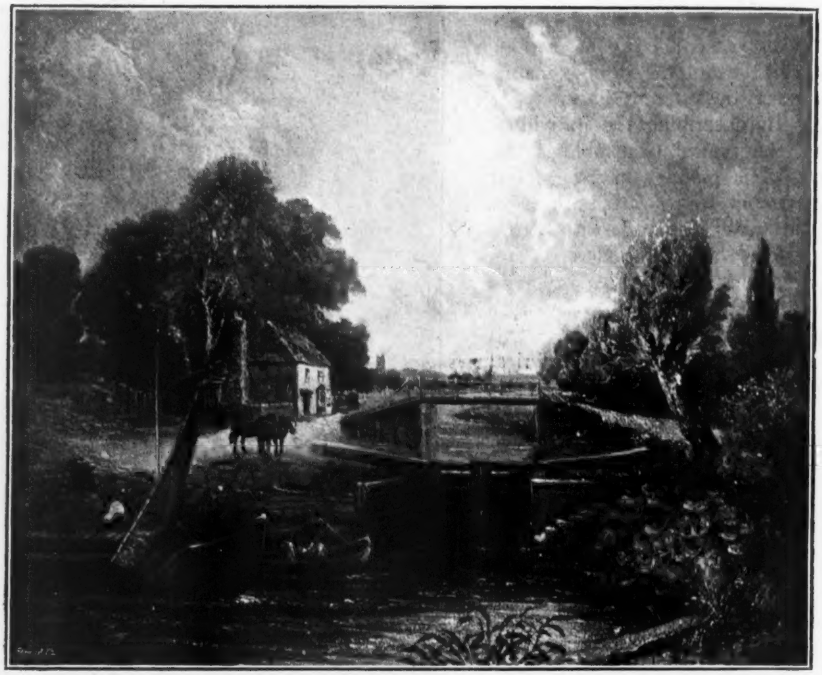


BOY WITH HAWK

(Sir Thomas Lawrence)

Chester's "William Rufus' Cottage in New Forest" makes a triple appeal. Its subject touches the historic sense. In the next place, the recent closing of the painter's career leads to a passing reflection upon his place in art. He lived through all the changes of the past fifty years of British art, and this picture tells a good deal of the secret of his enduring interest. As in Cox, warm tints are again contrasted with low shades of green and interspersed with touches of blue. Quaint in fact, and probably less trustworthy than picturesque, the cottage with its red brick chimney is most attractive in art. No detail is lost in breadth, and the combination of infinite pains with masculine grasp and broad handling lies at the root of the lasting influence of the earlier painters of the century. While Cox paints a lyric, this Chester stirs us like an old English ballad.

A regret cannot be suppressed that several of the pictures most likely to touch enthusiasm lend themselves least readily to reproduction. This is particularly felt in the case of a striking landscape by the Rev. John Thomson, the pastor-painter of Duddingston. It is marked by all his characteristic breadth of handling and forcible impressionism, and by a richness of colour outside the pale of his usual practice. He infuses poetic feeling into the dignified statement of simple truth.



A LOCK

(Constable)

Cecil Lawson is also, to a very great extent, lost in reproduction. Looking at his "Evening on a Yorkshire Moor" and "Landscape in Somersetshire" brings back the feeling of loss sustained in his untimely death at the age of thirty. Born in 1851, he exhibited in the Royal Academy at nineteen, and was only twenty-three when, with "The Hop Gardens of England," he won something very like fame. He carried into landscape an individual style, rare in art, and which he wielded with the easy strength of a master and the vivid imagination of a poet. With him we reach the art of to-day (1851—1882), upon which, although dying so young, he left a deep mark. Technique may be perfected; such imagination as Lawson's is an artist's supreme gift. In the Yorkshire moorland picture the idea is of repose and peace, and it is couched in terms both striking and pensive, beautified by many delicate passages.

His life, too, strikes a chord which finds an echo in many modern artist-lives. Chalmers is another who was taken from the strife of impetuous endeavour without seeing the goal. A life unreservedly devoted to art ended (1833—78) in a mysterious tragedy.

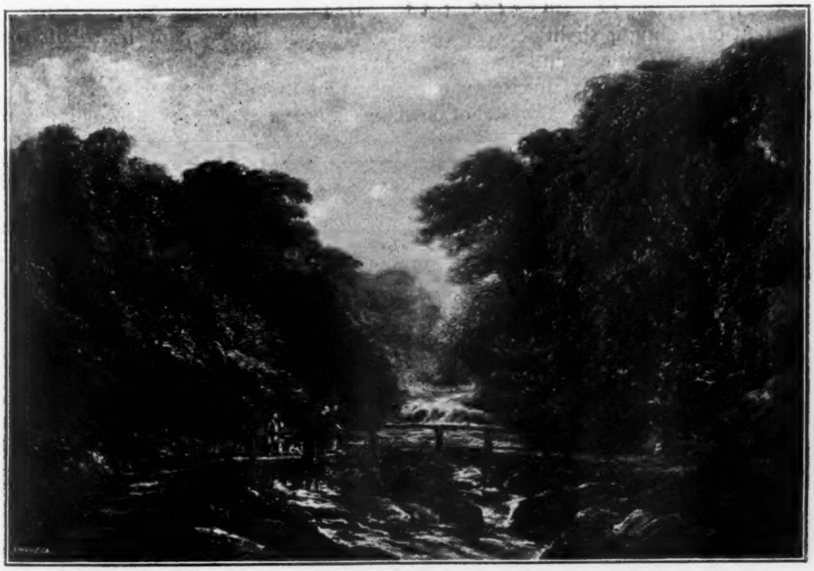
From Chalmers to Phillip the step is as short as from Montrose to Aberdeen, their respective birthplaces. Both men worked fitfully as the spirit moved. Both painted with flying brush while the fit lasted. Both sank from enthusiasm to despair when the Muse left. Both were taken in the plenitude of their powers, and the aim of both was beautiful colour. Here, the Chalmers is sketchy and the Phillip transitional; but if pictures may be read as biographical memoranda, there is little doubt where the centre of personal interest in the Agnew collection lies. Lawson, Chalmers, Phillip—and with Bough, Keeley Halswelle, Leader, and Alexander Fraser, who shall say that it is otherwhere in respect of art?

There seems little doubt that the Pre-Raphaelite movement and Mr. Ruskin's impassioned writing added zest to the feeling for nature they reflected. Should it be asked to what the fidelity to nature further led, there is here Sam Bough's "Hoar Frost—Early Morning," a strong man's assimilation of Constable's breadth and Turner's glowing depth of sky. There are Leader's "Woodcutters" and "The Shepherd," a sunny sloping bank by Vicat Cole, and the Scots group, including Milne Donald, where the track is lost. It may be the magic of life, or belief in the slow but certain maturing of time and in present-day endeavour, but from the Frasers and the Bough no backward and regretful glance is cast towards the Turners and Constables, towards Cotman, Crome, and Wilson. They have had their day; let us have ours, for is it not fit and seemly, as well as natural, to have faith in our own time? Mr. Agnew has so builded as to start the question. He has but to go forward in the coming years to turn faith into conviction.

The Frasers consist of an interior pure and clear in tint as a water-colour, a "Landscape with Sheep," "Brackenshaw Tower," and "Lanercost Abbey," all strong with the brilliant strength of Byron, and finished with the polished simplicity of Burns. The painter is now a man of seventy, and sickness has robbed his right hand of its cunning, but it is impossible to think of him as other than the possessor of lifelong virility unimpaired and undepleted. He seems to have begun life a fully-equipped painter, who knew nothing of the tentative stage preceding maturity.

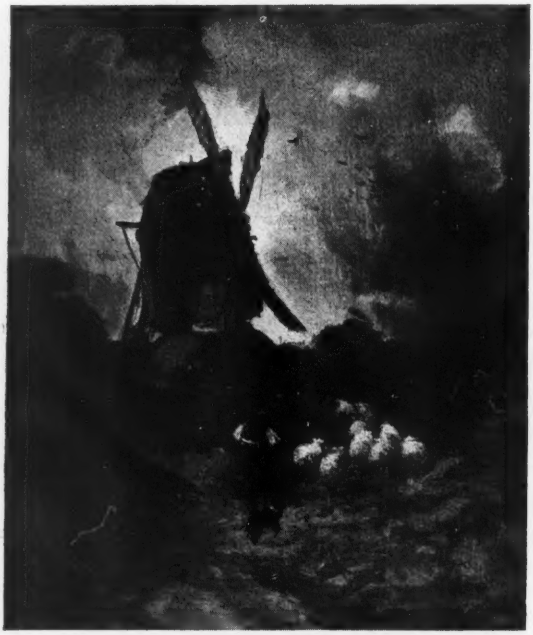
A short distance apart from the main line followed in forming the collection are "Canal Scene—Winter," by Fred. F. du Chattel; "Horses on Shore," by Vernier; and examples of D'Aubigny and De Wint In the two former the atmospheric effect is especially fine, and also in D'Aubigny's "The Wreck," a grey picture relieved by white waves breaking over a battered hull on shore. William Maris is seen in a characteristic painting of cattle standing in water, done almost wholly in tender semi-tones in his characteristic style of penetrating breadth and subtle dash.

In so far as getting to the heart of their themes goes there is little to choose between landscape and *genre* painters. The differ-



PENT-Y-BRYDD

(David Cox)

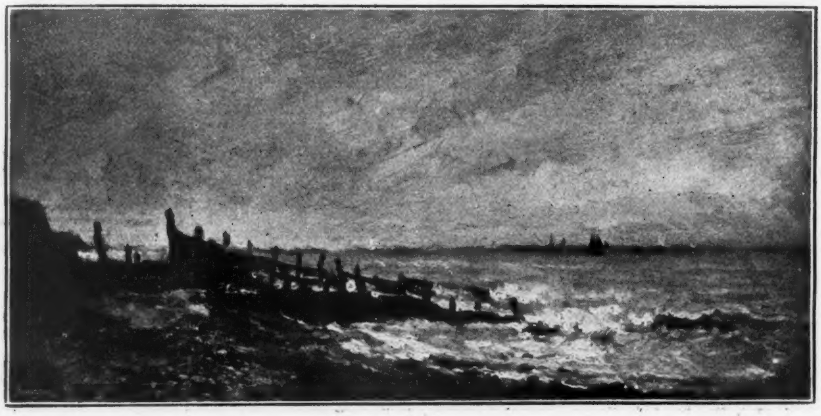


OLD MILL, BETTWS-Y-COED

(David Cox)

ence in point of feeling is slight between the outside of Chester's cottage and the inside of Chalmers'. The latter is precisely such a scene of lowly life as the Scots mystic often chose to paint. The cottage idyll touched his passionate love of colour, and fed his delight in the mysteries of light playing upon low tints, and at length losing itself in the dim interior and its smoky atmosphere. If colour alone were sought, it might be found amongst the decanters, oysters, lemons, and prawns of Bergeret, rich as reality but far more beautiful. For changes of theme the rooms are full of sudden surprises. John Pettie, for example, comes into competition with Graham-Gilbert, and, with a red-petticoated peasant girl for a model, has rather the best of the rivalry. Gilbert had refined taste but little imagination, and, finding ideals of the sentimental order most frequently associated with insipidity, could hardly cope with the robust style of Pettie in painting living flesh and blood.

For final contrast, however, may be chosen two painters as far apart in manner as in theme, Edouard Frère and John Phillip. Frère's subject, the "Two Winters," is an old woman in sabots trudging through the snow carrying home some firing, while another figure is seen on ahead, bending under a similar burden. The colour is

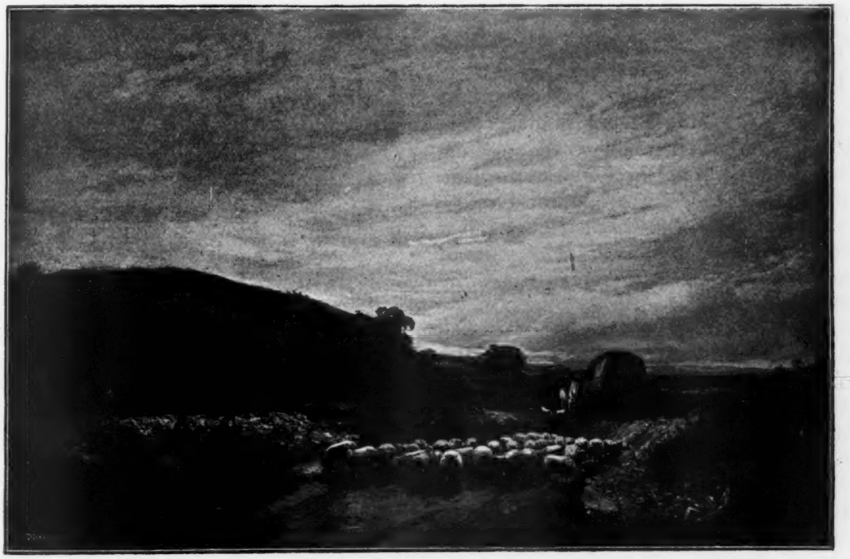


THE WRECK

(D'Aubigny)

pitched in a quiet key of grey, relieved only by a single note of red in the head-dress of the further figure. It is but a touch, and, perhaps unconsciously, the painter makes us wonder what it means—what the bright spot can be in lowly lives passed in a world so pallid and dreary. Is it the home unseen in the picture?

The Phillip is " A Bacchante " painted in 1855, between his first and second visits to Spain, and for that reason probably having little in common with the manner of " La Gloria " and "The Chat round the Brazier." The subject is a young olive-brown daughter of Spain, crowned with ivy and poppies. She wears a grey-white under-garment, her bodice is edged with red, and she bears in her left arm a water-vessel of green painted pottery—its colour a favourite with Phillip. Set the head and neck, the tangled dark-brown hair, the rich complexion centring in a laughing mouth, against a ground of grey shading upwards into blue, and the effect may be realised. The pathos comes on reflection. The eyes, now full of fun, will ere long become lustrous and languishing. A brilliant vision she is, aglow with colour and throbbing with bubbling life—can sorrow cloud the future of so mirthful a Bacchante?



LANDSCAPE WITH SHEEP

(Alexander Fraser)

SALT AND SOLDER

By Professor CRUM BROWN

FIRST PAPER

It must have been observed very long ago that salt water does not freeze so easily as fresh, but Sir Charles Blagden seems to have been the first to examine the matter in a careful and scientific way. His paper on " The Effect of Various Substances in Lowering the Point of Congelation in Water," published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society in 1788, is remarkable for clearness of expression and for the precision with which the general principles involved are recognised and stated.

Blagden found that not only is the freezing point of water containing salt dissolved in it lower than that of pure water, but that this depression of the freezing point is proportional to the saltness of the water. This effect is not peculiar to salt, but is produced by anything which can be dissolved in the water—each substance having its own "scale," to use Blagden's expression. Thus solutions containing one part by weight of the dissolved substance to ten of water freeze as follows :*

Common salt	21½° F.
Saltpetre	27° ,,
Salammoniac	20½° ,,
Rochelle salt	29½° ,,
Epsom salt	30° ,,

instead of 32° F., the freezing point of pure water. From these numbers the freezing point of solutions of these substances containing them in different proportions can be calculated by means of what has been called "Blagden's Law;" thus if one part of common salt in ten of water lowers the freezing point from 32° to 21½°, that is by 10½°, half a part in ten of water or one part in twenty of water, should lower the freezing point by the half of 10½°, that is by 5¼°, from 32° to 26¾°, and Blagden's experimental results agree remarkably well with such calculations. He also showed that a solution can be cooled below its freezing point without freezing, just as water can be cooled far below 32° F. without freezing, but that in all such cases of what is sometimes called "over-cooling" the smallest particle of ice disturbs the equilibrium. The piece of ice grows and the temperature rises to the freezing point of the solution or of pure water as the case may be. He thus gave the true definition of the freezing point of water, or of a watery solution, as the temperature at which the liquid is in equilibrium with pure ice. If the water or the solution is *at* its freezing point, a piece of ice at the same temperature if placed in it will neither melt nor grow. If the temperature is above the freezing point the piece of ice will melt, the temperature will fall, and, if we are dealing with a solution, it will be diluted by the addition of the water melted from the piece of ice. If the temperature is below the freezing point the piece of ice will grow, the temperature will rise and the solution will be concentrated by the removal, as ice, of some of the water.

The question has been asked: Is the ice which forms on salt water really pure ice or does it contain salt? At first sight this seems a question of no great difficulty. Why not collect some of the ice, melt it, evaporate the water and see what, if anything, is left? But the ice from a solution does not form a continuous clear cake on the surface, such as we see when we freeze pure water. As a rule it consists of fine needle-shaped or almost thread-like crystals, and these when removed from the liquid form a spongy mass like wet cotton-wool. This, of course, is not pure ice, for it is full of salt water wetting every small crystal, and it is not easy even approximately to remove this, it is impossible to get rid of it altogether.

And therefore the water we get by melting such ice, freed as much as possible from the adhering salt water, is not pure water—cannot be so because it must contain the salt of the salt water wetting the crystals of ice, but it is fresher than the water it came from.* But while direct experiment is not able to give a full and satisfactory answer to our question, such can be obtained indirectly from Blagden's observations. Salt water which has begun to freeze, contains still unfrozen solution (let us call this *a*) and ice (which we shall call *b*), the precise nature of which we wish to ascertain. The solution *a* is at its freezing point, and if a piece of real unmistakable ice, made by freezing pure water, is put into it, it will neither melt nor grow; the solution at that temperature is in equilibrium with pure ice. But it is obviously also in equilibrium with the ice (*b*) which formed in it. Pure ice and the ice *b* are both in equilibrium with the same solution (*a*) at the same temperature. If this were true only in the case of one particular strength of solution, and therefore also only at one particular temperature, the freezing point of that solution, we could hardly have concluded that *b* is pure ice; but this agreement between pure ice and the ice *b* holds with certain well-defined and easily explicable exceptions for all solutions, and we are therefore justified in looking on this agreement as a proof that *b* is pure ice. And this conclusion is in harmony with the results of direct experiment for the more thoroughly we remove adhering salt water from *b*, by squeezing between blotting-paper, for instance, the more nearly does the water got by melting the remaining ice come to pure water.*

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* These numbers are taken from Blagden's paper. More recent observations with better thermometers and purer salts have given more accurate figures; but the originals are given here as being of historical interest, and near enough to the truth for our present purpose.

* The following experiment by Professor Frederick Guthrie (*Phil. Mag.* [4] 49, pp. 17, 18) illustrates this; This sea-water (obtained from Dover) began to freeze at 2° C. (28·6 F.). On evaporation in a water bath and keeping at 100° C. (212° F.) for two hours, the percentage of solid residue was 6·5786. A larger beaker of this sea water was cooled to 0° C. (32° F.). A tin vessel was supported inside the beaker so that its bottom just touched the surface of the water; and a freezing mixture was placed in the tin vessel. When about $\frac{1}{100}$ of the whole had solidified, the solid was removed and divided into two parts: one was allowed to melt, and its percentage of solid matter was determined as above; the other was broken up and frequently pressed between linen and flannel in a screw press—being allowed to melt as little as possible. The percentage of solid matter in this

When a solution is cooled until ice forms in it, we see that the solution is concentrated—that is to say, what remains liquid contains a larger proportion of the dissolved substance than the original solution did, because some of the water has been removed as ice. What remains liquid has therefore a lower freezing point, and so, as freezing goes on, the temperature continues to fall and the remaining solution becomes stronger and stronger. But it is obvious that this cannot go on indefinitely, because there is a limit to the strength of a solution.

To understand this we must turn from the relation of the solution to solid ice to its relation to solid salt. If a solution is "saturated," it is in equilibrium with the solid of which it is a solution. A saturated solution of salt can be shaken up with more salt without undergoing any change so long as the temperature remains the same. If the solution is not saturated, it will dissolve some of the salt with which it is shaken up and come nearer saturation; attain it if we shake long enough with plenty of salt. But as there are "over-cooled" solutions—solutions cooled below their freezing point, from which ice separates on contact with a minute particle of ice—so there are, in the case of some soluble substances, "super-saturated" solutions from which some of the dissolved substance separates on contact with a minute particle of that same substance in the solid state. Thus, in determining the characters and composition of a saturated solution, we have to avoid "super-saturation," just as in determining the freezing point of a solution we have to avoid "over-cooling," and the methods are similar. We avoid over-cooling by having a particle of ice in the solution; we avoid super-saturation by having a particle of the solid substance which is dissolved (the "solute," as it is sometimes called) in the solution.

The proportion of solute in a saturated solution varies with the temperature, and the rate of variation is very different with different substances; indeed, it is not always in the same direction, for, though most solids, which dissolve at all, dissolve in larger quantity at higher temperatures, there are some which are more soluble in cold water than in hot. The subjoined table illustrates this.

Composition of Saturated Solutions at Various Temperatures.

	Parts in 100 of Water.		
Temperature.	Common Salt.	Saltpetre.	Slaked Lime.
32° F.	35·7	13·3	0·131
50° ,,	35·8	21·1	0·129
95° ,,	36·4	54	0·112
140° ,,	37·3	111	0·087
185° ,,	38·7	189	0·068

We now see that as we cool down a dilute solution, freezing out ice from it, making it stronger and stronger, we shall come to a

also was determined. The following numbers show the result of this examination:

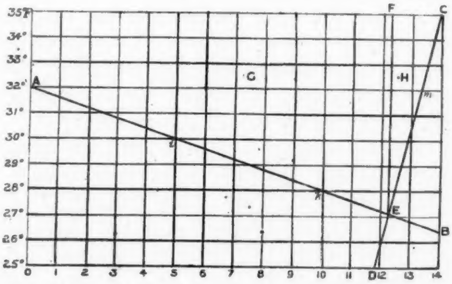
	Per cent. of solid residue.
Sea water	6·5786
Frozen sea water	5·4209
Frozen and pressed sea water .	0·4925

* Compare J. Y. Buchanan's original proof that the ice formed from salt-water is pure ice. "Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh," vol. xiv. pp. 129–147.

point at which the solution is saturated. At this temperature it is in equilibrium with ice because it is at its freezing point, and it is in equilibrium with the solid solute because it is saturated. This is the lowest temperature that can be obtained by mixing the salt (or other soluble substance) with pounded ice or snow.

Blagden had observed that on cooling down solutions stronger than that which is saturated at its freezing point, salt crystals separated out and that the liquid contained crystals of salt as well as crystals of ice, but the behaviour of solutions just saturated at their freezing point was first fully discussed long afterwards by Professor Frederick Guthrie, who published his results in a series of papers in the *Philosophical Magazine* (1875 and 1876). He observed that when such a solution is surrounded by a freezing mixture colder than itself its temperature does not fall, but a solid separates of the same composition as the solution. It thus behaves exactly like a pure substance, like water in fact. It has a definite freezing point because what in its case corresponds to ice has the same composition as the solution, and freezing does not, as with weaker solutions, change its composition. Guthrie at first supposed that this solid was a definite *compound* of the solvent and the solute, but it soon became clear that it is really an intimate mixture of ice and the solid solute. As heat is taken from a saturated solution at its freezing point, ice must form (unless over cooling is allowed to take place) but the solution cannot become stronger (unless super-saturation is allowed to take place) therefore solute must separate out also and these two things happening at the same time and proportionately to one another the result is a perfectly intimate mixture of ice and solute. If we apply heat to this, it does not become warmer but some of the ice melts, and the water so formed at once dissolves solute enough to produce a solution saturated at that temperature—the exactly necessary quantity of solute, in the minutest particles, being present just where it is wanted. The complex solid seems thus to melt as one thing. Guthrie gave the name "Cryohydrate" to this mixture of frozen solvent and solid solute. Such a cryohydrate is easily prepared, we have only to mix snow or pounded ice with the salt until the temperature becomes constant, taking care that we have always some ice and some undissolved salt present. The solution in contact with both salt and ice has, when equilibrium is established, the composition of the cryohydrate, and may properly enough be called fused cryohydrate. Pour off this solution and surround it with a substance colder than itself and it will solidify as the solid cryohydrate. The cryohydrate can, of course, also be made from a more dilute solution by freezing out ice and so concentrating as described above, or from a more concentrated solution (if the solute is more soluble in hot than in cold water) by cooling, when solute separates and the solution as it becomes colder becomes weaker and weaker until it reaches from the other side the composition of the cryohydrate.

These relations can be very well represented by a graphic method. In the diagram the height above the base line indicates temperature as shown on the left side, quantity of salt in one hundred of water is similarly indicated by distance from the left margin as shown on the base line.



The diagram is drawn for saltpetre. Every point on the line AB represents a solution at its freezing point. Thus pure water containing no saltpetre freezes at 32° F.

Solutions containing 5 and 10 parts of saltpetre in 100 of water freeze at about 30° and 28° F. respectively, corresponding to the points *i* and *k*. Every point on the line CD represents a saturated solution. Thus a solution of saltpetre saturated at 32° F. contains 13·3 parts of the salt to 100 of water, corresponding to the point *m*. It will be seen at once that the cryohydrate at its freezing point is represented by the point E which is on both of the lines AB and CD.

Every point on the line EF represents the solution having the same composition as the cryohydrate. A point, such as G, above AB and to the left of EF, represents a solution weaker than the cryohydrate which, when cooled sufficiently, will freeze. A point, such as H, above CD and to the right of EF, represents a solution stronger than the cryohydrate which, when cooled sufficiently, will become saturated.

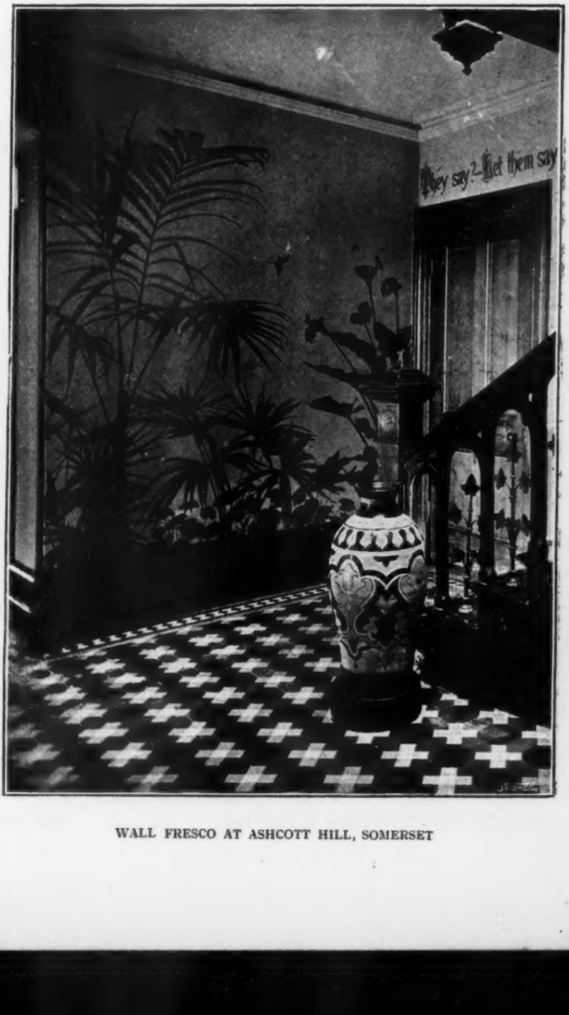
SHADOW FRESCOES

By Mrs. R. M. King

IT is probable that most people have at some time or other been struck by the grace and beauty of plant shadows, whether thrown on a white wall or on flat, smooth ground. For me they have always had a peculiar fascination, and the idea occurred to me, some few years ago, of utilising their beauty for decorative purposes. It is very possible that the same idea may have occurred to others, but I have never met with any mention of it, and it is in the belief that many persons would be glad to avail themselves of so effective and uncommon a decoration for bare walls that I now describe the method I use.

At a purely nominal cost, any one who has taste, time, and patience, can paint a fresco of trees and plants such as only a very clever artist could in any other way achieve. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph, and shows a portion of a wall thus treated. It will be seen how beautiful is Nature's draughtsmanship. The wall is coloured a pale pink, and the decoration is painted in two shades of Morse's Fresco Distemper, of a brownish green, which has an excellent effect.

Having thought out your general scheme of decoration, you have then to bring in pot-plants, or large branches stuck in jars of water, and so place them and a lamp that their shadows produce an effect that pleases you. The work can only be done by lamplight, as even if sunlight were available it would not remain stationary; and for the same reason a candle is useless, since the fact of its growing shorter as it burns causes all the shadows to alter. A lamp with a



WALL FRESCO AT ASHCOTT HILL, SOMERSET

single wick is necessary, as the outline of the shadow has to be as sharp as possible.

Aralias and arums are very useful for heavy masses, as also are begonias, branches of horse-chestnut, and the giant polygonatum. For light and graceful effects nothing equals palms, among which the kentias are perhaps the most beautiful of all. Some broad-leaved ferns too are useful, and so is the nicotiana. Every one would try different plants and different experiments for themselves, and the more artistic the eye the better will be the result achieved.

Having arranged the plants to your satisfaction, you now have with a drawing pencil to outline the shadows very carefully. It is not always easy work, as the light is bad, and your head and hand are apt to get very much in the way. When you have faithfully outlined the shadows of the few plants you begin with, the latter can be removed, and others placed to continue the decoration, until the whole wall space that you wish to decorate is covered. It will appear to be an almost meaningless jumble of unintelligible lines. But do not be discouraged; from the chaos will emerge beauty.

The painting-in of the outlined shadows can be done by daylight, and is far more attractive work. A good deal of thought and care are sometimes needed to decipher correctly the chaotic network of lines, and much of your work has to be done in blind faith. But delightful surprises are the result, and dark riddles unriddle themselves beneath your hand.

For the decoration of large wall spaces, more particularly where they are chiefly seen by artificial light, these plant shadows will be found very satisfactory. The work, too, is extremely fascinating, and no two people could by any possibility achieve the same results. This fact alone gives an especial charm to this method of decoration in the eyes of those who prefer originality to the best of machine-made patterns.

THE FIRST ENGLISH SEA FIGHT WITH THE TURKS

By FRED. T. JANE, Author of "Blake of the 'Rattlesnake,'" etc.

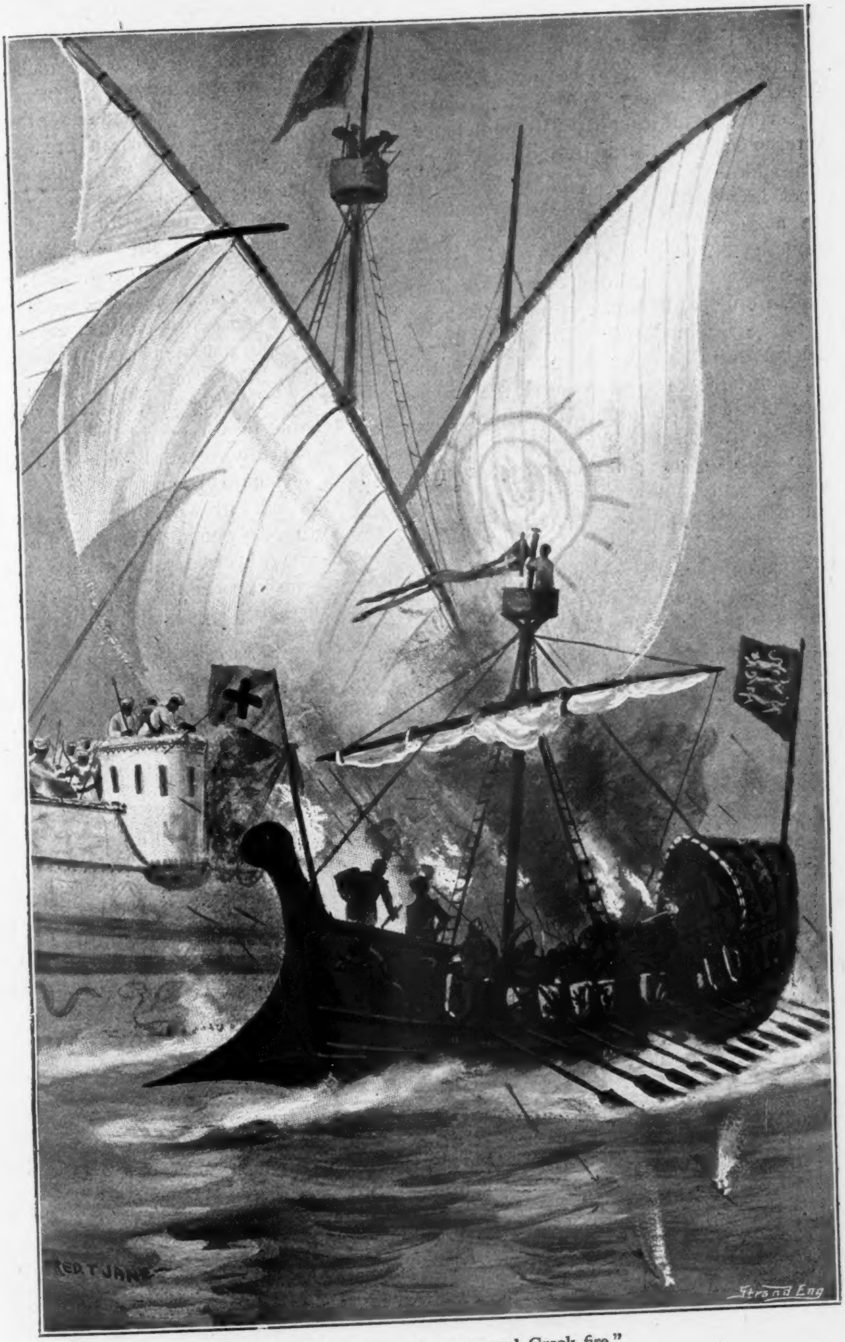
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE early Crusades happened at a period when the Turks were a strong new empire, powerful alike by sea and land. Especially is this so with regard to a sea-fight engaged in by Richard Cœur de Lion on his way to the Holy Land in 1191, fairly long accounts of which by Geoffrey de Vinesauf, Richard of Devizes, and one or two other writers have fortunately come down to us.

Richard had been busy adding Cyprus to the English crown, and with his own flagship, the *Trench-the-mere*, forty armed galleys, and sixty other warships, lay at Limasol, whence he started for Acre early in June 1191. On the way, off the coast of Syria, near Beyrout, a very large three-masted ship was sighted ahead—"a marvellous ship, a ship than which, except Noah's ship, none greater was ever read of . . . . the Queen of Ships," as Richard of Devizes called her.

For awhile, the English watched her, admiring her tapering masts, her lofty sides painted all over in strange pictures and patterns green and yellow, taking her to be a French vessel bound, like themselves, for Acre. Presently, anxious to learn more of the stranger, King Richard sent forward the galley of Peter de Barris, and in reply to questions the captain of the big ship stated first that he was French, then that he was a Genoese merchantman. While this statement was being thought over one of the *Trench-the-mere's* crew positively asserted that he had seen this vessel being fitted out at Beyrout, and pledged his head to the King that she was a Turkish warship.

Acting on this man's suggestion, Richard sent the galley back again with instructions to go alongside, saying nothing, so as to see what would happen. What did happen was a heavy discharge of arrows and


RED. T JANE
Strand Eng

"A heavy discharge of arrows and Greek fire"

Greek fire. It then turned out that the stranger was indeed a Turk, carrying seven Turkish generals, eighty picked warriors and a very large crew—fifteen hundred men the old chroniclers put it at—while she was crammed full of weapons, Greek fire in jars, and "serpents," all intended for the defence of Acre, which was at this time beseieged by the crusaders.

Greek fire—although the statement that "with a deadly stench and livid flame it consumeth flint and iron," may be taken *cum grano salis*—was undoubtedly a terrible weapon, quite as horrible, if not more so than the most modern "killing machine." It had been in use ever since the seventh century of our era, and formed the chief defence of Constantinople against the Moslems. For its discharge long brass tubes were fitted to ships and forts, and by means of these a continuous stream of liquid fire was propelled through the air with remarkable precision. Its exact constituents are now—fortunately perhaps—unknown, as the secret was lost about the time that gunpowder was invented; but naphtha, pitch, and sulphur were some of its principal ingredients. Phosphorus also presumably entered into its composition, since it ignited the moment it was exposed to the air. It burnt with explosions, with a thick smoke and an intolerable stench, and could only be extinguished with sand or vinegar; water but made it burn the fiercer; consequently, in the naval battles in which it was used the belligerent warships were often afloat in a sea of fire! Arrows dipped in the mixture were discharged by the hundred; jars and bottles of it were thrown upon the decks of ships, where, bursting, they spread fire and agony in all directions. "Serpents," though the term was afterwards applied to a species of cannon, appear in this twelfth century to have been masses of material steeped in Greek fire and discharged from huge catapults specially constructed for the purpose; they were, in fine, terrible prototypes of the modern shell, little less deadly, certainly more horrible.*

King Richard seeing his second galley thus attacked with Greek fire by the Saracens, ordered a general attack. "Follow and take them," he cried, "for if they escape ye lose my love for ever; and if ye capture them, all their goods shall be yours."

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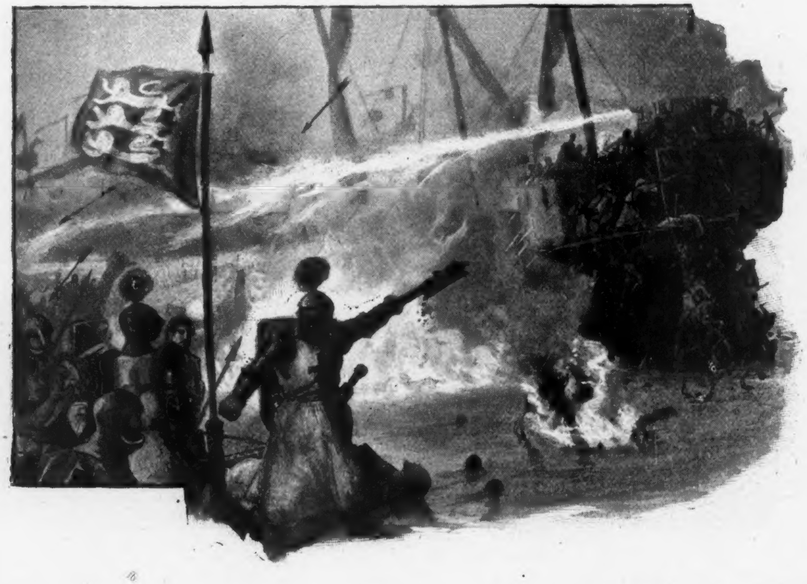
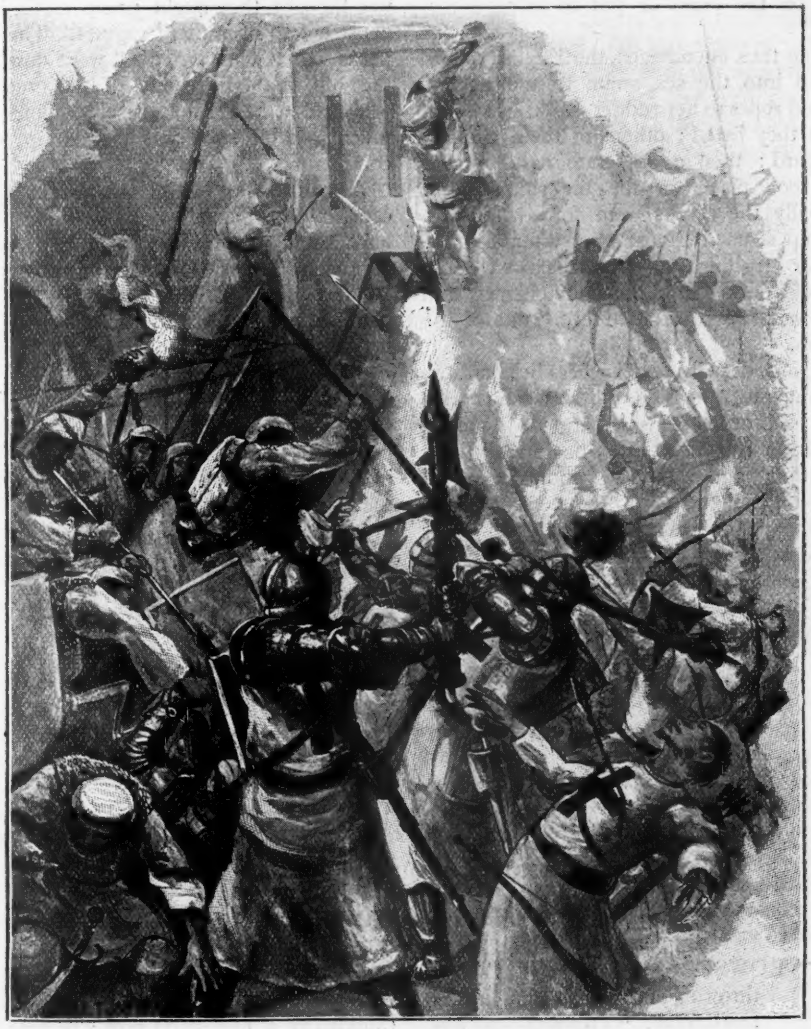
*Some writers have considered that "serpents" were actually venomous reptiles hurled into the crowded ranks of the enemy, but there seems no justification for this beyond the name.



"'If this ship escape every man of you shall be hung on the cross or put to extreme torture'"



"'The Kyng stode full stout'"

Then he led them to the onslaught.

The great ship was ready for them; she stopped, she flung fire, arrows, and "serpents" upon the English galleys now closing in upon her in all directions; and so high were her sides, so deadly the fire poured from her turrets and bulwarks, that most of the assailants were soon driven back in confusion. Richard's flagship was in the thick of the fight, and held its place in the van. As a poet of the following century put it, when describing the event:

The schip cast troukes out, the galeie to them drough,
The Kyng stode full stout, and many of them slough.
Wild fire thei cast, the Kyng to confound;
His schipmen were fulle wrask, els had he gone to
    ground.
The Kyng abaist him nouht, bot stalworthy fauht
Alle to dede he brouht, that his galeie over rauht.

Richard now cheered on his fleet in a fresh manner. "Oh, shame," said he, "after so many triumphs, do ye now give way to sloth and fear? Know ye that, if this ship escape, every man of you shall be hung on the cross or put to extreme torture!"

Being thus encouraged, the English sailors jumped into the sea, swam to the enemy, fastened ropes to her rudder, and thus steered her as they listed; others of them climbed on board; then a desperate hand-to-hand fight took place on the big ship's stern. Gradually the Turks were forced forward, the ship seemed almost won, when a large number rushing up from below to join the defenders the whole body charged and killed or drove overboard every one of the English.

Richard, despairing of success by boarding, now put into operation the iron rams with which each of his ships was armed. Causing his fleet to retreat a little, he formed them into line; and then the whole of them charged at full speed into the enemy. Such a charge was irresistible; the great ship, pierced in a score of places, heeled over and sank, still fighting desperately. Most of the Turks were killed as they struggled in the water, but fifty-five were picked up, as it was thought they might prove useful in the construction of military engines. The "serpents" that she carried all went down with the ship, to the great joy of the crusaders, who had a terror of these weapons; but much valuable spoil was picked up by the conquerors.

As to the massacre of the drowning Saracens, inhuman as it may seem, things might have been worse; it was, indeed, a near approach to mercy for those barbarous days. In the previous year (1190) a captured Turkish galley was towed to the shore, and, in the words of Vinesauf, "exposed to be destroyed by our people of both sexes who met it by land. Then our women seized and dragged the Turks by their hair, beheaded them, treating them with every indignity, and savagely stabbing them; and the weaker their hands, so much the more protracted were the pains of death to the vanquished, for they cut off their heads, not with swords, but with knives."

Such were the amenities of the Crusades eight centuries ago!

TOMMY ON THE ENGINE

A TALE OF THE QUEENSLAND BUSH

By FRANCES CAMPBELL

"TROWSERS, bedad," said Dennis, throwing up his hands in astonishment. "Trowsers—no less, who'd ever a thought ye'd such thundering foine legs—an' a rale sailor jacket; wid stripes, an' whistle, an' silk tie, an' cap an' all. The Lord save us! Mebby 'tis because the Governor 'ill be comin' visitin' the station. Or is it a party? What's all the grandeur for, anyway, Master Johnnie?"

"Its my bifday," answered Johnnie proudly; slapping the much admired legs with his new whip.

"I'm six now, Dennis, an' I've such a lot of presents. Daddie's gived me a candon."

"Listen to that now. Well, don't be bombardin' me in my humpy wid that cannon, just for practice; like enough ye'ill be goin' for a sodjer. 'Tis time ye were thinkin' av a purfession now y're six; what are ye goin' to be, anyway, Johnnie?"

"A hero," said Johnnie in the most matter of fact tone possible, "an' sit on a horse an' kill dragons."

"Like enough now," said Dennis, heaving a great sigh. "Will, I'll miss ye terrible, Master Johnnie; what an' iver I'll do widout ye at the ringbarkin, and I may ixpect trouble wid Cookie over the forewood splittin', bedad; so I will, sure enough, when ye're flyin' roun' wid a big sword killin' dragons. For all the world like Fin McCool. Did ye iver hear tell ave him, Johnnie boy?"

"N—o, no," said Johnnie doubtfully, the

name did not strike him as being at all heroic.

"Ye niver! Well, he was wan av thim ould ancient haros. 'Tis himself did a murderin' foine lot av killin'. Come down to the woolshed after tay, Johnnie; an' I'll till ye about him an' his dog. 'Tis mesilf will be glad to see ye. Sittin' there all alone wid the ghosts av thim dirty black gins tearin' up an' down beyant the creek all night; bad luck to thim Union men fur kapin' me out av me bed, these cold nights. May the divil fly away wid thim, that a man can't go to bed dacent-like widout havin' his wool burnt behint his back because yere shearers didn't belong to the Union. Did yere hear, Johnnie, there's a trainful av non-Unionists comin' up from Brisbane to-day for Camboonea? An' they'll bring trouble wid thim, 'deed they will; Mr. Lawson's won't be the only wool burnt down, and niver a man dare stir to help, fur fear of bein' sarved the dirty same. 'Tis mysilf will be seein' no slape till the drays have cleared. But yo'll take care av us all, Johnnie, want ye?"

"Yus," answered Johnnie stoutly. "Good-bye, Dennis, I'm going to see Tommy-on-the-Engine."

"Sure 'tis yesilf nivir misses him; but I'm doubtin' if he'll stop to-day, honey, wid thim shearers in the train."

"He's bringing me a yeal sword," said Johnnie.

"Oh, then he'll stop sure enough. So good-bye, till to-night; an' long life till ye, Master Johnnie. May ye have a hundred birthdays, an' each one longer than the last, though I've niver a drop av the good stuf to handsell the wish in."

Johnnie understood the hint, young as he was; and knew he was expected to carry Dennis something to "handsell the wish in" when he went to hear the adventures of the Irish hero. So he smiled gravely, and waved his hand to the old Irishman, as he shook the reins on Dolly's neck and went cantering off over the plain, on the edge of which Goodnoa station lay crouching in the bitter July wind. Overhead the sky was a brilliant sapphire, coldly beautiful; underneath an eternal monotony of flat greyness, as level as a millpond. Behind Johnnie's home the scrub began, and on the edge of the scrub ran the railway; just there the plain led down into a steep gully, thickly wooded with blue gum, and myall, and gold-covered wattles. It was the end of July, and the cold frost and the westerly wind that scurried across the tree tops, ought both to have been gone to their homes in the far south, instead of nipping the gum blossoms, and bleaching the grass and wattle-bloom. When the west wind blows every green thing flees away into the earth to hide till it is overpast. Johnnie knew of but one green spot beneath the winter sky; and that was at the hydrant, where the thirsty engines, stopped to drink once a day on the up run from Brisbane.

There grew every kind of rare and beautiful fern that ever gladdened the heart of man; from feathery climbing maiden-hair, to great tree-ferns spreading out enormous fronds, all green and russet, for the butcher birds to sit on. There it was always green; though that was not the reason Johnnie loved the hydrant better than any place in the world, but because it was there he met his bosom friend, Ian McIan, whom he called Tommy. They were fast and firm friends, knitted together by a bond of pure and holy love. They had met on the day the line was first opened. Ian McIan drove the pioneer engine from Brisbane, and when he stopped to water at the hydrant, Johnnie, round-eyed and wondering, was sitting on the fence above him. Johnnie, who had watched the line in construction, and wondered what on earth it was for, was undecided whether fight or flight would be the wiser, when the great puffing monster, breathing fire and smoke, glided round the curve and stopped to drink at the hydrant. He was quite sure it was magic. But when the wizard who fearlessly rode this fiery dragon sat down, and beckoned, with a laugh, to the golden-haired child on the fence above, Johnnie sighed with relief. It was, he made up his mind, quite safe to have dealings with an enchanter who smiled like that. He scrambled down the gully and sat down by the hydrant. "Hullo," said the driver, with an oath—Ian McIan was like our army in Flanders in those days—"who are you, little boy?"

"Ise Johnnie. Who is oo?"

The driver gazed at the beautiful child's face for a moment before answering. Then he laughed again, and said grimly, "Tommy."

"And what's that," said Johnnie, pointing a rather unsteady finger at the engine.

"That's my engine, Tommy-an'-his-engine, young sir," and he made a huge bow as if he were introducing himself as part of his engine.

"Tommy-on-the-engine," murmured the child; it sounded quite grand to him, and so began an immortal friendship.

When Tommy's train came up every day, Johnnie was always sitting by the hydrant, astride a fallen tree, waiting to see the dragon drink. At first they exchanged civil greetings; then Johnnie, grown bolder, drew near, and sat on the engine step; or Tommy shared the tree with him, and they talked; or rather Johnnie talked, for he asked questions, and imagined the answers. And Tommy listened and grew daily a little, and a little, more changed. It is not often that a man changes the habits of his life when he reaches forty-three, nor does it often occur that he will change them for a little boy of five. And yet this is just what happened.

First he gave up swearing, fearful lest the child's parents might forbid him to visit the hydrant. Then he gave up drinking. Not little by little, but all at once; because Johnnie shrank from his kiss, and he knew it was because of the whisky. And so in every detail of his life the child's influence reached out and purified him, making him lead a clean and wholesome life, that he might be fit in his own heart to say he was ever so little worthy of the love and admiration Johnnie bestowed upon him so unstintingly.

The only thing Tommy indulged in was smoking. He would sit beside Johnnie with a short black pipe in his mouth, and watch the small face glow and quiver with delighted anticipation, as he undid the paper containing his daily offering. He never forgot "something for Johnnie," no matter how great his haste. Oh, the joy of that brown paper parcel to the lonely little bush boy! Before they knew each other, Johnnie's world consisted of father and mother, Denis, and old Willie. Now it was a world of delightful possibilities. He never knew what joy might await him at the hydrant when the train stopped. What strange and wonderful things grew in the enchanted country where the train came from—oranges, purple figs, great date plums, yellow pears, custard apples, bananas, sweet things of all kinds, such as Johnnie had never imagined in his wildest moments.

Then sometimes, oh greater joy! there were tin soldiers, trains, waggons; once there was a fire engine, that pumped up real water. An engine like Tommy's own; that went by real steam, on a real line of its own. Then the picture and story books, and the illustrated paper for daddy. There was no end to Tommy's benefactions; the child, when he said his prayers, awakened to a sense of the reality of his goodness, when he thanked God for sending him Tommy.

The only thing that Johnnie was troubled about was the engine; he was always afraid it might resent his friends' freedoms with it. This haunted him to such an extent that he brought down his chiefest treasure to the hydrant, an old rusty cavalry sword, and with much eastnestness besought Tommy to wear it. "In case he did try to swallow you up, Tommy." Ian McIan concealed his great delight, and gravely fastened the sword to his leather belt.

"Blest if the Angel isn't makin' a bloomin' looney of ye," said the stoker, with a grin, as they slowly moved away. But the grin died as he encountered Tommy's eyes. No one ever cared to get on the wrong side of Ian McIan.

Johnnie was known all up and down the line as "the Angel"; not because of his goodness, but because of his extraordinary beauty. He was the kind of child no woman can see without wanting to kiss.

He was tall for his age, with long, graceful limbs; a splendid little head, covered with little fluffy curls the colour of a silk-worm's cocoon, pale, lovely yellow. He had great pathetic brown eyes, with long black eyelashes, curling on a cheek as tenderly pink as an English wild rose; he had a little Greek nose, and a mouth firmly curved and turning up happily at the corners; but his great beauty was a dreamy joyousness of expression, which always made his friend declare he was remembering the angels. Johnnie's face was always present to Tommy with that calm joy in the deep eyes and a the tender smile on the curved lips, till, like some holy visitant, it pervaded the man's being, and something of the child's purity entered into his life, and a long dead spirituality awoke within him and shed fragrance over the graves of his buried sins.

So Johnnie, on his sixth birthday, sat waiting by the hydrant. He was far too early, he knew that quite well, but he was bursting with impatience to show Tommy his new clothes.

"I wonder if he will know me," he said to himself with a laugh, remembering Dennis's surprise. "Oh, I wish he would come." He scrambled up the gully again, and climbed the fence. "I'll guess I'll sit here," he thought, "and I'll see the smoke when he's coming."

He was watching two birds. They were laughing jackasses killing a snake. They flew away up, up, and then let it fall; they threw it down, and picked it up twice, and when it fell the third time, Johnnie saw something surprising.

When the line was surveyed all the scrub cut down had been piled in great heaps at intervals along the track; there they had lain ever since, parched in sun and wind, till they were so many heaps of tinder, ready to flare at a touch. Johnnie had often heard Dennis and his father discussing the danger of their being set alight by a spark from some passing engine, and the great bush fire that would be the result. And here were three men—Johnnie knew two of them as the worst men on the downs—going from pile to pile and setting them afire. Then, a little lower down, two other men were sawing down an old gum tree which overhung the line. He watched fascinated, and saw it fall right across the track; then they all suddenly disappeared. What was it playing Peep Bo in Johnnie's little brain? He shut his eyes, and tried to think where he had seen something just like the scene before him. It was a picture from the *London News*, shewing a gang of American railroad-thieves laying a tree across the track for the train they mean to rob. Johnnie remembered the picture following that one—a wrecked and overturned train, dead people, dying people, and a great flame of fire roaring over all.

His recollections went no farther than this. When he had got so far he was flying down the gully again. "I must stop him," he thought, "I must run round the curve and waive my hankchif, and he'll stop."

He bounded on the track with the lithe grace of a young deer and began flying from sleeper to sleeper. A heartbreaking method of progression even for so light a foot as Johnnie's. And as he started a fierce gust of westerly wind swept after him, and in an instant he was racing headlong between two walls of towering flame, roaring, leaping, tearing, to the sky.

There it lay ahead of him in fiery horror. Behind him it flew ravening up the gully where he had left Dolly, devouring all before it.

Johnnie had not far to go, but who would have blamed him had he tried to shirk from the ordeal? But Johnnie's brave young soul never once shrank from the awful path before him, he had only one thought, to be in time.

The fire hungered for him. It reached over great arms of yellow flame and tried to stop him, and belched clouds of acid, pungent smoke, that blinded his eyes and stopped his breath; but still he held on, his hands tightly clenched, his head thrown back, and his yellow hair shining like a saint's nimbus in the red glow of the fire.

The heat grew awful. A great fleck of fire fell on his new cap and set it aflame, Johnnie tore it off, without pausing for an instant, and sped on. The inside of his head seemed to be on fire too; his lips grew black, his tongue swelled up in his mouth, and seemed to choke him. His breath came in agonising gasps. Would he ever come to the end of the curve?

At last! There was the white box where the men used to keep their tools and the blasting powder. Only a few more steps; he made a desperate plunge forward, the lane of fire came to an end, and he staggered out into the cool again. There was the train; he was only just in time. With heaving breast and half closed eyes, he planted his feet firmly against a sleeper and drew out his "handchif," he held up a tattered arm and waved it feebly. "I wis," he said to himself patiently, "things would not whiz so, it'sso uncomfilable;" somehow his arm would not remain aloft. A bright idea struck him; he fumbled blindly in his blouse and brought out his new whistle. Alas! he could not draw forth a sound. Johnnie had no breath to blow into it. He steadied himself for a final effort, and standing, legs well apart, regained sufficient control of his unruly arms to wave his danger-signal vigorously. And Tommy, hanging over the side of his engine to look at the smoke, saw it.

"I fink he's slowin' down," said Johnnie weakly. "Ise got such a headache, Tommy 'ill have to come home wif me. Ah, what's that!"

There was a roar like the crack of doom, a fierce tongue of fierce flame shot out of the white box and licked him greedily over, and Johnnie knew no more.

"It was the blasting powder," said Ian McIan, as he tenderly held up the scorched little figure. "My God! who'll tell the bairn's faither and mither; what an iver brought the wee bit laddie here at such a misfortunate time; a wee drappie more of the brandy, sir; he's swallowing."

Johnnie moaned a little and opened his big brown eyes; they wandered over the anxious little crowd of strangers till they finally settled on Tommy's face. "Tommy," he whispered faintly, "Murtagha and Papi felled a tree across the track, and I came to tell you."

"An' ye cam' to tell me," repeated Tommy huskily. "Oh, man, heard ye ere the like av this fur a hero!"

Johnnie's eyes opened again. "Tommy," he said weakly, with an odd fluttering sound in his voice, "I want you to come with me."

"Aye, aye, Johnnie boy, I'll go wi' ye where iver ye go. No fear I'll come. Oh, Johnnie, dinna gang jist yet, wait a bit. Johnnie! Johnnie! Johnnie!"

But Johnnie had gone!

"Look ye," moaned Tommy, hugging the empty little casket that had once held his friend, "this is the only innocent thing that has loved me since me mither died. Man, I was takin' such pains to make myself fit for him, an' to be with him, for I know the like av him is no lang for this world. Taught me his prayers, the wee mannie, I was fu av climbing up to heavin with him. An' see ye a', he cam' through the very gates av Hell fur me!"

And so it befell that Johnnie achieved greatness and became a hero.

BARON POLLOCK

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

By MICHAEL MOSCOW

IMMEDIATELY following the announcement of the demise of Baron Pollock, there appeared in the newspapers, London, provincial, and even colonial, obituary notices of the departed judge, all more or less appreciative, but all more or less missing the keynote of the *cadenza* of his life. Obviously, most of these lucubrations were from the pens of those to whom the subject was but a mere figure, a prominent and interesting one perhaps, but just that of a man playing a leading part on the judicial stage, and no more.

It often happens that the actual personality of a man is lost in his vocation—a fact flattering to the soul of the ambitious, perchance, but the loss is none the less real to that big human world, ever eager to know something of the springs of life in those who have risen to eminence. This hungering after knowledge is laudable in the main, though too often when bread is asked, only a stone is given by the *entrepreneurs* who run "society" journals and inspire what are called, in the slang of Fleet Street, "personal pars."

To the world Baron Pollock was, to borrow a few expressions: "an amiable and an upright judge"; "the soul of courtesy"; "a sound lawyer, with a tendency to compromise"; but, to the few who had the privilege of knowing him intimately, he was at once masterful and gentle, strong yet sympathetic, determined but open to conviction.

A great goodness, in a word, dominated his life. Possibly, the greatness was overshadowed by the goodness, but there is no doubt that the goodness was not blotted out by the greatness. He was a man who, while ambitious for himself and jealous in the upholding of the family name for capableness and grip, would never allow mere worldly advancement to weaken the high sense of honour that ever distinguished him. When a struggling young barrister with more bairns than briefs, it was always the same. Pollock was a synonym for probity, and unscrupulous solicitors, who had the piloting of shady cases, tried in vain to enlist his services in bolstering up iniquity. It is a common dodge among the fraternity to endeavour to secure the services of the most respectable counsel in the conduct of a disreputable case. Sometimes the device is successful, but with Charles Edward Pollock it never came off. He would do his duty manfully by his client, and fight to the last drop, but his tactics were always fair, and his stratagems according to the comity of conscience. "Play the game," he would say, "play the game, with all the science you can, but play fair!"

And he was first and foremost to recognise fair play in others. When Mr. Carson, Q.C., M.P., joined the English Bar after a brilliant career in Ireland, great was the jealousy of the Sassenach at his advent. Bench and Bar alike seemed to breathe the wish that this versatile son of Erin had stayed at home and minded his own business there. But Baron Pollock, reared as he had been in the traditions of the classic school of *nisi prius*, when advocates cultivated the forensic arts, promptly welcomed the Hibernian to his court. More than once did he say to the offended leaders: "It is a good thing Carson has come. He knows the game, and plays it right well. We shall all learn and profit by his methods." The Bar has certainly learned, but whether it has profited is another matter.

"*Audacter et strenue*" is the motto of the Pollocks, and thoroughly did Charles Edward of that ilk act up to it. Behind a certain gentleness of manner, there was a boldness, a fearlessness, and a grim determination that few gave him credit for, though the physiognomist would have discovered the fact in those keen grey eyes, undimmed to the last; in that classic aquiline nose, chiselled as by a Michael Angelo; and in that powerful, protuberant lower jaw and firm cut mouth. It was the face of a fighter, and that he could fight boldly and bravely, keeping up the struggle when other and less manly souls would have fainted by the way, the very story of his life, and indeed of his death, abundantly shows. Suffering from bodily weakness, his ailment aggravated by the November damps and rheums, he stuck to his post on that last fateful circuit, doing his duty right well and as ably as ever he had done in the quarter of a century that he graced the Bench. But at what a cost few can know. Worn by pain and sickness, weary in body and spirit, yet, to use the phrase of the field, he pulled himself together, and day after day entered his court with head erect, a jaunty step, and a smile on his face. And he got through those last days literally *audacter et strenue*—fighting, as a good soldier, for his Queen and his country. Of course, such effort under such conditions could only have one ending, collapse. But it was a merciful thing that even at the last he knew not that the end had come. With an animated visage, a heart full of hope, and a cheery word for all, he quitted the world he had so well served, fronting the foe fearlessly. King Death had no terrors for him, and he died as he had lived, dauntless and undaunted.

As a judge he stands pre-eminent, even as a contemporary of such giants as Chief Justices Cockburn and Coleridge, Baron Bramwell, and Justices Blackburn and Cave, to say nothing of living judges whose names are deservedly held in the highest esteem. True, he had no special legal "line" to lift him above his fellows, unless it be a profound knowledge of the subtleties of the older practice—a much more tortuous and torturing thing than our maligned procedure of to-day. But he possessed in a high degree what is variously called faculty, nous, gumption; in a word, strong common sense. Genius has erroneously been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains; and, if this were correct, then he was verily a genius. This capacity was essentially his, and, adding to it as he did a strong sympathy in the commonwealth of poor humanity, and a ready alertness to place himself in touch with every man and every interest, he, by dint of downright hard work and concentration, acquired so deep a knowledge of men and things, that in truth he was habitually enabled to get a better grasp of a case than some of the more brilliant of his brothers of the Bench. He was by nature and practice a student, never ashamed to learn, even from his social and mental inferiors.

When Mr. Justice Cave died so suddenly last year, he wrote to *un intime:* "Poor Cave's death grieves but does not surprise me. It is happier, however, that he should go as he did, rather than have a long illness. His life might be written in one word: 'Thorough!'" He was unconsciously summing up his own life, in turn so soon to be terminated.

It was this thoroughness that measured his success as a judge. The Bar, solicitors, and litigants generally, knew that he would get to the bottom of things patiently and painstakingly, and even the prisoners before him in the dock were alive to the fact that theirs would be no inconsidered fate. And yet he was expeditious. He was intolerant of the law's delays, and, with a directness born of his honest heart, would push things along, even to the point of compromise, to the disgust of the gentlemen who, true to the traditions of their craft, wished to pick the bone of contention to the last scrap.

Insight and foresight, too, were his. Insight from the habit of a lifetime in sifting and sorting the dust-heaps of humanity; and foresight, perhaps, from his Scotch ancestry. Mr. Justice Hawkins probably possesses the faculty of insight to a higher degree, the outcome of a keenly and phenomenally penetrative mind, and long familiarity with a class of case requiring such for its adequate treatment. But Pollock, like a wise seaman, accustomed himself to look well ahead and around, taking heed to the consequences of every act, however trivial in seeming or actuality. Scottish caution, perhaps, but an excellent quality in a judge. And so the English people discovered.

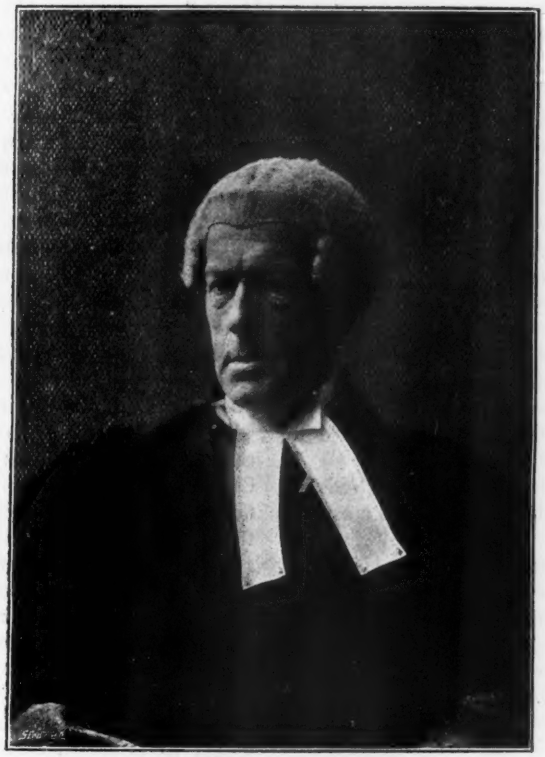
The Pollocks, as a family, have always been happy in inspiring loyalty in others. History recordeth no single instance where "one of the family"—as *Vanity Fair* wittily labelled a cartoon of the Baron—has been bewrayed by an associate or a servitor. Baron Pollock, while enjoying this fealty from his flock, was himself loyal to the core. He would speak of the Queen, his royal mistress, with reverence and humility, as if she were a deity. Sometimes he carried this regard for those in office a little too far, but the failing was on the right side, in these days of levelling down. For instance, a man of whom he would openly confess the profoundest contempt, for reasons that he did not hesitate to avow, would, by the whirligig of fortune, reach some high position in the state or in his profession. Forthwith, the contemptuousness would abate, and the creature of circumstance be treated with courtesy and marked consideration, for the sake of his status or office.

He would not "pat the winning horse" in a truckling sense, but solely on the principle of "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." A man's office, in his view, demanded a certain respect, although the man himself was unworthy of it, but he got the respect from Baron Pollock, who, while no respecter of persons, was always deferential to degrees and decorations. A weakness, but perhaps a pardonable one, for the reasons afore stated.

On the other hand, the Baron was strongly of opinion that "a man's a man for a' that," even though lacking the hall-mark of patronage and prosperity, and he was quick to show his appreciation in word and deed of any one who had grit.

Much of the late judge's work was done behind the scenes. For years he wrought devotedly on the Rule Committee, for the benefit of the practice of the High Court generally. This involved incessant toil, night and day, and even during the seclusion of the vacations; but Baron Pollock never spared himself where duty was concerned. He gave his best powers to the codification and unification in particular of the practice of that hotbed of stratagems, "Judge's Chambers," and from the depths of his experience, both as counsel and as judge in that darksome den, did much to reduce things to the semblance of form and the reality of fairness.

In the matter of the sentences of prisoners, too, he was equally conscientious. Hours would he spend in considering what was best to be done, due regard being paid to the needs of the community and of the criminal. Canon Knox Little testified to this in touching language a day or two after the judge's death. He said: "On one occasion, noticing that he looked pale and tired, I remarked that his work must be exhausting. He answered in words like these: 'I have had



(From a photograph by A. C. Hoskins, Park Lane, Leeds)

THE LATE BARON POLLOCK

to be up almost all night; for to sentence some, especially the young—young men and boys—is such an awful responsibility. You must think carefully what is right, what is best for their souls. You need'—these are his exact words—'you need so much thought and prayer.'" And he gave it.

But though his duties as a judge were his first charge, he never forgot that, as an English gentleman, he owed something to society in his personal capacity. And right well did he pay the debt. Quietly and unobtrusively, as was his wont, did he engineer many an apparently hopeless social enterprise to success. As president or promoter of several institutions and missions, religious and lay, did he throughout his long and busy life, devote much of his scanty leisure to their advancement and to the widening of their spheres of usefulness. Was a speech wanted, then would he step forward and deliver himself of an address simple and manly, like his own nature, touching many a heart that perhaps the most eloquent oratory would never have reached. He had the actor's power of throwing a tear into his voice, a voice that was naturally rich and expressive in quality, and capable of many inflections. And there was always a ring of sincerity in his speeches. He cared nought for "the gallery." All that he was solicitous about was that, having a message, he should deliver it without circumlocution and hesitation.

That he delivered the message of his long and useful life right nobly and well, a discerning public has determined with one heart and voice by the place it has given him amongst the great and good men of the Victorian Era.

"LLOYD'S"

BY WILLIAM C. MACKENZIE

MARINE insurance probably dates as far back as the time of the Phœnicians, who traded with our British forefathers many centuries before these Islands became the home of "a nation of shopkeepers." The dark-skinned strangers were skilled traders long before the Britons had acquired the art of chaffering, and the latter probably stood as small a chance of getting the best of a bargain with them as do the African tribes of the present day with the white-faced traders who barter their wares for tropical produce. Thus doth Time bring its revenges.

It was not, however, until hundreds of years after the days of the Phœnicians that marine insurance was practised in this country. The merchants of the Hanseatic League, that powerful confederacy which did so much, during the thirteenth and succeeding centuries, to promote the interests of trade and commerce, were the first underwriters in England. Their system of insurance must of necessity have been somewhat crude, but from it has been evolved the more scientific methods of the present day.

As everybody knows, Lloyd's stands for marine insurance. But whence the name?

In our day, as every city man is aware, a not inconsiderable amount of business is transacted at the bars of restaurants and wine-shops. Business men of former generations were similarly prone to transact "deals" in the coffee-houses which were the forerunners of the modern "Meccas." But they had a much better excuse than their modern successors for congregating in houses of refreshment, their facilities for meeting together in Exchanges being considerably more restricted than is the case at the present day. The great grain Exchange called the "Baltic" takes its name from a coffee-house which was much frequented by Russian merchants who were engaged in the Baltic trade. Similarly, Lloyd's takes its name from that of the proprietor of a coffee-house which flourished in Tower Street during the reign of the "Merry Monarch." No biography of Edward Lloyd has yet been written, nor do the dates of his birth and death appear in our calendars. But his name has been handed down to posterity in the title of the greatest marine insurance corporation which the world has ever known. His house became the *rendezvous* of those persons in the city who were engaged in the business of underwriting marine risks; and Edward Lloyd was sufficiently alive to his own interests to give them every facility for the transaction of their business. In 1696, he blossomed into a newspaper proprietor, but his career in that capacity was short-lived, for his paper, which he called *Lloyd's News*, was suppressed by the Government. Certain unpalatable references failed to pass the press censorship which, in those days, was rigorously exercised; and so *Lloyd's News* came to an untimely end. In 1726, however, its successor, *Lloyd's List*, appeared, and it exists at the present day. With the exception of the *London Gazette*, it is the oldest newspaper now published in England.

Edward Lloyd removed from Tower Street to Lombard Street, and brought his customers with him. For three generations thereafter, underwriters met and transacted business at Lloyd's, Lombard Street, until the time arrived when a change was inevitable. An association was formed in 1770, for renting premises for the exclusive transaction of marine insurance, and three years later, the members of the Association migrated to their present headquarters at the Royal Exchange, taking the name of their old meeting-place with them. Thus it came to pass that a London coffee-house leapt into historic fame. And it may be noticed that the name of its proprietor has also been perpetuated in the titles of those great Continental Steamship Lines, the Austrian Lloyd, and the North German Lloyd.

Affiliated with the Corporation of Lloyd's is "Lloyd's Register." The committee and executive of this society are distinct from the management of Lloyd's, being, in fact, an off-shoot from the parent stem. The Register comprises three volumes which are issued annually, and kept constantly up-to-date, that being a very necessary condition of their usefulness. Volume I. gives comprehensive particulars concerning steamers. Volume II. deals similarly with sailing vessels; while the third volume is an appendix, giving general information about vessels, docks and harbours, marine insurance companies, and so forth. The Register is the underwriter's guide-book. It provides him with the material by which he gauges the desirability, or otherwise, of a "line" offered to him on, or by, a particular vessel; and estimates the rate of insurance which will compensate him for the risk. Similarly, the merchant finds the volumes indispensable in connection with his chartering operations, while the shipowner is interested in them in a very special way. The Register dates from 1834, when a joint committee, equally representing shipowners and underwriters, was formed, thus cementing past differences between the two interests. For many years previously, two separate Registers had existed, the Green Book, representing the underwriting interest, and the Red Book, that of the shipowners. The shipowning community were dissatisfied with the system of classification which the underwriters had adopted, hence the genesis of the Red Book.

Upon the surveyors appointed by the committee of the Register devolves the duty of fixing by their reports the classification of a vessel. There are various mysterious-looking symbols used to denote the different classes of vessels. The best known are those formed by a combination of Roman numerals and letters, which signify the classification of ships built of iron and steel according to the rules of "Lloyd's Register" in force since 1869. They indicate the general condition of a vessel at the time of her last survey. The symbols 100 A1, 95 A1, 90 A1, and so on down to 75 A1 (the lowest grade) show at a glance the position, good or bad, which a vessel occupies from an insurable point of view. The figure "1" which is affixed in each case, denotes that the vessel is well and sufficiently equipped. A line after "A" thus "A–" signifies that the equipment falls short of the requirements under the rules. It is now, however, the invariable practice to classify as 100 A1 only; no ships of inferior classification are built under Lloyd's rules.

The considerations which influence an underwriter in accepting or declining a "line," as it is technically called, are chiefly the age of the vessel, her class, build, power, ownership, builders, her captain's record, and, strange as it may appear, the record of the ship herself; the season of the year is also an important element. A ship "with a past" is viewed less favourably than one with a "clean sheet." Here the principle of giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him certainly operates, very specially in the case of the captain and owners, and, to a small extent, of the ship herself.

The Salvage Association is also an offspring of Lloyds, which exists as a separate organisation, while closely connected with the parent corporation. The duties undertaken by this Association lie, as its name suggests, in the protection of the interests of underwriters in connection with wrecks.

Another profession cognate with that of underwriting is the adjustment of averages. This may be explained in a word to the uninitiated as being the apportionment by an expert (called an average adjuster) of the claims arising from a partial loss to ship or cargo among the various interests concerned. A description of the nature of these "averages," technically called "general" and "particular" average, would require a paper to itself.

Lloyd's rooms in the Royal Exchange have been used for their present purpose since the great fire of 1838 destroyed the premises which they had previously tenanted. They comprise the captain's room — where captains are but rarely seen nowadays— which serves as a luncheon-room and occasionally as an auction room for the sale of ship's hulls; the reading-room—where "light" literature, in the form of shipping intelligence and so forth, is found in abundance; the underwriting-room, where risks are discussed and "lines" are taken or rejected; and the secretary's offices and committee-rooms, where the administrative work is carried on. The Committee of Management, elected by the members, are invested with large powers. As is well-known, Colonel H. M. Hozier acts as secretary to the Corporation. The general comfort of the members is supervised by the superintendent of the rooms.

Besides the rooms enumerated, and the well-appointed lavatory and cloak-room, there is another which calls for special mention. It is appropriately named the "Chamber of Horrors," for it is there that the lists of casualties and missing ships are posted up, sheets of dire portent for the unfortunate underwriters who are "on the risks."

And yonder in the underwriting-room is a volume well-named the "Black Book," which underwriters approach each morning with fear and trembling, lest they should find in it the dreaded notification that some ship on which they had taken a "line" has come to grief.

The stranger who wishes to see a member ascends the broad staircase, and gives his name to an attendant who is stationed in a chamber just outside the main or underwriting-room. The latter passes on the name to the caller inside, who stands in a pulpit, underneath a sounding board. He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which invests him with an authority of which he is probably profoundly conscious. In a mellifluous voice, which reaches the furthest corner of the room, he intones the name with a deliberation and clearness all his own. One can bear with equanimity the delay entailed by waiting outside for a member, when regaled by the recurring music of that caller's voice.

Down the centre of the underwriting-room are three rows of tables at which are seated underwriters, brokers, and others. The brokers are the middlemen, who arrange the terms of the insurance between the ship-owners and merchants on the one side, and the underwriters on the other. When an underwriter accepts a "line," he initials the "slip" upon which the broker has noted particulars of the insurance and the amount he requires to be covered. This process is repeated until the whole of the required amount has been insured. A policy is next prepared by the broker in accordance with the agreed terms of insurance, and the document is then signed separately by each group of underwriters, according to the amounts standing against the initials on the "slip." The mere initialling of the "slip" is not legally binding, but custom at Lloyd's makes it as conclusive a contract as the signature of the policy itself. The wording of the policy is a curiosity of obsolete English. The casual observer might well think that it would be a decided improvement if it were rendered more intelligible and concise. But the profanity of meddling with so sacred a document doubtless gives pause to any would-be reformer. A form sanctified by the usage of nearly a century and a quarter must command the respect which is due to age; for it is a fact that the Lloyd's form of policy now in use was prepared as far back as the year 1779. It then commenced with the words, "In the name of God, Amen," which, in cases of false declarations, might well be stigmatised as a cynical blasphemy, without putting too fine a point upon it. This pious preamble was afterwards altered to the portentous phrase, "Be it known that." With this solitary exception, the policy has undergone no alteration up to the present day. Slips with special clauses may be, and very often are, attached to the policy, but the main body, with its quaint phraseology, is untouched, and, apparently, untouchable.

When a ship is overdue, an opportunity is sometimes afforded for a gamble at Lloyd's. It can be readily understood that underwriters who are interested in the "overdues" are only too willing to get rid of the risk by paying a premium on the insured rate to those who are willing, on their terms, to relieve them of their responsibilities. The premium varies with the chances of the vessel turning up; the smaller the chances, the higher the premium, and *vice versâ*. The rates paying on "overdues" serve as accurate barometers of the probabilities or otherwise of the ships being ever heard of again. Those underwriters who speculate on "overdues" are generally known by the significant names of "doctors." The insurance on an "overdue" may pass through many channels before the ship is, on the one hand, "posted" at Lloyd's as "missing," or, on the other hand, she arrives in safety.

A ship is never "posted" until the Committee are thoroughly satisfied that her case is hopeless, and until the owner is of the same opinion. Before "posting," a notice is put up for a week, inviting any information concerning the vessel. If this elicits no news, the Committee at their next meeting vote the ship as "missing," and a notice is "posted" accordingly. The loss is then settled and paid for. It may be incidentally remarked that "posting" at Lloyd's constitutes a legal death certificate for any one on board the missing ship. Imagination pales at the thought of the complications which might arise in the event of a "posted" vessel turning up. It is worthy of note that a leading London newspaper now publishes daily a list of "overdues," with the current premium in each case.

It may be news to some people to learn that the business at Lloyd's is no longer confined to marine insurance. During recent years the nature of risks underwritten has been gradually widening in scope, until it now embraces almost every known form of insurance. Fire, accident, and burglary insurances are all accepted. A policy, covering goods against all risks from, say, a warehouse in London to a warehouse in Sydney or Hong Kong, is very frequently issued, and is found by business men to be a great convenience.

Underwriting members of Lloyd's have to pay an entrance fee of £400 and an annual subscription of twenty guineas. They have also to place in the hands of the Committee guarantees for at least £5000. These guarantees, as may be imagined, amount to a considerable sum, seeing that of over 2500 members, subscribers, and associates, fully one-fourth are underwriters. The guarantee fund is vested in trustees, and interest is paid on the deposits. The capital sum is refunded to an underwriter three years after his retirement from business. It may be remarked that this guarantee of £5000 applies to the marine risks only which are underwritten by the depositors. Other members of Lloyd's pay an entrance fee of £25, and an annual subscription of seven guineas. Candidates for admission to membership must be recommended in writing by six members, and they are elected by ballot, the voting power being in the hands of the Committee.

In addition to the members, there are "subscribers" and "associates," the former paying seven guineas, the latter five guineas annually. Subscribers and associates are not allowed to transact business in the room; they pay for the privilege of entering it and picking up information. All the leading marine insurance companies are subscribers to Lloyd's, receiving in return for their subscriptions, the latest news about ships in which they are interested.

The Corporation has agencies at all the leading seaports in the world, the duties of the agents being to transmit to headquarters weekly lists of arrivals and clearances at their ports, which are chronicled in "Lloyd's Weekly Shipping Index," a most useful publication for merchants, shipowners, and underwriters. Lloyd's agents also give prompt advice by cable to London of any casualties which may occur within the area which they control. They further attend to surveys of cargo damaged in transit, when so requested by the importers, and, in cases of wrecks and casualties, devote their energies to the protection of the general interests of underwriters. There is no honorarium other than a few odd "pickings" and out-of-pocket expenses attached to a Lloyd's agency; the privilege of representing the Society is sufficient compensation for the time and trouble involved in attending to its business.

Lloyd's controls and works, under the sanction of Parliament, the signal stations in Great Britain and Ireland. These number forty-two, and range from Dunnet Head and the Butt of Lewis in the north, to St. Catherine's Point and the Scilly Islands in the south.

The Society has also the management of twenty-nine signal stations in various British colonies. By means of this arrangement, shipowners, merchants, and others can obtain the latest information about vessels at a nominal signalling charge of one shilling, plus the cost of cabling or postage, as the case may be. Chambers of Commerce, harbour, and dock authorities, can receive, by arrangement with Lloyd's, regular advice from the signal stations for publication. A public service is thus effectively rendered by the Corporation in its control of signal stations, and it is easy to recognise the importance, from a national point of view, of the colonial stations, more particularly, being in such efficient and trustworthy hands.

In 1720 charters were granted to the London Assurance and the Royal Exchange Corporations, and, for a full century, these two companies, with Lloyd's underwriters, possessed a monopoly of marine insurance in this country. The Act conferring the charters excluded all but private underwriters from competing with the two companies, and it was not until 1824 that it was repealed, leaving the door open for the establishment of rival concerns. Since that time, numerous competitors have entered the field, but the business of marine insurance has correspondingly expanded, and, at the present day, judging by the results annually attained, there is room for all of them. But in popular imagination, as well as by virtue of the magnitude of its operations, Lloyd's is still *facile princeps*.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MAY

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

PREACHING THE LORD JESUS—Acts xi. 20

FIRST SUNDAY

THAT was the preaching which "turned the world upside down." When it first began, there were a good many who were fain to call it "foolishness," and who held the Apostles to be little better than madmen, because they hoped by such means to overthrow the ancient customs and traditions, ideas and beliefs which had moulded the life of men up to that time. How should such people, they said, be dealt with, except with the keen shafts of ridicule? Let them preach by all means, but let the world laugh and go on its way. There are also kindred spirits to-day who think as meanly of it as those men of old did, and who can hardly find words strong enough to express their contempt for its foolishness. They, themselves, indeed, preach a good deal in their own way, only they call their sermons "articles"; and they are sometimes fairly wise, at other times not so wise, just as happens now and then with us all; but though they differ about many things, and dispute with no small heat, they are nearly at one in treating with scorn the "preaching of the Lord Jesus." Yet it pleased the Lord by the foolishness of preaching to turn the old world upside down, calling forth a new moral world to take its place. Of that there can be no sort of doubt; the testimony of history is too clear to admit of any question about it. Our modern life differs from the ancient just as far as it was fashioned under Christian influences, cradled in the Church of Jesus. It is worth while, then, seriously to consider what was the nature of that preaching which was thought so "foolish" and yet has brought about such a fundamental moral difference between the ideas, the aims and hopes of the world to-day, and those which aforetime guided the minds of men.

First, then, let me say that the theme of this preaching was neither a set of opinions, nor a special transaction, neither a philosophy nor a policy, but a Person, the Lord Jesus. Of course, there were great words which He spake, and also great acts which He did, and these had their place in the ministry of His Apostles. But the main subject of their preaching was "the man, Christ Jesus." That was its distinguishing feature which made it strangely unlike all other work of the same kind. There were wise and good men before the Apostles, who also did a good deal of preaching in their day. The Hebrew prophets were constantly doing it, and they had rare powers of argument and eloquence, though too often no one seemed to "believe their report," and their words appeared to be "like water spilt upon sand." But though they lived under the Mosaic dispensation not one of them described himself as being sent to "preach Moses." The Greeks, too, had their sages—their philosophers—richly endowed with gifts of fine intelligence, and not seldom living brave and true lives, not unworthy of the views they set forth. Socrates was a great preacher, and spoke many a weighty word, which was backed up by a character of quite unusual worth. It was no barren metaphysic, but a fruitful ethic that he dealt in, aiming at the right moral conduct of life, and the death by which he died bore witness to the profound sincerity of his convictions. But his teaching was of a strictly impersonal kind, and rested wholly on its own evident truth. None of his followers would ever have said that they "preached Socrates"; for the sage was nothing apart from his ideas, and *they* needed nothing to commend them but their own essential reasonableness. Of course they revered their great leader, but it was not the person, it was the system to which they held on.

Altogether different, now, was the preaching of the Apostles. They also, no doubt, fondly clung to every word that dropt from the lips of their Lord, though it is true they rarely quote His sayings in any of their letters. But the main theme of their discourse was not His sayings, but Himself. The Person was supreme, for He Himself had made it so. The great divine Ego pervades and controls all His speech. He preached Himself, and His disciples could do no less. He did not say, This is the truth, and here is the reason for believing it, but, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." At every point we come upon the same recurring thought, only in an endless diversity of forms. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father"; "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me"; "Abide in me and I in you, for without me ye can do nothing;" "I am the light of the world"; "I am the resurrection and the life." So He makes constant reference to His own personality, and calls men primarily and above everything to have faith in Him. It is the fourth Gospel, indeed, that gives special emphasis to this fact; but it is just as clearly present in the others, and no word of John's puts it more strongly than Matthew does when he reports our Lord's touching appeal: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This personal element is the warp on which the whole fabric of the Gospel is wefted, and it gives its special character to the entire Christian idea. It was always Himself that He presented as the object of our faith, and, therefore, if His disciples would be true to their Master, they must ever and everywhere "preach the Lord Jesus." Whatever else they have at times to handle—whatever moral duty, whatever transaction of grace—they must constantly return to the Person who is at once the theme and the power of their ministry. The burden of their preaching must be, not an ethical system, nor a "plan of salvation," but the Lord Jesus.

SECOND SUNDAY

WERE any one else to discourse to us about himself as Jesus did, would he not rouse in our minds, not faith, but rather profound distrust? Say that some person appealed to us, crying, Come unto me, all ye that are sick and suffering, and I will heal your plagues; or, Confide in me, all ye that are perplexed and in darkness, and I will clear up your doubts; or, Look unto me, all ye that hunger and thirst, and I will give you "bread of life," and ye shall never die. And how should we regard such a man? I am afraid he would meet with scant courtesy at our hands. We should have little hesitation in rejecting such extravagant pretensions. It would be enough that he was plainly lacking in a proper humility. Why is it, then, that we do not turn away from Jesus as we should from such a person? What is there in His personality which entitles Him to a consideration that would not be accorded to any other man?

Here let me remind you that, of late years, the main drift of theological thought has been to give increased emphasis to the human element in the person of Christ; and on the whole it has been a very wholesome and fruitful tendency. It has brought Him nearer to us, and made Him more real also, to think of Him as a man who "had a feeling of our infirmities, only without sin." I cannot doubt that that has been good for us, nor can I doubt that so far this drift of thought was moved and guided by the Holy Spirit, so that the Church might be edified thereby. Yet it has to be watched lest it pass into a mere doctrine of humanism. For the sinlessness of Christ depends on the divine nature in Christ, depends on the fact that He was a man, and also something more. If He was only a man, then the claims which He made do not consist with the humility that becomes a man. I can quite understand how the Unitarian should be staggered by that saying: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Were I in his position, I should feel like him that a meek and lowly heart could never have uttered a word such as that. But it is a very different matter when we look at Christ as "God manifest in the flesh." If His own account of Himself is true, if He dwelt in glory with the Father before the world was, and if that Father, in His great love, sent Him into the world, "not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved," then, being what He was, and coming on such an errand, He must above all things tell men about Himself. That was the supreme truth He had to preach. He was not only God's messenger, but He was also God's message to the world. It was Himself that formed the revelation of God, the glad tidings of great joy to all mankind. The humility that rightly leads a man to speak as little as possible about himself would in His case have been a false humility, and a failure to do the very work He had been sent to do. God had drawn nigh to us in the Man of Sorrows that we might be brought to know Him, and trust Him, and love Him. Dwelling, hitherto, "in the light which no one may approach unto," "the light which is inaccessible and full of glory," He had veiled that glory for a season, and appeared in human form, compassed by human infirmities. The Absolute and Infinite transcended all our powers, and after ages of daring thought about it, the wisest had been stranded on a cold metaphysical abstraction whose omnipotence was a practical impotence. Therefore Christ came, because only in the form of man could God reveal himself to man. The highest reach of theology is the sinless human character of Jesus, and to turn away from Him in search of the Infinite is to go after "the light which no man may approach unto." This being so, manifestly Christ could only preach His Gospel by preaching Himself. He had to reveal the Father, not by His words only, but chiefly in His own person, for what He was that the Father also was. If men would learn the truth, they must learn it of Him. If they would have rest in their souls, they must find it in Him. If they would see God, they must ever look to Him. That divine Ego, therefore, was the inevitable burden of all His preaching, and though at first it stirred up men's wrath, in the long run it smote the conscience, and it touched the heart, and it filled the mind with a vision of God so winning and beautiful that the ancient world, with its gods, and temples, and altars, and traditions, and customs and philosophies faded before it as the stars fade before the clear light of day. And not they only; but as Moses and Elias, on the Mount of Transfiguration, fell into the background, and the wondering disciples saw Jesus only shining a radiant form amid the radiant mist, so the Law and the Prophets, which bore witness to Him, having fulfilled their office, straightway withdrew, that Jesus might stand forth alone, the one object of Faith, the one ground of hope, "the brightness of the Father's glory, and express image of his person." Him only they looked to; Him only they preached—the Friend of sinners, the Good Shepherd, the one Redeemer, the Lord "in whom was life, and the life was the light of men," and by that preaching they turned the world upside down.

THIRD SUNDAY

In thus preaching Christ, however, as the revelation of God, they also set forth His view of human life and duty, which opens up a wide field of thought if we had time to go over it thoroughly. What was the teaching of Jesus, apart from the doctrine of His Person? It is not easy to compress it within manageable limits, yet there are a few sayings of His, easily memorable, which cover a great part of what is distinctively Christian idea. Take such words as these: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter the kingdom of God;" "Except your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in nowise enter the kingdom of God; "Except a corn of seed fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it yieldeth much fruit;" "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you; for if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Words like these give a striking impression of the kind of life Christ came to create, and which unhappily we have been slow to realise. Let us try to gather them together so as to get a tolerable idea of what they imply.

At the root of them lies the idea of a kingdom—his Father's kingdom—which is to be sought as our supreme good, whose laws spring from divine love, and can only be kept by the love and trust of children. But such love and trust are not natural qualities in us, and therefore a great change, equivalent to a new birth, must take place in us all before we can become children of the kingdom. This is a radical element of His teaching, and markedly distinguishes it from the wisdom of the world. Gentile Philosophy undertook to develop any good that was already in us, and its discipline often brought out a certain nobility of character. That character might be haughty, revengeful, lacking in all the more tender and lovable qualities of human nature, yet it not seldom showed a generous magnanimity, worthy of high esteem. But Philosophy never set itself to produce any essential change in a man's nature, nor, so far as appears, did the Mosaic law ever attempt to make a bad man good. They had no help for the weak, the erring, the fallen. They drew out merit, but did not bring mercy to the fallen. That, however was the very aim which Christ had specially in view. "He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." This doctrine based itself on a common sinfulness, which forbade all pride and self-complacency, and a common grace, which is as free to all as it is needed by all. Certainly He, too, undertakes to perfect any good that is in us, and to bring it to a pitch of excellence it could not reach in any other way. But He has pity for the weak, as well as guidance for the strong, and the gate of true repentance is the one way into His kingdom.

Moreover, the type of character resulting from the new birth was to be very different from that which the old world held in most honour. For the Christian had to become as a little child—meek, not asserting himself—humble, and not exalting himself—trustful, and not relying on self—docile, and not self-willed — merciful also, as he himself needed mercy. Revenge was thought to be a duty, till Jesus taught us to "love our enemies." That was an entirely new ideal of virtue and duty, hard for flesh and blood, but unspeakably beautiful when it was carried into action, though that has been all too rare. And if the childlike spirit was a startling novelty in ethics, still more strange was Christ's conception of religious service.

Hitherto the notion of a sacred caste, enjoying, in virtue of their birth, the special favour of Heaven, held sway in every land. Hitherto, also, divine worship had been identified with the bringing of gifts and offerings to the altar, and the keeping of fasts and feasts and the making of many prayers. That was the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. They were the children of Abraham and they observed all the customs and traditions; therefore they were heirs of the promises, and thanked God "that they were not as other men." But the righteousness—the religion—of the Christian had to be other than theirs. The kingdom of God must be in him ere he could hope to be in it. For it lay in a contrite heart yearning after purity and truth, and brimming over with compassion for all who were suffering and all who were in want. Its divine worship was, not the blood of bulls and of goats, but the loving sacrifice of self, and tender compassion for all afflicted creatures; for whatsoever was done or denied to one of the least of them, was all one as if it had been done or denied to the Lord and Judge of all. These are profoundly characteristic features of the teaching of Jesus—its spiritual inwardness, and its boundless benevolence. Yet it was very far from being a mere soft and flabby philanthropy that only shrinks from the thought of pain. This righteousness was not without its sterner qualities of faithfulness as well as love and courage, as well as compassion. The Christian must stand by truth and right, be the cost what it may. If he loves life more than these, he will lose it eternally; but if he is prepared to die for them, and for his Lord, who is the embodiment to him of all that is right and true, then shall he find in death a better life, and the perishing corn of seed shall have an abundant fruitfulness. Obviously now, the fundamental law of this kingdom, whose sovereign is the Father of his people, must needs be the law of Faith and Love. The children must trust their father, must not fret about "what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed," but rely on His care who "knoweth to give good things to them that ask Him." They might have dark and troubled days, and see no way of escape; they might be compassed about with mysteries, and feel the burden of a great perplexity. But it is not for children to question their father's doings. Other kings must be content with the outward observance of their laws, which yet their subjects may feel to be hard or even unjust. But the loyalty of this kingdom demands that, even when its requirements are strange and incomprehensible, yet are His people to believe that their King doeth all things well. Consider, now, what a new kind of life this was to which Jesus called his followers—this meek and uncomplaining spirit; this lowly heart; this forgiving character that never returned evil for evil, but overcame evil with good; this patient courage ready to suffer wrong, but resolute never to do wrong; and this steadfast faith that still in sorest extremities holds fast its confidence in God. There might be nothing absolutely new in any one of its requirements by itself, yet taken altogether they made a complete revolution of moral ideal such as had not hitherto entered the heart of man to conceive. And it was not limited to any class or country or kindred, but made free to every one who would accept of its plenteous grace. We have been slow indeed to rise to the full measure of its power and beauty. Yet, preached, as it has been, but poorly, and practised still more poorly, it has changed our thoughts both of God and of duty, and verily turned the world upside down.

FOURTH SUNDAY

I HAVE said that the essential idea of Christianity is the exaltation of a Person, a divine person, in whom we are to trust, for He is able to help and to save us. Its aim is not to set forth a system of morals, though it does that, as we have seen, and very new and unique its ethical system is. Neither was its chief object to establish happier relations between God and man by some healing transaction akin to that which was dimly foreshadowed by the sacrifices of the ancient world, though that too has a place in it, and one of deep significance and profound importance. The Man, Christ Jesus, is its central thought, for in Him the Father is revealed; but of course we can only have a very vague conception of Him if we do not lay to heart both the words that He spoke, and the sufferings that He bore.

It is especially these last, His sufferings, the end for which He submitted to them, and the spirit in which He endured them, that give us the deepest insight into His character, and provide the true key to the meaning of His life. Those sufferings, therefore, had a peculiar place in the preaching of the Lord Jesus. They were one side of a twofold transaction, whose two parts formed only one divine thought. For when Paul told the Corinthians that "he would know nothing among them but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," and when he preached to the Athenians "Jesus and the resurrection," he was not changing his doctrine to suit different classes of people, he was only presenting different aspects of one great truth. It was this complex transaction, then, which formed a main burden of the Apostles' preaching, and a chief source of its wonderful power. Drop those two out, drop either of them out, and whatever be the worth of that which still remains, it is not the Gospel which the Apostles proclaimed.

There is an element of profound mystery in the death of Jesus. He Himself said of it, "for this cause came I unto this hour," which marks it as an event altogether different from the death of other men. We have to die simply because we have lived, but we do not live just in order that we may die. That, however, was the very object of His life. He "laid down His life for the sheep," and for this cause He had come to the appointed hour of His own free will. Moreover, this sacrifice was wholly for our sake. He "died for sin, but not His own," that we through His death might find the true and better life. These are the facts, about which Christians of all sorts are pretty much at one. But when we ask wherein the efficacy of this sacrifice lay, we enter on a field that has been fruitful of many theories, in most of which men seem to forget that they are dealing with one of the deepest mysteries of God. They are fain to get rid of the mystery, and to make it all just a little too plain. I would like, then, to remind you that "here we walk by faith, not by sight." Intellection is one thing, believing is another; and there is danger in shifting the centre of rest from faith in a crucified Saviour to belief in a doctrine of atonement. Remember our fundamental position that saving faith is belief in a person, not in a dogma. Still, of course, it is natural to seek for some account of the Cross that shall clear it up more or less to our minds. I could not hope to deal satisfactorily with so large a subject in a simple paragraph. Yet this much, at least, I may say with all confidence, without pretending to exhaust so great a theme. The Cross was the highest revelation of divine love: "Herein the love of God was manifested, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The Cross was also the crowning act of Christ's service, for "the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." The Cross was, further, God's judgment of sin, for Christ "condemned sin in his own body on the tree," and thereby He taught His people to feel its exceeding sinfulness. Had it been an easy matter to forgive sin, men would have presumed on the good nature which could readily pardon because it cost nothing to do so. But the burden of the mystery of Christ's death fills the believer with holy awe and reverence, and he dare not presume on the divine mercy, when he thinks that Jesus had to "die, the just for the unjust, in order to redeem us unto God." All that, then, is clearly implied in it—that touching divine love, that lowly and devoted service, that solemn condemnation of sin; whatever else may be in it, those at least are clearly there, to beget in us, as nothing else can, the love and the fear of God. There is nothing so touches the heart as the thought of that Holy and Just One laying down His life for our sake. At the same time there is nothing gives us so profound a sense of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin" as the fact that this sacrifice was needed ere it could be taken away. There are none to whom sin is so abhorrent as they who believe in the atoning death of the Lamb of God. There are none also who set before themselves so high an aim as they do who hear the Master's call to "take up the cross and follow Him," and who therefore strive constantly to love as He loved, and to serve as He served, and to offer themselves in the living sacrifice of Faith to heal the plagues of men, and to cleanse them of their sins. Very imperfectly, indeed, do we any of us realise this, the high calling of our God. But, at least, we all recognise that this is our Christian vocation, the life to which we were solemnly dedicated by the cross of our Lord and Saviour.

FIFTH SUNDAY

BUT the great redeeming work was not finished when Christ died—it was only perfected when He rose again on the third day. The Cross and the Resurrection are only portions of one scheme. They are inseparably bound together, and our hope is bound alike to both, "for if Christ be not risen, our faith is vain, we are yet in our sins." Yet there is nothing which, in these days, men are more slow to believe. Of old, "the Cross was a stumbling-block to the Jew," but the Greek was rather staggered by the idea of the resurrection. That is still what the cultured mind specially rebels at. Modern thought is fain to reject the supernatural. It holds by standing law, fixed order, sequence of cause and effect, and will hear of no possible departure from what is, of course, the ordinary rule. It can explain away the Incarnation, for is not God, in some sort, always dwelling among men? But that one should rise from the dead! —well, no doubt the Apostles honestly believed that they had seen him, and spoken with him, and eaten and drunk with him, just as there are people to-day who are fully persuaded that they too have seen and conversed with departed spirits. That only shows how far a preconceived idea may lead us to think that we have seen and done what in reality we neither saw nor did. The only resurrection therefore that modern thought will hear of is the revival of Christian faith and hope, which had for a season collapsed when the stone was sealed on the sepulchre of Jesus.

Again, I cannot in a paragraph set forth the evidence that Christ is risen indeed. But I confess that it is with a kind of sad scorn that I find men who call themselves Christians putting the earnest-minded Apostles on a level with the mixed lot of rogues and dupes and hysterical persons who vouch for the supposed facts of modern spiritualism. The critic must look out for another sort of analogy if he is to get rid of the testimony of men of sense and character. For what the Apostles tell us of the risen Lord is in exquisite harmony with all his previous life, full of its dignity and beauty, even if in some respects it is naturally touched with mystery; but in the hands of those others, the spirits of the mighty dead appear to have become just as silly, poor creatures as they themselves are. It is the echoes of their own petty thoughts that they give us, and we cannot for a moment mistake them for the voices of the great departed. Assuredly these two sets of witnesses do not stand on the same level of credibility. Meanwhile, however, what I wish specially to say on this head is that, for the end which God had in view, it was necessary that Christ should die, and also that he should rise again. "The captain of our salvation had to be made perfect by suffering," but a dead captain could not lead us on to victory. It were an idle task to bring you to an old grave, and rake up its ashes, and call you to believe, and find salvation there. We require a Friend with a feeling of our infirmities, to whom we can go with our cares and troubles, and sorrows and sins, and all the weary burden of our days, assured that He is able to hear us, and help us in our time of sorest need. We require also a certain hope to light up the darkness of the grave, and tell us that "this mortal shall yet put on immortality." That is an essential element of our Christian faith, and truly it had been a poor Gospel without it. The resurrection of our Lord, then, was only a special illustration of an universal law, exceptional merely in point of time; it was simply an early blossom and pledge of a glorious springtide which is yet to make all the graves of all the world break forth into wondrous life. For He was "the first fruits of them that sleep," and "we wait for the Saviour, even the Lord Jesus, who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed unto the body of His glory, according to the mighty working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." The resurrection of Christ, then, is not an isolated event which can be dropped out of account without serious loss to our faith; on the contrary, it is the seal of the whole purpose of grace, the pledge also of our eternal hope; and though we may have a wise teacher, we have not a Saviour any more if Christ is still sleeping "near the old Syrian town."

That was the preaching which turned the world upside down. And in proportion as we hark back to its original elements of Faith and Love, it still proves itself to be the wisdom of God and the power ot God for the salvation of men." It is not a spent force, but needs only to be really loved, and used by a soul that heartily believes it, in order to show that it is still mighty as ever to steady and to guide our so often fruitless efforts for the mending of our ways and the bettering of our days.

THE FOREIGNER

[The ballast-hills or banks are formed of the stones, shingle, &c., brought from outland ports by ships unfreighted. Many foreign weeds and wild-flowers find in this way a settlement on our shores.]

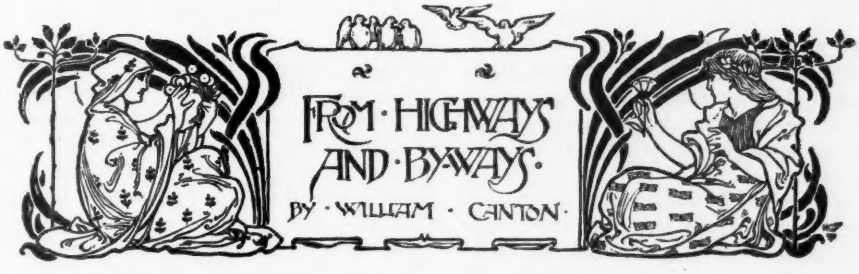
AMONG the ballast hills he creeps,
Frail, aged, and alone.
Exile feels lighter on these heaps
Of foreign earth and stone.

The blue sea freshens; ships go by,
Each sail with glamour dressed;
He looks, and marks the flags they fly,
Then turns him to his quest.

What seeks he here, from hour to hour,
Along this littered strand?
What but some common Spanish flower,
Scarce prized in his own land!

He finds a many on the hills,
Poor soul, in sun and rain;
And so his window pots he fills
With tiny fields of Spain.

G. WINTERWOOD.



FROM·HIGHWAYS AND·BYWAYS·

BY·WILLIAM·CANTON·

I OBSERVE that Professor Porter has been recently describing at Eton his method of measuring the diameter of the earth by means of "the shadow thrown east from the pile" of Teneriffe. The process, it appears, is based on the measurement of the time which elapses between the moment in which the apex of the shadow touches the sea horizon and that in which it is eclipsed by the shadow of night. I am not concerned here, however, with the result of these calculations, but with the great cone itself, which so many travellers have seen hanging white and visionary, as if poised by magic in mid-heaven, and with its stupendous shadow, which is projected with such marvellous distinctness and to such an incredible distance when a strong light streams against the huge mass from a point near the horizon. I happen to have under my hand a letter written some ten or twelve years ago by an English chaplain, in which as one reads one seems to be standing in the crystalline air of the Canaries, and looking down from an altitude of 12,000 feet, through the clear grey light before dawn, on the seven islands which make up the group.

"Fifty miles in such an atmosphere seemed nothing," says the writer, "so that Grand Canary and Las Palmas looked close below us, whilst Gomera, at thirty, almost tempted us, using the guide's expression, to throw a stone upon it."

The wind blows with an icy mouth on these heights of heaven, but in the crater, wonderfully coloured with the delicate yellow of sulphur and flushes of pale pink, jets of white steam puff through the cracks with sufficient heat to cook eggs for breakfast. And now the rays of light are springing momently more brilliant over the African desert, and at last with a rush the sun appears and all eyes are turned westward for the shadow of the peak. "And there, in long dim outline, it lies across the sea, stretching (to measure it by our distance from Gomera, across whose northern point it falls) for full two hundred miles. Yet I am disappointed, for though *the peak's own shape* is clearly seen, it is too shadowy to satisfy all I had heard of its wonderful reality."

A little patience, a little higher light, and this reality grows. "Minute by minute the shadow seems to lift itself up from the sea, *on which at first it lay*, till, a quarter of an hour after the sun's first rays, there stands by our side another peak, not rose-coloured like that on which we stand, but dark and threatening, substantial as it seems, inviting us to touch and prove its reality, yet showing through it far away below, the islands and the clouds that hang above the sea." Then as the sunrise grows more intense and the distant view is blurred with brightness, the island itself, with its creeks and headlands, becomes vividly clear. One can count the windows in the houses fifteen miles away, and each tree emphasises its visible existence. Here and there a cloud breaks the outline of the landscape, but these clouds belong to a lower world: they are three thousand feet above the sea, but the spectator on the peak is nine thousand feet above them.

Mariners from the Mediterranean gazed with wonder at this towering cone before the Christian era, and some mention of it is made in the ancient geography. Early in the fifteenth century Cadamosto the Venetian regarded Teneriffe as "wonderful among the islands of the earth, and able to be seen in clear weather for a distance of seventy Spanish leagues, which is equal to two hundred and fifty miles. And what makes it to be seen from so far is a great rock of adamant, like a pyramid, which stone blazes like the mountain of Ætna, and is full fifteen miles from the plain, as the natives say." I wonder whether any of these natives, who "lived in mountain caves, without faith, without God," ever watched the slow antique vessels of the early adventurers; and how long it took these to get out of range of the glittering cone.

It is worthy of note in the description which I have quoted that the writer says that the shadow of the peak took the shape of the peak itself. And that, of course, is precisely what one would have anticipated; but I find that in the case of the Peak of the Footprint, or Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, the shadow does not by any means follow the outline of the mountain. Miss Gordon Cumming, who ascended to the wooden shrine on the summit and lay at full length in the hollow of the sacred footprint, describes the phenomenon in unmistakable terms: "Suddenly, about twenty minutes before sunset, to our intense delight, the far-famed shadow of the peak fell eastward athwart the plain, like a blue spirit-pyramid resting, not on the ground, but on the atmosphere, for instead of assuming the forms of the mountains, it lay in a faultless triangle, the lines as straight as if they had been ruled, although the object casting the so-called shadow is a ragged cone." Again at sunrise, "the great spectral triangle, changing from delicate violet to clear blue, lay outspread, its edge prismatic, like a faint rainbow. We watched it for three hours, during which it gradually grew shorter and more sombre, so that it was actually darker than the forest-clad hills across which it fell." She notes that she has observed this "identical phenomenon" at sunrise from the summit of Fuji-Yama, the holy mountain of Japan, and that when "the shadow of Adam's Peak *falls on mist*, the spectral shadow seems to stand upright, taking the conical form of the mountain, and a rainbow-girt halo rests on its summit." Is there a real difference in this matter between Adam's Peak and Teneriffe, and what is the explanation? In his delightful book, "Seas and Skies in many Latitudes," published nine years ago, Mr. Abercromby gives an explanatory theory, but I have forgotten to what effect, and the volume is not within reach.

This Peak of the Footprint—whether Buddha's or that of the eunuch of Queen Candace, or St. Thomas's—must have been one of the earliest altitudes ever scaled by man. According to the geologists it was probably bathed in the blue of heaven before the Himalayas—the "heady fellows of yesterday"—were raised, and when most of Europe and these islands of ours were fathom deep in brine. Although the Buddha legend does not appear to be older than the close of the fourth century, the peak was a sacred spot in remote antiquity; and even if it was not Alexander the Great who fixed to the precipitous rocks the iron chains intended to aid the ascent of worshippers, Taprobane, that "utmost Indian isle," was known to his companions. It is with wonderment that one reflects on the thousands, the millions, of men and women, of old and young, who have climbed this perilous way to the waters of life and the compassion of the divine.

There is something strangely fascinating in the thought of these rocky altitudes islanded in the bare heavens. Man, I suppose, has never got nearer the stars than the Schlagintweits, who reached the height of 22,230 feet when they attempted to ascend Ibi Gamin (Kamet) in August 1855. Yet Mr. Whymper saw butterflies fluttering in the thin air sixteen thousand feet up the Andes. At such an elevation their frail floury wings would have carried them over Mont Blanc. With these great pinnacles and spires shooting up beyond the sea level one feels inclined to doubt the sphericity of the globe. Indeed, it seems more natural to think of them as the fragmentary spokes of a broken planetary wheel. A very simple calculation, however, sobers us and restores the planet to its old stability. Take the radius of the earth, from the centre to the equator, to measure in round numbers 4000 miles, and assume the loftiest mountain, Everest or another, to be, roughly speaking, six miles high, then the height of the mountain would amount to no more than 1-660th part of the length of the radius. Well, construct a terrestrial globe on a scale of a thousand miles to the foot, and the result will be an eight-foot (diameter) model of the earth, on which your highest sky-piercing peak will be represented by the point of a lead pencil, a trifle longer than one-sixteenth of an inch.

Had the elder Disraeli been alive he would have surely noted for inclusion among his Curiosities of Literature the story of the invaluable Chaucer which Messrs. Macmillan have just included in their "Globe" series.* In 1864, when the "Globe" Shakespeare was published, arrangements were made for a "Library" Chaucer, the text of which it was intended to use subsequently for the "Globe." Two years later the publisher expressed his delight that "the great Chaucer" was "in so prosperous a condition." A third of a century has gone by, and now at last—for we need not go into the details of the story—the student may obtain at a trifling cost not only a text secured by unwearied research and brilliant scholarship, but an ample equipment of critical, illustrative, and explanatory matter, not the least useful portion of which is an excellent glossary. It is not necessary to indicate here the division of labour or the parts undertaken by the different editors, regarding whom Mr. Pollard writes: "Dr. Heath and myself, like Chaucer, are Londoners; Professor McCormick is a successor of the Scottish poets and students who in the fifteenth century did so much for Chaucer's honour; and Professor Liddell is an American just called to the chair of English literature in the University of Texas."

A very cursory comparison with the text of some of the earlier editions will make it clear that this new recension is indispensable to all students and lovers of Chaucer. I am glad to observe that the editors have adopted a very simple and unobtrusive method for marking the metrical value of the vowel "e." The book is closely packed, but the type is beautifully clear.

It seems "too late a week" to attempt to say anything about Chaucer or his work. And yet as one turns the pages one cannot but wonder how many people at the present moment there may be who have never taken the trouble to read one of his poems. And as one's eye catches a phrase here and there, one cannot help thinking, if phrases count for anything, that even within living memory of the Black Death people were brighter and gayer than they are now, and that no town, not even London, had at all shut out the country; for in the recurrence of such expressions as "galliard as a goldfinch," "jolif as a pye," "brown as a berry," "merry as a popinjay," was not Chaucer using what was in all men's mouths rather than coining similes for his own sense of gaiety? And despite my disinclination to add commonplaces to what has already been so admirably written about him, I cannot well refrain from referring to his pathos and deep pitifulness. Where in the poets is there anything more natural and touching in its simplicity, more sensitive in its tenderness than the story of the patient Grisildis, told by the Clerk of Oxenford? A cruel sergeant is sent to take away her little maid. She lays the child on her lap, lulls it, kisses it, and commending its soul to God, gives it to the messenger with only one prayer—that the little body be buried in some place safe from beast and bird. The little son is next taken, and him too she surrenders with patient obedience. Then the Marquis tells her that he has obtained a papal dispensation to take another wife. She must void her place, and such dowry as she had brought from her poor cottage she might take back home with her. All her dowry was her poor clothing, now hard to find. Lovingly and obediently she will return to her father's hearth;

> Ther was I fostrèd of a child ful smal,
> Till I be deed my lyf ther wol I lede;

all she begs, having surrendered wedding-ring and rich apparel, is "Let me not like a worm go by the way." Even when the beautiful young wife is coming, and she is commanded to prepare the palace for her arrival, she assents cheerfully; she still desires to serve and please her husband in her degree, and will ever more. It is only when the new wife comes, and the Marquis asks how she likes her, that Grisildis seems conscious of all she has suffered. One thing she beseeches him, of one thing warns him—

> O thynge beseke I yow, and warne also,
> That ye ne prikké with no tormentynge
> This tendré mayden, as ye hav doon mo [others];
> For she is fostrèd in hire norissynge
> Moore tendrely, and, to my supposynge,
> She koudé nat adversitee endure
> As koude a pourè fostrèd créature.

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* "The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer." Edited by Alfred W. Pollard, H. Frank Heath, Mark D. Liddell, and W. S. McCormick. Macmillan & Co., Limited. 3*s*. 6*d*.

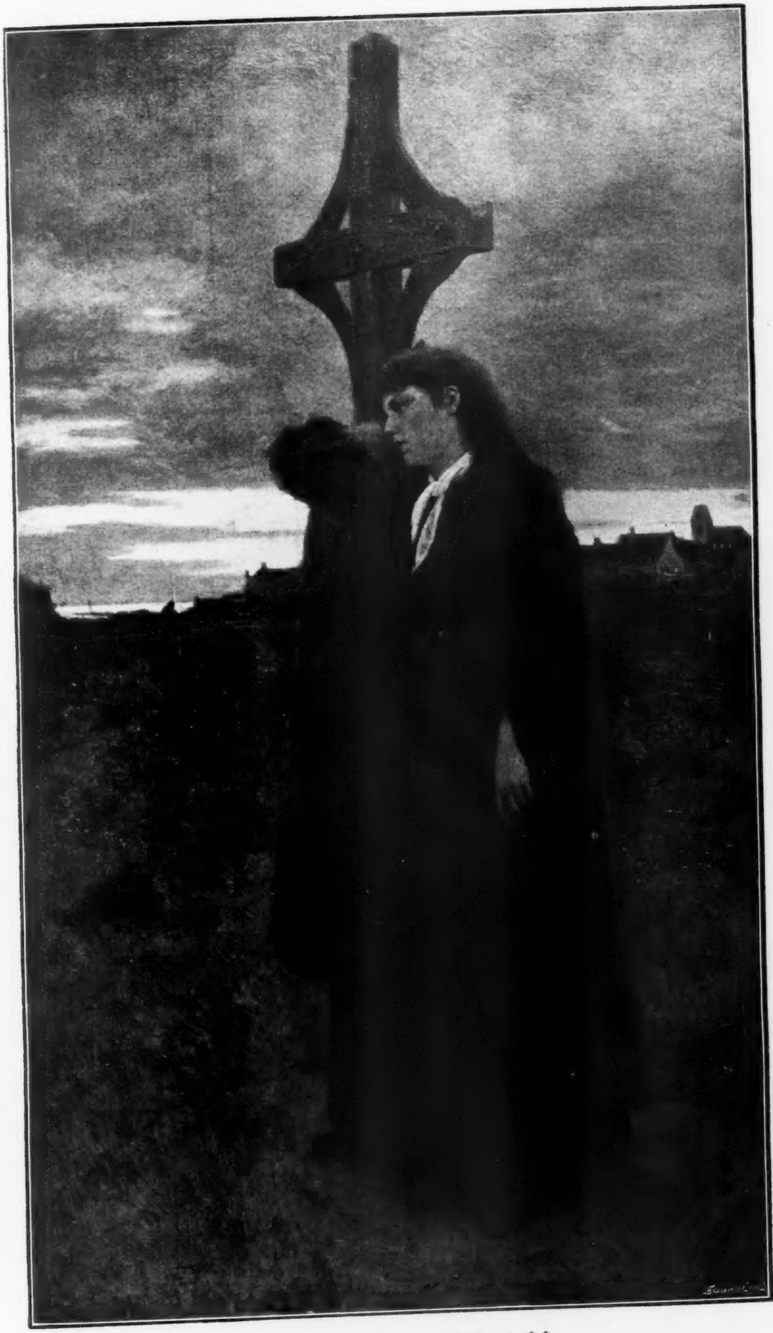
Of course every one knows that this new wife is really her daughter, that her son is restored to her, and that all ends in love and happiness. But is it not strange that it never seems to have occurred to Chaucer that all these tests of a wife's patient love were unforgivably cruel and wicked, and that perhaps the greatest proof of the meekness and affection of Grisildis lay in the possibility that, after she had learned how wantonly she had been tried, these two should live "in concord and in rest full many a year in high prosperity"? What an attraction this ideal of the devoted wife, promptly obedient, suffering long yet kind, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things, seems to have had for the man all the world over! And how rarely does it happen that the man appears to be aware that any corresponding virtues are required of him! In the current number of the *Asiatic Quarterly* I find a sister of Grisildis and Kate the Shrew and Enid of the *Idylls* in Vaçugi, the wife of Tiruvalluvar, the Tamil poet, who earned his bread as a pariah weaver in a suburb of Madras eight or nine centuries ago. The poet began his courtship with a test: "If she will take this sand, and make it into rice for me, I will take her as my wife." Vaçugi meekly obeyed, boiled the sand, and lo! rice it was. When her husband called her at the well, she went instantly, leaving the bucket hanging midway. When, one glaring day at noon he dropped his shuttle and called for a light, she lit the lamp and doubtless helped him to find it. On her death-bed she ventured to ask why, when they were married, he had ordered her to place beside him at meal-time a cup of water and a needle. "To pick up any grain of spilt rice and to purify it," was the reply. Vaçugi closed her eyes with a happy smile; she had loved, she had obeyed, she had never spilt a grain of rice. On the night she died the weaver-poet was heard to sigh:

> Sweet as my daily food! O full of love! O wife
> Obedient ever to my word! Chafing my feet,
> The last to sleep, the first to rise, O gentle one!
> By night, henceforth, what slumber to mine
> eyes?

The man had the grace to miss her and mourn; but if she could have returned would it ever have occurred to him to chafe *her* feet, or to take an occasional turn at being last to sleep and first to rise?

Some time ago I had the pleasure of mentioning Mr. Aflalo's admirable sketch of the natural history of Australia. In his Natural History of the British Isles * he has now laid under a debt of obligation a much larger public. In 500 pages he has contrived to treat of the Vertebrates, excluding the so-called wild cattle and the domestic animals, not only in a most readable and attractive fashion, but with all the details, in the case of birds, of the nest, the colour, size, and number of eggs, which are often sought for in vain; and to find room for a variety of out-of-the-way information scarcely to be expected in a closely condensed sketch. Besides a large number of excellent illustrations, the volume contains a pretty full bibliography, brought down to date, or nearly so. I have been much struck with the masterly and graceful handling of a very large subject in the introductory chapter. The main facts are marshalled with unusual clearness and cogency, so that one obtains from something less than twenty pages a more vivid conception of the British Isles—for I am glad to note that Ireland is included—as a single natural history area, and of the conditions in which our fauna subsists, than is usually to be acquired from a more voluminous survey. On the question of extinct animals, and of the destruction of various furred and feathered species, Mr. Aflalo takes extremely moderate and unimpassioned views. While he deprecates ruthless slaughter—and for this, I gather, he blames chiefly the collectors and museum men—he regards extermination as in a great measure incidental to the changing conditions of human life. Drain and plough, and inevitably you will dispossess the ruff and bittern, the bearded reedling and Savi's warbler, just as the Scots, when they cleared their forests to get rid of the wolf, got rid at the same time of the capercailzie. A capital book, excellently illustrated.

* "A Sketch of the Natural History (Vertebrates) of the British Islands; with a concise bibliography of popular works relating to the British Fauna, and a list of Field Clubs and Natural History Societies in the United Kingdom." By F. G. Aflalo, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. With numerous illustrations. William Blackwood & Sons. 6*s*. net.



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HOMELESS

Painted by E. SHERWOOD CALVERT, R.S.W.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

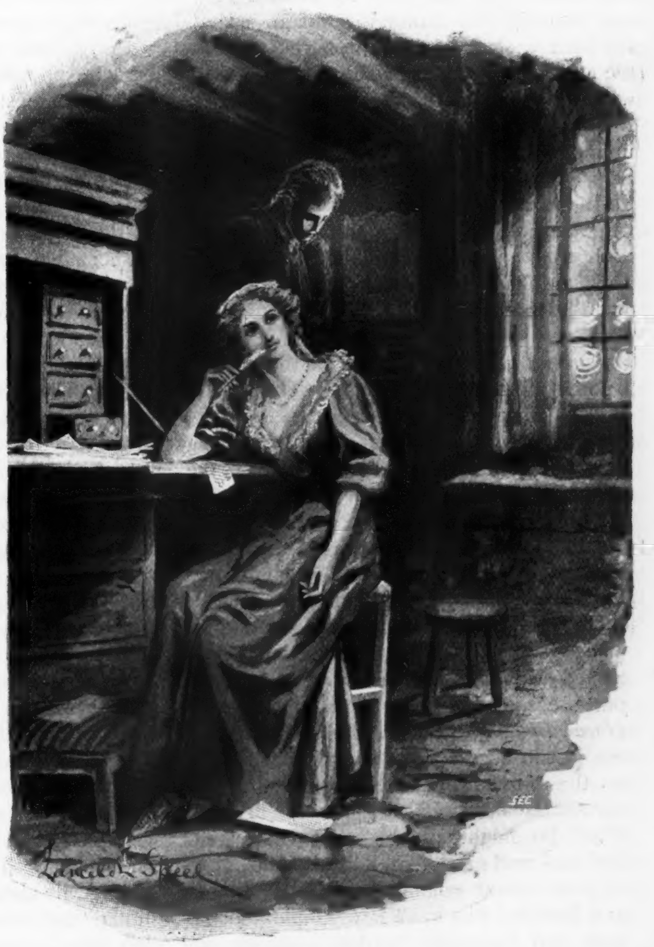
ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

CHAPTER XVIII

At precisely the same moment the next morning two boats set sail from the south coast of Jersey: one from Grouville Bay, one from the harbour of St. Helier's, and both bound for the same point; but the first was to sail round the east coast of the island, and the second round the west coast. As to distance, little advantage was with either, the course of sailing practically making two sides of an acute-angled triangle. Once the boat leaving St. Helier's had rounded the Corbière, the farther the two went the nearer they should come to each other.

The boat leaving Grouville Bay would have on her right the Ecréhos and the coast of France from Granville to Cap de la Hague, and the Dirouilles in her course; the other would have the wide Atlantic on her left, and the Paternosters in her course. The two converging lines should meet at the island of Sark.

The boat leaving Grouville Bay was a yacht carrying twelve swivel guns, bearing Admiralty despatches to the Channel Islands. The boat leaving St. Helier's harbour was a new yawl-rigged craft belonging to Jean Touzel. It was the fruit of ten years' labour, and he called her the *Hardi Biaou*, which, in plain English, means "very beautiful." This was the third time she had sailed under Jean's hand. She carried two carronades, for war with France was in the air, and it was Jean's whim to make a show



"Since Philip had gone, she had sat down a dozen times to write to him" of preparation, for, as he said, "If the war-dogs come, my pups can bark too. If they don't, why, glad and good, the *Hardi Biaou* is big enough to hold the cough-drops."

But Jean was quite sure that there would be war, for Easter fell in March this year; and when that happened there must be pestilence, war, and famine. In any case, Jean was the true sailor, he was always ready for the chances of life. It was his custom to say that it was easy enough to find a good road when the cart was overturned. So he had his carronades on the *Hardi Biaou.*

The business of the yacht *Dorset* was important: that was why so small a boat was sent on the Admiralty's affairs. Had she been a sloop she might have attracted the attention of a French frigate or privateer wandering the seas in the interests of *Vive la Nation!* The business of the yawl was quite unimportant: Jean Touzel was going to Sark with kegs of wine and tobacco for the Seigneur, and to bring back whatever small cargo might be waiting for Jersey. The yacht *Dorset* had aboard her the Rev. Lorenzo Dow, an old friend of her commander. He was to be dropped at Sark, and was to come back with Jean Touzel in the *Hardi Biaou,* the matter having been arranged the evening before in the Vier Marchi. The *Hardi Biaou* had aboard her Maîtresse Aimable, Guida, and a lad to assist Jean in working the yawl. Guida counted as one of the crew, for there was little in the sailing of a boat she did not know.

As the *Hardi Biaou* was leaving the harbour of St. Helier's, Jean told Guida that Lorenzo Dow was to join them in the journey back. She had a thrill of excitement—this man was privy to her secret; he was connected with her life history—to how great purpose she was yet to know. Before the *Hardi Biaou* passed St. Brelade's Bay she was lost in her thoughts: in picturing Philip on the *Narcissus,* in inwardly commenting upon the ambitious designs of his life. What he might yet be—who could tell! She had read more than a little of the doings of great naval commanders, both French and British. She knew how simple midshipmen had sometimes become admirals and afterwards peers of the realm.

Suddenly a new thought came to her. Suppose that Philip should rise to a very high place, should she be able to follow? What had she seen—what did she know—what social opportunities had been hers? How would she fit into an exalted station?

Yet Philip had said that she could take her place anywhere with grace and dignity; and surely Philip knew. If she were *gauche* or crude in manners, he would not have cared for her; if she were not intelligent, he would scarcely have loved her. Of course she had read French and English to some purpose; she could speak Spanish—her grandfather had taught her that; she could read Italian fairly—she had read it aloud on Sunday evenings with the Chevalier du Champsavoys. Then there were Corneille, Shakespeare, Petrarch, Cervantes, she had read them, and even Wace, the old Norman Jersey *trouvère,* whose *Roman de Rou* she knew almost by heart. Was she so very ignorant?

Though, to be sure, what was a little knowledge like that to all Philip knew! Philip had seen nearly every country, he had spoken nearly every language, he knew astronomy, mathematics, history, all sorts of sciences. And he knew the arts too—for could he not draw delightfully? And had he not shown her the model for a new sort of battleship that he was to bring to the notice of the Admiralty? Had not the Admiralty commended some wonderful observations he had taken in the Arctic seas, and had not the Royal Society in London made him a member because of these same observations? Then as to ships and naval warfare, one day, as they were sitting in the garden, he had drawn for her in the sand a series of plans—one after the other, of naval engagements and that sort of thing. He had made a diagram of how a line of battle must be disposed when the centre, or the van, or the middle of the wing is attacked; of how to lay an enemy thwart the hawse; of how to set up a boom in a tideway; of how to fortify upon a point; of how to dispose of fire-ships within booms; of how to make gabions before cannon—and so on. It was surely wonderful, she thought. Then too, how gentle and good-natured he always was in showing her everything, and in explaining naval terms—for her little knowledge of sea and ships went no farther than this coast of Jersey and, at the most, the sailing of a small schooner.

Indeed, but it was worth while doing something well, knowing one thing perfectly. It seemed to her that she knew nothing worth knowing.

There was only one thing to do: she must interest herself in what interested Philip; she must read what he read; she must study naval history; she must learn every little thing about a ship of war. Philip would be glad of that, for then he could talk with her of all he did at sea, and she would understand it.

And still when, a few days ago, she had said to him that she did not know how she was going to be all that his wife ought to be, he had answered her: "All I ask is that you be your own sweet self, for it is just *you* that I want, you with your own thoughts and opinions and imaginings, and not a Guida who has dropped her own way of looking at things to take on some one else's—even mine. It's the people who try to be who never are clever; the people who are clever never really try to be."

Was Philip right? Was she really, in some way, a little bit clever? She would like to believe so, for then she would be a better companion for him. How little she knew of Philip! Now, why did that thought always come up? It made her shudder. They two would really have to begin with the a, b, c of understanding. To understand was breathing and life to her; it was a passion. She would never, could never, be satisfied with skimming the surface of life as the gulls out there skimmed the water. . . . Ah, how beautiful the morning was, and how the bracing air soothed her feverishness! All this sky, and air, and uplifting sea were hers, they fed her with their strength—they were so companionable.

Since Philip had gone—and that was but four days ago—she had sat down a dozen times to write to him, but each time found she could not. She drew back from it because she wanted to empty out her heart, and yet, somehow, she dared not. She wanted to tell Philip all the feelings that possessed her; but how dared she write just what she felt: love and bitterness, joy and indignation, exaltation and disappointment, all in one? How was it these could all exist in a woman's heart at once? Was it because Love was greater than all, deeper than all, overpowered all, forgave all? Was that what women felt and did always? Was that their lot, their destiny? Must they begin in blind faith, be plunged into the darkness of disillusion, be shaken by the storm of emotion, and taste the sting in the fruit of the tree of knowledge—and then go on again the same, yet not the same?

More or less indefinitely and vaguely these thoughts flitted through Guida's mind. As yet her experiences were too new for her to fasten securely upon the meaning of them. In a day or two she would write to Philip freely and warmly of her love and of her hopes; for, maybe, by that time nothing but joy and pleasure would be left in the cauldron of feeling. There was a packet going to England in three days—yes, she would wait for that. And Philip—alas! a letter from him could not reach her for at least a fortnight yet; and then in another month after that he would be with her, and she would be able to tell the whole world that she was the wife of Commander Philip d'Avranche, of the good ship *Araminta*—for that he was to be when he came again. Once commissioned, he could whistle at Admiralty prejudices and official whims concerning marriage and what not.

But what would she not give just to see him, to hear him speak! What did other wives do when they were separated from their husbands? But then, indeed, was there ever another wife wed as she had been, to part from her husband on the wedding-day almost—indeed yes, but in very truth, on the wedding-day? She had no custom to guide her, no knowledge save her own meagre experience of life to serve her, no counsel from any one to direct her; nothing except her own instinct and the feelings of her simple heart to prompt her.

She was not sad, indeed she was almost happy, for her thoughts had brought her so close to Philip that she could feel his blue eyes looking at her, the strong clasp of his hand; she could almost touch the brown hair waving back carelessly from the forehead, untouched by powder, in the fashion of the time; and she could hear his cheery laugh quite plainly. How foolish had been her dream the night before—what mad dreary fancies she had had!

St. Ouen's Bay, l'Étacq, Plemont, dropped behind them as they sailed. They drew on to where the rocks of the Paternosters foamed to the unquiet sea. Far over between the Nez du Guet and the sprawling granite pack of the Dirouilles, was the Admiralty yacht winging to the nor'-west. Far beyond it again lay the coast of France, the tall white cliffs, the dark blue smoky curve ending in Cap de la Hague.

To-day there was something new in the picture of this coast of France. Against the far-off sands were some little black spots, seemingly no bigger than a man's hand. Again and again Jean Touzel eyed these moving specks with serious interest; and Maîtresse Aimable eyed Jean, for Jean never looked so often at anything without good reason. If, perchance, he looked three times at her consecutively, she gaped with expectation, and hoped that he would tell her that her face was not so red to-day as usual—a mark of rare affection.

Guida noticed Jean's look also. "What is it that you see, Maître Jean?" she said.

"Little black wasps, I think, Ma'm'selle; little black wasps that sting."

Guida did not understand.

Jean gave a curious cackle, and continued: "Ah, those wasps—they have a sting so nasty." He paused an instant, then he added in a lower voice, and not quite so gaily: "That is the way that war begins."

Guida's fingers suddenly clinched rigidly upon the tiller. "War? Do—do you think that's a French fleet, Maître Jean?"

"Steadee—steadee—keep her head up, Ma'm'selle," he answered, for Guida had neglected her steering for the instant. "Steadee—ah bah! that's right—I remember twenty years ago the black wasps they fly on the coast of France like that. Who can tell now?" He shrugged his shoulders. "P'rhaps they have come out to play, but see you, when there is trouble in the nest it is my notion that wasps come out to sting. Ah bah, look at France now, they all fight each other there, ma fuifre! When folks begin to slap faces at home, look out when they get into the street. That is when the devil he have a grand fête."

Guida's face grew paler as he spoke. The eyes of Maîtresse Aimable were fixed on her now, and unconsciously the ponderous good wife felt in that warehouse she called her pocket for her rosary. An extra bead was there for Guida, and one for another than Guida. But Maîtresse Aimable did more: she not only fumbled through the warehouse for her rosary, she dived into the well of silence for her voice, and for the first time in her life she showed impatience with Jean. As her voice came forth she coloured and her cheeks expanded, and the words sallied out in puffs:

"Nannin, Jean, you smell shark when it is but herring! And you cry wasp when the critchett sing. I will believe war when I see the splinters fly—me!"

Jean looked at his wife in astonishment. That was the longest speech he had ever heard her make. It was the first time also that her rasp of criticism had ever been applied to him, and with such asperity too. He could not make it out. He looked from his wife to Guida; then, suddenly arrested by the look in Guida's face, he scratched his touzled head in despair, and moved about in his seat.

"Sit you still, Jean," said his wife sharply, "you're like a pea on a hot griddle."

This confused Jean beyond recovery, for never in his life had Aimable spoken to him like that. He saw there was something wrong, and he did not know whether to speak or hold his tongue; or, as he afterwards said to himself, he "didn't know which eye to wink." He adjusted his spectacles, and, pulling himself together—for to a man nothing is more trying than a delicate situation—said to himself:

"*Sacrée fumée*, what's all this!"

He knew Guida to have unusual nerve and courage. She wasn't a wisp of quality to shiver with terror at the first breath of danger; but *bà sû* there was now in her face a sharp, fixed look of pain, in her eyes a bewildered anxiety.

Jean scratched his head still more. Nothing particular came of that. There was no good in trying to work the thing out suddenly, he wasn't clever enough. His mention of the French fleet and possible war had roused his wife out of the still waters of twenty years' goodnature to shake a shower of irritability upon his foolish head, and had turned Guida from a cheerful aspect to a disconcerting seriousness. He resorted to man's final proof to himself of his own intelligence, and said that it was the way of woman. Then out of an habitual goodnature he tried to bring better weather fore and aft.

"Et ben," said he, "in the dark you can't tell a wasp from a honey-bee till he lights on you; and that's too far off there"—he jerked a finger towards the French shore—"to be certain sure. But if the wasp nip, you make him pay for it, the head and the tail—yes, I think—me. . . . There's the Eperquérie," he added quickly, nodding in front of him towards the island of Sark, which lifted a green bosom above its perpendicular cliffs with the pride of an affluent mother among her brood. Dowered by sun and softened by a delicate haze, like an exquisite veil of modesty, this youngest daughter of the isles clustered with her kinsfolk in the emerald archipelago between the great seas.

The outlines of the coast grew plainer as the *Hardi Biaou* drew nearer and nearer. From end to end there was no harbour upon this southern side. There was no roadway, as it seemed, no pathway at all, up the overhanging cliffs. To Guida's face, as she looked, the old charm of openness and pleasure and blitheness came back. Jean Touzel had startled her with his suggestions of war between England and France, for though she longed to have Philip win some great naval battle, yet the first natural thought was the peril of war, the personal danger to the man she loved. When Jean spoke of war, her heart had seemed to shrink within her as shrinks the red anemone to the rock when touched by a churlish finger. But the tides of her temperament were fast to flow as quick to ebb. The reaction from pain was in proportion to her splendid natural health. She had never seen Sark nearer than from Plemont, on the north-west shore of Jersey, and her eyes dwelt upon it now with the loving excitement of a spirit keenly sensitive to beauty.

There it was, ridges of granite and fringes of tall grey and green cliff, belted with mist, crowned by sun, and fretted by the milky, upcasting surf, with little islands like outworks before it, some lying low and slumberously to the sea, as a dog lays its head in its paws and hugs the ground close, with vague, soft-blinking eyes. By the shore the air was white with gulls flying and circling, rising and descending, shooting up straight into the air, their bodies smooth and long like the body of a babe in white samite, their feathering tails spread like a fan, their wings expanding on the ambient air. In the tall cliffs were the seagulls' nests of dried seaweed, fastened to the edge of a rocky bracket on a lofty ledge, the little ones within piping at the little ones without. Every point of rock had its sentinel gull, looking—looking out to sea like some watchful defender of a mystic city. Piercing might be the cries of pain or of joy from the earth, more piercing were their cries; dark and dreadful might be the woe of those who went down to the sea in ships, but they shrilled on, their yellow beaks still yellowing in the sun, keeping their everlasting watch and ward.

Now and again other dark, quick-winged, low-flying birds shot in among the white companies of seagulls, and stretched their long necks, and turned their whirling, swift, cowardly eyes here and there, the cruel beak extended, the black body gorged with carrion. Black marauders among blithe birds of peace and joy, they watched like sable spirits near the nests, or on some near sea rocks, sombre and alone, blinked evilly at the tall bright cliffs and the lightsome legions who nested there.

To Guida these swart loiterers on the verge of happiness, these gloomy watchers between the nests of the young, were spirits of fate who might not destroy, who had no power to harm the living, yet who could not be driven forth: the ever-present death-heads at the feast, the impassive acolytes serving at the altars of destiny.

As the *Hardi Biaou* drew nearer the lofty, inviolate cliffs, there opened up plainly sombre clefts and caverns, which honeycombed the island at all points of the compass. Now slipt past rugged pinnacles, like buttresses to the island, here trailed with vines and ferns and shrubs of unnameable beauty, and yonder shrivelled and bare like the skin of an elephant.

Some rocks, indeed, were like vast animals round which molten granite had been poured, preserving them eternally. The heads of great dogs, like the dogs of Ossian, sprang out in profile from the repulsing mainland; stupendous gargoyles laughed hideously at them from dark clefts in excoriated cliffs. Farther off, the face of a battered sphinx stared with unheeding look into the vast sea and sky beyond. Eyes flamed suddenly from the dark depths of mystic crypts, and hollow groanings, like the roaring of lions penned beside the caves of martyrs, broke out upon the sea, followed by plaintive crying as of sleepless children.

Guida, entranced, seemed to lose the sense of concrete things about her. As one is caught up on a wave of exquisite music and the material is mastered by the intangibly sensuous and beautiful, so she was lost, absorbed, by the poetry of the scene before her.

As she gazed a strange little feeling stole into her mind, and grew and grew, and presently trembled into a sensitive shiver of discovery and surprise. She had never seen Sark closely in her life, yet it presently pierced her consciousness that she had looked upon this scene before. Where? Where? What was this painful delight and recognition and this familiar sensation that possessed her? When had she felt just such a scene, had had just such an impression? What acute reminiscence was this?

All at once she gave an exclamation of amazement. Why, this—this was the island of last night's dream! Yes, yes, there it was just as she had dreamed!

What strange second-sight was this? This morning when she waked she could have drawn the outlines of this island; to-day there was the island in very truth, living and tangible—there it was before her!

As a discoverer stands on the tall prow of his ship, looking out upon the new continent to which he has sailed with divers perils and losses, so, for one moment, Guida looked into this picture before her, exalted by the joy of discovery, bewildered by the realisation of a dream.

It touched the deepest chord in her nature; the fulfilment of imagination. Unconsciously she enjoyed the greatest delight that may be given to the human mind; not merely the contemplation of the thing done, but the remembrance of the moment when the thing was dreamed; unto which is added in due time the glory of a worthy realisation.

She had that moment, and it passed. Then came the misery of significance, for now she remembered what had been the end of her dream. She remembered that in a dark cavern Philip had dropped down into darkness from her sight, and only his mocking laughter had come up to her, and he returned no more.

Her thoughts flew to Philip now. Philip would come back; she was as sure of that as that there was sun in the sky, and that morning and evening duly came.

He would come back within the two months; nothing would prevent his doing that. He loved her. True, he had not kept a promise solemnly made to her, but—but even that was because he loved her!

So the heart of the trusting pleads in its council chambers for the guilty and the beloved. Somehow—and strange as it may seem—the smile came back again to her lips, for what can long depress the young and the loving when they dream that they are entirely beloved? Lands and thrones may perish, plague and devastation walk abroad with death, misery and beggary crawl naked to the doorway, and crime cower in the hedges; but to the egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities bulking in the crowded universe. To these immensities all other beings are audacious who dream of being even comfortable and obscure—happiness would be a presumption—as though it were intended that each living human being should at some moment in his life have the whole world to himself. Who shall cry out against that egotism with which all are diseased!

So busy was Guida with her own thoughts that she scarcely noticed they had changed their course, and were skirting the coast westerly, whereby to reach Havre Gosselin on the other side of the island. On the shore above Havre Gosselin lay the Seigneurie, the destination of the *Hardi Biaou*.

As they rounded the western point of the island, and made their course easterly by a channel between rocky bulwarks opening Havre Gosselin and the Gouliot Rocks and Ile Brechou, they suddenly saw a large brig rounding the Eperquérie. She was making to the south-east under full sail. Her main and mizzen masts were not visible, and her colours could not be seen, but Jean's quick eye had lighted on something which made him cast an apprehensive glance at his wife and Guida. What he saw was a gun in the stern port-hole of the vanishing brig; and he also noted that it was run out for action. His swift glance at his wife and Guida and the lad who sat by the main-sheet, assured him that they had not noticed the gun.

Jean's brain began to work with unusual celerity; he was certain that the brig which had just rounded the Eperquérie was a French sloop or a privateer. In other circumstances, that in itself might not have given him much trouble of mind, for more than once French frigates had sailed round the Channel Isles in insulting strength and mockery; but every man knew that France and England at this moment were only waiting to see who should throw the ball first and set the red game going. Twenty French frigates could do little harm to the island of Sark; there a hundred men could keep off an army and navy; but Jean knew that the Admiralty yacht *Dorset* was sailing at this moment within half a league of the Eperquérie. He would stake his life that the brig was French and hostile, and he instantly made up his mind as to his course. At all costs he must watch the designs of the brig and know the fate of the yacht.

If he landed at Havre Gosselin and crossed the island on foot, whatever was to happen would be over and done, and that did not suit the book of Jean Touzel. More than once he had seen a little fighting, and more than once he had shared in it. He would not wilfully precipitate a combat, but if there was to be a fight—he looked affectionately at his carronades — then he wanted to be within seeing or striking distance.

So, instead of running into Havre Gosselin, he made the course between Brechou and the Moi de Mouton, then the Gouliot Rocks and the Autelets. Running inshore as near as he dared, he set for the Bec du Nez, the eastern point of the island. His object was to land upon the rocks of the Eperquérie, where the women would be safe, whatever befell. The tide was running strong round the point, and the surf was heavy, so that once or twice the boat was almost overturned vertically, but Jean had measured well the currents and the wind.

He experienced now one of the most exciting moments in his life, for, as they rounded the Bec du Nez, there was the *Dorset* suddenly going about to make for Guernsey, and the brig, under full sail, bearing down upon her. Even as they rounded the point, up ran the tricolour to the brig's mizzen-mast, and the militant shouts of the French sailors came over the water to them.

Too late had the little yacht with her handful of guns seen the danger and gone about. The wind was fair for her; but it was as fair for the brig, able to outsail her twice over. As the *Hardi Biaou* neared the landing-place of the Eperquérie, a gun was fired from the privateer across the bows of the *Dorset*, and Guida realised what was happening there before her eyes. She realised that this was war—at first no more—that it was war. She trembled with excitement; she had not now that unconsciousness of peril which, when a little child, had sent her into the Vier Marchi after Ranulph Delagarde, among the slaughtering battalions. Years and wisdom bring also the fears of life.

As they landed from the *Hardi Biaou* another shot was fired. Guida put her hands before her eyes, and when she looked again the main-mast of the yacht was gone. And now from the heights of Sark above there rang out a cry from the lips of the affrighted islanders:

"*War! war! war! war!*"

Guida sank down upon the rock, and her face dropped into her hands. She trembled violently. Somehow all at once, and for the first time in her life, there was borne in upon her a feeling of awful desolation and loneliness. She was alone—she was alone—she was alone: that was the refrain of her thoughts.

"*War—war—war—war!*" The cry rang along the cliff tops; and war would take Philip from her. Perhaps she should never see him again. The horror of it, the pity of it, the peril of it!

Shot after shot the twelve-pounders of the privateer drove like dun hail at the white timbers of the yacht, and her masts and spars were flying. The privateer was drawing down to where she lay lurching.

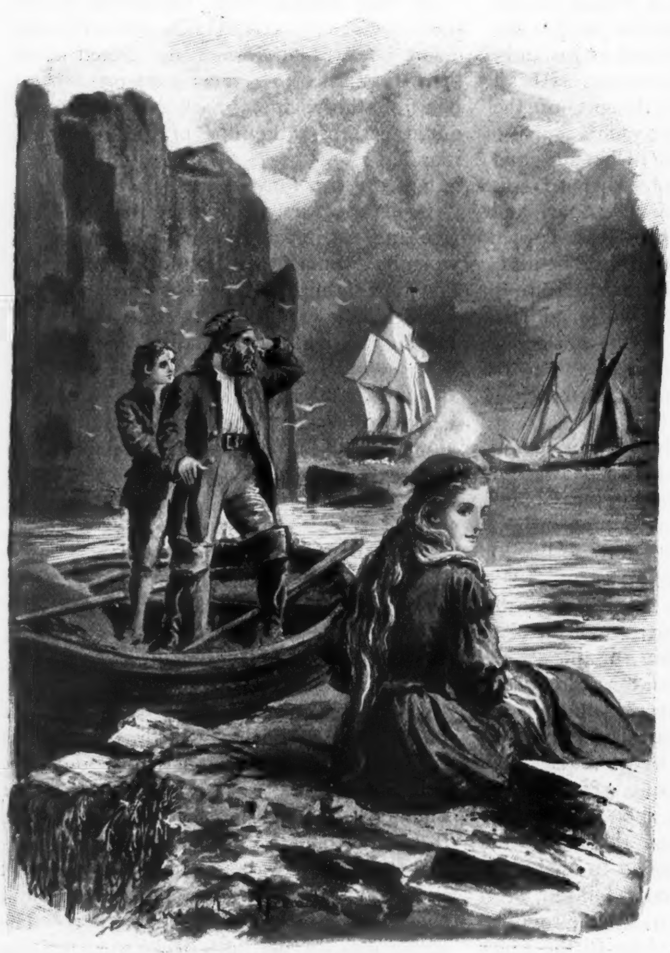
A hand touched Guida upon the shoulder. "Cheer thee, my de-are," a voice said. It was Maîtresse Aimable. Below Jean Touzel had only eyes for this sea-fight before him, for, despite the enormous difference of numbers, the Englishmen were now fighting their little craft for all that she was capable. But the odds were terribly against her, though she had the windward side, and the firing of the privateer was bad. The carronades on her flush decks were replying valiantly and gallantly to the twelve-pounders of the brig. At last a chance shot carried away her mizzen-mast, and another dismounted her single great gun, killing a number of men. Carronades being good for only a few discharges, presently the yacht was no better than a battered raisin-box. Her commander had destroyed his despatches, and nothing remained now but to be sunk or surrender. In not more than five minutes from the time the first shot was fired, the commander and his brave little crew yielded to the foe, and the *Dorset's* flag was hauled down.

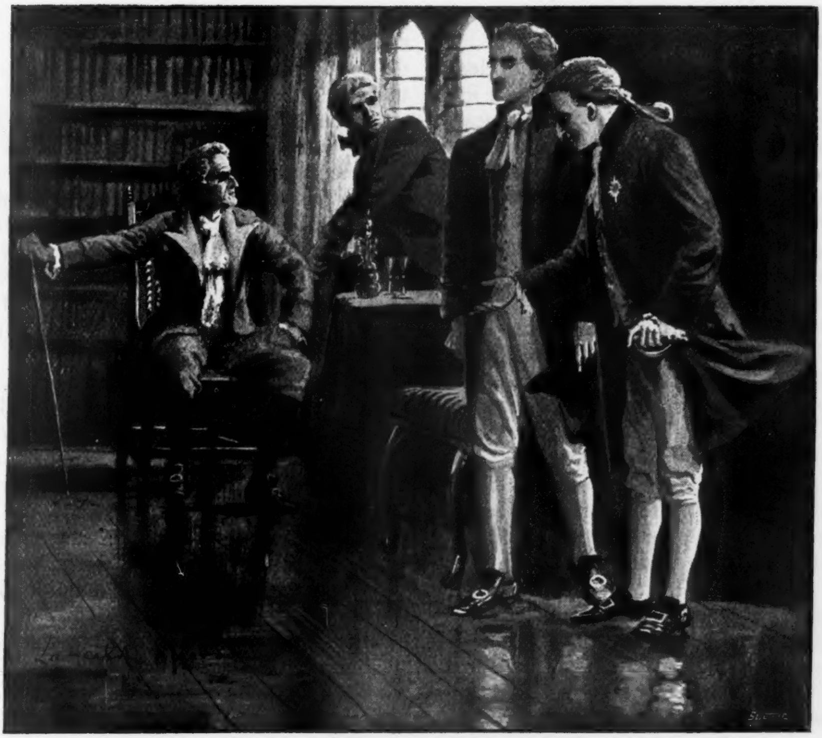
When her officers and crew were transferred to the brig, her one passenger and guest, the Rev. Lorenzo Dow, passed calmly from the gallant little wreck to the deck of the privateer with a finger between the leaves of his book of meditations. As a prisoner of war, with as much equanimity as he would have breakfasted with his bishop, made breaches of the rubric, or drunk from a sailor's black-jack, he went calmly into captivity in France, giving no thought to what he left behind, and quite forgetful that his going would affect for good or ill the destiny of the young wife of Philip d'Avranche.

Guida watched the yacht go down and the brig bear away towards France where those black wasps of war were as motes against the white sands. Then she remembered that there had gone with it one of the three people in the world who knew her secret: the man who had married her to Philip. She shivered a little, she scarcely knew why, for it did not seem of consequence to her whether Mr. Dow went or stayed. Indeed, was it not better he should go? Then one less would know her secret. But still an undefined fear possessed her.

"Cheer thee, cheer thee, my de-are, my sweet dormitte!" said Maîtresse Aimable, patting her shoulder. "It cannot harm thee, *bà sû!* 'Tis but a flash in the pan."

Guida's first impulse was to throw herself into the arms of the slow-tongued, great-hearted woman who hung above her like a cloud of mercy, and tell her whole story — but no, the one necessity of her forlorn condition was secrecy. Placed in a false position, she was compelled to do the thing she loathed


"Shot after shot the twelve-pounders of the privateer drove like dun hail at the white timbers of the yacht"



"The prisoner was gruffly announced"

—for to her secrecy was deception. Whatever Maîtresse Aimable suspected, she should not surmise the truth. She would keep her word to Philip—till Philip came again. Her love—the love of the young, lonely wife, should be buried deep in her own heart until he appeared and gave her the right to speak.

Jean was calling to them. They rose to go. Guida looked about her. Was it all a dream—all that had happened to her—and around her? How sweet the world was to look upon, and yet was it true that here before her eyes there had been war, and that out of war peril might come to her?

How strange it was! A week ago she was as free as air, as happy as healthy body, truthful mind, simple nature, and tender love can make a human being. She was then only a young, young girl. To-day? She sighed. A pathetic smile passed over the beautiful face, now growing wiser and wiser every hour. Long after they put out to sea again she could still hear the affrighted cry of the peasants from the cliff—or was it only the plaintive echo of her own thoughts?—

"*War! war! war! war!*"

CHAPTER XIX

"A MOMENT, monsieur le duc."

The Duke turned at the door, and looked with listless inquiry into the face of the Minister of Marine, who, picking up an official paper from his table, ran an eye down it, marked a point with the sharp corner of his snuff-box, and handed it over to his visitor, saying:

"Our roster of English prisoners taken in the action off Brest."

The Duke, puzzled, lifted his glass and scanned the roster mechanically.

"No, no, Duke, just where I have marked," interposed the Minister.

"My dear Monsieur Dalbarade," remarked the Duke a little querulously, "I do not see what interest——"

He stopped short, however, looked closer at the document, and then lowering it in a sort of amazement, seemed about to speak; but, instead, raised the paper again and fixed his eyes intently on the spot indicated by the Minister.

"Most curious," he said after a moment, making little nods of his head towards Dalbarade; "my own name—and an English prisoner, you say?"

"Exactly so; and he gave our fellows some hard knocks before his frigate went on the reefs."

"Strange that the name should be my own. I never heard of an English branch of our family."

A quizzical smile passed over the face of the Minister, adding to his visitor's mystification. "But suppose he were English, yet French too?" he rejoined.

"I fail to understand the international entanglement," answered the Duke stiffly.

"He is an Englishman whose name and native language are French—he speaks as good French as your own."

The Duke peevishly tapped a chair with his stick. "I am no reader of riddles, Monsieur," he said with acidity, although eager to know more concerning this Englishman of the same name as himself—the ruler of the sovereign duchy of Bercy.

"Shall I bid him enter, Duke?" asked the Minister.

The Duke's face relaxed a little, for the truth was, at this moment of his long life he was deeply concerned with his own name and all who bore it.

"Is he here then?" he asked, nodding assent.

"In the next room," answered the Minister, turning to a bell and ringing. "I have him here for examination, and was but beginning when I was honoured by your highness's presence." He bowed politely, yet there was, too, a little mockery in the bow, which did not escape the Duke.

A subaltern entered, received an order, and disappeared. The Duke withdrew to the embrasure of a window, and immediately the prisoner was gruffly announced.

The young Englishman stood quietly waiting, his quick eyes going from Dalbarade to the wizened figure by the window and back again to the Minister. His look carried both calmness and defiance, but the defiance came from a sense of injury and unmerited disgrace.

"Monsieur," said the Minister with austerity, "in your further examination we shall need to repeat some questions."

The prisoner nodded indifferently, and for a brief space there was silence. The Duke stood by the window, the Minister by his table, the prisoner near the door. Suddenly the prisoner, with an abrupt motion of the hand towards two chairs, said with an assumption of ordinary politeness:

"Will you not be seated?"

The remark was so odd in its coolness and effrontery, it struck the Duke as so whimsical, that he chuckled audibly. The Minister was completely taken aback. He glanced stupidly at the two chairs—the only ones in the room—and at the prisoner. Then the insolence of the thing began to work upon him, and he was about to burst forth, when the Duke came forward, and politely moving a chair near to the young commander, said:

"My profound compliments, monsieur le capitaine. I pray you accept this chair."

With quiet self-possession and a matter-of-course air the prisoner bowed politely, and seated himself, then with a motion of the hand backward towards the door, said to the Duke: "I've been standing five hours with some of those *moutons* in the ante-room. My profound thanks to Monseigneur!"

Touching the angry Minister on the arm, the Duke said quietly:

"Dear monsieur, will you permit me a few questions to the prisoner?"

At that moment there came a tap at the door, and an orderly entered with a letter to the Minister, who glanced at it hurriedly, then turned to the prisoner and the Duke, as though in doubt what to do.

"I will be responsible for the prisoner, if you must leave us," said the Duke at once.

"For a little, for a little—a matter of moment with the Minister of War," answered Dalbarade, nodding; and with an air of abstraction he left the room.

The Duke withdrew to the window again, and seated himself in the embrasure, at some little distance from the Englishman, who at once got up and brought his chair closer, The warm sunlight of spring, streaming through the window, was now upon his face, which hitherto had been a little pale, and strengthened it, giving it fulness and fire and making more vivid the eye.

"How long have you been a prisoner, monsieur?" asked the Duke, at the same time acknowledging the other's politeness with a bow.

"Since March, monseigneur."

"*Monseigneur* again—a man of judgment," said the Duke to himself, pleased to have his exalted station recognised. "H'm, and it is now June—four months, monsieur! You have been well used, monsieur?"

"Vilely, monseigneur," answered the other; "a shipwrecked enemy should never be made prisoner, or at least he should be enlarged on parole; but I have been confined like a pirate in a sink of a jail."

"Of what country are you?"

Raising his eyebrows in amazement the young man answered:

"I am an Englishman, monseigneur."

"Monsieur is of England, then?"

"Monseigneur, I am an English officer."

"You speak French well, monsieur."

"Which serves me well in France, as you see, monseigneur."

The Duke was a trifle nettled. "Where were you born, monsieur?"

There was a short pause, and then the prisoner, who had enjoyed the other's mystification, said:

"On the Isle of Jersey, monseigneur."

The perplexed and petulant look passed immediately from the face of the Duke; the horizon was clear at once.

"Ah, then, you are French, monsieur!"

"My flag is the English flag; I was born a British subject, and I shall die one," answered the other steadily, and it might seem somewhat obstinately.

"The sentiment sounds estimable," answered the Duke; "but as for life and death, and what we are or what we may be, we are the sport of Fate." His brow clouded. "I myself was born under a monarchy; I shall probably die under a Republic. I was born a Frenchman; I may die——"

His tone had become low and cynical, and he broke off suddenly, as though he had said more than he meant. "Then you are a Norman, monsieur," he added in a louder tone.

"Once all Jerseymen were Normans, and so were many Englishmen, monseigneur."

"I come of Norman stock too, monsieur," remarked the Duke graciously, yet eyeing the young man keenly.

"Monseigneur has not the kindred advantage of being English," added the prisoner dryly.

The Duke protested with a deprecatory wave of the fingers and a flash of the sharp eyes, and then, after a slight pause, said: "What is your name, monsieur?"

"Philip d'Avranche," was the brief reply. Then he added with a droll impudence: "And monseigneur's, by monseigneur's leave?"

The Duke smiled, and that smile relieved the sourness, the fret of a face which had care and discontent written upon every line of it. It was a face that had never known happiness. It had known diversion, however, and unusual diversion it knew at this moment.

"My name," he answered with curious deliberation and a penetrating, quizzical look, "my name is Philip d'Avranche."

The young man's quick, watchful eyes fixed themselves like needles on the Duke's face. Through his brain there ran a succession of queries and speculations, and dominating them all was one clear question—was he to gain anything by this strange conversation? Who was this great man with a name the same as his own, this crabbed nobleman with skin as yellow as an orange and body like an orange squeezed dry? He could surely mean him no harm, however, for flashes of kindliness had lighted the shrivelled face as he talked. His look was bent in piercing comment and humour upon Philip, who, trying hard to solve the mystery, now made a tentative rejoinder to the Duke's statement. Rising from his chair and bowing profoundly, he said, with a shrewd foreknowledge of the effect of his words:

"I had not before thought my own name of such consequence."

The old man grunted amiably. "My faith, the very name begets a towering conceit wherever it goes," he answered, and he brought his stick down on the floor with such vehemence that the emerald and ruby rings rattled on his shrunken fingers.

"Be seated—cousin," he said with dry compliment, for Philip had remained standing, as if with the unfeigned respect of a cadet in the august presence of the head of his house. It was a sudden and bold suggestion, and it was not lost on the Duke. The aged nobleman was too keen an observer not to see the designed flattery, but he was in a mood when flattery was palatable, seeing that many of his own class were arrayed against him for not having joined the army of the Vendée; and that the Revolutionists, with whom he had compromised, for the safety of his lands of d'Avranche and his duchy of Bercy, regarded him with suspicion—sometimes with a sinister suspicion. Between the two, the old man—at heart most profoundly a Royalist—bided his time, in some peril but with no fear. The spirit of this young Englishman of his own name pleased him; the flattery, patent as it was, gratified him, for in revolutionary France few treated him now with becoming respect. Even the Minister of Marine, with whom he was on good terms, called him "citizen" at times.

All at once it flashed on the younger man that this must be the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, of that family of d'Avranche from which his own came in long descent—even from the days of Rollo, Duke of Normandy. He recalled on the instant the token of fealty of the ancient house of d'Avranche—the offering of a sword.

"Your serene highness," he said with great deference and as great tact, "I must first offer my homage to the Duc d'Avranche, Prince de Bercy——" Then with a sudden pause, as though he had but now remembered, and a whimsical look, he added. "but, indeed, I had forgotten, they have taken away my sword."

"We shall see," answered the Prince, well pleased, "we shall see about that sword. Be seated," he added once again. Then, after a short pause: "Tell me now, monsieur, of your family, of your ancestry."

His eyes were bent on Philip with great intentness, and his thin lips tightened in some unaccountable agitation.

Philip instantly responded. He explained how in the early part of the thirteenth century, after the great crusade against the Albigenses, his noble ancestor, a cadet of the house of d'Avranche, had emigrated to England, and had come to place and honour under Henry III., who gave to the son of this d'Avranche certain tracts of land in Jersey, where he settled. Philip had descended in a direct line from this same receiver of King's favours, and was now the only representative of his family.

While Philip spoke the Duke never took eyes from his face—that face so facile in the display of feeling or emotion. The voice too had a lilt of health and vitality which rang on the ears of age pleasantly. The Duke, as he listened, thought of his eldest son, partly imbecile, all but a *lusus naturæ*, separated from his wife immediately after marriage, and through whom there could never be succession—he thought of him, and for the millionth time in his life winced in impotent disdain. He thought too of his beloved second son, lying in a soldier's grave in Macedonia; of the buoyant resonance of that bygone voice, of the soldierly good spirits like to the good spirits of the prisoner before him, and "his heart yearned towards the young man exceedingly." If—if that second son had lived there would be now no compromising with this Republican Government of France; he would be fighting for the white flag with the golden lilies over in the Vendée.

"Your ancestors were mine, then," remarked the Duke gravely after a pause, "though I had not heard of that emigration to England. However—however. Come, tell me of the engagement in which you lost your ship," he added hurriedly in a low tone. He was now so intent that he did not stir in his seat, but sat rigidly still, regarding Philip kindly. Something in the last few moments' experience had loosened the puckered skin, had softened the crabbed look in the face, and Philip had no longer doubt of the Duke's friendly intentions.

"I had the frigate *Araminta*, twenty-four guns, a fortnight out from Portsmouth," responded Philip at once. "We fell in with a French frigate, thirty guns. She was well to leeward of us, and the *Araminta* bore up under all sail, keen for action. The Frenchman was as ready as ourselves for a brush, and tried to get the weather of us, but, failing, she shortened sail and gallantly waited for us. The *Araminta* overhauled her on the weather quarter, and hailed. She responded with cheers and defiance—as sturdy a foe as man could wish. We lost no time in getting to work, and, both running before the wind, we fired broadsides as we cracked on. It was tit-for-tat for a while with splinters flying and neither of us in the eye of advantage, but at last the *Araminta* shot away the mainmast and wheel of the *Niobe*, and she wallowed like a tub in the trough of the sea. We bore down on her, and our carronades raked her like a comb. Then we fell thwart her hawse, and a couple of 32-pounders through her stern-ports made wild havoc. But before we could board her she veered, and, lurching, fell upon us, carrying away our foremast. We had scarce cut clear of the tangle, and were making once more to board her, when I saw to windward two French frigates bearing down on us under full sail. And then——"

The Prince exclaimed in surprise: "I had not heard of *that*," he said. "They did not tell the world of those odds against you."

"Odds and to spare, monsieur le duc! We had had all we could manage in the *Niobe*, though she was now disabled, and we could hurt her no more. If the others came up on our weather we should be chewed like a bone in a mastiff's jaws. If she must fight again, the *Araminta* would be little fit for action till we cleared away the wreckage of masts and rigging; so I sheered off to make all sail. We ran under courses with what canvas we had, and got away with a fair breeze and a good squall whitening to windward, while our decks were being cleared for action again. The guns on the main deck had done good service and kept their places; we were all right there. On the quarter-deck and fo'castle there was more amiss, but as I watched the frigates overhauling us I took heart of grace still, for I could hear the creaking and screaming of the carronade-slides, the rattling of the carriages of the long 12-pounders amidships as they were shotted and run out again, the thud of the carpenters' hammers as the shot-holes were plugged—good sounds in the ears of a fighter——"

"Of a d'Avranche, of a d'Avranche!" interposed the Prince softly.

"We were in no bad way, and my men were ready for another brush with our enemies, everything being done that could be done, everything in its place," continued Philip. "When the frigates were a fair gunshot off, I saw that the squall was overhauling us faster than they. This meant good fortune if we wished escape, bad luck if we would rather fight. But I had no time to think of that, for up comes Shoreham, my lieutenant, with a face all white. 'For heaven's sake, d'Avranche,' says he, 'shoal water—shoal water! We're ashore!' So much, monsieur le prince, for Admiralty charts and soundings! It's a hateful thing to see—the light green water, the deadly *sissing* of the straight narrow ripple like the grooves of a wash-board: a ship's length ahead the water breaking over the reefs, two frigates behind ready to eat us.

"Up we came to the wind, the sheets were let run, and away flew the halyards. All to no purpose, for a minute later we came broadside on the reef, and were impaled on a pinnacle of rock. The end wasn't long in coming. The *Araminta* lurched off the reef on the swell. We watched our chance as she rolled, and hove overboard our broadside of long 12-pounders. But it was no use. The swishing of the water as it spouted from the scuppers was a deal louder than the clang of the chain-pumps. It didn't last long. The gale spilled itself upon us, and the *Araminta*, sick and spent, slowly settled down. The last I saw of her"—Philip raised his voice as though he would hide what he felt behind an unsentimental loudness—"was the white pennant at the main-topgallant masthead. A little while, and then I didn't see it, and—and so good-bye to my first command! . . . Then"—he smiled ironically—"then I was made prisoner by the two French frigates, and have been held in confinement ever since, contrary to every decent principle of warfare; and now here I am, monsieur le duc!"

The Duke had listened with an immovable attention, his grey eyebrows twitching now and then, his eyes looking out beneath them like sentinels, his arid face betraying a grim enjoyment. When Philip had finished, he still sat looking at him with steady, slow-blinking eyes, as though unwilling to break the spell which the tale had thrown round him. But a semi-abstraction, an inquisition of the eye, a slight cocking of the head as though weighing important things, the ringed fingers softly drumming on the stick before him—all these told Philip that something was at stake concerning himself.

The Duke was just about to speak, when the door of the room opened and the Minister of Marine entered. The Minister looked at the two inquiringly, and the Duke, rising and courteously laying a hand on Dalbarade's arm, drew him over to the window, and engaged him in whispered conversation, of which the subject seemed unwelcome to the Minister, for now and then he interrupted sharply.

As the two stood fretfully debating, the door of the room again opened, and there appeared an athletic, adventurous-looking officer in brilliant uniform, who was smiling at something called after him from the antechamber. His blue coat was spick and span and very gay with double embroidery at the collar, coat-tails, and pockets. His white waistcoat and trousers were spotless; his netted sash of blue with its stars on the silver tassels had a look of studied elegance. His black three-cornered hat, broidered with gold, and adorned with three ostrich tips of red and a white and blue aigrette, was, however, the glory of his bravery. Philip thought him young to be a General of Division, for such his double embroideries and aigrette proclaimed him.

He had a face of considerable force, and as much humour, with also a touch of unscrupulousness, and more than a touch of egotism. He glanced at Philip, and with a half-quizzical but good-natured smile replied to his salute.

"Dalbarade, Dalbarade," said he to the Minister, "I have but an hour—— Ah, monsieur le prince!" he added suddenly, as the latter came hurriedly towards him, and, grasping his hand warmly, drew him over to Dalbarade at the window. Philip now knew beyond doubt that he was the subject of debate, for all the time that the Duke in a low tone, half cordial, half querulous, spoke to the new-comer, the latter let his eyes wander curiously towards Philip. That he was an officer of unusual importance was to be seen from the deference paid him by Dalbarade.

All at once he made a polite gesture towards the Duke, and, turning to the Minister, said in a cavalierlike tone, and with a touch of patronage: "Yes, yes, Dalbarade; it is of no consequence, and I myself will be surety for both." Then turning to the nobleman, he added: "We are beginning to square accounts, Duke. Last time we met I had a large favour of you, and today you have a small favour of me. Pray present me to your kinsman here, before you take him with you," and he turned squarely towards Philip.

Philip could scarcely believe his ears. The Duke's kinsman. Had the Duke then asked for and obtained his release on the ground that they were of kin—a kinship which, even if authentic, must go back seven centuries for proof!

Yet here he was being introduced to the revolutionary general as "my kinsman of the isles of Normandy." Here, too, was the same General Grandjon-Larisse applauding him on his rare fortune to be thus released on parole through the Duc de Bercy, and quoting with a laugh, half sneer and half raillery, the old Norman proverb: "A Norman dead a thousand years will still cry, *Haro! Haro!* if you tread on his grave."

So saying, he saluted the Duke with a liberal flourish of the hand and a friendly bow, and turned away to Dalbarade.

A half-hour later Philip was outside with the Duke, walking slowly through the courtyard to an open gateway, where waited a carriage with unliveried coachman and outriders. No word was spoken till they entered the carriage and were driven swiftly away.

"Whither now, your serene highness?" asked Philip.

"To the duchy," answered the other shortly, and relapsed into sombre meditation.

CHAPTER XX

THE castle of the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, was set upon a vast rock, and the town of Bercy huddled round the foot of it and on great granite ledges some distance up. With two hundred defenders the castle, on its lofty pedestal, might have resisted ten times as many thousands; and, indeed, it had done so more times than there were pearls in the rings of the present Duke who had rescued Commander Philip d'Avranche from the clutches of the Red Government.

Upon the castle waved the republican tricolour, where for a thousand years had floated a royal banner. When France's great trouble came to her, and the nobles fled, or went to fight for the King in the Vendée, the old Duke, with a dreamy indifference to the opinion of Europe, had proclaimed alliance with the new Government. He had felt, rightly or wrongly, that he was privileged in being thus selfish; and he had made the alliance that he might pursue, unchecked, the one remaining object of his existence.

This object had now grown from a habit into a passion. He let nothing stand in the way of it; he hoisted the tricolour because of it, and he compromised his principles for peace in which to pursue it. It was now his life, his goal, to arrange a new succession which should exclude the Vaufontaines, a detested branch of the Bercy family. There had been an ancient feud between his family and this house of Vaufontaine, whose rights to the succession, following his eldest son, were thus far paramount. For three years past he had had a monastery of Benedictine monks at work to find some collateral branch from which he might take a representative to make successor to Leopold John, his imbecile heir—but to no purpose.

In more than a little the Duke was superstitious, and on the day when he met Philip d'Avranche in the chamber of M. Dalbarade he had twice turned back towards his hotel in Paris after starting, so extreme was his dislike to pay the visit to the revolutionary Minister. He had nerved himself to the distasteful duty, however, and had gone. When he saw the name of the young English prisoner—his own name—staring him in the face, he had had such a thrill as a miracle might have sent through the veins of a doubting Christian.

Since that minute he, like Philip, had been in a kind of dream, pleasing but anxious; on his part, to find in the young man, if possible, an heir and successor; on Philip's to make real great possibilities. There had slipped past two months wherein Philip had seen a new avenue of life opening out before him. He had been shut out from the world, cut off from all connection with England and his past, for M. Dalbarade had made it a condition of release that he should hold no communication with any one whatever while at Château Bercy. He was as completely in a new world as though he had been transplanted; he was as entirely in the atmosphere of fresh ambitions as though he were beginning the world again. For, almost from the first, the old nobleman treated him like a son. He spoke freely to him of the most private family matters, he consulted with him, he seemed to lean upon him. He alluded often, in oblique phrase, to adoption and succession. To imagine that Philip was idly watching the miraculous possibility without furthering its certainty would argue an arch-unconsciousness not his own. From the first moment of their meeting he had seen the bent of the old nobleman's mind, and had fostered and fed it. Ambition was the deepest passion in him, even as defeating the hopes of the Vaufontaines was a religion with the Duke. Philip's habit of life was to encourage all favours that came his way, upon the ground that even every gift or advantage declined only makes a man more secure in the goodwill of the world he courts. By no trickery, but by a persistent good-nature, alertness of speech, avoidance of dangerous topics, and aptness in anecdote or information, he had hourly made his position stronger in the castle of Bercy. He had also tactfully declined an offer of money from the Prince—none the less decidedly because he was nearly penniless. The Duke's hospitality he was ready to accept, but not his purse.

Yet he was not in all acting a part. He was sincere in his liking for the soured, bereaved sovereign, with an heir who was at once an offence and a reproach, and forced to endure alliance with a Government he loathed. He even admired the Duke for his vexing idiosyncrasies, for they came of a strong individuality which, in happier case, should have made him a contented and beloved monarch. As it was, the people of his duchy were loyal to him beyond telling, doing his bidding without cavil, standing for the King of France at his will, declaring for the Republic at his command; for, whatever the Duke was to the world outside, within his duchy he was just and benevolent, if imperious. The people endured his furies uncomplainingly, for they knew that it was for the sake of the duchy as much as for his own house that he mourned the imbecile son. And they, like himself, had no wish to see the house of Bercy ingrafted with the house of Vaufontaine.

All these things Philip had come to know in his short sojourn. He had, with the Duke, mingled freely among the people of the duchy, and had been introduced everywhere, and at all times, as the Duke's kinsman—"in a direct line from an ancient branch," as his highness declared. He had been received gladly, and he knew well a rumour had gone abroad that the Duke had chosen him for heir. A wild rumour, may be—yet who could tell? He had made himself an agreeable figure in the duchy, to the delight of the Duke, who watched his every motion, every word, and their effect.

One day the Duke arranged a conference of the civil and military officers of his duchy. He chuckled to see how reluctant they all were at first to concede their homage to his favourite, and how soon they fell under that favourite's influence—all save one man, the Intendant of the duchy, charged with the trusteeship of the eldest son, Leopold John. Philip himself was quick to see that this man, Comte Carignan Damour, was bitterly opposed to him, apprehensive for his own selfish ends. But Damour was one among many, and the Duke was entirely satisfied.

On this very day, too, was laid before the Duke the result of the long researches of the monks into the genealogy of the d'Avranches, and there, clearly enough, was confirmation of all Philip had said about his ancestors and their relation to the ancient house of d'Avranche. The Duke was overjoyed, and thereupon quietly made ready for the formal adoption and establishment in succession. It never occurred to him that Philip might refuse.

One afternoon the Duke sent for Philip to come to him in the highest room of the tower. It was in this room that, many years ago, the Duke's young and noble wife, from the province of Aquitaine, had given birth to the second son of the house of Bercy, and had died a year later, happy that she should at last leave behind a healthy, beautiful child, to do her honour in her lord's eyes.

In this same room the Duke and the brave second son had spent unnumbered hours; and here it had come home to him that the young wife was faultless as to the elder, else she had not borne him this perfect younger son. Thus her memory came to be adored; and thus, when the noble second son, the glory of his house and of his heart, was slain, the Duke still came to the little upper room for his communion of remembrance. Hour after hour he would sit looking from the great window out over the wide green valley, mourning bitterly, and feeling his heart shrivel up within him, his body grow crabbed and cold, and his face sour and scornful.

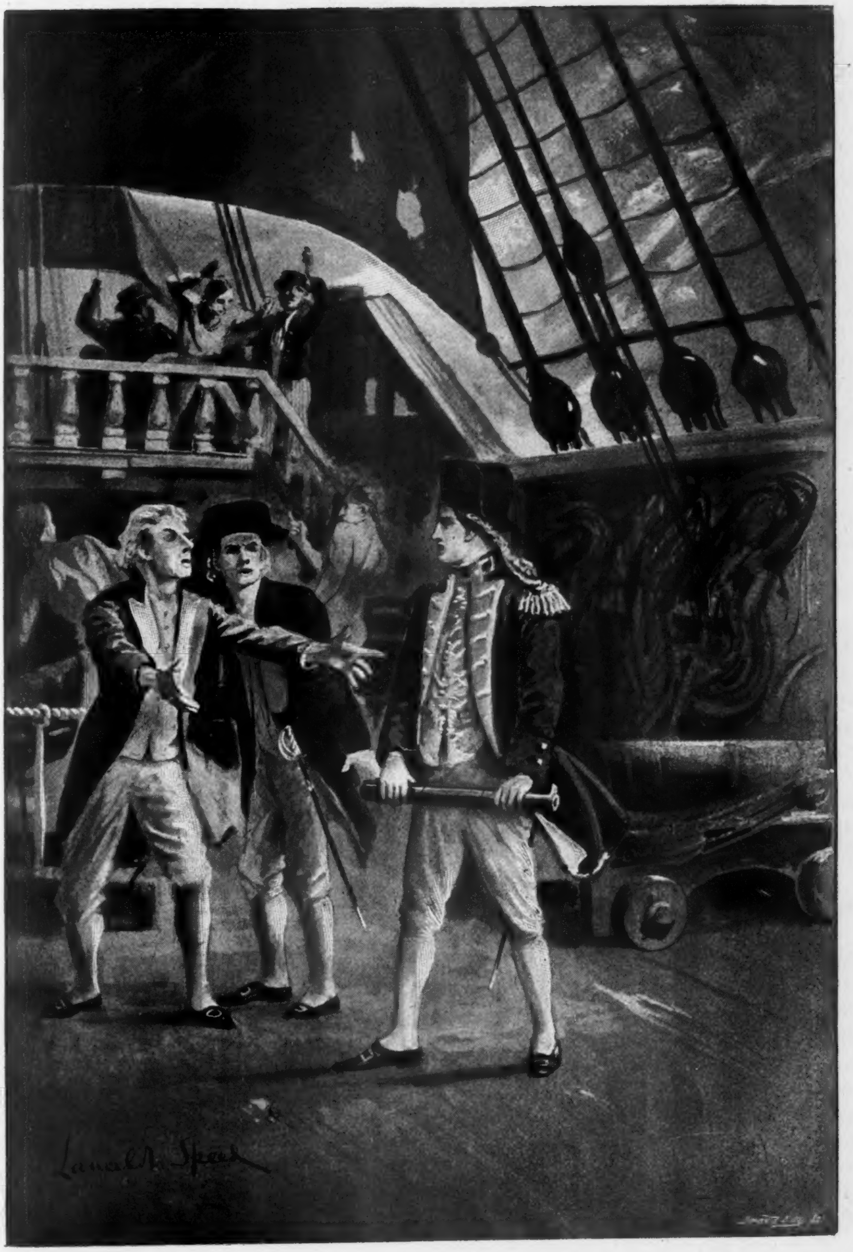
When Philip now entered this sanctuary, the Duke nodded and motioned him to a chair. In silence he accepted, and in silence they sat for a long time. Philip knew the history of this little room—he had learned it first from Frange Pergot, the porter at the castle gates. The silence gave him opportunity to recall the whole story.

At length the motionless brown figure huddled in the great chair, not looking at Philip but out over the wide green valley, began to speak in a low, measured tone, as a dreamer might recite his dream, or a priest proclaim his vision:

"A breath of life has come again to me through you. Centuries ago our ancestors were brothers—far back in the direct line, brothers—the monks have proved it. Now I shall have my spite of the Vaufontaines, and now shall I have another son—strong, and with good blood to beget good blood."

A strange, lean sort of smile passed over his lips, his eyebrows twitched, his hands clenched the arm of the chair wherein he sat, and he made a motion of his jaws as though he were enjoying some toothsome morsel.

"H'm! Henri Vaufontaine shall see—and all his tribe shall see! They shall not feed upon these lands of the d'Avranches, they shall not carouse at my table when I am gone and the fool I begot has returned to his Maker. The fault of him was never mine, but God's—does the Almighty think we can forget that! I was ever sound and strong. When I was twenty I killed two men with my own sword at a blow; when I was thirty, to serve the King, I rode a hundred and twenty miles in one day, from Paris to Dracourt it was. We d'Avranches have been men of power always. We fought for Christ's sepulchre in the Holy Land, and three bishops and two archbishops have gone from us to speak God's cause to the world. And my wife—she came of the purest stock of Aquitaine, and she was constant in her prayers. What distemper and discourtesy was it then, for God, who hath been served



"'For heaven's sake, d'Avranche,' says he, 'shoal water—shoal water'" well by us, to serve me in return so churlishly, with such mockery—to send me a bloodless zany, whom his wife left ere the wedding meats were cold!"

His foot tapped the floor in anger, his eyes wandered restlessly out over the green expanse. Suddenly a dove perched upon the window-sill before him. His quick, shifting gaze settled on it and stayed, softening and quieting. Presently he said in a low voice:

"It was just such a dove came on the very day that my second son was born, and my princess, she said to me, 'Behold the good omen! Now shall my agony be as nothing, for this is my assurance of a good gift from God.' So it was, for back and forward the dove came, till that a brave strong man-child was born into the world. She lived a little longer by reason of her pride and joy, and then she died. Yet it was but the mockery of God, for the lad was swept down in his youth like a wisp of corn in the wind!"

After a slight pause, he turned to Philip and spoke in a still lower tone. "Last night in the chapel I spake to God and I said, 'Lord God, let there be fair speech between us. Wherefore hast thou nailed me like a malefactor to the tree? Why didst thou send me a fool to lead our house, and afterwards a lad as fine and strong as Absalom, and again snatch him from me, and leave me wifeless—with a prince to follow me the byword of men, the scorn of women—and of the Vaufontaines?'"

He paused again, and his eyes seemed to pierce Philip's, as though he would read if each word was burning its way into his brain.

"As I stood there alone, a voice spoke to me as plainly as now I speak to you and said: 'Have done with railing. It is written, the first shall be last and the last first. That which was the elder's shall be given to the younger. The tree hath grown crabbed and old, it beareth no longer. Behold the young sapling by thy door; I have planted it there. The seed is the seed of the old tree. Cherish it, lest it have no nourishment and die, and a grafted tree mock thee.'" . . . His voice rose triumphantly. "Yes, yes, I heard it with my own ears, the voice. The crabbed tree, that is the main line, dying in me; the grafted tree is the Vaufontaine, the interloper and the mongrel; and the sapling from the same seed as the crabbed old tree"—he reached out as though to clutch Philip's arm, but drew back, sat erect in his chair, and said in a vibrant voice of decision: "the sapling is Philip d'Avranche, of the Isle of Jersey."

For a moment there was silence between the two. A strong wind came rushing up the valley in the clear sunlight, the great trees beneath the castle swayed, and the flapping of the tricolour could be heard within. The dove, caught up on the wave of wind, sailed away down the widening glade.

Philip's first motion was to stand up and say: "I dare not think your highness intends in very truth to accept me as your kinsman."

"And why not, why not?" testily answered the Duke, who liked not to be perfectly apprehended. Then he added more kindly: "Why not—come, tell me that, cousin. Is it then distasteful?"

Philip's heart gave a leap and his face flushed. "I have no other kinsman," he answered in a low tone of feeling. "I knew I had your friendship—else all the evidences of your goodness to me were mockery; but I had scarce let myself count on the higher, more intimate honour—I, a poor Commander in the English Navy."

He said the last words slowly, for, whatever else he was, he was a loyal English sailor, and he wished the Duc de Bercy to know it—the more convincingly the better for the part he was going to play in this duchy, if all things favoured.

"Tut, tut, what has that to do with it?" answered the Duke. "What has poverty to do with blood? Younger sons are always poor, younger cousins poorer. As for the captaincy of an English warship, that's of no consequence where greater games are playing—eh?"

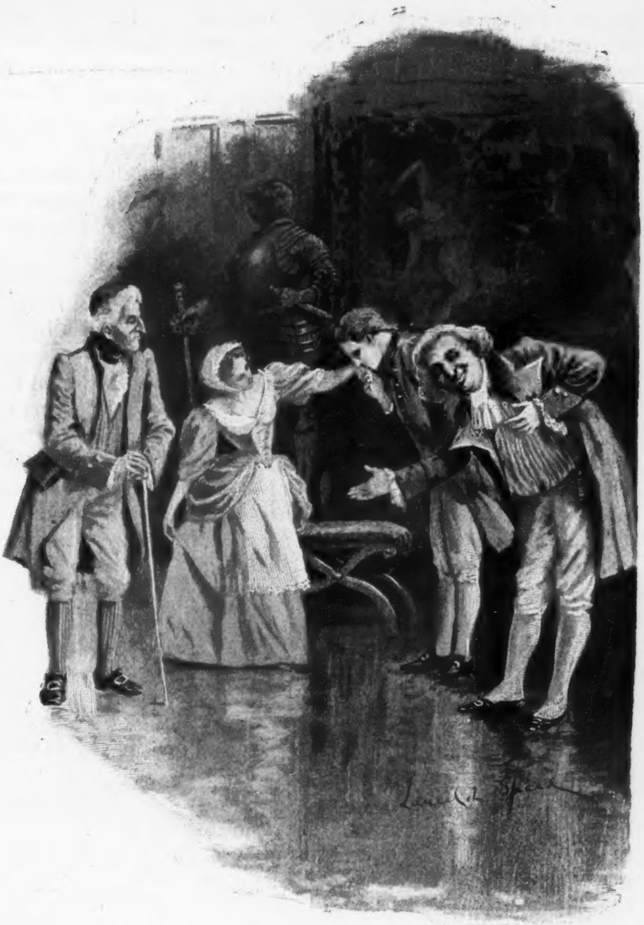
He eyed Philip keenly, yet rather quizzically too, and there was an unasked question in his look. He was a critic of human nature, he understood the code of honour, none better; his was a mind that might be wilfully but never crassly blind. He was selfish where this young gentleman was concerned, yet he knew well how the same gentleman ought to think, speak, and act.

The moment of the great test was come.

Philip could not read behind the strange, shrivelled face. Instinct could help him much, but it could not interpret that parchment. He did not know whether his intended reply would alienate the Duke or not, but if it did, then he must bear it. He had come, as he thought, to the crux of this adventure. Whatever he was, he was an officer of the English Navy, and he was not the man to break the code of professional honour lightly. If the Duke's favour and adoption must depend on his answer, well, let it be; his last state could not be worse than his first.

So, still standing, he answered the Duke boldly, yet quietly, his new kinsman watching him with a grim curiosity.

"Monsieur le prince," said Philip, "I am used to poverty, that matters little; but whatever you intend towards me—and I am persuaded it is to my great honour and happiness—I am, and must still remain, an officer of the English Navy."



"Had been introduced everywhere as the Duke's kinsman"

The Duke's brow contracted, and his answer came cold and incisive: "The Navy—that is a *bagatelle;* I had hoped to offer you kinship and heritage. Pooh, pooh, commanding a frigate is a trade—a mere trade!"

Philip's face did not stir a muscle. He was in spirit the born adventurer, the gamester who could play for life's largest stakes, lose all, draw a long breath—and begin all over again.

"It's a busy time in my trade now, as Monsieur Dalbarade would tell you."

The Duke's lips compressed as though in anger. "You mean to say, monsieur, that you would let this wretched war between France and England stand before our personal kinship and alliance! What are you and I in this great shuffle of events? Have less egotism, less vanity, monsieur. You are no more than a million others—and I—I am nothing. Come, come, there is more than one duty in the life of every man, and he must choose some time between one and the other. England does not need you"—his voice and manner softened, he leaned towards Philip, the eyes almost closing as he peered into his face—"but you are necessary to—to the house of Bercy."

"I was commissioned to a man-of-war in time of war," answered Philip quietly, "and I lost that man-of-war. When I can, it is my duty to go back to the powers that sent me forth. I am still an officer in full commission. Your highness knows well what honour demands of me."

"There are hundreds of officers to take your place; in the duchy of Bercy there is none to stand for you. You must choose between your trade and the claims of name and blood, older than the English Navy, older than Norman England."

Philip's colour was as good, his manner as easy as if nothing were at stake; but in his heart he felt that the game was lost—he saw a storm gathering in the Duke's eyes, the disappointment which would break out into wrath, the injured vanity which would presently speak in snarling disdain. But he answered boldly nevertheless, for he was resolved that, even if he had to return from this duchy to prison, he would go with colours flying.

"The proudest moment of my life was when the duc de Bercy called me kinsman," he responded; "the best" (had he then so utterly forgotten!) "was when he showed me friendship. Yet, if my trade may not be reconciled with what he may intend for me, I must ask to be sent back to Monsieur Dalbarade." He smiled rather hopelessly, yet with a stoical disregard of consequences, and continued: "For my trade is in full swing these days, and I stand my chance of being exchanged and earning my daily bread again. At the Admiralty I am a master workman on full pay, but I'm not earning my salt here. With Monsieur Dalbarade my conscience would be easier."

He had played his last card, and he waited for the storm to break. Now he was prepared for the fury of a jaundiced, peevish, self-willed old man, who could not brook to be thwarted. He had quickly imagined it all, and not without reason, for surely a furious disdain was at the grey lips, lines of anger were corrugating the forehead, the rugose parchment face was fiery with distemper!

But what Philip expected did not come to pass, for, rising quickly to his feet, the Duke took him by the shoulders, kissed him on both cheeks, and said:

"My mind is made up—my mind is made up. Nothing can change it. You have no father, cousin—well, I will be your father. You shall retain your post in the English Navy. Officer and patriot you shall be if you choose. A brave man makes a better ruler. But now there is much to do. There is the concurrence of the English King to secure; that shall be—has already been—my business. There is the assent of Leopold John, the fool, to achieve; that I shall command. There are the grave formalities of adoption to arrange; these I shall expedite. You shall see, Master Insolence—you, who'd throw me and my duchy over for your trade; you shall see how we'll make the Vaufontaines gnash their teeth!"

In his heart Philip was exultant, though outwardly he was calm. He was, however, unprepared for what followed. Suddenly the Duke, putting a hand on his shoulder, said:

"One thing, cousin, one thing. You must marry in our order, and at once. There shall be no delay. Succession must be secured. I know the very woman—the Comtesse Chantavoine—young, rich, amiable. You shall meet her to-morrow—to-morrow."

A GREAT RAILWAY

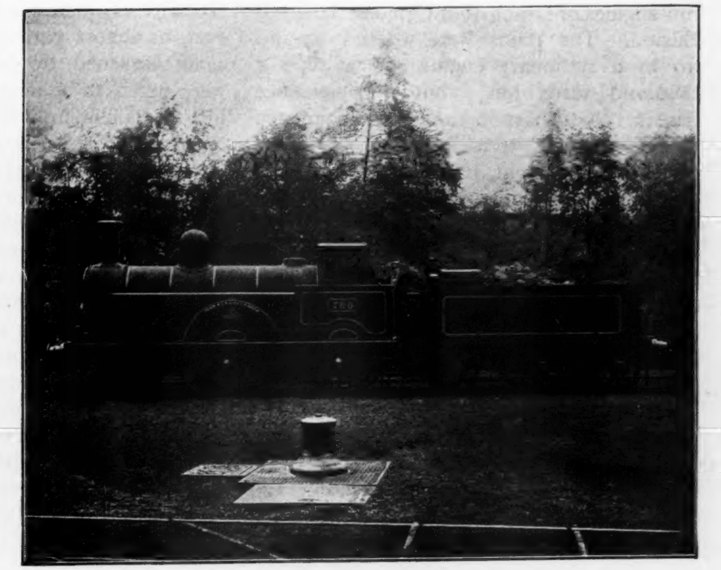
THE STORY OF THE NORTH WESTERN

By JOHN PENDLETON, Author of "Our Railways," "The Ivory Queen," etc.

FIRST PAPER

THE Great Western track, with its widely-built and easily-moving carriages, was formerly known as "the gentleman's line"; but there is, too, a decidedly aristocratic flavour about the London and North Western. The contrast between the rush of business life in the City and the dignified quietude of Euston is striking. It is difficult to imagine, as you go through the graceful Doric archway, note the modern hint, "Drive slowly," and make your way into the hall, adorned by the marble statue of George Stephenson, that you are in the most important railway terminus in Great Britain. You miss the banging and shouting that seems inseparable from locomotion at King's Cross, especially on the suburban side. There is not even the toot of the shunting horn; and you might almost imagine that you were in the vestibule of a stately country mansion, and expect to see "my lady" trip down the fine stairway.

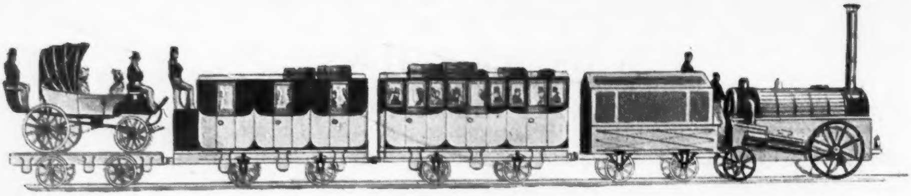
Yet, just outside, beyond the booking office, is the main line north, and on it, with fire banked up, the four-wheel-coupled express passenger engine "Hardwicke," with the dining car train for Glasgow, Edinburgh and the North behind it, an unassuming engine in its coat of lampblack scarcely relieved, but a locomotive that made, on August 22, 1895, the record speed of 67.2 miles an hour between Crewe and Carlisle, where the Caledonian takes up the running on the West Coast route. The compound passenger engine "Adriatic" pulled the express from Euston to Crewe on that notable trip, and the distance to Aberdeen was traversed in eight hours and thirty-two minutes—540 miles in 512 minutes! This plain statement of the acceleration of the speed of travel indicates that the steam engine, which Professor Thurston poetically but truthfully styled "the mist giant," has considerably developed in strength and power during the past half-century.



"HARDWICKE"

GROTESQUE JOURNEYING

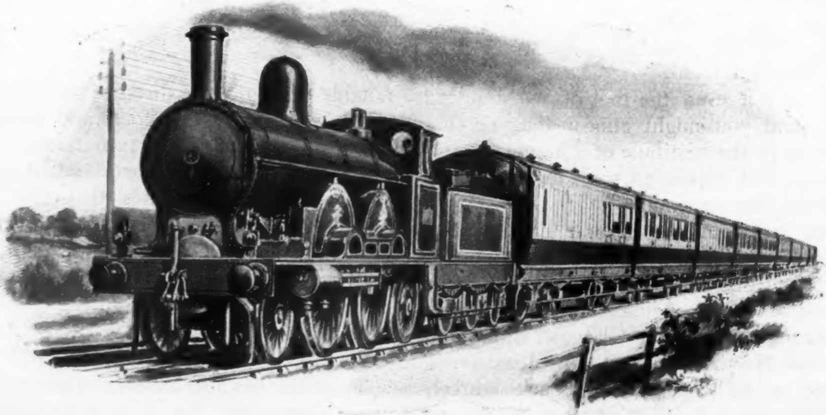
Prejudice has also broadened into common sense meantime; for it is a fact that the residents in the old English houses about



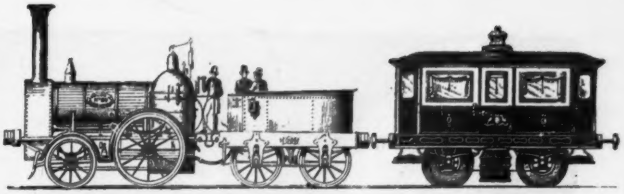
MAIL TRAIN, FIRST CLASS, 1837

Euston had originally a very haughty contempt for the locomotive and its ways, and declined to give the London and Birmingham Railway—which was the parent of the London and North Western—the right to run engines of steam from Camden Town to Euston. The trains were worked to and fro by a stationary engine and a rope a thousand yards long; but every injustice has its compensation, and the company, though compelled to resort to this antiquated system of movement, had the grim satisfaction of charging one shilling per passenger for hauling. Railway working generally was exceedingly primitive; and at night, on the Stockton and Darlington line, the train was signalled to stop by a lighted candle placed in the station-master's window, while on the track to Runcorn Gap tickets in the shape of scraps of paper were issued with the free-and-easy reminder to tardy passengers: "The train's just started, and if you look sharp you will catch her up." Passengers were occasionally so few on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway that one morning, when only two persons asked for tickets in the cotton-selling city, the official on duty decided not to run the train at all, entertained the two passengers to luncheon, and sent them on to Liverpool later in the day. This elasticity of management was varied, however, by almost parental oversight, now and again leavened by despotism. Passengers were urged to be in good time, and to get into and alight from the coaches "invariably on the left side," and their attention was called to the following notice: "No smoking is allowed in the station houses, or in any of the coaches, even with the consent of the passengers. A substantial breakfast may be had at the station house at Birmingham by parties going by the early train, but no person is allowed to sell liquors or eatables of any kind on the line."

The North Western express guard, in his distinctive uniform, and with the manners of good society, rather reminds one of a diplomatist; but urbanity was rarer in the earlier days of railway travel, and a rude platform man at Darlington once exasperated



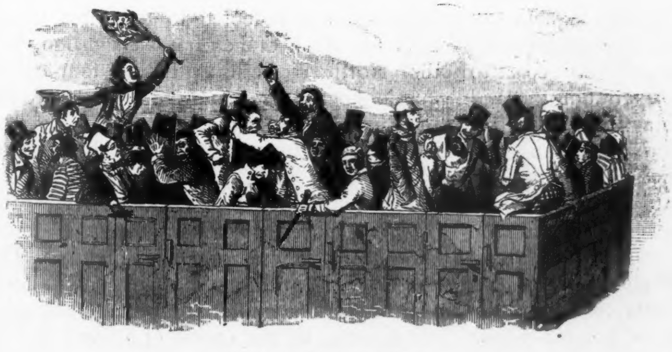
EXPRESS CORRIDOR DINING SALOON, 1897



ROYAL RAILWAY CARRIAGE AND ENGINE, 1843

a train-load of third-class passengers shunted into a siding to let the express pass by, brutally remarking: "Yours is only the nigger train. You must bide till your betters go by." Fares were high; for instance, the second-class fare from London to Birmingham was twenty shillings by day and twenty-five shillings by night, considerably more than is now paid for a first-class ticket. Nor did the extravagant fare entitle the passenger to much comfort. He was, of course, better off than the third-class passenger in the seatless, roofless coach, whose woes were parodied in *Punch*:

Pity the sorrows of a third-class man,
Whose trembling limbs with snow are whitened o'er,
Who for his fare has paid you all he can:
Cover him in, and let him freeze no more.
This dripping hat my roofless pen bespeaks;
So does the puddle reaching to my knees;
Behold my pinched red nose, my shrivelled cheeks;
You should not have such carriages as these.

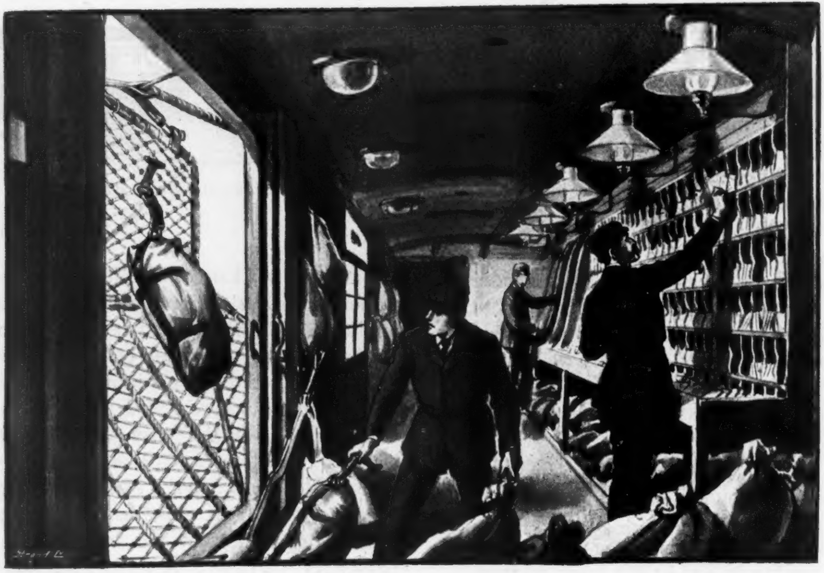


THIRD CLASS TO THE DERBY

But even in the second-class carriage journeying was not inseparable from annoyance and weariness. The smooth, easy, gliding motion of the modern North Western carriage was unknown. The second-class vehicle was only a trifle better than the third. It had an awning, but was open at the sides to the winds of heaven, was roughly seated, and jerked along very much after the fashion of a kangaroo. The rattle was deafening and the engine smoke suffocating, for railway journeying had become a familiar method of progress long before the second-class coach had been made into an enclosed vehicle with windows. The "first-class and mail train" was the only fairly comfortable train to travel in, and it certainly looked somewhat impressive, with the luggage packed on the roof, and the guard in scarlet coat perched aloft at the back of the last passenger carriage; nevertheless, some of the aristocracy shied even at the first-class carriage, and preferred to ride in private equipage hoisted upon the low truck at the rear of the train—a truck that had an awkward knack of coming uncoupled in tunnels, and slowing down in the darkness to the dismay of the stranded passengers.

ENTERPRISE BY LAND AND SEA

It was amid such humorous travelling conditions that the London and North Western came into vigorous being. In 1846 the London and Birmingham, the Grand Junction, and the Liverpool and Manchester lines were amalgamated under the title of "The London and North Western Railway," and the company gradually absorbed the South Staffordshire, the Chester and Holyhead, the Lancaster and Carlisle, and a host of smaller undertakings. The North Western is the premier railway system in the United Kingdom. It possesses 1685½



THE TRAVELLING POST OFFICE

miles of line constructed by the company, 111 miles partly owned, 86 leased or rented, and 30 worked, making a total of 1912½, practically 2000 miles of track. It stretches from Euston to Carlisle, to Birmingham and Shrewsbury, to Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, and along the lovely Welsh coast to Holyhead. Not content with gridding the land with steel rails, with pushing itself into great centres of population and industry, and into picturesque seaside and country resorts, it is in some sense a navigator, for it owns a fleet of seventeen steamships, which run with passengers and cargo from Holyhead to Dublin and Greenore, and in December added to its Irish sea-boats the twin-screw steamer *Cambria*, a richly-appointed vessel, 338 feet in length, with accommodation for 1378 passengers, and capable of making 22 knots per hour.

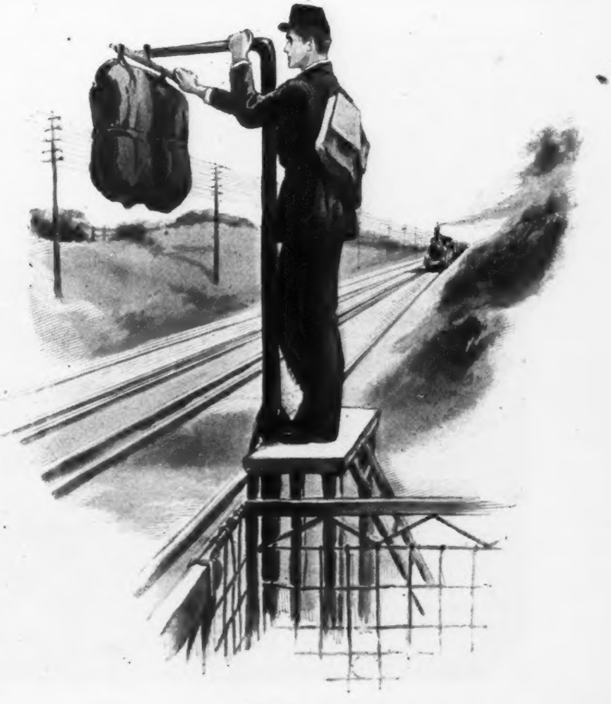
The North Western not only runs the Royal Mail north, the "Wild Irishman" and the later boat-train west, as well as the Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds expresses, among the smartest trains in the country; but it has also a fine service of fast trains between Liverpool and Euston, and special trains weekly in both directions, in connection with the Atlantic steamboat services, to travel direct to and from the Riverside Station at Liverpool, where they simply have to walk across the landing-stage in passing from the train to the steamer, or *vice versâ.* Manchester is indebted to the three trunk lines for much of her trade expansion, but the North Western, with its four-and-a-quarter-hour expresses from London Road to Euston, has converted the Lancashire city almost into a business suburb of town. Nor does it serve merely as a passenger line, for in Manchester alone the North Western moves no fewer than two thousand tons of merchandise nightly. On the Edge-hill gridirons at Liverpool it deals with at least a million tons of goods, outward traffic, in the course of a year; and at Birmingham, and especially at its huge London depôt, in the "fields and runs" of busy Broad Street, where the up and down traffic is positively bewildering, it handles everything apparently that is necessary for the business and social life of the nation. Nothing is too gigantic, nothing too dainty for its grasp and transit; and from this ingenious hive of industry, in which nearly every variety of lifting machinery has been brought to the help of manual labour, it distributes millions of tons of food and general merchandise.

The tiny company that ran its trains with misgiving as to profit, and halting as to speed between London and Birmingham, has become one of the wealthiest corporations in the world, with a capital of over £120,000,000, and its yearly receipts from passengers, goods, and mineral traffic amount to over £12,000,000. Leoni Levi and Giffen have had the temerity to express their delight in the philosophy of figures; but even a man who sees no poetry in statistics will perhaps find it instructive, as an indication of national prosperity—of increased travel and trade activity—to note that the North Western does a vast amount of work in a year, carrying 1,979,980 first-class passengers, earning £529,860; 2,939,920 second-class passengers, earning £238,617; and 71,338,041 third-class passengers, earning £3,108,165. During the past year, in fact, the company has gone beyond these figures in earning capacity. Its revenue from season tickets is £300,000; and, if we include the separate journeys made by the holders of these tickets annually, roughly speaking, the company carries 125,000,000 passengers a year. Its merchandise and mineral traffic amount to forty million tons, yielding, with carriage of live stock, £7,000,000 sterling.

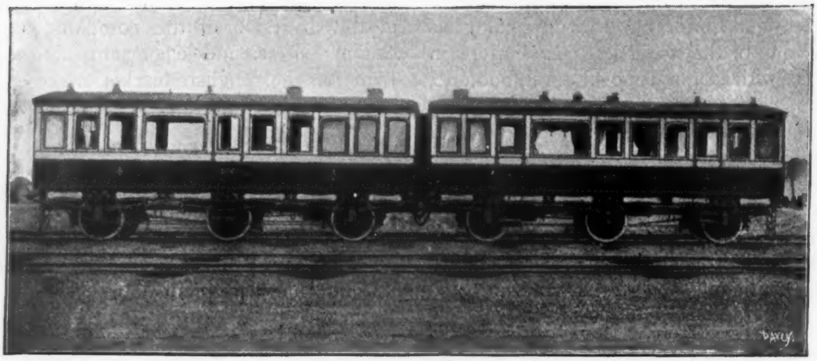
The North Western has put new life into dreamy Chester, it has converted Llandudno into a prosperous watering-place; but it has done more for Holyhead. This port, with its extensive quays and bustle of traffic, was created by the North Western. It is concerned with the quick despatch of the Irish mail and the hurrying of passengers; and it also tussles with flocks and herds, inasmuch as sixty thousand head of cattle, more than one hundred thousand sheep, and two hundred thousand pigs are unloaded and forwarded by the company from this busy place every year. The Irish harvestman also adds a little to the revenue and a good deal to the diversion of the company, and the bacon, butter, and eggs sent across from Erin for the English market make gigantic heaps on dock and landing-stage.

THE QUEEN'S TRAIN

It is somewhat singular that Royalty has always shown a preference for two English railways. The Queen has, of course, travelled on the Great Northern and Midland tracks, but her most frequent journeys have been made on the Great Western and North Western. The Prince Consort journeyed on the former line even when he had not an absolute sense of security, inasmuch as it is recorded that he once expostulated with the engine-driver, remarking: "Not quite so fast next time, if you please." Possibly he communicated his fears to her Majesty. Anyhow, she did not travel by rail till June 13, 1842, when she returned from Windsor to town by the Great Western Railway. Dan Gooch, afterwards Sir Daniel Gooch,



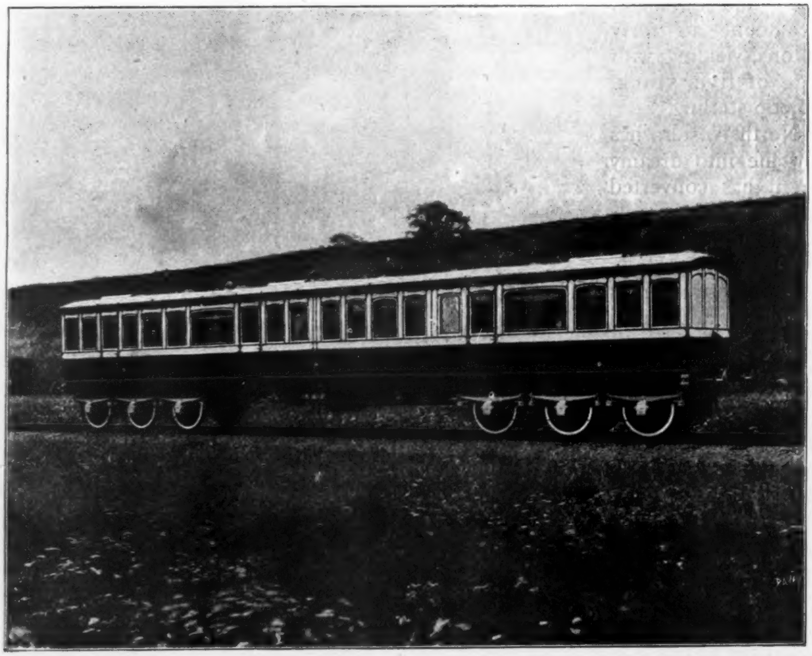
HOOKING ON



HER MAJESTY'S SALOON PRIOR TO ALTERATION

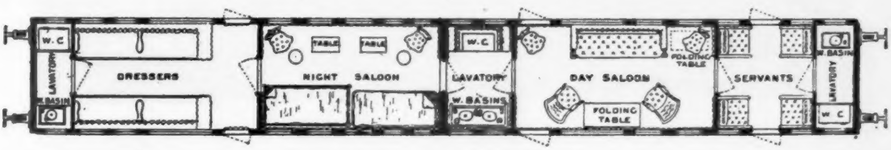
was the engine-driver, and he undoubtedly grasped the regulator with care and discretion, because the Queen gradually gained confidence in his driving. In his diary he says: "In nearly all cases I took charge of the engine myself when the Queen travelled, and I have been so fortunate as never to have a single delay with her, and she has travelled under my care a great many miles." That confidence the company has thoroughly retained. In 1874 they built a pretty saloon for the Queen's special use, and last year they rebuilt it and converted it into a travelling palace, beautiful in adornment.

But her Majesty has made her longest journeys on the North Western. She has



HER MAJESTY'S SALOON AS ALTERED

always been at home on the line. No doubt she often heard the Queen Dowager speak of her travelling on the London and Birmingham Railway, on which quite a doll's house saloon was placed at the disposal of Royalty, and driven, if one may judge by an old picture, by gentlemen in holiday costume, including tall silk hats, and pulled by a singular-looking engine, with a very high funnel and very fat dome. Her Majesty has always made her journeys to Balmoral on the North Western, and six years ago, when Mr. Neele, the then superintendent of the line, had completed one hundred trips with the Queen's train, she presented him with a handsome chiming clock in recognition of the care and attention he had given to her comfort and safety in travelling on the system for thirty-one years. The Queen has modelled her long life rather on virtue and usefulness than on pomp and vanity. She cares comparatively little for luxury. She is homely in her surroundings; and the Queen's train cannot compare in sumptuousness to those used by some of the crowned heads of Europe. She has not vied even with the late Emperor of the French, who travelled in a train of imperial splendour, a train with nine richly-appointed carriages, which included a cellar of choice wines and a conservatory of rare flowers. Still, to quote the old nursery rhyme, the Royal train fashioned by the North Western "is good enough to set before the Queen."

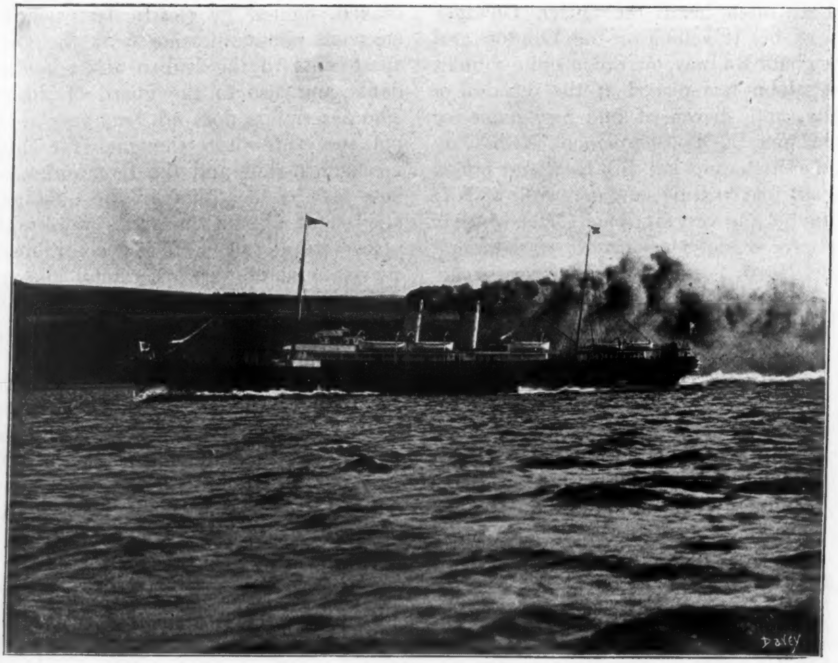


PLAN OF HER MAJESTY'S SALOON IN 1898

The saloon formerly consisted of two six-wheeled vehicles connected by a flexible central gangway; but in 1896 the two bodies were placed on a sixty-feet underframe, with two six-wheeled bogies, making one vehicle. The day compartment, upholstered in Royal blue silk, with white silk roof, is furnished in satinwood, inlaid with tulipwood; and the night compartment, upholstered in red patterned chintz, with heavy green curtains, is furnished with a brass bedstead. The saloon is strongly braked, lighted by electric lamps, and has electrical communication from the Queen's apartments to the Indian and other attendants, and also to the guard of the train. The description does not read very grandly; but the shrewdest thought, the highest mechanical skill, and the best workmanship have been concentrated in the building and equipment of the Queen's train, and the arrangements safeguarding it are, though the words merge on paradox, careful and costly. The ordinary traffic is suspended; so is all shunting. Platelayers watch the track, and there is vigil at every crossing. A pilot engine is run fifteen minutes in advance of the train throughout its entire journey, its progress is telegraphed from point to point, and a sharp lookout is kept by the officials to detect the slightest irregularity in running. The average speed of the train does not exceed thirty-six miles an hour; and her Majesty has such a sense of security on the line that some years ago, when railway accidents were more frequent, she wrote to the directors of the railway companies expressing the hope that the same security in travelling might be assured for all her people as was so judiciously provided for herself.

IN THE NIGHT MAIL

The very respectable sum of £300,000 is derived by the North Western for its carriage of mails; but the company obtains another advantage. It has the privilege of bearing the Royal coat of arms—the figure of Britannia, grasping the trident and sitting on the couchant lion—on its rolling stock, and of styling its line "the Royal Mail Route to Scotland and Ireland." It is true that other companies run mails in every direction; but the North Western, so far as railway travel is concerned, is not only the supplier of the Queen's saloon but the recognised messenger of the State. It is the



THE S.S. "CAMBRIA"

swift runner of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in the main a careful and punctual letter carrier. Undoubtedly the postal system of the country would be helpless without the railway. Business robbed of the present means of transit would soon tend to inanition, and the people would probably sink into the slothful ways that prevailed in the pre-coaching days.

Yet the mail was not entrusted to the railway without much disquietude. At first the Government declined to allow the transit of the " post," as it was designated, on the London and Birmingham Railway. The guards of the stage coaches, probably fearing the loss of their perquisites, told romancing stories of train accidents and delays; and it was gravely stated, even after the railway had been utilised for the mail, that it would not be safe for the Post Office to permit passengers to travel by the postal train because of the insecurity of the railway and the risk of the lives of the parties to be conveyed. Experience has made this dreadful foreboding less acute; and even the labourer in the field has lost his curiosity as he sees the statuesque figure of the letter-bag man, on the stand by the line side, with arms uplifted hooking on the hide-bound pouch ready for its rough descent into the hollow of the net as the mail flies by with clang and roar.

There is, however, an atmosphere of romance, a subtle fascination, about the night mail. It is an interesting train from head-light to tail-light. To the ordinary passenger it is a sacred vehicle, enveloped in mystery. He never travels by it on the North Western because the postal service now makes such an extensive demand on the company that the limited mail has been disestablished, and the night mail is devoted to the conveyance of letters and parcels only. The old fear that it was unsafe to carry passengers by this train no longer obtains. It is impossible to take them, seeing that every inch of space in the mail is needed for the bulging parcels and vast heaps of letters, and elbow-room for the sorters. The company's brake is full of parcels, the compartment tender is congested with letter-bags, and the five letter-carriages—one for Manchester, three for Glasgow, and one for Aberdeen—present a scene of activity calculated to kill the God of Laziness. The letter-carriages, communicating with each other, form a long gallery which gives one the notion of a padded room, the sides of the coaches being thickly upholstered, and covered with green leather. The gallery is lighted by a double row of gas lamps from the roof; down one side of the narrow gangway hang numberless empty bags; on the opposite side are the sorting tables, backed by pigeon-holes.

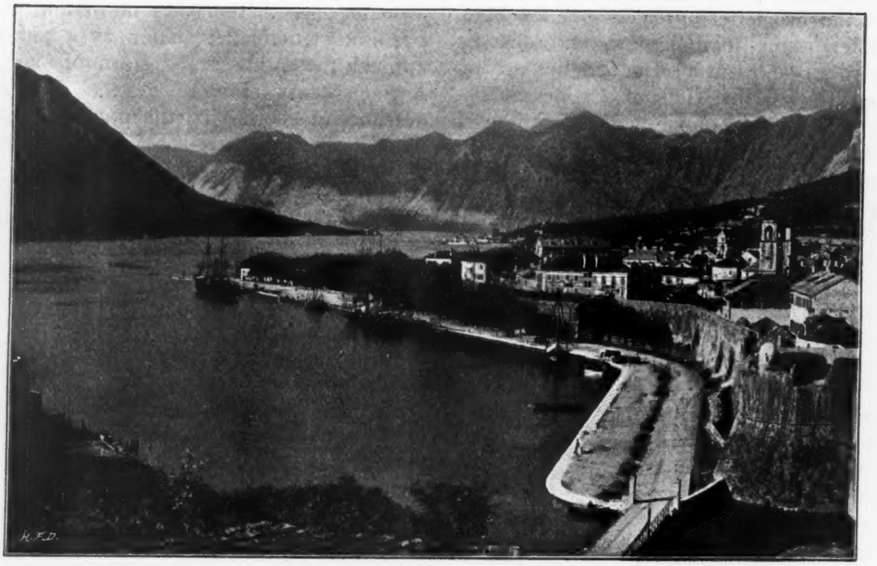
As the mail moves out of Euston the sorters are already at their posts. It is amazing where the correspondence comes from—there is such a mass of it. Heaps of letters piled high everywhere; and though there are folding seats beneath the tables time is so precious, and every man is so busy, that there is no thought of sitting down. You cannot help thinking that the mail, with this travelling post-office, instinct with method and industry, and with its swinging net that crashes down and rises again at station after station, as it plunges through the darkness and storm of night, is a remarkable example of the fact and romance of effort. To the privileged spectator in the van there is a feeling of wonder as he watches the sliding panel, notes the man in charge of the apparatus, listens to the varying roar of the train, hears the shout "Stand by!" and sees the swift movement of the lever that opens and closes the net, discharging and receiving the mails; nor is your wonder lessened when you ascertain what an enormous amount of toil is represented by the novel spectacle. No fewer than three billions of letters, postcards, newspapers, and parcels are conveyed every year by rail; and what all this transit and communication means in the direction of commercial enterprise, education, philanthropy, and kindly thought must be left to individual estimate. The night mail is an epitome of the energy and throb of human life.

IN DALMATIA

By Professor T. M. LINDSAY

CONCLUDING PAPER

TRAU seemed to be the sleepy hollow of Dalmatia, but perhaps that was because we entered it in the early afternoon after a hot walk from Spalato. We had great difficulty in getting anything to eat. It may have been because we could scarcely make ourselves understood. The inhabitants appeared to talk nothing but Servian—at least nobody who was awake—for most of the population seemed to be enjoying a prolonged siesta. We roused up the landlord of one small hotel, but he was so cross at being wakened that he refused to give us anything to eat. Then a small boy led us through some queer little old streets to a dirty little inn. The landlord here, too, was asleep, but he offered us first some beer and bread and then wine. The food and especially the liquids were so bad that we resolved on a grand foraging expedition. We made our way by some miracle of good guidance to the public square and found a dirty little café where we got very decent bread and coffee. The borderland characteristics, however, were not lacking even in food, for the coffee was a beverage half-way between the deliciously fragrant Italian liquid and the Turkish mud. In the square was the cathedral, and we feasted our eyes on its beauties during our modest repast. Architecturally it is a great mixture of styles; six beautiful Corinthian pillars, their columns carved in spirals, which are set up at the end of the church, did not support anything. The spire is Gothic, or rather it begins Romanesque and gets to be Gothic before it ends. The Gothic portion has very beautiful carved arches. The porch

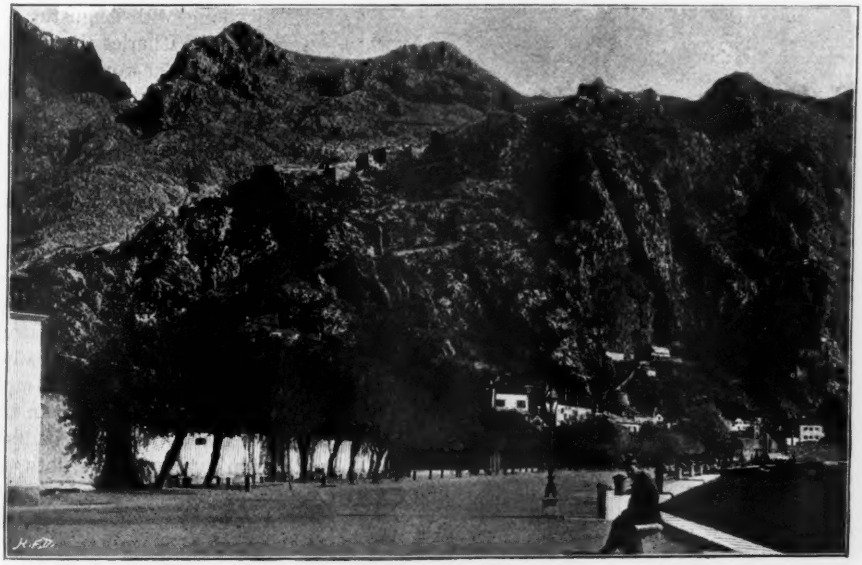


CATTARO

with its double arch is also very fine. Altogether the old cathedral is well worth going to see. The inside is also very beautiful, but spoiled by modern marble figures, and the tinsel and artificial flowers that the modern Romanist so much delights in. Another notable building in Trau, also in the square, is the Loggia, which, guide-books assure the traveller, is a perfect example of the old Venetian Court of Justice. It is raised about four feet from the ground, and, like the loggias in Florence, is open on two sides save for a row of pillars. A great winged Lion of St. Mark carved in relief on the wall showed where the judge's seat had been.

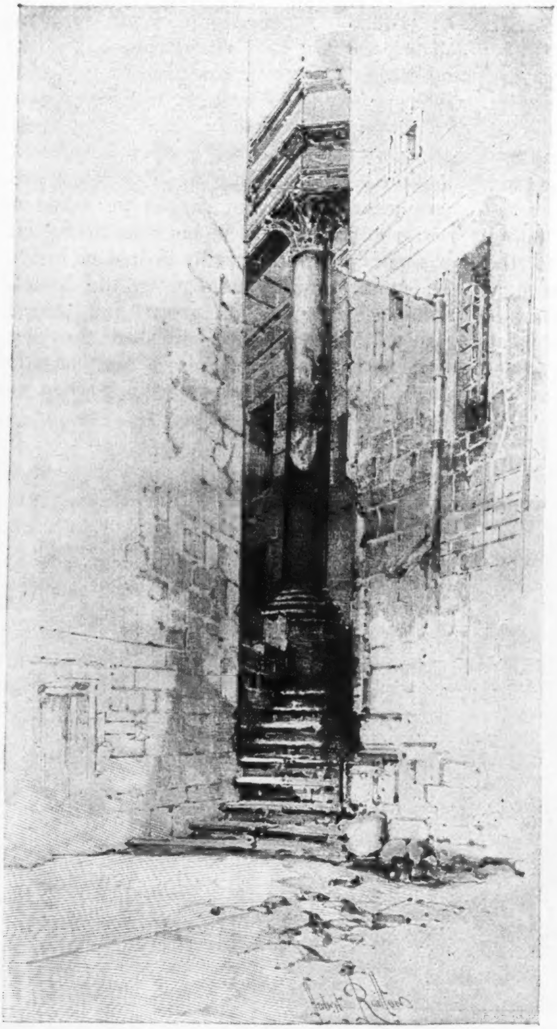
Altogether Trau is a most curious old place. We had never seen anything quite like it, with its winding streets so narrow that there is barely room for two persons to walk abreast, with its quaint small courts, and its coats-of-arms on almost every house. It is built on an island which lies in the channel between the mainland and a much larger long island which stretches nearly half-way to Spalato. The Venetians erected a fine old fort to command the channel on both sides. It was the only thoroughly Servian town we found in Dalmatia, and it was the only place where we met professional beggars. The men wore the usual Servian costume, baggy trousers or knickerbockers, thick woollen leggings and curiously pointed shoes. The head-dress is a red fez cap. The Turcos on the hills wear almost the same kind of garments, the difference being that their fezes and baggy trousers are always white and their woollen leggings do not come higher than the calf of the leg. The women wear dark blue skirts and red stockings with shoes which turn up at the toes, embroidered sleeveless blouse, and a great sleeveless upper garment open in front and descending to the ankles. They have always a white or a red handkerchief tied over the head and under the chin. Speaking of dress we made a most interesting discovery in ancient ecclesiastical costume. Those who are learned in the history of ecclesiastical dress know that the "dalmatic" or peculiar robe of the "deacon" was originally the distinctive dress of the Dalmatian peasant, and that just as the frieze coat of the Irish peasant became the modern "Ulster," so the Roman fashionable tailors, urged thereto by that young scamp the Emperor Heliogabalus, took the idea of a "novelty" from the Dalmatian peasant dress and produced the garment called the "dalmatic." It was first a fashionable Roman article of dress, then it came to be a portion of the distinctive consular and senatorial costume, and at last was appropriated by the clergy, who, with their conservative instincts, persisted in wearing it when its origin had been long forgotten. These learned persons, however, do not seem to know that the old original "dalmatic" is still worn in a remote part of Dalmatia. We were greatly excited when we first saw it on women coming into the market at Spalato. It is now an upper robe open in front coming down to the middle of the thigh, and with a short slit at the thigh. It has long wide sleeves. It looks exactly like the clerical garment as that is figured in the oldest pictures of clerical dress. We were told that the wearers were women of Clissa, a little upland village which is perched on the rocks at the top of the mountain pass leading from the ancient Salona over the mountain range. It is curious to reflect that a modern mark of belonging to the Catholic Church, according to some good people, should be to wear the overcoat of the peasant women of Clissa. The "dalmatic" is not confined, however, to the Roman and Anglican clergy and to the women of Clissa, we found it worn in other places, for example, at Cattaro and at Gravosa.

On our walk from Spalato to Trau we met large numbers of the peasant women coming from the surrounding villages to sell their produce in the market of the town. They astonished us by the enormous loads which they carried on their heads, basket upon basket, the one piled on the other. The men do not carry burdens, they haul along small carts or drive donkeys. It is not that they are lazy, for they toil hard enough in the fields, but carrying burdens does not seem to be in their line of work. Our road all the way from Spalato to Trau ran through vineyards and groves of fig-trees and olives. The soil seemed to be rich and deep. Every few hundred yards we passed a dried-up watercourse (it was the last week of August) which at the proper season was doubtless full. About mid-day when we were feeling somewhat fagged we asked a man who was at work in his vineyard to sell us some figs. He cordially invited us inside the fence, brought us figs by the hatful, then big bunches of green and purple grapes. When we had finished the first supply, he said "*ancora*" and eagerly pressed another hatful on us, and when we



CATTARO—THE VENETIAN FORTIFICATIONS

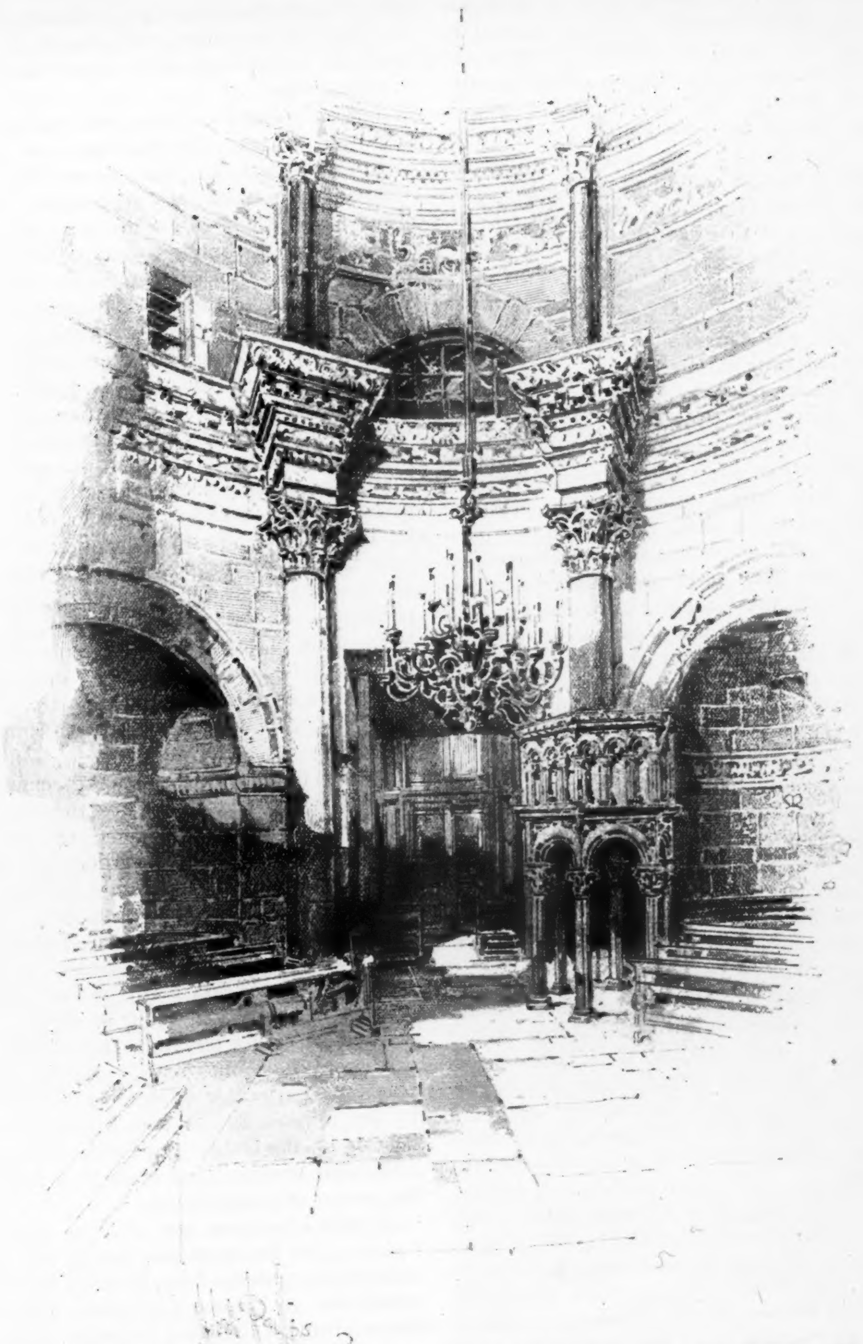
could eat no more he insisted that we should take away as much fruit as we could carry. He took us at first for officers from three British men-of-war that were cruising about in Dalmatian waters during our visit. We found them in the harbour of Spalato and then at Sebenico. They excited great admiration all along the coast. Our friend could not talk about anything else. Indeed, we found that these British ironclads were a most exciting topic of conversation. "What are they doing here?" I asked an old gentleman at Spalato. "I ought to ask you," he replied, "but I fancy that they are three of Lord Salisbury's fingers on the pulse of Europe." The Dalmatian people seemed to be as much attached to Great Britain as are the Italians, and never wearied in showering pleasant little attentions on the sailors who came on shore. The strong nations of Europe may dislike England, but all the weaker ones seem to have an unbounded admiration of our land. When we saw these huge ironclads lying peacefully in these Adriatic harbours, or steaming slowly along the shores we felt the profound truth of the saying that, "The frontiers of England are the coasts of the stranger."



CORINTHIAN COLUMNS AND MODERN HOUSES, SPALATO

After all Spalato is the most interesting place in Dalmatia. I fancy that "Spalato" is just Palatium. The place was, to begin with, the huge palace of one of Rome's greatest emperors, Diocletian. He was the son of a peasant of Salona, and his mother came from Doclea, or Dioclea, a village up in Montenegro. The peasant-emperor was one of the four founders (if one may use the word) of that Roman Empire which, under many a change of form, lasted from Julius Cæsar to the father of Maria Theresa. He stands along with Augustus, Constantine, and Charles the Great.

His particular work was to strip the Empire of all old republican constitutional shams in which the state-craft of Augustus had at first encased it, to make it in appearance the benevolent and universal despotic rule which it really was under its noblest rulers. He is chiefly known as the emperor who organised a systematic persecution of the Christians, but historians often fail to tell us his easily understood motives. An Imperial Government, in the Roman sense, and a catholic religion had something in common; they both meant universal dominion over the bodies and over the consciences of all mankind. Augustus had seen this, and his universal religion was the pagan established church of the



DIOCLETIAN'S PRIVATE PAGAN CHAPEL—TEMPLE TO JUPITER AND DIANA. NOW CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF SPALATO empire with its graduated ranks of priests endowed throughout all the provinces, to lead the devotions due to the deified emperors who were the gods of the empire. Diocletian felt, what Hadrian had dreamt, that a religion which would bind the empire together must be more than a routine of ceremonial. He believed that he could find in Neo-Platonism the essence of spiritual paganism, and his thought was to make the state religion of Rome living by giving it a soul in the neoplatonic theology. Constantine saw more clearly that the one catholic or universal religion was Christianity and that its universal aspirations fitted the Imperialist idea. But let us give Diocletian the credit that was due to him. He ruled for twenty years before he persecuted, and then resolved from motives of policy to sweep away the only faith which stood in the way, he imagined, of his ideal.

The great emperor, when he believed that his work was done, descended from the throne of the Cæsars to live the life of a private citizen. His heart went back to those Dalmatian lands which had given him birth. The Roman city of Salona lies on a gentle slope; in front of it, a hilly promontory joined by a narrow neck to the mainland. Diocletian chose this promontory for the site of his palace. The outlines of the great building, which covered nearly nine acres, stand almost intact. The long front rises from the water's edge, so close that the smaller vessels unload within ten yards of the wall; the arched portico or courtyard of the palace, the private chapel, a temple to Jupiter and Diana, the mausoleum built within the palace to contain the last remains of the great emperor, the long vaulted passages, the Golden Gate, and many meaner doorways are all there and can be seen and studied. They deserve study, for Diocletian or the architects working under him revolutionised Roman architecture. Before this date the true Roman invention, the arch, had been hidden away under Greek masks in all dignified buildings. The palace, it is true, contains some instances of the old devices. Once or twice the arch is actually hidden behind square Greek lintels. In the Golden Gate, the architect seemed to be afraid at his own originality, and we find both the Greek horizontal beam and the Roman arch above it; but in the great central court the arches spring directly from the tops of the pillars, and almost all the windows in the long walls show the true Roman arches.

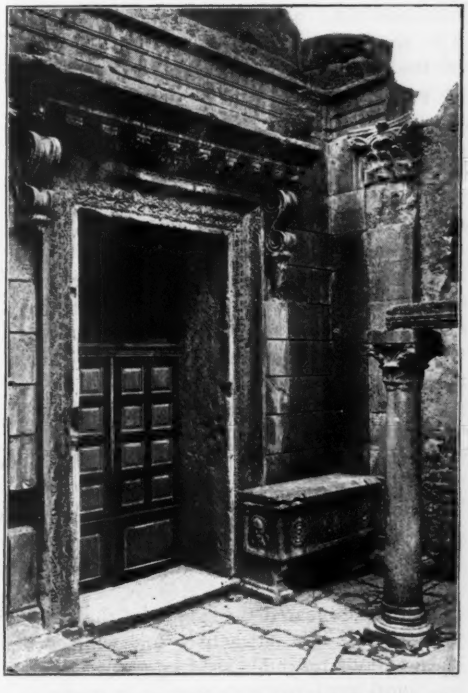
For ten years, Diocletian lived at Spalato a private citizen. He was once, at least, summoned back to the throne, but he refused to forsake his retirement. One wonders what his thoughts were as he sauntered by the shore or sat in his noble audience hall. These years were crowded with events all tending to show that in one respect at least the Emperor's statecraft had been wrong. During those ten years Constantius had been teaching his greater son Constantine to tolerate Christianity, and the triumphant faith might boast that even in his lifetime the work of Diocletian was undone. "For ten years," said Freeman, "he had paced that stately gallery which looked forth on the sea, the hills, the islands which had been familiar to the eyes of his childhood. For ten years he had gazed on the matchless peristyle of his own rearing; he had prayed to the gods of Rome in the temple on his left hand; he had looked—with what faith or hope we cannot guess—on the cupola on the right, girt with surrounding columns, where his own ashes were to rest. In the course of these ten years another emperor had arisen at once to finish and to undo his work. Constantine had come to cement yet more firmly his fabric of despotic rule, but he had come also to take the faith which Diocletian had persecuted into close partnership with the polity which Diocletian founded. He had come to take Diocletian's great artistic invention as the model of new temples of that hated faith, to supply the place of its earlier temples which Diocletian had swept from the earth." In those ten years the persecutor Maxentius had fallen by the Milvian Bridge, and Roman troops fighting for the first time under the *Labarum*, a Christian standard, had made their general the master of pagan Rome.

All this Diocletian saw while he lived at Spalato; but he could not foresee the day, nearly three centuries later, when his deserted palace was to become a Christian city, his pagan chapel a Christian cathedral, and his mausoleum a Christian baptistery.

Spalato is a unique town; it has found room for its people within the old palace walls. In the sixth century the savage Slavs came down—a torrent of barbarism—through the Clissa pass, and destroyed utterly the city of Salona. The frightened remnant of population fled across the isthmus and entrenched themselves in the deserted palace of the great peasant-emperor. They erected houses four and five stories high, using the old building for the outer walls; they built up the arches of the great gallery, and cut small square windows to give them air and light; they used the underground passages of the huge edifice for their lanes and streets. Spalato is Diocletian's palace turned into a human rabbit-warren. To-day it is true that the city has overflowed the palace limits on all sides but towards the sea; but still nine-tenths of Spalato lies within the old palace, and makes use of the old building, its walls, its doorways, its porticoes and its passages. Sometimes the old wall forms the front of a street of houses; sometimes it passes through the middle of the house and has been built on to before and behind; but everywhere the old walls remain, and are worked in every conceivable way into the modern town. The effect is indescribable; the thing must be seen to be imagined.

We had only two days to give to Spalato and Salona; even a superficial investigation would have needed at least a fortnight; but we sat in the octagonal cathedral, and, looking up into the dome, we could see, still wonderfully fresh, the frescoes representing Diana and her nymphs chasing the stag, frescoes painted under the eyes of Diocletian when he superintended the building of a temple to Jupiter and Diana. We wandered through the narrow lanes — once passages from the imperial kitchens to the upper halls. We strolled along the sea-front and traced the remains of the old gallery where we are told the emperor loved to walk; we went in and out by the Golden Gate as we passed to and from our hotel. We stored our memories, as best we could, with visions of that unique city which alone of all towns on earth has made a nest for itself within the deserted palace of a Roman emperor.

We got a glimpse, no more, of Ragusa. It, too, owes its origin to Slavonic raids. The savage Slavs wasted the Greek colony of Epidauros almost at the time when they annihilated Salona. The colonists had no deserted palace to betake themselves to; they fled northwards, and found a shelter where the mountain wall descends almost perpendicularly to within a furlong of the sea. There they built their new town, which grew to be the modern Ragusa. It is the only place of importance along the coast which the Venetians were never able to bring under their dominion, and yet its harbour is strangely like the havens which the Venetians built in Greece, of which Naupactos is perhaps the most perfect specimen now remaining. The harbour is oval in form, with two great moles running out from the land, terminating in two great bastions with just sufficient width of sea between them as to enable the galleys to enter. When danger threatened, the entrance was defended with great chains. These old sea-builders had the art of defying the force and waste of the sea in a manner that is apparently now lost. The harbour faces the west, and its sea-walls are exposed to the fury of the strong south-west gales, and yet



ENTRANCE TO MAUSOLEUM (NOW BAPTISTERY) IN DIOCLETIAN'S PALACE, SPALATO it stands almost unworn after nearly eight hundred years' defiance of the sea. No modern Portland cement could last as that old masonry has done. Is the secret of its permanence, as was suggested to us by a marine engineer, that the old Venetian and other mediæval Italian sea-builders used powdered lava for their lime?

Cattaro was our last landing-place. It is the natural port for Montenegro, but was given to Austria, along with Spizza, by the Treaty of Berlin. The bay is one of the finest land-locked harbours in the world, and certainly the finest along this coast, which abounds in harbours. It was once strongly fortified by the Turks, and the Austrian Government have remodelled the old forts, and are adding others. On the north side the Herzegovina hills descend in long slopes, mostly covered with woods, to the water's edge, while southwards the road to Montenegro ascends a precipitous mountain-side in long zigzags. We saw two deserted mosques on islands in the bay; another island contained a Turkish mosque and an old Christian church of the Greek type of form; one of the villages on the mainland had a partially ruined mosque. The small town of Cattaro lies at the base of the almost perpendicular mountain-cliff. It was strongly fortified by the Venetians when they held possession, and their walls creep up the precipices and curve round the crags in a way that I had only thought possible in Gustave Doré's engravings. The streets were full of people in all sorts of costumes—Montenegrins in sheepskin coats, who had been made to leave their arms in the little Austrian custom-house at the entrance of the town; lean Turkos, in their white fez caps and white baggy trousers tied above the ankles; Servian ladies and gentlemen in the richly coloured national dress; and white-coated Austrian officers. The various nationalities all seemed to fraternise heartily with each other, and the town notables conversed affably with the Austrian officers and their wives. We were never weary of watching the Turcos, who went in and out of the small shops buying peaceably what a few years ago they would have taken by force. They all walked with long stealthy stride, their fingers crooked, as if clutching a rifle or a sword, and their bodies bent forwards. We had only a few hours to spare in this fascinating old-world place. We looked wistfully at the Montenegrin road, and longed to climb it and see the famous Black Mountain, for centuries the only independent Christian hill-region in all those Eastern lands; but fate was against us, and the time when the steamer sailed was inexorably fixed. We had to remain content with strolling out beyond the suburbs and seeing the small farms and vineyards of the country people. One or two of the peasant women wore the "dalmatic," but somehow or other we never managed to get a photograph of any of them. We turned back in time to get lunch at a café on the pleasant promenade between the town walls and the sea. There we found two Christians and four fierce-looking Turkos engaged at a peaceful game of dominoes, and with this simple picture in our memories of the effects of Austrian good government in these long-disturbed lands, we had to hasten back to our berths and bid farewell to Dalmatia. We made a vow that if time and money permitted we would revisit and spend at least six weeks in this enchanting country, where the glamour of the past and the interest of the present combine to make a land of no ordinary attractions to those who wish a rest from the work and the worry of Western life.

A PLEA FOR WORKHOUSE INMATES

By the DUCHESS of SOMERSET

IT is to be feared the subject of the above title is not attractive, for, while our various hospitals are frequently visited and much written about, their methods criticised and improved, and their resources, from time to time, augmented by the testamentary depositions of millionaires, this other public institution, also designed for the relief of suffering, is practically ignored by the greater part of the community. I do not propose to enter into an analysis of the reasons of the indifference, though, in passing, may remark that any scheme, which has for its avowed object the welfare of a helpless portion of humanity, should surely provide for more than food and shelter, but the workhouse has little else to offer. Doubtless the responsible and anxious ratepayer employs what appears to be the most economic and careful methods to secure the success of his compulsory charity, but so vast an institution, notwithstanding its supervision and regular inspection, may be as liable to a policy of stagnation as even the great voluntary charities of which the nation is so justly proud, and the inherent and almost universal repulsion which is felt to the "House" is, in itself, a proof that something is wrong. Although it may be argued that this dread is a wholesome deterrent to idleness—one of the great factors in filling every place of refuge—it must not be forgotten that it is most keenly realised by the more respectable class, the would-be industrious, whom misfortune brings to destitution.

I think the question, Why should the existing system not be improved? is too rarely asked, and thus the "House," to those whom it most concerns, has become the conspicuous synonym for all that is meagre, monotonous, and miserable.

After toiling up the long hill, under the archway of the old gatehouse, past the quaint Guild Hall with its mullioned windows, where pleasant is the contrast between the sombre greystone walls and the warm ruddy colouring of the sandstone Norman church close by, whose pinnacled tower has been seen by wayfarers for centuries—a well-defined landmark—we hasten through the narrow streets, and reach, at length, the iron gates of the district workhouse.

How many, I reflected, have felt their hearts fail as these doors were shut behind them?—for then, to their minds, the end of their earthly pilgrimage was doubtless brought within measurable distance. From the day a man becomes a burden to the ratepayers, and enters the only refuge left to him, be the matron of it kind or the reverse, or the house superior to others less favoured, the sense of freedom, hope, and independence, which means everything in the lives of most men and women, has henceforward to be given up, and a monotonously regular routine accepted, which, from the nature of its purpose, as well as from the difficulties of its workings, is rendered imperative.

It must have been "a day out" for the children, or else they were off somewhere for a holiday, for, as we ascended a flight of stone steps, about fifty little boys scrambled past us as only small boys can, sprawling, laughing, hurrying, scrambling, all with a look of youth and mirth on their faces, in spite of the cut-and-dried rules under which they lived. Though some swung from the iron railings, one and all seemed imbued with the desire uppermost in their small minds, to descend as quickly as possible into the freedom of the street. Many of these poor children are far better off here than in the homes to which they were born. Numbers are the offspring of the criminal and degraded, and as such have, alas! the tendency to revert to the ways of those who bore them; but, thank God, we see by the working of our great and benevolent charities, day by day, how the power of good brings out in these waifs their finer natures, and that happy results greatly preponderate.

The young of the poor, no less than the young of the rich, however, from their earliest years, require love and tenderness. This is what the workhouse system lacks, and the workhouse child of to-day is still an unsolved problem: as a sheep it lives and moves and has its being, though it needs love as much as a garden flower, and thus the years most impressionable to good are lost. The Jesuit Father was wise who said, "Give me a child till he is eight years old, and you may do what you like with him afterwards."

The boarding-out system would appear preferable to keeping young things like prisoners within the environment of the bare whitewashed walls; if the home be ever so poor, yet, with its personal attention and thousand interests, it should make a small and happy world for the child, which may not be in the upbringing within the restricted limits of the workhouse administration.

On entering the building an old and infirm man seated at a desk asked us our business. I presented him with my card, and entered my name in the visitors' book. In a few minutes the Matron, with her bunch of keys, appeared. She was a nice, bright-looking woman, of possibly thirty-five years, prettily and suitably dressed. She told us that this workhouse received persons from twenty-seven different parishes. The building itself was old-fashioned and straggling, but no fault could be found with the cleanliness; everything was tidy and orderly. Our first visit was to fifteen infirm old women in the long ward, a place clean and comfortable enough, where two good fires were burning; the beds were in a double row, and in this room the aged ones mostly lived: they were nearly all women over sixty-five, some of whom seemed very respectable. One told me she had two children both now grown up and in service, but they were unable to keep her, so she had to live here. She was uncomplainingly doing the mending: a large clothes basket full of socks had been given over to her care. I spoke to her of the comfort of having some occupation, and she smiled not unhappily, appearing content to work for others and so live out her life to the bitter end, for it must be bitter for the honest toiler to find herself friendless with the "House" her only refuge.

Other women there were in that ward who had their life's sad histories written on their old wrinkled faces. We had not time to speak to all, but sundry packets of tea distributed among them seemed to give much pleasure, and the interest of new-comers is always refreshing, no doubt, to them, for they see few visitors. One woman refused the offered gift; she stood looking out of the window, as she had been doing since we came in, and said when spoken to: "I am not like the rest of these women, I have only come in to-day." We were told she had been sent from an asylum (where she had been confined for seven years) to try if she were quiet enough to live with the other women here. From asylum to workhouse sounds cheerless indeed!

Through a door, which was quickly unlocked to admit us, we continued our way sadly into the ward for old men, three of whom were in bed: one lay quite helpless and seemingly unconscious; another was suffering from a cough he was unable to soothe, though he had the long spout of a bronchial kettle near him. The third had a bright, intelligent face; he liked the tobacco I brought him; he told me he had been a carpenter. I imagined he had spent happy days some time in his life, for his eyes had the bright contented expression only found in those who have not always suffered. As the inmates are not allowed to smoke in bed, he only got up for a short time daily to enjoy his pipe. Near the door sat an old man busily reading his Bible, but he seemed disturbed, and on inquiring the reason, we found that he had lost the glass from one side of his spectacles, thus he saw only with one eye. The Matron assured me in a few days this would be made good to him.

On our way down the narrow and somewhat slippery stairs, we met "Sally and her Cat." "Yes," said the Matron, "Sally will starve herself for the sake of that cat." The child was waiting there, having emptied her mug of bread and tea; the fat cat sat licking her paws, having evidently taken kindly even to the workhouse fare; but we went on thinking sympathetically of poor Sally's vacant and puzzled expression, and of the solace it seemed to her to have the affection of the well-fed animal, even though the friendship was secured at the cost of her own food—it was a glimpse of love in a loveless place.

As we passed on through a paved courtyard into the Chapel, the rain came down pitilessly; of the people we met, no one seemed to hurry, nor to mind much about anything. Whether it was wet or fine they went and came all the same, in the dull prescribed routine; aimless men who cared not, sad-faced people with winter in their lives; what mattered if the time hung heavily on their hands? the very expression of their countenances appeared to be blank and sullen, and the glad expectancy, which is so familiar in the faces of men and women who have not yet come to the last act in life's drama, was wanting.

The Chapel was clean and cheerful-looking, brightly coloured texts hung round the distempered walls, and it was easily seen an interest was taken in it by some outside the "House."

Through the Master and Matron's room we passed to the children's part of the building (their little beds, on both sides of the ward, were turned up); a man and woman were busily engaged scrubbing, and the Matron said a word of encouragement to them as she passed.

Now to another ward, the maternity this time. Several women were here with their babies, one of whom, deserted by her husband, had walked eight miles with five children, a week after the youngest was born : she showed off her last effort with a maternal pride unchecked by the vicissitudes of life ! Next to her was a young woman of about twenty-seven, who had come in for the fourth time, "this time to stay," said the Matron, "her father and mother won't have her back any more." "Unmarried?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "her parents refuse to forgive her again." She had a cunning, hunted look, like a wild animal. The other inmates there were an old woman, evidently in charge of a little girl of three years and a baby. The little girl had a shower of golden curls round her head, and seemed happy as could be; picking up her skirts, she danced about the room singing, and repeating continually: "Daisy Bell, Daisy Bell, my name is Daisy Bell!"

"These poor tiny mites were brought in yesterday by a local policeman," said the Matron, "starving and deserted by their parents." It's a difficult world we live in, and we cannot fathom its secrets. While many have empty, childless arms from which their treasures have been torn, here are the world's children thrust back on the taxed ratepayer—the unwanted of our community, Daisy Bells with light hearts and tripping feet, children born with happy faces and deserving of happier conditions. Daisy Bell did not realise there were pitying eyes looking on. What had been the history of her short life outside? Who knows? The child laughed and sang, the happiest soul in all that big house, and it was comforting to see this ray of joy there.

We then went through a sort of yard to the hospital.

A poor half-witted creature was bemoaning the loss of his concertina. I ventured to think some one, not so musically inclined, had taken an opportunity of ridding himself of the sounds he disliked, for the fact remained—the instrument was missing. The Matron called him, and he at once sang us the verse of a hymn. I could not look at his poor twisted and distorted features; the words were what he aimed at even in his weakness, but they seemed an irony of his troubled life. On the ground floor of the hospital several convalescents stood round a fire, and on a bed in the corner we also saw a poor cripple, afflicted with fits, weeping to get out of bed, but kept there because of his enfeebled condition.

An old man we had remarked toiling painfully to the workhouse several days previously, we found standing with this group, evidently quite at home. He was one of the many who are forced by circumstances into the house during the winter months, and prefer the freedom of tramping when the weather permits, and so accepted the position here contentedly.

One more staircase we mounted, and this seemed the saddest place we had visited. It was not the site, nor the bareness, that made it mournful, for a canary piped its little song cheerily and filled it with music; but we saw a poor woman, a lady by birth, who had lain very ill and suffering from an internal tumour for ten years.* Three years ago I had seen her lying there, and then vainly hoped her sufferings were nearly done. Here she was, still dying so slowly that to her it must have seemed a lifetime to accomplish.

In a corner, by the singing bird, was a bright-faced young woman with a pleasant smile, and the beautiful red hair of that burnished gold colour which some fashionable beauties cultivate artificially. But pain was always her portion: rheumatic gout had entirely crippled her hands. They were like stumps, but still she worked on. She gave me a book-marker with "God is love" on it —a pathetic object-lesson to me of the patience and submission of some of God's children. Another worker was making cotton gowns for inmates, and appeared interested in her occupation, though also suffering.

I had now seen everything, and this walk through the workhouse suggested many reflections. Some of its inmates, no doubt, had been brought to want by their own folly, but, alas! many who had toiled patiently all their lives were there also, and from no fault of their own. What a world it was in itself, and how tragic many of the histories of the men and women I had seen, distinct individualities whose opportunities for any occupation in life, save passive existence or sullen endurance, had now passed away. I felt inclined, like the Disciple, to ask: "Did this man sin or his parents?"

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* I offered to send this poor forlorn sufferer to the London Hospital and pay all her expenses, but the doctors said she could not stand an operation. Are there not visitations worse than death?

My object in writing this brief article is to record the impressions which have been gathered on many occasions in different workhouses, and, in describing what I also observed in the last visit to a "House" in my own neighbourhood, to suggest where it appears to me the existing system might be improved, and the lot of the better class of inmates, whom misfortune and sickness have placed in this position, ameliorated.

For those who have only dull monotony for companionship, some glimmering of light from the outside world might oftener reach them and uplift their tired hearts to the true heavenly haven of rest where many would fain find solace. As for the young, it is no place for them; and, with such examples as the homes of Dr. Barnardo's children before us, I cannot help believing that the boarding system is infinitely preferable; indeed, I trust the day is not far distant when there will not be a child in any workhouse in England.

For the better-class men and women who come to dire poverty, and die outside in destitution rather than go into these places, I would advocate more almshouses,* directed on the most simple system.

Very desirable also does it seem that a way be found of separating the imbeciles and those whose vices have brought them directly to poverty, from the persons who have, through no fault of their own but merely by the force of circumstance, want of money, or lack of friends, come to be inmates. These most unfortunate persons, with whom all must sympathise, should receive special consideration, and not be put with those whose presence must necessarily be distressing and distasteful to them. To people of refinement a whitewashed wall is no source of unhappiness, but to be always surrounded by persons of weak intellect, imbeciles whose deformities make them loathsome, and with those who are suffering, is nothing short of a living death.

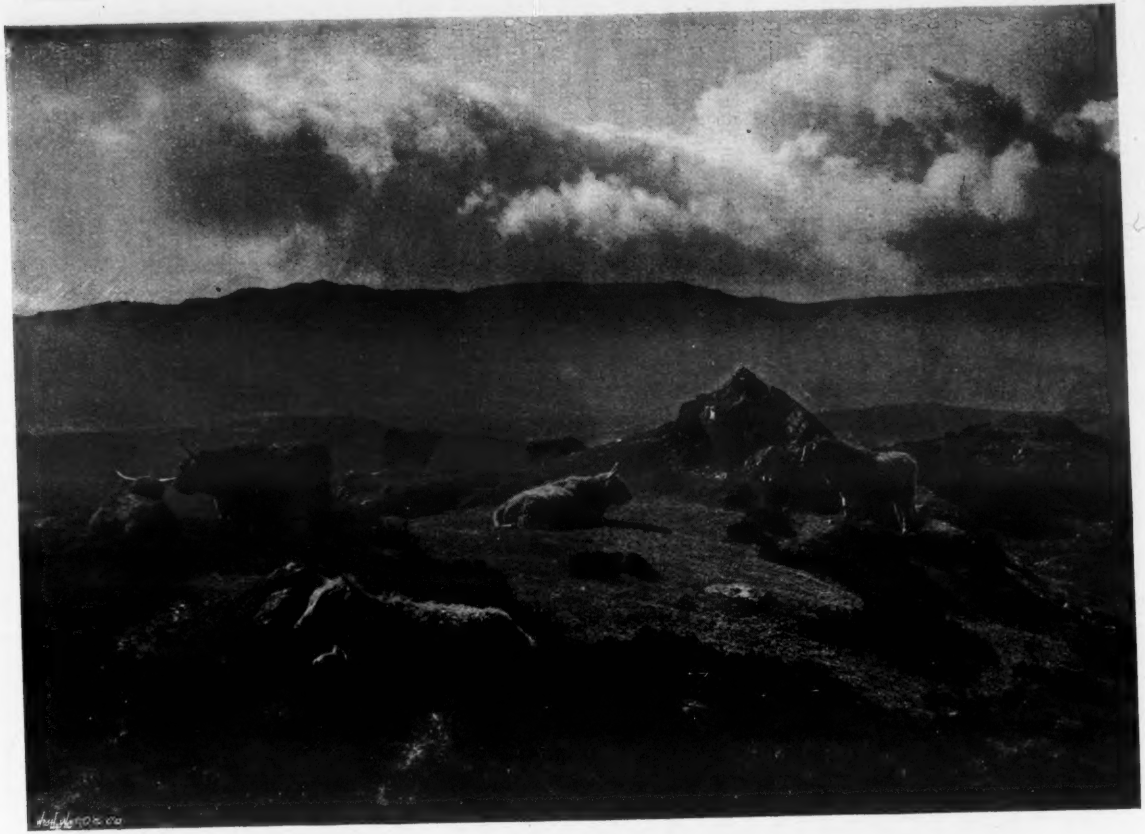
Again, "The light of heaven is of God's own giving." Therefore, can it not be enjoyed even in a workhouse? But the windows open rarely except into dingy sunless courtyards, whence no possible distraction from their immediate surroundings can be derived.

The mentally afflicted and other suffering and sick persons require the attention of paid nurses, who can to some extent alleviate their miseries and see to their bodily comforts. This is the full extent of the benefits we can confer on *them*, and it is our simple duty to see that it is done. The intelligent co-operation of philanthropists whose aim is to disseminate happiness, as well as to bestow board and lodgings, would bring a fund of suggestion to bear on the subject, and, doubtless, that discretion which does not refuse to seek in new methods for ways by which the present unfortunate and wholesale treatment might be avoided. I am convinced that this co-operation would result in unspeakable benefit to a much-to-be-pitied, poverty-stricken class, and, by calling the willing and the rich to our aid, we might, at least, make trial of less stereotyped regulations; and though the trial would involve perseverance, and perhaps more than one failure, with the blessing of God, success, in the form of increased comfort and well-being to thousands, would, in the end, crown our efforts.

* EXTRACT FROM *TIMES*, FEB. 1, 1898

AN ARTIST'S MODELS

At Penge, yesterday, M—— C——, described as an artist, of no fixed home, was charged with sleeping outdoors without visible means of subsistence. Prisoner, an elderly woman of refinement and education, brought into court several bundles, including a portfolio of her own drawings. She carried two cats under her cloak. It appeared that at midnight on Wednesday she was found sleeping on a doorstep at Minden Road, Anerley. She was charged with a similar offence on Wednesday and discharged.—Prisoner said she had exhibited at the Royal Academy, but was now homeless. She was a widow, and had no friends in the neighbourhood.—The Bench sentenced her to four days' imprisonment.—Prisoner: "Don't take away my little cats from me. They are my models for my paintings."



HIGHLAND CATTLE

(Reproduced from an untouched photograph taken by Fred MacKenzie, Esq. Lenzie)

THE DOG AS THE AVENGER

By BERNARD JONES

IF I were to begin to write about dogs which have taken revenge upon their masters' enemies for injuries which they had done them, I should be a long time coming to the end of my stories. For most dogs, when they have failed to protect, find comfort in retaliation. So I am now going to speak only of those which have avenged their master's *murder* and out of these, only of a few.

The first on record is, do not be surprised, one of the dog-stars. Its name on earth was Mœra, and it belonged to Icarius, who was killed one day by some drunken shepherds. The dog discovered who the miscreants were to Erigone the dead man's daughter, and—after they had been duly punished by Hercules—the maiden hanged herself, and the deities in compassion raised her to the sky as the constellation Virgo, and to keep her company they turned Mœra into the star Canicula.

Then after a long interval of time—for it is a far cry from the days of Hercules to those of Hardicanute—and passing by inferior dogs, we come to a most historic hound, for, if the tradition be true, it was really the cause of the first invasion of Britain by the Danes.

Lothbroke was a Danish prince (the father by the way of Humber and Hubba, whose names always come as a boon and a blessing to the child-student of history), who, having one day put to sea in a small craft with only his dog for crew, was blown by a storm upon the coast of Norfolk. Edmund, who was a mighty hunter, was at that time King of the East Angles, and he received the distinguished castaway with honour, and "perceiving his singular dexterity and activity in hawking and hunting, bore him particular favour." This made Berick the King's falconer so jealous, that one day when they were out hawking alone together he killed the prince and concealed the corpse. But Lothbroke's dog remained by the body, only leaving it now and again to go to the court, "fawning upon the King and dismally entreating him to follow." This at last the King did, accompanied by his wicked falconer, and the faithful hound led him to the body of Lothbroke, and, having thus revealed the murder, at once attacked the murderer Berick.

"Inquisition was made, and by circumstance of words and other suspicions, Berick the King's falconer was pronounced to be the murderer." By Edmund's orders he was set adrift in the same boat that had brought Lothbroke to England, and as it happened, the wind blew it back again to Denmark, where it was at once recognised by the natives, and its occupant put to the torture. To save his life, Berick denounced King Edmund as Lothbroke's murderer, "and this"—says Wanley in his "Wonders of the Little World"—"was the first occasion of the Danes' invasion of this land."

If children at school had interesting "facts" like these told them, they would learn history much more pleasantly and quickly than they do. After hearing the story of Lothbroke's dog once, only once, no child I fancy would fail to answer the question, "Why did the Danes invade Britain?"

And though the dog has really nothing to do with the paper I am writing, it will help some young people, and some "grown-ups" for the matter of that, to another important epoch-making fact in the same agreeable way; for tradition alleges that the cause of the first quarrel between the Picts and the Scots was—a dog. When Carthlyntus (never mind when) was King in Scotland, he entertained a number of Pictish sportsmen at a great hunting, and the visitors repaid his hospitality by stealing the pick of his pack of hounds, including the King's own favourite deerhound. The keeper of this hound, on missing his charge after the departure of the guests, pursued the Picts, and on coming up with them tried to take the dog, but,

> One hastie man that stood him near hard by,
> Drew out ane knife, that was of metal gude,
> *And stickit him.*

An outcry was raised; the country-side was up, and hearing what had occurred the borderers attacked the Picts, of whom they killed a hundred losing themselves

> Sixty Scots that were men of gude.

Such is the story as told by Boece, in Latin in 1527, and translated a few years later by Stewart, in his "Buick of the Chronicles of Scotland."

And now to return to the dogs of murdered masters. Passing from the dogs of invading Danes and marauding Picts to those of the Norman ballad, we come to Truelove, the hound of Sir Roger, and it is well worth remarking here in passing, that this dog, just like Gelert, is evidently only one of a "genus." There have been "Gelerts" and "Trueloves" and "Trays" all the world over and from all time, written or told of in every language from China to Peru, and each of them (a hero no doubt itself) is after all only the written or spoken symbol for that endlessly "recurring decimal," the heroic dog.

Truelove, the "greyhound" of the good Sir Roger, accompanies his master when he sets out to personally conduct the Queen of Aragon, the wife of King Arcad, across the frontier of the Kingdom, whence she has been banished in consequence of the machinations of Sir Marrock, the king's steward. The little party is treacherously waylaid and attacked. The Queen escapes, but Sir Roger is slain, in spite of the valiant efforts of Truelove. And when the knight is dead,

> His good hound for weal nor woe
> Would not from his master go
> But lay licking his woundis:
> He meant to have helped him again,
> Thereto he did all his main,
> *Great kindness is in houndis.*
>
> * * * *
>
> Seven year, so God me save
> Keepèd he his master's grave
> Till that he waxed old.

—the grave he himself had dug for his master. Then at the end of the seven years he goes to the King's palace and strangles Sir Marrock.

> The steward by the throat he hent;
> The hound wreaked his master's death.

The old metrical historian does not tell us why he delayed his vengeance for so long. The King and the Court wonder at his conduct, but they follow the dog.

> They found Sir Roger in his grave
> As whole as he was laid.

They exhume his body and rebury it with great pomp, and Truelove takes his place upon the new grave, and remains there till he dies.

So to the Crusades and to "Leo."

The young knight Sir Ralph de Sudley had fought in Palestine under Cœur-de-Lion and, by many deeds of valour, had won honour of the King, and when Duke Conrad fell a victim to one of the emissaries of "the Old Man of the Mountain," he had volunteered to go and punish that dreaded Sheikh: to beard him in his fortress, the "Vulture's Nest," and extirpate the sect of the Assassins, of which he was chief. The enterprise however came to nothing, but the fiery language of the youthful warrior gave his family and the King bitter cause for regret later on.

On his return from the Holy Land, Sir Ralph fell in love with the Lady Elianore, daughter of his friend and neighbour, the Baron de Botecourt, and being young, handsome and famous, the course of love ran smoothly enough. The day of the wedding was fixed, and King Richard and his Queen had promised to grace the festivities with their presence.

Now Sir Ralph's castle and that of the Baron were within such easy distance of each other, that it was the knight's custom to ride on his visits to his lady love unattended, except by his faithful hound Leo, and to return at night in the same careless fashion. One evening he had left the Baron's gate only a few minutes, when Leo's voice was heard in furious baying, and presently the hound came rushing back over the drawbridge, and bearing in his mouth a bloodstained fragment of cloth of curious oriental fabric and pattern. The Lady Elianore at once divined that a tragedy had occurred, and calling to the hound flew down the avenue. The Baron and others followed, and soon came upon the unhappy girl outstretched in a swoon by the corpse of her gallant lover. He had been stabbed in the back with a dagger of Eastern make, left deep-planted in the wound, that bore on the hilt the words *Accipe Hoc:* "Take this." The Old Man of the Mountain had a long memory and an arm as long.

Sir Ralph was buried on the day that should have seen him wedded, and the Lady Elianore, accompanied by Leo, paid daily visits to his tomb in the Abbey church.

Two years had passed and brought no clue to the assassin, except the fragment of cloth and the dagger. But one morning as the pious lady was leaving the church, a deep growl from Leo attracted her attention. Two swarthy strangers, in the dress of foreign merchants, had come in and were standing beside the tomb; one of them seemed to be in the act of pointing out and translating to the other the inscription which it bore. As every passing stranger visited the Abbey, and always looked specially at the Crusader's tomb, Lady Elianore would have thought nothing of the occurrence, had not Leo's conduct held her riveted to the spot. The hound was stealthily approaching the two men, every hair on his back bristling, but silent as a shadow, and then he came up to them, and with one fierce yell of long pent up fury, he flew at the throat of one of the men, and pulled him to the ground. The other turned to fly, but the Sacristan at the door arrested him. Then it was found that both of them were wearing, under their European clothes, the costume of the East, and that the man upon whom Leo had flown with such fury had the scar of a deep bite upon his arm. The aliens confessed their crime. They were, they said, emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountain, and he with the scar (where Leo two years before had seized him) was the actual assassin of Sir Ralph. They were hanged upon "the summit" of the Baron's castle, and Leo, as if his life's work was accomplished and he had nothing further to live for, pined away and died.

The mention of the Duke Conrad's name, and the words *accipe hoc*, take the mind back at once to Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," and to Roswal, the dog-hero of the story. The hound is left alone to guard the banner of England, while his master, Prince David of Scotland, deserts his post in order to meet his lady-love. While he is away Conrad carries off the banner and all but kills Roswal. Better for him had he made quite sure and killed the hound outright. For Roswal lives to bring Conrad to his death. He recognises the Duke, and tears him off his charger as he passes by at a grand review of the army, which is got up by King Richard on purpose to test the hound's sagacity. Conrad has to fight Prince David and is wounded. It is while lying ill of his wounds that he is murdered, with the words *accipe hoc*, by an emissary of the Assassin Chief.

Richard was half inclined to make Conrad fight with the hound, and, on the King of France protesting, he reminds him that in France such a duel had actually taken place, and that a murderer who had been discovered by a dog had been made to fight with it.

Scott's reference here is of course to Dragon, the famous "Dog of Montargis," or "Aubri's dog" as it is sometimes called, and combining the various versions of this notable story, the following may be taken as complete.

Captain Aubri de Montdidier was one day in the forest of Bondi with his dog Dragon—said in one narrative to have been "an English bull-dog"—when he was waylaid and murdered, and his body buried under a tree. The dog kept watch on the grave of his master, till, compelled by hunger, he went for food to the house of one of his master's friends. The fact of his arriving alone and the singularity of his conduct, provoked suspicion of foul play or accident. The friend followed the dog, which led him to a spot in the forest where Dragon, with most melancholy howls, began to scratch at the soil. Help was obtained and the body of the murdered man brought to light.

Some time later (the dog having meanwhile attached himself to his master's friend) Dragon accidentally met the Chevalier Macaire, an acquaintance of his late master, and at once assailed him, and with such ferocity that he was with difficulty prevented from strangling him. But the matter passed.

Subsequently however the dog and the Chevalier met on various occasions, and Dragon's conduct was so implacable and fierce that attention was drawn to it, and people, beginning to talk, reminded one another that Aubri and Macaire had not been the best of friends. Details of their enmity collected round the first suspicions, and the dog showing no signs of abating resentment, the matter came at last to the ears of the king, Louis VIII., who ordered the dog and the man to be brought before him.

Dragon seemed a dog of the utmost amiability with all the court, but on Macaire arriving was transformed at once into a demon of ferocity, and the Chevalier had to retire in order to let the dog recover its temper.

This was the epoch of ordeal by battle, and the King gave orders that Macaire should meet his accuser in single combat, for it was now common knowledge that Dragon had gone with his master into the forest on the day that Aubri was murdered, had been seen on the grave, had gone to his master's friend for food, had led him to the forest and discovered the corpse, and taking notice of nobody else, had thereafter always tried to kill Macaire wherever he met him. The lists were appointed in the Isle de Notre Dame, then an unenclosed, unbuilt upon space. Macaire's weapons were a club and a shield, while the dog was provided with a barrel in which he might take refuge if too hard beset, or retire to during the intervals of the fight to recruit his breath. But Dragon found no use for the barrel. He began and continued the fight with one idea only, to kill his antagonist, and displayed such an extraordinary sagacity in his tactics that his design was obvious to the human onlookers. He allowed Macaire to exhaust himself with futile efforts, and patiently awaiting his opportunity, saw his adversary's enfeebled arm fall by his side, and then taking him by the throat, bore him to the ground. Macaire cried out for help, confessed his guilt, and was beheaded on the spot.

This story is commemorated in the pages of Julius Scaliger and Montfauçon and by a *basso relievo*, representing a dog fighting with an officer, still to be seen on a mantelpiece in the grand hall of the Chateau of Montargis in the Orléannais. Among the plays founded on these incidents is the melodrama "The Forest of Bondi," and Dickens in his "Uncommercial Traveller" gives a humorous description of an English version of it which he saw acted in the provinces.

And here a concluding reference may be made to the story told by Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, of the yeoman who came not as usual to the king's hunting, and the king having a favour towards that yeoman, happened on returning from the chase to pass his homestead, and gave orders to inquire why he had been absent. And the wife came to the door and told her story. And then the dog came to the door and told quite another. For it led the knights of the court to a new furrow in the field, and stopping at a certain spot, howled dismally. They turned up the earth and found the yeoman dead. Then the woman confessed that she had murdered and buried him.

"And," says the chronicler, "those who would do such murder should see well and beware that no dog seeth them do it."

THE TERRA-COTTAS OF TANAGRA

By THOMAS SULMAN

> Mais toi qui sus fixer dans la rustique argile
> La frêle émotion du plus doux sentiment,
> Si bien, qu'après vingt des siècles, tendrement
> Je vois se dénouer cette amoureuse idylle.
>
> A. GERARDIN.

THE workings of the human imagination come always to surprise, are never entirely explicable, and are often very transient. The artist appears unexpectedly, in a *milieu* perhaps without distinction, his creative gift his only credential. He displays his enchanting capacity, perhaps kindles in some of his fellows equally delightful gifts, then after a too brief career departs, and his inspiration with him.

What was there in that little Bœotian town of Tanagra, in the second half of the fourth century B.C., to inspire a school of anonymous artists, whose exquisite terra-cottas are the gems of every museum of Europe to-day? The melilot and wild thyme were no sweeter there than in a hundred fields and vales of Hellas: the women were no fairer. The clay was excellent, but had no magic in it. As

CONFIDENCES

(British Museum)

far as we know, no deity had a shrine there. Of its streams,

> There are a thousand such elsewhere
> As worthy of your wonder.

Like Yarrow, its fame was the gift of the human fancy alone.

And how long its charm lay hidden! It was only in the winter of 1873 that some tombs discovered by chance were found to contain numerous statuettes which had evidently been placed round the dead at interment twenty-two centuries ago. The graves were partly cut in the rock, partly built up with masonry, plastered and stuccoed within. They were part of an extensive necropolis of which since 1873 many thousands of graves have been opened. In Bœotia at this period both burial and cremation were practised; but in each case the figurines stood closely round the remains or were placed in baskets or vases beside them. Many were perfect, more were in fragments. No adequate explanation has yet been given of this remarkable funeral custom. Honour or consolation to the dead is implied by it. In other parts of Greece and its colonies painted vases were similarly deposited in the tombs. Prehistoric statuettes have been found at Corinth, Smyrna, and Cyprus. Dr. Schliemann found them at Hissarlik. It was an ancient custom in Egypt and Chaldea to place such small figures under the foundations of temples and pylons, symbolical, it is thought, of still earlier human sacrifices. But these are so different in style from those of Tanagra that they throw no light upon them. The latter form a school of art by themselves as naive, arch, and winning as they are varied and lovely.

Tanagra was on the high road north-east from Athens to Thebes —about thirteen miles east of the latter. Bœotia had one great era, under Epaminondas; otherwise it had a character for rustic stupidity.

The height of the Tanagra figures varies from three inches to ten or twelve inches. They are not true pottery, have no kaolin in their composition, but are simply baked clay (terra-cotta = burned earth). Nor are their glazes truly ceramic; that is, the firing has not been hot enough to form a true vitreous glaze. They were partly cast in moulds, partly modelled with tools. The features and hair were skilfully hand-worked. The heads, fans, and sometimes the arms were

GRACIEUSETÉ

(British Museum)

moulded separately and attached before firing. So many have been found with the heads broken off, that it is necessary to warn the student that the modern workmen who unearthed them have in many cases fitted them with the wrong heads. It has even been suggested that they were purposely broken on interment as symbolic sacrifices, but of this there is no real evidence. They vary greatly in style. From their immense numbers they must have been very cheap. Many of them have been delicately coloured: the flesh with a glaze of tender warmth, the lips crimson; the eyes blue, the hair golden or chestnut; and the necklaces and earrings gilt. The draperies are coloured blue, pink, and white, sometimes with gold fringes. But their greatest charm is their engaging natural attitudes, the freshness of their motive, and their suggestiveness of youthful grace and beauty. The eye passes from one to another refreshed by their variety and *gracieuseté*.

Surely woman's dress was never so beautiful as among the Greeks, and certainly in no clime or time was it ever simpler. These terra-cottas fully express its charm and grace; they even give the sense of each textile fibre in the character of its folds.

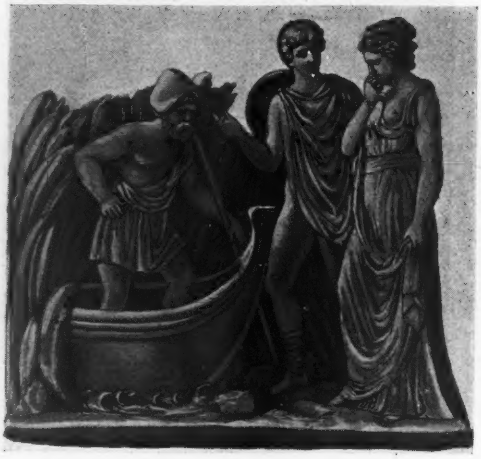
The Spartan women adopted the simplest of styles; with them the principal garment was the *chiton*, a plain, sleeveless, light dress of fine wool or linen, falling to the feet, open on one side and linked together with studs. It was fastened on one or both shoulders with brooches or clasps, leaving the right arm quite free. Round the waist or at the hips the *chiton* was tied by a ribbon or girdle; and the dress was shortened by pulling the lower part through it. The goddess Artemis wears a *chiton* shortened to the knees, and was buskined for the chase. The Ionian *chiton* was closed at the sides and had sleeves. In Attica two girdles were often worn, one at the waist and the other at the hips, giving Greek sculptors opportunity to display their exquisite skill in drapery in treating the creases of the intermediate folds. Above the *chiton* came the *diploidion*, a square piece of stuff, doubled, passing under the left arm, and fastened on each shoulder by a clasp. Over all came the *peplos*, a large thin shawl, never clasped or buttoned, but worn loose; a garment of exquisite grace, endless in intricacy of fold. Sometimes the terra-cottas show it drawn over the head, as in wet weather or for mourning; sometimes it is wound twice round the body, but generally it is a veil or a shawl. All the goddesses wear it. In its corners the women sewed little bits of metal to make those delightful folds or pleats.

THE GAME OF ASTRAGALUS

(British Museum)

"The women of Bœotia are the most beautiful of Greece, for their height of stature, pose, and the rhythm of their attitudes; they have a fashion of wearing their peplos round their faces like a mask." But as they wore the delicate "tissue of air" their features were seen through it, and the modellers of Tanagra were skilful in expressing fabric transparency.

How far off, and yet how intimate, seems that old Greek life! On the one hand, we, perhaps, forget that it was a régime of cruel slavery. In Attica the slaves far outnumbered the freemen. The slaves in the Laurium silver mines worked three hundred and sixty days in each year, and seldom lived three years. Even Aristotle seems unable to conceive a society which did not rest upon slavery. Again, the unstable political conditions rendered it possible for women of noble birth to become the spoil of war. And yet there are aspects in which the modernism of it startles us, just as the conversation of the Syracusan gossips in the famous Idyll XV. of Theocritus does. It is *genre* of the most naive and frank domesticity.



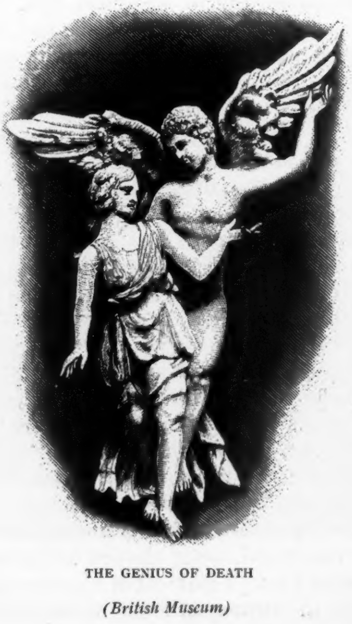
HERMES, CHARON AND THE SOUL

(South Kensington)

How far away seems the mystic cult of Demeter and Persephone! The women of Bœotia celebrated their austere rites in honour of the archaic myth. Demeter is the fruitful mother earth, Kore the seed placed in her fecund bosom: hence their inseparable union. They were honoured under the name of the "great goddesses." The funereal character of their worship arose from the figure that, as the seed corn is buried, so we place in the kind earth the relics of our own loved ones.

The Eleusiniæ, as the great secret celebration of every fourth year was called, took place at Eleusis, nine or ten miles west of Athens. Thither the women and priests brought the statue of Iacchus, crowned with myrtle, shouting the while their mystic hymns, and waving torches in frenzied dance. Halfway on the road the pilgrims were attacked with gross jokes and licence, commemorating the insults offered to the sorrowing mother herself, when in her great grief she sought her daughter Proserpine. Thirty thousand people are said to have been present on one occasion, though the initiated were perhaps always few. The mysteries commenced on the second day, in the great temple, smoking with sacrifice and incense. Then followed purifications of the novitiates, admonitions, threats of death to the betrayers of the sacred rites. The ground trembled, feigned lightnings flashed, phantoms and spectres rose, the chains and shrieks of the lost in Tartarus were heard.

A voice sounded: "Far from hence be the profane, the impious, and all those whose souls are polluted with guilt!" Slowly these terrors faded, the daylight returned, the temple groves reappeared, songs broke forth, and the statue of the goddess was again unveiled. The initiated preserved as sacred relics the robes they had worn, and sewed parts of them into their children's clothes. The firm belief of antiquity was that the noblest urgencies were uttered by the hierophant: reverence for the Deity, absolute repentance, and consecration to a nobler life. Demeter willed it so. Cicero says: "Much that is divinely excellent, it seems to me, Athens has preserved, but none better than these mysteries, by which we are formed and moulded from a rude savage life to humanity. In them we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not only to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope."* *Sursum corda!* Thoughts



THE GENIUS OF DEATH

(British Museum)

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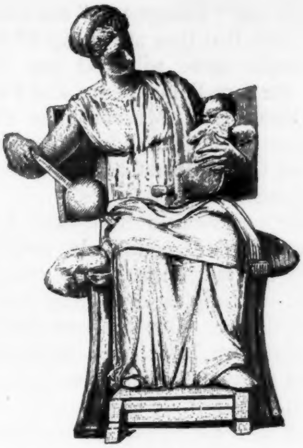
* Mahaffy's "Social Life in Greece."



NYMPH AND CUPID

(St. Petersburg)

such as these rise in us while we gaze at these ravishing terra-cottas. These relics of human affection seem so fresh from their moulds that it is with difficulty we realise that twenty-two centuries have passed since they were laid from the light of day in Tanagran tombs, that eyes which last looked on them have been quenched in the dust of two millenniums.

The subjects of these clay sketches are of the simplest. Coleridge has said that a picture is a thought and a fact; these are more thoughts than facts. Here a dear girl is fastening her sandal while she motions to an unseen companion beside her. Here again is a resting nymph of seventeen years; she has been dancing and is still gay with her exertion, but has drawn again her peplos veil round her shoulders and retaken her fan. In another model two girls have been playing ball; the victor is being carried pick-a-back to enforce a forfeit.

In another, we see a stately muse with face uplifted in contemplation skyward. The grace of their attitudes, the charm of their youthful features, and the perfection of the folds of their draperies are beyond all praise. Their living, lissome forms are seen beneath their modest robes.

The love of the Greeks for daylight and their horror of the shades made the ceremonies at death very affecting. The women of the home washed the body and bathed it with perfumes. It was then laid on a bier crowned with flowers in the doorway of the house, the whole family sobbing with paroxysmal grief, in traditional rhythms of despair. On the next day the corpse was carried to the pyre, and when the flames had done their work the ashes were placed in an urn and carried to the village cemetery.

But when the adieux had been said, the funeral repast eaten, when the stele had been erected, the lost one was not forgotten. They thought that in the kingdom of Hades he had still need of human love. Again and again his loved ones returned with crowns, fruits, and lecythi full of perfumes, and poured out libations of black wine which they felt descended to the shades beneath.

One of the pictures on page 408 represents a dying girl brought by Hermes to old Charon's boat on the austere, reedy banks of Styx. She stands finger on lip, reluctant to leave all she loves. Hermes, who has a red chlamys and his petasus on his shoulders, is calming her; even the stern boatman is for once gracious. One remembers the Greek epitaph: "Stranger, do you ask who is the unfortunate here underground, whose parents have hidden her from the light of day? You shall know. I was

MUSE

(British Museum)

called by the gracious name of Olympia. I am the daughter of Petrocles; my mother is Olympias. When I had to tread the fatal path I was only fourteen years old. Virgin, instead of the nuptial bed I have obtained this tomb."

Death and mournful subjects are, however, infrequent. Here, for instance, is a group of girls at a fountain. Nowhere are there so many or so famous springs as in Hellas. They leap from the clefts of the marble mountains, glitter amongst the parnassus grass, till they form founts at each village end. And peeping in at twilight each house-maiden thought she saw in the crystal depth, not the reflection of her own homely face, but the eyes and smile of an immortal nymph. Here the girl-lets are idle; two of them have been playing at osselets, and the rest, with embracing arms, are keenly watching the game.

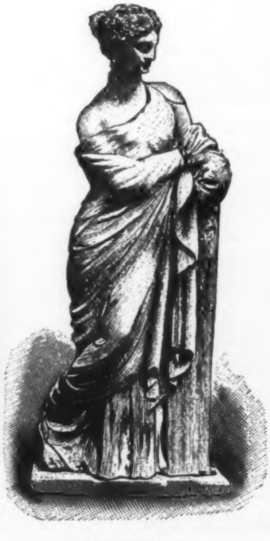
Yonder is a little rosy boy in his winter cloak. Who would not like to be eavesdropper at the conversation on p. 406. If their talk is as bewitching as their pose it is enough. But I think we can guess at their fascinating secrets. Eros and Hymen inspire them, but the telling has lasted already two thousand years. But we have said enough. At the British Museum, at South Kensington, at the Louvre, at Berlin, you will find others just as charming.

Though the "Tanagrettes" are numerous, do not think that they are cheap to-day. A small single figure will cost you £50 or £60. For a reclining Venus and Cupids at South Kensington Museum the directors gave £275 10s. But admirable reproductions from English and Continental museums can be bought for 20s. to 30s.

Similar terres-cuites have been found in other parts of Greece, in Italy, and in Asia Minor. The fashion may have spread from Tanagra. Examples even may have been exported thence. But it is very certain that at the date we have been speaking of a school of artists of remarkable charm existed in that distant hillside town.

It was, in some respects, not unlike in its naturalism to the school of Dutch painting in the seventeenth century A.D. But the difference between Holland and Attica! Perhaps the hidden sweetness of the art of former days lies in the deeply-felt continuity of our human fate—birth, love, sorrow, and death:

> In the primal sympathy,
> Which having been must ever be;
> In the soothing thoughts that spring
> Out of human suffering;
> In the faith that looks through death;
> In thoughts that bring the philosophic mind.



MEDITATION

(British Museum)

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JUNE

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—Acts xxiv. 16

FIRST SUNDAY

I WOULD speak to you about conscience—what is its proper office, and how it may be kept faithful to its duty. There are other aspects of it which the philosophical student has properly to deal with, as, *e.g.*, whether conscience is a separate faculty or only a special operation of reason, and also how it originated, or if it was an essential part of human nature from the first. These are interesting questions, offering plenty of room for nice and subtle thought. But it is the practical, not the speculative, view of it at which I propose now to look. I am not concerned with the philosophical problems it may suggest, but only with its right direction and its due authority for the well-ordering of our lives.

Conscience has been called "the voice of God in the soul of man," and that certainly is what it ought to be. Yet it does not always speak when God would have it speak, nor does it always say what He would have it say. It should tell us clearly what is right, and too often it fails to do so. It should warn us against wrong, and not seldom it is silent. It sometimes gives an uncertain sound, and occasionally one that is most certainly false. Altogether, it is not so simple a matter as some are fain to think. We say a man has a good conscience when the monitor leaves him at peace without any sting or rebuke; yet that may be only because it is neglecting its duty, which is about the worse kind of conscience we could have. We also speak of another as having a bad conscience, when we only mean that there is something which burdens it, some unrepented wrong, because of which it fills him with trouble and alarm; and such a conscience is very much better than the other which we are fain to call good. A really bad conscience is one that fails in its office, that is either blunted or warped so that it cannot be relied on, but leaves us without moral guidance, or, perhaps, even leads us astray. That is not a very uncommon thing. One man, *e.g.*, makes conscience of things with which conscience has properly nothing to do, exalting the most trivial matters to the level of moral obligations; and he runs no small risk of tolerating the most real evils, while he is troubled about fictitious sins, and labours at unbidden duties. So the old Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels," tithing mint and cummin while they "neglected righteousness, mercy, and truth." Again, some have a conscience which is highly sensitive to some offences, but strangely blunt to their own besetting sins. Just there where it ought to be specially alive, it is blind and deaf. They are careful, perhaps, to lead sober and cleanly lives, and abhor every sort of vicious indulgence, to which they are nowise naturally inclined, but they are utterly covetous, and have no qualms about indulging their greed of gold; or, on the other hand, they are free and generous with their money, but have no scruple about wine-bibbing and wantonness. Nay more, you may sometimes come across people to whose conscience wrong seems verily right, which they are bound, or at any rate free, to do. Was not revenge at one time counted for a virtue, which men followed even with a passionate devotion? Was not the proud, haughty spirit in like manner exalted, and nothing held so mean as "a meek and lowly heart"? Does not the zealot often think he is doing God service when he blackens an opponent's character, or persecutes his life? The child that is trained in crime comes ere long to have no conscience about lying and stealing, and even feels a certain satisfaction in the adroitness with which he does them. In all these cases people may have easy consciences, but assuredly they are not good; they are not the voice of God. Moreover, there is a kind of conscience which somehow is apt to be too late, and it is a cause of no small trouble, but of very little profit. For when temptation comes and evil opportunity, it is fain to go to sleep, and makes no effort to guide us in the right way; but afterwards, when the wrong has been done, it raises a clamorous outcry, and stings with vain regret and remorse. It fails to direct us in the path of duty, and only calls us to acts of repentance. It makes us sorry for the evil we have done, but does not make us strong to choose the right and eschew the wrong. There are many people with a conscience of that kind, whose whole life is spent in alternations of sinning and repenting, and who never put forth one honest endeavour to go straight in the way of duty. Truly there is little good to be got from a conscience like that which is always too late. The watch dog is not worth his meat who only barks when the thief has already robbed the house.

Clearly, then, whatever be the value of conscience, it is not an absolute unerring guide. It may be blunted or it may be warped; it may be silent when it should speak, and it may speak only when it is too late. A conscience of the Pharisee stamp, which multiplies scruples and diminishes duties, a conscience that guards against sins we are not much inclined to, but keeps no watchful eye on those that most easily beset us, or a conscience that has been so perverted as to think that wrong is right and to call evil good—such a conscience fails to do its appointed office, and clearly is not the voice of God in the heart of those men who have nothing better to tell them His will.

SECOND SUNDAY

But though conscience is subject to such irregularities that it cannot be implicitly relied on as, in all cases, a sufficient guide, we may not therefore set aside its authority or make light of its admonitions. It may fail us at some points, and even lead us astray at others, yet it is still capable of making moral distinctions and forming moral judgments. It is not a perfect instrument, but it is better than none. It may need to be quickened anew; it may need to be better instructed; but meanwhile it has to be obeyed unless we wish to get rid of its guidance altogether. The mariner knows that his compass does not point exactly to the true pole, and that it is liable to perturbations from various causes. But he does not therefore fling it away as if it had no help for him on the trackless sea and under the starless sky. It is the only guide he has, and what he has to do is to rectify it by the proper calculations, and make the necessary allowance for its defects. So it is also with conscience. It is subject to various aberrations, but we cannot do without it, for it is the only means we have in ourselves to know the path of right and duty. Yet it has to be adjusted to a higher and more certain law before we can wholly rely on it. That higher law is not in us, but in Christ. He is the universal conscience—the true voice of God in the heart of man.

Recognising, then, the right of conscience to rule over his life, and also its liability to err, Paul tells us that he "exercised himself to have a conscience void of offence." He did not take it for granted that things were all right because conscience did not sting him, for he was aware it might have been deadened, and so untrue to its office. Acknowledging, therefore, the moral supremacy of Jesus, he exercised himself in testing its verdicts by the example, and rectifying them by the precepts, of his Lord and Master. He had a certain moral susceptibility within himself, but the absolute moral law was not in him, but in Christ. Conscience, then, had to be brought into harmony with that perfect rule, had to be instructed and enlightened by it, and conformed to its ideal excellence, before it could be implicitly relied on. That was the first thing about which Paul exercised himself, and so must we. We must have our compass rectified. We must have a conscience that knows what is right, and is faithful to admonish us of duty; and the one unerring guide by which to adjust it is "the law of the new life in Christ Jesus." People often think that it is enough for them if they act as conscience enjoins them. But they have, first of all, to ascertain whether that is right which their conscience bids them do, and also whether it does not often quietly let them follow a path which God has strictly forbidden them to follow. We must exercise ourselves to make it true to its Lord, and faithful to its office.

Moreover, this exercise calls us not only to see that we have a reliable moral guide, but also to be careful that it is "void of offence." It may be a really good conscience, thoroughly up to its work, and also faithfully doing it; but if we neglect its admonitions and disobey its injunctions, it will not matter how excellent a monitor it is, or rather, the better it is, the more grievously it will be offended. The athlete who had to run or wrestle in the old games of Greece had to exercise himself, and keep his body constantly in hand, denying himself many indulgences, watching every symptom of weakness whether of wind or limb, resisting every temptation to sloth or ease, so as to have full command of his powers, and make sure that they would at once obey his will. I suppose it was to some such discipline of his moral nature that the Apostle referred when he spoke of exercising himself here. In order to have a conscience void of offence he felt the need of constant watchfulness and diligence and self-searching and self-denial to keep himself true to the high law of duty. For an offended conscience is apt to become a neglectful one, and to cease the monitions when they are not duly obeyed. "There was a law in his members, too, that warred against the law of his mind," and if he was not heedful it would surely lead him astray. That needed constant exercise, nor was he content merely to do right as he himself saw it. Paul remembered that "God is greater than our conscience," and that His searching eye can detect in us many a sin which our self-love is fain to overlook. So the Psalmist had sung long ago, "Who can understand his errors? O cleanse Thou me from secret faults and keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins." Thus the Apostle exercised himself to have a conscience void of offence. It will not do just to take life easily, and let it slip through our fingers, careless whether our hands are soiled with it or no. We must give all diligence to "depart from evil and do good;" and even when we have faithfully exercised ourselves for that end, we must still make it our prayer, "Search me, O Lord, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." That searching by the divine light is pretty certain to discover some evil way we had overlooked, and also our need of the true guide to lead us into the right path.

THIRD SUNDAY

Paul did not take his religion easily, then, as so many do, but exercised himself about it, striving to have a conscience that was true to its office, and also to live a life that was true to his conscience. Of course, in defending himself before the Roman Governor he could only make the briefest allusion to these things. But at least he would let Felix know that, instead of being the law-breaker he was accused of being, he was a man who took all pains to know what was right, and also to do it. That is the true Christian spirit, and should be in us as it was in him. It is not enough that our faith should bring us peace, freeing us from the load of past transgressions. The Gospel is not a moral anodyne for soothing the conscience, but a moral remedy for its thorough healing, to give it fresh life and power, and make it more conscious of sin, more faithful to duty, more earnest to find out, and to cast out, everything that defileth. The love of Christ should constrain us, not only to trust in His mercy, but also to keep His commandments.

But looking at the terms which Paul uses here, you might be led to think that after all it was only a negative kind of goodness he was aiming at. A true conscience is a true friend when it is obeyed, but it is a troublesome tenant when it is offended. Its approbation yields us very grateful emotions, but it is hard to bear its anguish of regret and remorse. Between these two states, however, there may be a midway which would content some people. They could do without the glow of moral self-approval, if they could just avoid the pain of conscious guilt and condemnation. Is that what Paul meant when he spoke of exercising himself to "have a conscience void of offence"? Did he only care to be delivered from its sting?

Certainly it is, at least, conceivable that one might give all diligence to correct every obvious fault, to get rid of every known blemish, to avoid every irregularity of conduct, and still he might come short of genuine moral worth, far short of that holy beauty which delights in the practice of virtue and goodness. One may be ready to deny himself many things in order to escape the penalties of wrong-doing, without having any real love for what is right. You may have seen at times, perhaps, what aimed at being a work of art—picture, or statue, or poem—which yet missed that nameless something without which it is not art, but only handicraft. In form, in colour, or in language it might be in its way blameless. It did not exactly offend any of the rules laid down for such productions, and the keenest critic could not put his finger on anything that was positively amiss with it. It was void of offence, after a sort, only it had not that which covers many offences—it had much painstaking work, but not a gleam of that genius by which the true artist lifts us up into an ideal world of glory and beauty. In like manner, it may perhaps be possible for a man to reach, by much painstaking, a kind of moral inoffensiveness so that we can see nothing exactly to find fault with him, though at the same time we can discover even less to thrill us with admiration of his noble qualities. That is, at least, a conceivable character, and it is probably all that can be attained by those who make it their chief business to watch and to correct their outward behaviour.

But that is not what Paul had in view when he laboured to have a conscience void of offence, nor is it what any Christian will think of aiming at. I have alluded to the "genius" which alone can give life and light to any work of art, and there is something akin to it which alone can transform and glorify character. Love may be called the genius of morality, because without it no amount of effort to get rid of defects or blemishes will ever yield any result but a kind of negative and mechanical propriety. A conscience that is only careful to be void of offence, in that sense, would truly offend in everything, for none of its actions would have the touch of spiritual beauty. But where love is it will even cover many offences, for we can overlook blemishes and shortcomings and failures when we can see clearly an effort to reach the highest ideal. It is the law of moral nature that wrong cannot be got rid of except by doing right—that evil can only be rooted up by putting good in its place—that the false must give place to the true, and that the impure heart can only be cleansed by filling it with sweet and chaste desires. But it is love alone that can work this kind of radical change. A wise and prudent man may for his own interest rectify much that is amiss in his conduct, and get in that way a conscience more or less at peace. But the love "that seeketh not its own" lifts us up into a higher world of beauties and joys which transcends that sort of easy content as much as the fruit of artistic genius transcends the product of mere laborious handicraft. We are not, then, on the right way to have "a good conscience" unless "the love of Christ is constraining us" to love God with all our heart, and to "love one another as He loved us," and to love all the ways of righteousness and peace.

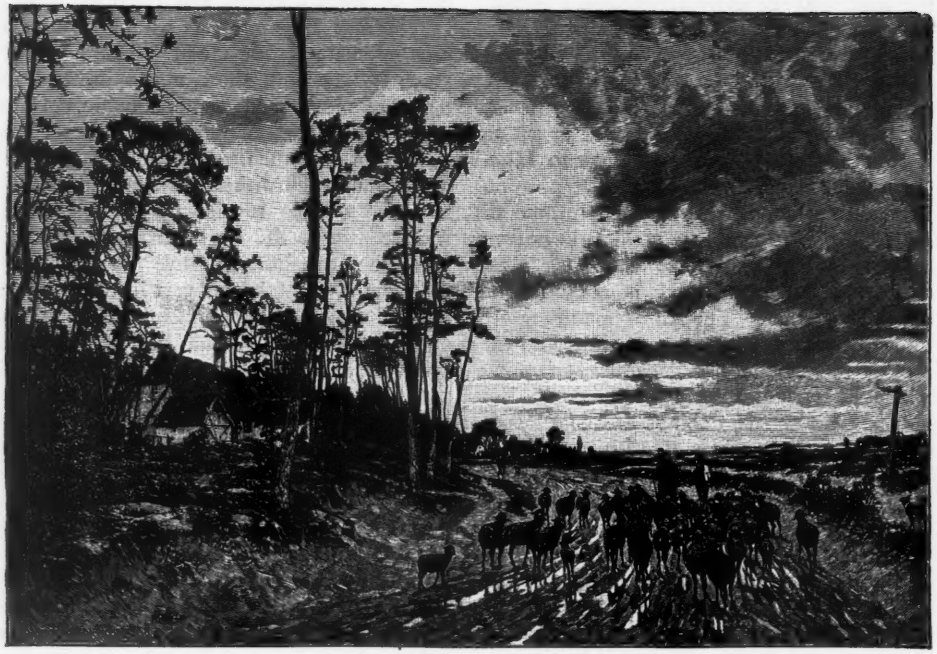
FOURTH SUNDAY

ENLIGHTENED and enlarged by love, then, there are two provinces in which conscience has to play its part. The one has respect to God, and the other to man, and these cover substantially the whole field of duty. Some, indeed, would add a third, and even a fourth—the one embracing what we owe to ourselves, as sobriety and prudence; and the other what belongs to the lower creation, as gentleness and kindness, which the humblest animal may claim at our hands. But these are only sub-divisions, and may be fairly ranked among the duties we owe either to God or man. A conscience really void of offence, then, in Paul's sense of it, is one that, through the action of love, is kept pure and clear as to all piety and all morality, all religious obligation and all human observance. We have no right to choose as between the two, for both are alike binding. We may not devote ourselves to the one, and hope thereby to compensate for failure in the other. Religion is little worth when it is separated from morality, and morality has no depth of root when it is sundered from religion. The two are joined together by a tie which may not be safely broken. What God has joined let not man put asunder. A good conscience is one that is "void of offence toward God and toward man."

Yet it is by no means uncommon to meet with people who do separate them to their own grievous hurt and damage. Some, *e.g.*, are mighty religious in their way, without being particularly moral—much given to praying and Sabbath-keeping, and devout exercises of all kinds, but not very distinguished for their truthfulness, or their honesty, or their sobriety, to say nothing of their charity. One side of their conscience is carefully seen to, while the other, to say the least, may be sadly overlooked. Again, there are others who take pains to live upright and pure and truthful and kindly lives, and to do all that they ought to do for their neighbours and themselves, but who never, apparently, take God into account, or act as if they had any relations of duty to Him. Living on His daily bounty, they give no heed of the good hand that giveth them all good, and there might be no God in heaven for anything they seem to care. In most cases, I admit, the divorce is not quite so absolute as that. The pious man is rarely altogether careless of common duty, and the strictly moral man has generally something which he is fain to call his religion. Yet substantially the two things are kept apart; and the one is devout without being dutiful, while the other is dutiful but nowise devout.

Now, if the question were Which of these two is the better man? I should certainly prefer the strictly moral man who has little or no religion to the very pious one who has little or no morality. There are, indeed, mysteries in our nature which should lead us, even in such a case, not to judge hastily, for sometimes the religious affections are called into play before the moral sense is awakened into proper activity, and the world of divine things breaks on the soul while yet our feet are entangled in the mire of sin. Still, on the whole, the devout man who is not very moral is less likely to be a true man than he who is strictly moral, but nowise godly. The morality is always a fact, but the religion may be only a pretence. I should expect the one to be at least sincere. I should suspect the other to be at least deceiving himself. So far the merely moral man is to be preferred to the merely religious one. But if the question be Which of them is right? I reply, Neither the one nor the other. We may not neglect the service of God because we are just and true in all our relations with our neighbours, still less may we be careless of mercy and truth because we are multiplying prayers and offerings. "These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the others undone." We should strive to have a conscience void of offence both towards God and also towards man.

At the present time, I think, the chief danger lies in the temptation to be satisfied with a mere beautiful morality. Religious doctrine, which was once made much of, is now of small account, and religious observances may be neglected with little or no loss of character or credit. There is not much inducement, therefore, to pretend to be more pious than we actually are. I do not suppose that the Pharisee is dead, but he is not in much repute, and one who would stand well with the world will hardly take the trouble to take up his rôle. He will be safe to drop religion, then, but he must be careful to "live soberly and righteously," to take his part in the popular philanthropies, and in general to guide his conduct by high-minded and honourable principles. What more can be required of him? Why should he trouble himself about anything else? Well, I daresay you may have, at one time or other, come across one who is scrupulously attentive to all the proprieties of social life, who never makes any mistakes about them, and never fails to say the right thing; and yet maybe you somehow cannot help feeling that he is not what is called a gentleman. The fine spirit, the chivalrous impulse, the delicate aroma he has not, and every now and then, by some passing touch, he makes it painfully manifest to you. Up to a certain point you can get on with him, but beyond that you feel that he will not be able to understand or sympathise with you. So it is also with him who seeks to have a conscience void of offence toward men, but not toward God. There may be much in him that is admirable. There is a sphere in which he conducts himself excellently, even beautifully. But there is a something wanting in him which should be there and is not, and by certain touches here and there you are made to feel that he is "of the earth, earthy." He goes along the road with you so far, but all that lies beyond he cannot at all enter into. There is much of human worth in him, but nothing properly divine, and as a result, even the virtues which he does possess come short of the richness and sweetness and fulness of the higher life in Christ. So let us exercise ourselves, then, to have a conscience void of offence because we love God with all our heart and our neighbour as ourselves. That is the end of all our striving, for Love is the fulfilling of the Law, and also the completeness of the Gospel. It began in the love of God, and it is perfected in the love of man.



MAY-MORNING RAIN

Oh sweet, oh sweet, oh sweet the Spring,
When angels make the world anew,
And gladness gleams from everything
Between the living green and blue;

And airs that breathed in Paradise
Blow draughts of life through shower and shine,
And the five gifts of sense suffice
To make mere consciousness divine!

Oh, fresh on leaf and blossom-flake
The rain of early morning glints;
It lies about in little lakes,
It fills the ruts and horseshoe prints;

With leaf and bloom its depths are lit—
How magically deep they seem!
A flock goes by: far down in it
Glide sheep and lambs as in a dream.

A sparrow comes, and bathes and drinks;
Wildly he flounces in his joy,
Breaks the clear glass, and little thinks
What fairy scenes his freaks destroy.

Yet who'd begrudge him? Off he flies!
And once again, most beautiful,
Leaf, blossom, clouds, and sunny skies
Are pictured in the little pool;

And, wandering in some fairy deep
Where grass is sweet and sweet the air,
I know the shepherd and his sheep
And bleating lambs are also there.

Geoffrey Winterwood.

SALT AND SOLDER

By Professor CRUM BROWN

SECOND PAPER

ALL that has been said about solution in water is also true for other solvents, and diagrams similar to that given for aqueous solution of saltpetre can be made for solutions of any solute in any solvent, with the obvious exception of cases where the substances act chemically on one another, in which cases, of course, the solute does not dissolve as such in the solvent.

Let us look at metallic tin as a solvent. The freezing point is 442° F. We usually speak of this as the melting-point of tin, because we are more familiar with tin in the solid than in the liquid state. It is the temperature at which solid and liquid tin are in equilibrium, just as 32° F. is the temperature at which solid and liquid water are in equilibrium. As water with a little salt dissolved in it freezes at a slightly lower temperature than pure water, so liquid tin with a little lead dissolved in it freezes at a slightly lower temperature than pure tin; that is, the liquid solution of lead in tin is in equilibrium with pure solid tin at a temperature below 442° F., and the more lead is added, up to a certain limit, the lower is its freezing-point. What freezes out is solid tin, just as what freezes out from a dilute aqueous solution of salt is ice; and there is the same difficulty in directly proving it to be pure tin as in proving the ice in the corresponding case to be pure ice. But one thing is certain: if the solid is removed the remaining liquid is richer in lead than the solution we began with; and so the freezing-point falls and the liquid becomes richer in lead till it reaches what corresponds to the cryohydrate, namely, an alloy of tin and lead having a constant freezing-point (or melting-point, for we may call it either) of about 370° F. When this liquid alloy solidifies, what separates is not tin alone but an intimate mixture of tin and lead, just as the cryohydrate is an intimate mixture of ice and salt. The composition of this most fusible alloy of tin and lead is about 63 per cent. tin and 37 per cent. lead. Guthrie, whose investigations on alloys (*Philosophical Magazine*, 1884) furnished the first definite and systematic knowledge on the subject, called such most fusible mixtures "Eutectic alloys" from εὔτηκτος, a word used by Aristotle in the sense of easily fused. If we make a mixture of tin and lead with more lead in it than this, melt it and let it cool, we find that lead separates out solid, just as salt separates out from a solution of salt stronger than the cryohydrate, and the remaining liquid is what we may call a more dilute solution of lead in tin. But as melted lead can be mixed in any proportion with melted tin so as to form a homogeneous liquid, we have just as much right to speak of a solution of tin in lead as of a solution of lead in tin. Looking at the matter from this point of view we see that, the freezing-point of liquid lead being 626° F., a little tin added to the lead lowers the freezing-point a little, and the lowering of the freezing-point is at first nearly proportional to the addition of tin; what separates as a solid when it begins to freeze is lead, wet with some of the remaining liquid alloy. The lowering continues with the addition of tin until we reach the composition of the eutectic alloy; after that, of course, the addition of tin raises the fusing-point, but what freezes out now is tin not lead. We thus see that of all the alloys of tin and lead there is one, the eutectic alloy, which has a definite fusing (or freezing) point, the solid which separates having the same composition as the remaining liquid. All other alloys of tin and lead have a higher freezing-point, and in all of them the solid which separates when they begin to freeze differs in composition from the remaining liquid. In them, therefore, as freezing goes on, the composition and the freezing-point of the remaining liquid undergo continuous change, coming nearer to the composition and to the freezing-point of the eutectic alloy.

It will thus be seen how we can ascertain the composition of this unique mixture, and how, if we have a quantity approximately pure, we can obtain it quite pure by melting it, allowing some of it to solidify, and pouring off the remaining liquid. By applying this method to mixtures of three and of four metals, Guthrie obtained eutectic alloys with very low fusing points; one of the most interesting of these has the following composition: bismuth 47.38, lead 19.39, cadmium 13.29, tin 19.97. This alloy fuses at 160°F.

The metallic alloys specially examined by Guthrie all contained bismuth, but of course, as he pointed out, these are "only a few of an innumerable series of series."

When a salt solution stronger than the cryohydrate is cooled, what separates out is sometimes the salt itself, and sometimes a compound of the salt with water. In the first case the salt is said to crystallise anhydrous—saltpetre is an example of this; in the second case it is said to crystallise with water of crystallisation—washing soda is an example of this. The cryohydrate in the first case is a mixture of ice and the salt; in the second, a mixture of ice and the salt with its water of crystallisation. In just the same way there are metals which form definite *compounds* with one another, and when two such metals are mixed and melted, we have, as a rule, a solution of a compound of the two as solute in one of the metals as solvent, or the solute may be one such compound and the solvent another. In any case the eutectic alloy is an intimate mixture, not a compound, of the solute and the solvent in the solid state.

The properties of alloys which we have been considering are of practical importance in two very different ways.

The most abundant ore of lead, galena, a compound of lead and sulphur, almost always contains a small quantity of a compound of silver and sulphur, so that the metallic lead obtained from this ore contains a small quantity of metallic silver. When melted it is a dilute solution of silver in lead, and therefore has a slightly lower freezing-point than pure lead. What separates out first is pure lead, and the remaining liquid is a more concentrated solution of silver in lead. Taking advantage of this the late Mr. Hugh Lee Pattinson in 1836 devised and patented a process of concentration by means of which silver can be profitably extracted from lead containing only a very small proportion of it. This process has been applied to lead containing only one part of silver in 100,000, the ultimate products being on the one hand practically pure lead; and on the other, lead containing 2½ per cent. of silver. The original lead is melted in a large pot, and then allowed to cool until it has partially solidified. The solid is fished out by means of a perforated ladle, and put into another pot on the one side while the remaining liquid is ladled out into a pot on the other side. There are in all some thirteen pots in a row; six or so on the one side and as many on the other side of the central one. The same operation is carried on in each, so that what solidifies early travels in one direction, and what remains liquid in the other, the original lead being put to begin with in the central pot. The perforated ladles with the solid in them are jolted so as to force as much as possible of the liquid through the perforations and leave as little as possible adhering to the lead. It is because some does remain adhering that so many pots are required. We need not now digress to consider how pure silver is obtained from a mixture of lead and silver; it is sufficient for our present purpose to note that the smaller the percentage of silver, the more does it cost per ounce to separate it, so that Pattinson's process greatly extends the limit of profitably working lead ore for silver. Guthrie had pointed out in a Royal Institution lecture, February 16, 1877, how the "de-leading" of the lead-silver alloy in Pattinson's process is really analogous to the separation of ice from a salt solution. In 1884 he says:

"The residual liquid alloy should have a composition analogous to that of a cryohydrate, and should be the eutectic alloy of lead-silver. If this be so, its temperature of fusion should be lower than that of lead itself, and that this is so is proved by the separation of solid lead from the melted mass. It is well known that Pattinson's process may be 'pushed too far.' According to the above interpretation this simply means that when the fusion temperature of the eutectic alloy is reached, this body solidifies as a whole, and is taken away as the lead had been. A pyrometer, or air thermometer, in the mass would be an absolutely trustworthy guide as to the proper time for cupellation to replace 'de-leading.'"

The term "solder" may be used to express any fusible metallic substance used to fasten two pieces of metal together, as sealing-wax is used to fasten two pieces of paper together. One essential condition is that the fusing point of the solder must not be higher than that of the metal to be soldered. We could not use sealing-wax to fasten two pieces of ice together. The solder may have the same fusing point as the metal to be soldered. The lead chambers used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid are made by fusing together the edges of sheets of lead, so that in this case lead itself is the solder. But usually the solder for lead is an alloy of lead and tin, which has of course a lower fusing point than lead. In all soldering it is necessary that the fused solder should be in actual contact with the metallic surfaces to be joined—the liquid solder must *wet* the metal. Everybody knows how differently a drop of water lies on a clean and on a greasy surface, say of glass. If we wish the water to wet the glass we must clean the surface, and we can do this with soap and water, or with solution of soda. Now just as the layer of grease prevents the water from touching the glass, so most metallic surfaces have a thin layer of a substance which prevents the melted solder from touching the metal, and the solder lies on the metal as the drop of water does on a greasy surface—can be made to roll about on it without *wetting* it. This layer, as a rule, consists of a compound of the metal with oxygen, and must be removed by something which can dissolve it, as soap or soda dissolves the grease. Hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt) is very often used for this purpose.

The composition of solder depends on the metals to be joined, and on the temperature to which the joint may be exposed. We shall here discuss only the solders composed of tin and lead, and used to make joints on lead or composition pipes, or to solder together copper or brass when the joint is not intended to stand a high temperature. The most fusible solder of this kind is of course the eutectic alloy, but for many purposes an alloy containing more lead than this has certain advantages. From such an alloy, on cooling, lead separates in minute particles, so that the whole becomes plastic, like mud or wet clay, the fine particles of lead being wet with the still liquid alloy. In this state it can be moulded, as in the plumber's "wiped joint," where the ends of the lead pipe to be united are surrounded with a sort of bandage of solder, smoothed to the desired shape by means of a piece of cloth.

So far we have seen what has been made out as to the relation of solvents and solutes by Blagden and by Guthrie. More recently some very important and interesting generalisations have been made on a point referred to by Blagden, namely, that the scale, or the amount of the depression of the freezing point for the same quantity of solute, depends on the nature of the solute, and on a point since observed when Blagden's observations were extended to other solvents than water, namely, that the scale depends also on the nature of the solvent.

But a discussion of these generalisations would lead us beyond the scope of an article such as this.

ESTHER'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL

By BLANCHE ATKINSON

THE rehearsal was just over. The weary musicians streamed out of the cathedral in groups, for the most part eagerly discussing the various incidents of the day, and the great building was left to the vergers and stewards who were busy completing the arrangements for the festival. Among the violinists was an elderly man with a sad, worn face—a face which this evening had an expression half-wistful, half-frightened, as though he were looking for something which he yet dreaded to find.

He did not leave the cathedral immediately, but wandered up the aisles and into the transepts, gazing to right and left with an air more of recognition than of curiosity. At last he went out, and, standing in the wide porch, looked across the sunny close at the long low house behind the railings opposite to him. It was a pretty old house, rambling a long way back, and added to in several styles of building. At present every window was gay with brilliant autumn flowers; the front door stood hospitably open, and a little group of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were chatting together before it. The pretty house was the Deanery, and the tall, handsome man—with that affable dignity of manner which Deans put on with their gaiters—was, as Roger Hart knew too well, the Very Reverend Wilfred Wallingford, the Dean.

Besides being the Dean, he happened unfortunately to be the son-in-law of the shabby old musician. That was why Roger Hart watched him so curiously. He had not seen him since he attained that dignified position. Presently he noticed one of the vergers—an old gentleman whose natural benevolence was always at war with his sense of importance as "the Dean's verger"—coming towards him across the close, and hastily turning away he passed once more through the cathedral, went out at a transept door, and soon found himself in the public walk which is carried beside the river. There were seats here and there; the walk was wide and straight, and he reflected that he could see any one coming in either direction a long way off, and would be able to get away unrecognised. He sat down with a heavy sigh, not altogether of weariness.

There was little change in the last twenty years. The quiet river flowed softly by as of old; the green level meadows looked as green and lush as ever; the near elm-trees threw long shadows across the grass, and the woods in the distance were blue against the glowing sky. How often he had seen the sun going down behind the old town and the strong square tower of the cathedral! Happy memories and painful memories thronged through his brain, but ever present was the heartache which this visit had roused, till it seemed as if the twenty years had been a dream, as if the past were present, and the dead—alive.

He had forgotten to watch who came and went along the broad walk. Suddenly a woman fleeting past came to a full stop in front of him.

"Ah, there you are!" she exclaimed. "Dreaming again! I don't believe you know who I am."

And indeed for one moment the old man had been puzzled between the dead Esther he was thinking of, and the living Esther whom he believed to be a hundred miles away.

"*You!*" he said. "Why, what does it mean? I told you you could not come."

"Yes, but I knew I *could*." She sat down close beside him, and slipped her hand through his arm. "And I knew you really wanted me, grandfather, though you were afraid of the expense, and said 'no.' I wanted to come desperately. There was no place I wanted to see so much, though I didn't exactly know why. But now I have seen it, I know. Isn't it a beautiful place, grandfather? And so lovely and sweet! Wouldn't you like to live here? *I* should, much better than in London. Couldn't we, don't you think?"

He shook his head. "You should not have come, Esther. I did not want you here. I can't be with you—and—for many reasons, I didn't want you here. You should not have come."

"Well, but here I am, and you are not going to be cross with me," she said coaxingly. "It really wasn't very extravagant. I had a little store of savings of my very own, and when I saw how the thought of coming here seemed to upset you, even though you wanted to come, I *couldn't* stay behind. I thought to myself, 'Suppose he should be ill, and no Esther to take care of him!' And it was so dreadful that I determined to come. And the nice woman you are lodging with got me a little bedroom close by. And I have made the place look quite cosy. And now we will go back and have tea together; aren't you delighted?—instead of being all by yourself, and taking no food, and getting worn out and ill. You look quite ill already. Come! I daresay you have had nothing to eat all day."

He rose, and they went together towards the cathedral. Esther was taking the walk across the close, but he stopped her.

"Not that way. We can turn down this passage."

"Very well," she answered, but her eyes were turned longingly towards the cathedral and the stately old houses about it. "We will go any way you like. But don't you think it lovely to be allowed to even pass by those delightful places? I do. I wish *you* were a Canon or a Bishop, grandfather, and *yourself* at the same time, of course. I don't suppose one of them is as dear as my grand-dad." The girl had her arm through his, and pressed lovingly to his side. She saw the distressed, anxious look on his face, and was uneasy, and chattered on to cheer him, little dreaming that every word pierced his heart.

"I should not have come near the place," the old man said to himself. "I've kept away for twenty years—and I ought to have kept away for ever."

An old friend in the city had begged Roger Hart at the last moment to take his place in the band, offering a handsome remuneration. Money was not plentiful, and he had consented. He was a thorough musician, and intensely enjoyed the part he took in producing the magnificent music chosen for the festival. There was not much fear that he would be recognised, but he suffered more than he had supposed possible at the reawakening of old griefs caused by the familiar sights; and now Esther had come, and an undefined dread lay over him.

Suppose she should find out the truth! The next day he hardly saw his granddaughter until the close of the afternoon service. She was waiting for him when he came out of the cathedral, and they strolled back to their lodgings together, talking eagerly of the music.

"It is all like an exquisite dream," Esther said. "This lovely old place, all sunshine and flowers—the glorious cathedral—and the music filling it, and floating through it, and seeming to express the thoughts, and hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows of all the people who have worshipped there for ages! The cathedral seems a living thing, and the music its voice. And then when we come out there is the calm river and the golden sunset; and the beautiful old houses where those white-haired old gentlemen live their beautiful lives. I suppose they are all very *very* good and saintly. Which was the Dean, grandfather?"

He started. "Why—why do you ask? What do you know about the Dean?"

"Nothing. Only it sounds so pretty—'the Deanery.' And I wondered which of the old houses near the cathedral was the Deanery. I watched one tall, fine-looking gentleman going into the long low house——"

"I told you not to go that way," her grandfather interrupted. "And you shouldn't have been watching. He might have seen you."

"What harm if he had?" she said, laughing; but she saw that her grandfather was irritable, and that there was something he did not like about the Dean. "I suppose," she said to herself, "that when he lived near here, twenty years ago, the Dean wasn't very nice to him. I wonder what it was that happened?"

She avoided all mention of the Deanery again, and on the second day of the festival did not pass through the cathedral close.

Just before the afternoon performance, she was lingering in the cloister near the door by which she was to enter the cathedral, when she noticed an old verger escorting the tall fine-looking man whom she supposed to be the Dean, towards the entrance reserved for the clergy. Esther stood aside, but curiosity prompted her to wait for the little procession to pass. What connection, she asked herself, could there be between this stately personage in his scarlet robes, and the poor old musician, Roger Hart? A shaft of sunlight fell through an opening in the cloister arches straight across the girl's figure. Her bright hair gleamed about the sweet, eager young face; and her eyes were fixed on the Dean's dignified countenance with an interest which she had no thought of hiding.

Both the little old verger and the tall Dean saw the girl, and returned her eager gaze.

Indeed, Esther fancied that a sudden change—of surprise—or alarm—or vexation—she could not tell which—passed over the Dean's face as their eyes met for one moment. Then she smiled at her own fancy. It was because her grandfather had put the idea into her head that she thought the Dean looked as if he recognised her. How could he?

* * * * *

"Jenkins" said the Dean, as they entered the cathedral, "that young girl reminds me curiously of some one. I want you to notice where she goes."

"I've seen her before," the old man answered, "and the likeness struck me too, sir. She sits in the south transept for all the services."

* * * * *

The Rev. Wilfred Wallingford had not made the slightest effort to compel his father-in-law to give him back the little daughter whom he had never seen.

His unhappy wife—a mere girl—had fretted so bitterly at being entirely separated from her parents, that before the birth of her child he had consented to her entreaty, and allowed her to go to see them in London. There, much to his annoyance, the child had been born, prematurely, and the young mother had died. But before her death, she had made her father and mother promise that if the little one lived, and was a girl, they would never allow her to be left in her father's care. "He will kill her with his hardness, as he has killed me," she said; and her own mother promised.

When he went for the body of his young wife, and for the poor motherless babe, the child had been taken away by the grandmother.

"But it is absurd. I can compel you to give me my own child," he had said to Roger Hart. "Tell your wife that she can be prosecuted if she refuses to give the child up to its legal guardian."

And Roger had answered:

"My wife says she doesn't care who is its legal guardian. She promised; and no one will take the child from her but by force. If you send a detective after her, and drag the baby from her arms, she says she will let all the world know why the child's mother asked her to keep it. If you will leave her with us, she need never know who her father was; and we will never name your name in connection with our family."

On the whole, that seemed much the most satisfactory arrangement. The man had been ashamed of his foolish marriage with the daughter of the organist of the village church where he was vicar, ever since the glamour of what he called "love" had passed off. The beauty of the girl had bewitched him. But when he found that she had a will of her own, and resented his contempt for her parents, his vexation with his own folly wreaked itself in harshness to her. She was sensitive and proud, and his cruelty soon broke her heart.

On the whole, it would be much more convenient to have nothing more to do with the Hart family. If the old man wanted help towards the support of the child, he should have it. He did not dream of repudiating his little daughter. But he did not want her. What was he to do with a motherless babe?

So he had gone back to his luxurious vicarage; buried his wife with every mark of respect for her memory, and caused it to be understood that the child was left for the time in the care of its grandparents. From that day he had held no communication of any sort with Roger Hart. He had never been asked for money. He made no inquiry, and gradually came to think—as the world believed, if it thought at all on the matter—that his little daughter was dead.

For fifteen years he had been Dean of the cathedral city near his old parish; and for ten years he had been married to the daughter of a neigbouring nobleman. Lady Laura had brought him money, and had lifted him into familiarity with the highest social circles. But she had not brought the magic touch of love into his life. She was a hard woman, and he was a hard man. But the hardness of a woman, being more unnatural, is stronger and more fatal than the hardness of a man. And gradually it came to pass that sometimes the Dean—rich and respected as he was, moving in an atmosphere of the most refined elegance—longed in quite a common human way for a little human affection. He was growing elderly, and sometimes ailing. If he complained, Lady Laura bade him send for the doctor and remember that at fifty-five one could not expect perfect health. He saw other men with tender wives who were anxious if they had a finger-ache, and loving daughters who kept them young with their blithe presence. And then, with a pang, he would remember the young wife who had come to him rich in love, and the child who might have learnt to love him.

This sudden meeting with the girl who was so marvellously like his poor dead Esther stirred the man curiously.

All the while that afternoon, as he sat in his high-backed chair, apparently absorbed in attending to the performance of a new cantata, his mind was recalling various episodes of a long-forgotten past. He had been struck by the beauty of the organist's daughter on meeting her suddenly—just as he had been struck to-day by the beauty of this girl. She had quickly returned his love. It had been very sweet to see her eyes melt into tenderness at his voice; to watch the maiden reserve give way before the flood of his "insane" passion, as he still called it; and to bear away from her humble home the bride whom he thought to train for her new position.

All too quickly had followed disillusion, and disagreement. Perhaps he had expected too much. Perhaps he had been harsh in refusing to permit any intercourse with her parents, and in making their position so unpleasant that in six months after his daughter's marriage, the organist resigned his post and went to live in London. Then came the time which the Dean hated to think of, though somehow, to-day, it forced itself upon his brain in a series of painful pictures. After all, twenty years is nothing to the memory. It might have been yesterday that he had found his young wife sobbing her heart out because she could not see her mother, and had harshly bidden her not to be such a silly little fool. It might have been only yesterday that she had begged to be allowed to invite some poor relative who was in the neighbourhood, to see her in her home, and that he had refused with insulting words about her family. It was horribly vivid—the memory of that day when she had blazed out into passionate defence of her father's nobility, asserting that he was a far truer gentleman than her husband. Poor girl! She had often irritated him beyond endurance. And yet—she had loved him, and he her, to begin with. If he had treated her differently, what a sweet wife she might have been! He glanced at Lady Laura. Her aristocratic features were aristocratically expressionless; and he sighed.

A wail of music floated through the cathedral, a wail like the passing away of broken hopes, like the cry of pleading hearts. "Life seemed going to be so beautiful, and you have spoiled it for me," his dead wife had said the last time he saw her. The plaintive music seemed to echo, "So beautiful! so beautiful! but you have spoiled it."

The Dean was glad when the service ended. He listened mechanically to the words of the blessing pronounced by the Bishop. He was wondering if he should see the girl who reminded him of his poor Esther as he passed the seats in the south transept. . . . Yes. Her face met his eager glance at once, and again she was looking at him earnestly, reproachfully—it seemed to him. Could she know about the girl she was so like? Had she, too, heard the music moan the sad refrain: "You have spoiled it for me"?

He reminded the verger that he wanted to know who the girl was and where she came from.

"Yes, sir," the old man answered. "I think she must belong to the same family. I thought I saw Roger Hart standing about the cathedral one day, but he hurried off before I could speak to him."

The Dean winced. Of course, old Jenkins and plenty of other people knew all about his first marriage. But he did not like to be reminded that they did.

"If you should find that he is here," the Dean said, "ask him to do me the favour of calling at the Deanery."

II

It was the evening of the third day of the festival. Roger Hart had enjoyed to the full the glorious interpretation of some of the noblest music in the world, in which he had assisted, and had forgotten his anxiety and vague foreboding of trouble.

Esther had met him as he left the cathedral, and her intense delight in the music she had been listening to all the day added to the old man's contentment.

"Yes," he said, smiling at her enthusiasm, "it is a privilege to take ever so small a part in producing such a magnificent whole. One forgets one's insignificance, and the grandeur of the music makes each musician great. All the little cares vanish out of life. The world is a vast cathedral raised to the glory of God, and filled with the music of His praise."

"Grandfather," Esther said softly, "you are not sorry now that I came too, are you?"

"No, no. I like to have you with me, child, and I am glad you have heard this music."

"When we go home, will you tell me why you don't like the Dean, and why you don't like to go across the close past his house?"

Her grandfather laughed. "I had forgotten I said so. Come, let us go that way now. Never mind about the Dean. It is an old story best kept out of sight. He can't harm me now."

"He doesn't look as if he wanted to harm any one," Esther said. "I'm glad you don't feel so cross about him as you did the other day. He interests me very much. I always watch him as he passes out of the cathedral, and he does not look happy. Now, I should have thought that to live in that lovely house, and have the cathedral to go into every day, would be enough to make anybody happy. Isn't it pretty?"

She was holding his arm, and kept him back for a moment as she turned to look at the old house, shadowed by the cathedral, except where a beam of sunshine caught a gable which was covered with Virginian creeper, and the crimson foliage fluttered in the light air.

"It is so peaceful——" she began.

"Come away. Be quick!" her grandfather interrupted. But it was too late. The old verger, Mr. Jenkins, stood before him.

"Good evening, Mr. Hart," he said amiably, holding out his hand as if they had only parted the day before. "Pleasant weather for the festival, isn't it?"

Esther saw that her grandfather was too much distressed at the recognition to answer, and hastened to say: "The weather has been delightful, and everything else. But my grandfather is tired——"

"Yes—yes, I'm very tired," Roger Hart said. "We must walk on. Good evening, Mr. Jenkins," and he moved hastily away.

"Just a moment—just a moment," the verger panted, keeping at his side. "The Dean said that if I saw you I was to ask you to favour him by calling at the Deanery. May I say that you will?"

"No," said the other, fiercely. "You can say nothing of the kind. I don't want to see him, and you can tell him that the only favour *I* ask of *him* is to leave me alone. Come, Esther!"

He was trembling with excitement and anger, and walked away so quickly that Mr. Jenkins made no attempt to follow him.

One of the choir boys was strolling near. "Tommy," said the verger, "do you see that tall old man and the girl in a light dress? Run after them and notice what house they go into, and come back and tell me. But don't let them notice you."

Tommy thought it a capital bit of fun, and soon brought the desired information.

"I've seen Mr. Hart, sir," said the verger to the Dean, as he escorted him to the cathedral for the evening oratorio.

"And you gave him my message? When will he come to the Deanery?"

"He won't come at all, sir. He seemed in a bit of a temper, if I may say so, and spoke very disrespectfully."

A flush rose to the Dean's face. "Tell me exactly what he said."

"Well, he said this. 'I don't want to see him,' meaning you, sir, 'and the only favour *I* ask of *him* is to leave me alone.' I tried to reason with him, sir, but he wouldn't listen. His granddaughter——"

The Dean started. "Is the girl I have noticed his granddaughter? Do you know it as a fact?"

"I know as a fact that the young lady called him grandfather, and that he called her Esther. That is proof enough that he is her grandfather, sir. I don't make statements unless I can corroborate them."

The flush deepened on the Dean's face.

"I must see him," he said. "Can't you find out where he is lodging? There is only to-morrow. He will be going away on Saturday. I must see him."

"He is lodging at No. 5 Green Street," said Mr. Jenkins, with an air of complacency. "I knew you wanted to see him, so I took the liberty of finding out where he was."

"Ah! thank you, thank you!" said the Dean, slipping half a crown into the old verger's hand.

So there was no doubt about it. The girl with the sweet eyes and the golden hair was his own child. He longed to take her in his arms, and ask her to learn to love him a little. He would give her everything her heart desired. She should come to his home and bring the sweetness and grace and joy it so sorely lacked. She should dress like a princess; she should do exactly as she wished—if only she would love him. Even—and though his heart sank at the thought, he braced himself to face it—she should even have her grandfather to see her sometimes, if she had grown to be fond of the old man. He smiled grimly as he pictured Roger Hart received as a guest at the Deanery by Lady Laura; but the thought of Lady Laura only acted as a spur to his longing for his daughter. He wanted sorely some one to love—some one who would love him! . . . . Was he growing old and childish, or was it the sight of the girl with his poor young wife's eyes that had so moved him? In any case, he had made up his mind, and Lady Laura must be told that same evening.

There were guests at the Deanery. It was late when the Dean and his wife found themselves alone, and Lady Laura yawned, and said that she was glad the festival was nearly over. Such troops of people were very fatiguing.

"I am sorry you are tired, for I want to talk to you, my dear, about a question which concerns you as well as me," he said.

Lady Laura looked at the agitated face of her husband with cold surprise, as he rose and stood on the hearthrug opposite to her.

"Something unpleasant?" she asked.

"It need not be so. To me, I hope, it will be a source of happiness. You remember what I told you of the child I left in the charge of her grand-parents, twenty years ago, when my wife died?"

Lady Laura nodded, her cold eyes fixed on his.

"She and her grandfather, a musician, are in the town. She is very like her mother. I half recognised her before I knew who she was. To-morrow I am going to see Mr. Hart, and to make arrangements for my daughter to come and live here. . . . I want her, and it is only right and natural that my child should have her home with me."

He paused for his wife to make some remark. She yawned once more, and got up.

"I am to understand that this is your decision? Not that you are asking my opinion upon the wisdom of the step?" she said, pausing to close and put aside a book.

"I have quite decided. I want the child."

"And the old man—an organist, wasn't he?—has brought her up, hasn't he? Quite vulgar people, I understand. You think the girl will be presentable?"

"I want her, Laura. Don't make it hard for her—or for me!" His voice pleaded with his wife, but it had no power to touch her.

"It is your own affair," she said bitterly. "You do not even ask if *I* shall like to have an upstart, uneducated girl forced upon me—on terms of equality, I suppose, if she is to be treated as your daughter."

"She is my daughter," he said.

Lady Laura shrugged her shoulders. "I hope you may find her as congenial and satisfactory as her mother was," she said, as she went out of the room.

III

At nine o'clock the next morning the Dean knocked at the door of the little room in which Roger Hart and his granddaughter were at breakfast.

"Come in!" answered a brisk voice, and he opened the door.

The landlady, amazed at this early visit from so mighty a personage to her humble lodgers, heard the door close behind him, and retreated to the kitchen.

It was a shabby little room, and the table was barely provided — a contrast to the breakfast table at the Deanery. But the cloth was white; there were some wild berries and autumn leaves in a glass; and the sunshine was slanting across the golden head of a girl who sat at the table, and who rose hastily when the Dean appeared, with a frightened glance at the old man near her.

Roger Hart had his back to the door, and was reading aloud a newspaper criticism on the festival.

"Oh!" Esther exclaimed. "I thought it was Mrs. Smith knocking at the door. . . . Grandfather, it is the Dean."

"The Dean!" muttered the musician beneath his breath. He rose, and looked at his enemy with defiance. "What have you come here for?"

The Dean put out his hand with calm dignity.

"I'm going to tell you presently, Mr. Hart. Don't let us begin by quarrelling. Will you introduce me to—your granddaughter?"

Esther came forward, sorely perplexed. She could not understand her grandfather. Whatever this charming Dean might have done long ago, he was evidently anxious to make it up now. Grandfather should not behave so rudely. She saw that he did not take the Dean's hand. He was leaning on the back of his chair, and trembling with anger.

Esther held out her hand. "I know who you are," she said simply. "I have seen you pass through the cathedral every day."

Roger Hart laughed harshly. "No, you don't know who he is; and if I might have my way, you never should know. Go away, Esther! . . . We can't talk before you; and now that he is here, there are things that will have to be said."

"Yes—perhaps she had better go," the Dean answered, taking a chair. "But I must see her again."

Esther lingered a minute. Half-coaxingly she pushed her grandfather back into his chair, whispering, "Don't get angry, dear Daddy! You won't be able to play if you do;" and with a light kiss on his thin silvery hair left the room.

"Why have you come? Tell me at once why you have come to trouble us?" the musician broke out, his fingers twisting themselves together in his efforts to be calm. "You see how happy we are together? . . . I've kept my part of the compact I've never asked you for a penny——"

"I should with perfect willingness have paid for my daughter's maintenance, and you knew it," interrupted the Dean. "And as you have spoken of the money side of the question, I may say at once that I am prepared to remunerate you to any extent you think just for your expenses. I instructed you to let me know from time to time what I owed you—on her account. You have never communicated with me, and I did not know but that the child was dead."

"And you did not care," said the other. "She was nothing to you. She was everything to us. I hoped she might never know the name of the man who broke her mother's heart, and is her father—more's the pity."

The Dean waved his white hand gently, as he said:

"There are two sides to every matrimonial question. We will, with your permission, not discuss the past. The time is short, and we have many arrangements to make. Now that I know of the existence of my daughter, I wish to take her to the home she has a right to."

The musician's head sank upon his hands. "She is all I have left," he moaned. "You took her mother from me, and now——"

"You quite misunderstand me," the Dean said soothingly. "Perhaps I am wiser than I was. I have no wish to separate you from the girl. No doubt you are attached to her, and I can see that she is fond of you."

Roger Hart looked up proudly.

"I know she is fond of me, bless her! And she is the very light of my life and joy of my heart. But if she goes to live in your home, she will be separated from me. I shall never enter the doors of the man whose harshness killed my daughter. . . . I beg your pardon." His manner changed. "I didn't mean to refer to that again, and I don't want to annoy you, because I know you've a legal right to claim your own daughter. But can't you understand? It will kill me if you take her from me. She is all I have left, my little Esther! And we are so happy together! She wants nothing more; she is quite content with me and my poor home. You won't tell her you are her father? . . . You won't tempt her to leave me?"

A smile softened the Dean's stern lips.

"Why, my good man," he said in a tone of gentle argument, "don't you see that if she is really so perfectly contented and happy with you as you suppose, no temptations I could offer would make her consent to leave you? I have no intention of exercising what you call 'my legal right' over her. I shall not *force* her to accept her father's home and guardianship instead of her grandfather's. But it would be doing a great injustice to Esther not to tell her the plain facts, and allow her to decide for herself. I want her to come to me. You want her to remain with you. *I* can give her——"

Roger Hart broke in with something like a cry of pain. "What is the use of comparing all you can give with the nothing I can give the child? Ease and plenty and pleasure on one side; poverty and hard work and sordid anxieties on the other! It isn't fair! It isn't fair! Ask her which of us two she loves the best, and I'm not afraid of her answer. But to ask her which home, which life she will choose—— She's only a bit of a girl. She said the other day how she would like to live in your house. She loves pretty things, and amusement, and of course I can't give her much——"

"And yet," the Dean interrupted, "you would think it 'fair,' as you call it, to deprive her of all these things, and keep her in poverty and want, without even telling her that she might have a different life. If that is all your love means, it is a selfish and contemptible love."

His last words struck home. There was silence for two or three moments. The white head bent lower; and the thin fingers twisted themselves together in a struggle for self-mastery. Then Roger Hart got up, his face quiet—even smiling.

"You are right," he said. "I have been selfish. I didn't think of her first, but of myself. She shall judge."

He rang the bell, and asked Mrs. Smith to desire his grand-daughter to come down.

Neither man spoke till Esther came in. She looked curiously from one to the other. Had they made up their quarrel? and what curious tie could connect lives so far apart?

She went to her grandfather's side, and slipped her arm round his shoulders. Something in the assured attitude of the Dean and in the bowed head of the musician told her that in the dispute the former had been triumphant; and woman-like, her sympathy was with the beaten.

"You sent for me, grandfather?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear. Sit down there between us. The Dean has something to tell you which he thinks you ought to know."

"Something you do not want me to know?" she said quickly, touching him caressingly.

"I had hoped to God you would never know it. But I was wrong, Esther. I was wrong! Yes, I want you to know it now."

He gently moved her arm from his neck, and she sat down where he had placed a chair between the two.

"Esther," began the Dean in his suavest tone, "you have never known either mother or father—not even your father's name. Your good grandfather, for reasons he thought sufficient, refused to avail himself of your father's offer to maintain his child, though leaving her with her grand-parents; and in the course of years your father lost sight of you, and did not even know of your continued existence."

"If he had *cared* to know——" Esther began, as the speaker paused.

"Circumstances," he went on in his most persuasive tones, "made it seem to him, at the time, better to let things take their course. But now, by a happy chance, he has recognised you from your likeness to your mother; and he wants to make himself known to his child, and to win her love."

Esther was looking at him gravely. "Has he sent you to tell me and my grandfather?" she asked; but the expression of his face made her heart beat, and she knew the truth before he said:

"My dear, *I* am your father, and I want my daughter to learn to love me. Will it be a hard task? The past has been a mistake. The future must be different. I will do all in my power to win your affection. Come to me."

She got up, and went slowly to his side. He put his hands on her head and kissed her. "Your mother's eyes drew mine to your face, Esther, the moment I saw you. A beneficent Providence has restored you to me. You will soon learn to love me, child—won't you? and be the brightness of my home."

She shrank back, withdrawing her hand. The Dean went on quickly. "The old Deanery has no young faces to cheer it, Esther. You shall have such a happy life there——"

"And grandfather?" she said. "Will he come and live there too?"

Roger Hart had been watching and listening so intently that he hardly breathed. At this question, a glad light broke over his drawn features; but he did not speak.

"I shall not part you from your grandfather," the Dean said; "but you can hardly expect him to give up his own home, and to come and live in mine. You shall pay him long visits, and whenever he will come to the Deanery——"

Esther did not wait for the end of the sentence. She turned abruptly to her grandfather.

"And you had consented to this?" she said reproachfully. "Are you willing that I should only come to you on visits? Oh! how can you be so cruel?"

He looked into her face, with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks.

"My dear," he said, "it was right to give you the choice. Your father is rich——"

She sprang to the old man's side, and drew his head to her breast, with a caressing, protecting movement which made the Dean's heart feel strangely cold and lonely.

"How could you live without me? Or how could I be happy away from you?" Esther said, kissing the silvery head. "How can either ot you think it possible? You did not seriously want me to do such a contemptible thing, did you?" and she looked into her father's face with flashing eyes, and scorn on her lips.

"I want you too," he said, eagerly. "I must have my own child now I have found her. And you shall have everything you want, Esther. I will give you money enough to make your grandfather comfortable, and——"

The girl laughed. "Do you think money would make him comfortable—without me? That shows how little you know. . . . And you have been content without your child for twenty years, while grandfather has been father and mother and everything to me ever since I was born."

Roger Hart raised himself, and still holding the girl's hand, looked tenderly into her eyes. "My dear," he said, "don't let gratitude or compassion influence you. Try to think of our hard life at home, of our poverty; and of how different it would be for you to live in luxury. You ought to consider——"

"Oh, hush, hush!" Esther cried. "If gratitude, and pity, and love are not to influence people—what shall? There's nothing else in the world worth anything—in comparison. How can you say such wicked words? Why, I wasn't happy for you to be alone even for three or four days, and had to follow you here to take care of you. If—my father likes, sometimes we can visit him—you and I together, at his beautiful Deanery. My home is with you."

Then the Dean got up, stiffly. He saw that he had humiliated himself in vain. He felt mortified, beaten, bitterly ill-used, but tried to look dignified and bland.

"You have decided wrongly, I think," he said. "But there is nothing more to be done. I am not going to plead with an unnatural and undutiful daughter. If at any time you change your mind, Esther, my home will be open to you. Good-bye!"

He did not kiss her again, nor again offer his hand to Roger Hart. At the door of the shabby little room he looked back. The girl still had her arm round the neck of the old musician, and they were both beautiful with the consciousness of perfect love and content.

Very poor and forlorn felt the rich Dean as he entered once more the door of his stately house. For the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he knew too late that what Esther had said was true, and that there is nothing in the world worth anything in comparison with gratitude, compassion, and love.

There was not a creature living who was grateful to him, who pitied him, or loved him. And it was his own doing. He reaped as he had sown.

FROM HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

BY WILLIAM CANTON

WHATEVER decline there may have been in recent years in the demand for religious books, it has not apparently affected our national regard for the Bible. On the contrary it does not seem rash to say that our intelligent interest in the Sacred Scriptures shows signs of a new development; certainly there never was a time when so many efforts were simultaneously made to bring them more thoroughly home to us, to give them that typographical and literary form in the absence of which they have suffered more serious disadvantage than any other of the world's great books, to enable us to master with the aid of the scholar, the traveller, and the artist, the difficulties inseparable from the study of an antiquity so remote, a language so easily misunderstood, and a race so alien in thought and custom.

For the ordinary reader one of the most welcome of these efforts is the new edition of the Old and New Testaments just completed by Messrs. Macmillan, in eight light beautifully printed volumes of the Eversley series.* Preserving the Authorised text intact the editor has modernised the spelling of some forty to fifty words, has altered the punctuation wherever any advantage in clearness seemed obtainable, omitted the chapter headings, and done away with italics; but by far the most important innovation is the abolition of the verse divisions—"an arbitrary novelty which does not appear in any English Bible before 1560"—and a remodelling of the text into "paragraphs which follow the natural division and modulation of the English." In other words the Sacred Volume is treated as a venerable classic, with a punctilious regard for its textual accuracy and a frank intolerance of all that may obscure its significance or blemish its beauty. As I have already mentioned in an earlier number, there is not merely a sense of ease and comfort in reading these volumes, but a feeling of literary freshness, a clear and delightful perception of verbal melody which was frequently imperceptible in the broken cadences and dislocations of sentences of the two great versions. The hand is not over-weighted, and the eye travels unfatigued from page to page. Finally for those who have imperishable associations with chapter and verse, two Roman and two Arabic numerals in each opening supply all that is needed in the way of reference.

In the first instalments of the Polychrome Bible* the publishers have initiated an enterprise which, for breadth of design, collaboration of scholarship and technical execution, goes far to justify their expectation that, on its completion, it "will eclipse anything yet attempted in the sphere of biblical translation." Briefly, the purpose of the work is to place clearly before the student, and, so far as may be, before the general reader, the latest conclusions of biblical criticism. The translations are made from critical revisions of the original texts; and conjectures, adoption of marginal readings, departures from the Masoretic text, lacunæ, corruptions and so forth are indicated by an ingenious and not too obtrusive code of signs. In the case of composite books the passages attributable to editorial interpolation, accretions on the original text, intrusions from other writers, &c., are distinguished by being printed in black on various coloured backgrounds. In "Isaiah," for instance, the variety of sources has necessitated the use of seven colours; in the "Psalms," however, notwithstanding the composite character of the collection, no colour is used. "The strong family likeness which runs through the Psalms," Professor Wellhausen observes, "forbids our distributing them among periods of Israelitish history widely separated in time and fundamentally unlike in character. . . . The determination of date, so far as it is possible at all, depends entirely on the interpretation."

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* "The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments; to which is prefixed an introduction by J. W. MacKail." 8 vols. Macmillan & Co., Limited. 5s. per vol.

* "The Polychrome Bible. The Sacred Books of the Old and New Testaments: a new English translation; with explanatory notes and pictorial illustrations." Edited, with the assistance of Horace Howard Furness, by Paul Haupt, Professor in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Part 10, "The Book of the Prophet Isaiah; a new English translation, printed in colours exhibiting the composite structure of the book." By the Rev. J. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D. Nine full-page illustrations and 28 illustrations in the notes. Part 14, "The Book of Psalms; a new English translation, with explanatory notes and an appendix on the music of the ancient Hebrews." By J. Wellhausen, D.D., and Horace Howard Furness. Eight full-page illustrations (one in colours), and 53 illustrations in the notes. James Clarke & Co. 10s. 6d. net each volume.

It is precisely on this matter of the elements of a composite book that the humble and untutored reader is most curious, most eager to learn, and least confident in the authority of his teacher. He marvels at the ingenuity which can detect the exact point at which a new hand takes up the pen, which can assign this interpolation to A and that addition to B, and which can give a date for either; and though he is aware of his unqualified ignorance he has seen how little finality has hitherto characterised the work of advanced biblical criticism, and he ventures, before giving his adhesion, to question tomorrow and the day after and to await the answer. Whatever the answer may be, I presume we have in these volumes an indication of how far it has been possible at the present moment to enlarge the claims of analysis and reconstruction; and the result is of supreme interest to the student, and to the layman so far as he is able to master it. That the work will be a valuable, indeed an invaluable, contribution to the progress of biblical study no one can doubt; that the truth of God will prevail for ever no one need fear.

Passing to less vital matters, a word of commendation is well merited by the excellent and numerous illustrations. The notes, brief and packed with information, are models of erudition; and the disquisition on ancient Hebrew music is a valuable addition to the volume of "The Psalms." In reading these new translations I have been struck by the vivid truth of Professor Jowett's remark that, "in a certain sense, the Authorised Version is more inspired than the original." No one, I should imagine, opens "Isaiah" without turning once more to the Burden of Babylon and especially to that passage which is among the most marvellous in English literature.

> The whole earth is at rest and is quiet: they break forth into singing: yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, "Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us."
>
> Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, "Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?" Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.
>
> How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!—*Eversley Edition.*

Contrast this with the new translation, which I would not for a moment seem to disparage:

> Still and at rest, the whole earth; into shoutings of triumph break they;
> At thy fate the pine-trees rejoice and Lebanon's cedars, saying:
> No woodman comes up against us since thou art laid low.
> Sheol beneath is startled because of thee, expecting soon thine arrival:
> For thee the shades it arouses, all the bell-wethers of mankind;
> It makes arise from their thrones all the kings of the nations.
> They all address thee . . . and say to thee:
> Thou, too, are made strengthless as we are—to us hast thou been levelled!
> Brought down to Sheol is thy pride and the twang of thy harps;
> Beneath thee corruption is spread, with worms art thou covered.
> How art thou fallen from heaven, O radiant one, Son of the Dawn!

In the notes Professor Cheyne observes, on the verse "Sheol beneath is startled," that there is here a dim reminiscence of the mythic ruler of Sheol. Regarding "How art thou fallen," he has the striking comment: "In his splendour the King of Babylon had resembled the morning-star; the figure was all the more striking when the stars were regarded as being animated (see Job xxxviii. 7). The *dawn*, too, is personified as in Job iii. 9; xli. 10; Psalm cxxxix. 11." Still more illuminative is the note on verse 13, but it is too long to quote here.

The Psalms in our Authorised Version are too closely associated with our joys and sorrows ever to be superseded by another version; their beauty, too, is supreme; yet is it not the case that they have grown so familiar in sound that we have grown somewhat dull to their sense? Many a small phrase collated with the reading of Dr. Furness assumes a new force or tenderness; obscurities vanish which had long perplexed us, and occasionally the Psalm takes a fresh lyric form of which hitherto we had been unconscious. Psalm xlvi. with its thrice repeated refrain may be casually cited as an instance.

All Scotsmen, and all who love Scotland —and to have known Scotland is to keep a warm side of the heart for it ever after—will be glad to possess the handsome edition of Stevenson's characteristic poem "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," with illustrations by A. S. Boyd.* The poem is a piquant description of the preparation for church, the church-going, and the sermon, in many a parish, Lothian or other, benorth the Border, and Mr. Boyd has portrayed, with here and there a happy trait of grace or humour beyond the wording of the text, the very scene and people. Each of the illustrations has a charm and freshness of its own, but if one may confess to a hesitating preference, it would be in favour of the goodwife taking a last look at her finery in the glass, "the solemn elders at the plate," and the minister burking "the hopes o' men that trust in works" and expounding the faults of ither kirks. There could not be a more welcome or worthy tribute "to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson."

Widely different as they are both in quality and sentiment, it is scarcely possible to read "A Lowden Sabbath Morn" without some recollection of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the finest criticism on which, by the way, is probably contained in the remark of Mrs. Dunlop's housekeeper when her mistress gave her Burns's poem to read: "Gentlemen and ladies may think muckle of this; but for me, it's naething but what I saw i' my father's hoose every day, an' I dinna see hoo he could hae tell't it any ither way." Here Mr. Boyd will find abundant and varied opportunity for the exercise of his exceptional powers. Cordial as the welcome will doubtless be for his "Sabbath Morn," it hardly seems rash to predict an even wider and more intimately hearty welcome for a companion volume which should depict the "Saturday Night" with equal sympathy and charm.

Mr. Granville Fell is a symbolist whose work is so full of the suggestion of colour that a layman finds himself at a loss to give it due appreciation when it comes to him in the subtle equivalents of black and white. In "The Song of Solomon,"* which he reads as an allegory, Mr. Fell has delineated his conception of the passages he has selected in the dim elusive fashion of a dream, and woven about the figures of the poem a perfect efflorescence of imagery and allusion. It is a thankless task, however, to attempt to "transpose" the beauty of a drawing into ordinary speech. One glance is worth a volume of description.

I wonder how many statues of women there may be in these islands. I remember one or two colossal personifications of Britannia, and here and there one comes across her Majesty or Queen Elizabeth in bronze or marble; otherwise our memorable and heroic women seem to have rarely got beyond "the clay." Surely this is a pity from many points of view besides that of art; and so far as art is concerned, who would not readily exchange some of the worthy but uninspiring gentlemen pedestalled in our squares and public gardens for a few dozen effigies of sweet and gracious womanhood?

If for no other reason, at least for this—that the subject is feminine, I was glad to see the other day the group of Boadicea on the Thames Embankment, though, by the way, it appears that we must regard the word "Boadicea" as nothing more than the illiterate "gibberish of editors." The lady's name was Buddig or—as a concession to the Romans?—Boudicca. I am not prepared to say that the sculptor has quite realised my conception of the Queen of the Iceni—the great stature, the piercing look, the awe-striking aspect, the masses of dark ruddy hair, spoken of by Dio Cassius; but the group itself, with the Queen "loftily charioted," her daughters at her knees, the great war-steeds plunging forward, is full of spirit and power. The story of her wrongs and of her savage vengeance is too well known to be repeated here, but it is one which appeals to our sympathy, and after the lapse of eighteen centuries there is a grim satisfaction that the Roman paid the penalty of his rapacity and ruthless brutality.

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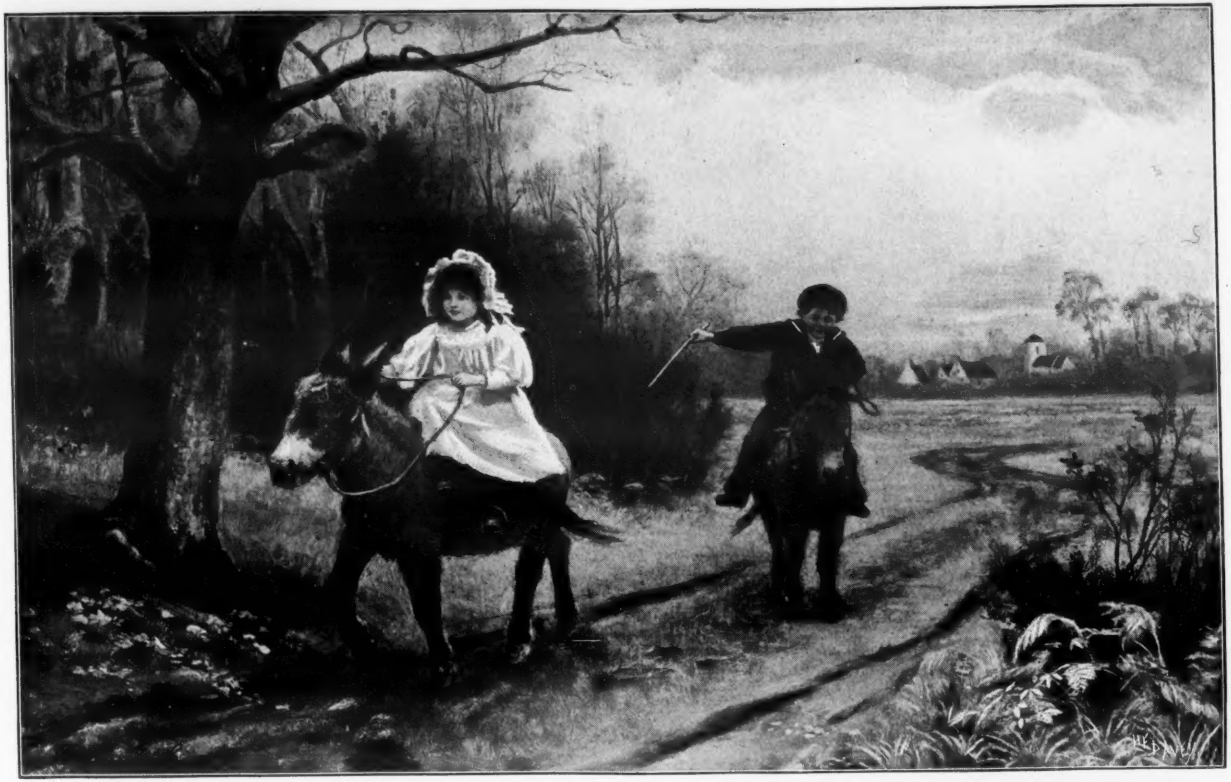
* "A Lowden Sabbath Morn." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by A. S. Boyd. Chatto and Windus. 6*s*.

* "The Song of Solomon." With twelve full-page plates and other decorations. By H. Granville Fell. Chapman & Hall, Limited. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Has any one paid particular attention to our old-world Amazons and warrior-queens? In glancing through Dr. Kuno Meyer's notes to his edition of the Irish Saga, "The Battle of Ventry," one comes upon traces of some of the fighting women—by no means wholly mythical it may be presumed—of Irish heroic legend. The great Cuchullin's principal instructor in the use of weapons was the lady Scathach, "who had a kind of military academy in Scotland, whither the noblest sons of Erinn were sent to accomplish their military education." One of Scathach's antagonists was the warrior queen Aife, who was in the long run overcome by Cuchullin. Another celebrated lady "battle-smith" was Ness, the mother of Conchobar. It is to be feared, however, that most of these strong-armed heroines were rather an index of the hideous barbarism of their time than the ideal of a free and splendid womanhood. It was the ghastly spectacle of two women hacking each other to death with iron sickles which prompted Ronait, the mother of Adamnan, to persuade her son to free the women of Ireland from foray and fight for ever. "One of the four laws of Erinn is that of Adamnan—not to kill women." And so from the dead lioness sprang living honey.

Of English warrior ladies Boudicca stands first, and indeed alone, for Cartismandua, the Queen of the Brigantes, is only remembered as the betrayer of that great-hearted ruler of South Wales, Caractacus; but we do not require to go back into the mists of the dawn to discover British women worthy of a new lease of life and influence in stone or metal.

(From a photograph by S. B. Bolas & Co., 77 Oxford Street)



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THE RACE

BY FLORENCE FITZGERALD

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

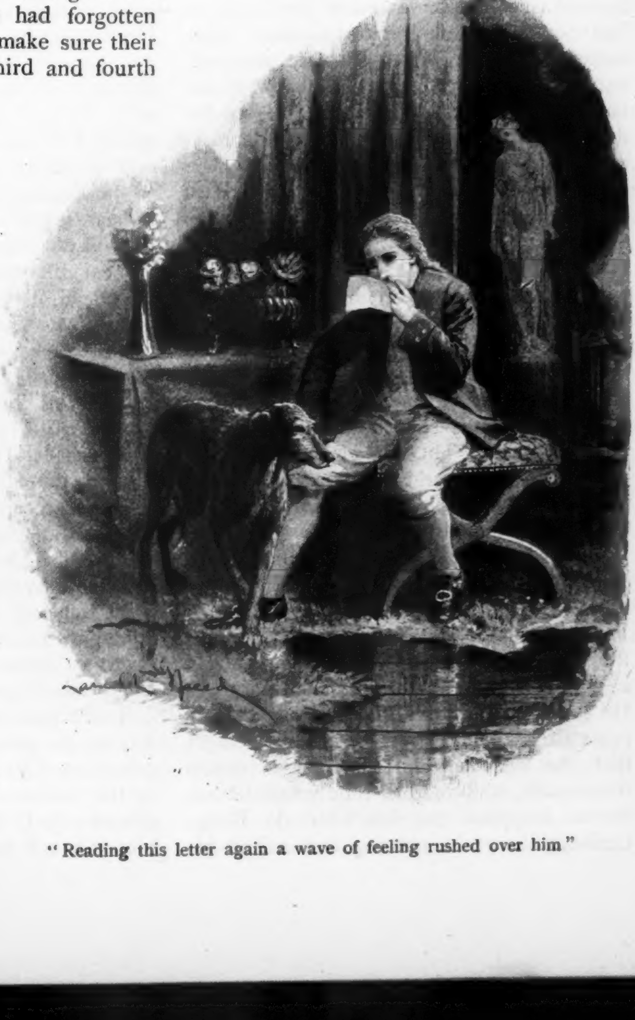
CHAPTER XXI

"*THE Comtesse Chantavoine, young, rich, amiable. You shall meet her to-morrow!*" . . . Long after Philip left the Duke to go to his own chamber, these words rang in his ears. He felt the cords of fate tightening round him. So real was the momentary illusion of being bound that, as he passed through the great hall where hung the pictures of the Duke's ancestors, he made a sudden outward motion of his arms as though to free himself from a physical restraint.

Strange to say, he had never foreseen or reckoned with this matter of marriage in the designs of the Duke. He had forgotten that sovereign dukes must make sure their succession even unto the third and fourth generations. His first impulse had been to tell the Duke that to introduce him to the Countess would be futile, for he was already married. But the instant warning of the mind that his Highness could never and would never accept the daughter of a Jersey shipbuilder restrained him. He had no idea that Guida's descent from the de Mauprats of Chambéry would weigh with the Duke, who would only see in her some apple-cheeked peasant stumbling over her Court train.

So Philip held his peace, as he had held it upon this matter ever since he came to Bercy. It was not his way to be rash, though it was his way to be bold. There would be boldness in another direction—in withholding the knowledge of his marriage. It was curious that the Duke had never even hinted at the chance of his being already married—yet not so curious either, since complete silence concerning a wife was declaration enough that he was unmarried. He felt in his heart that a finer sense would have offered Guida no such humiliating affront, for he knew the lie of silence was as evil as the lie of speech.

He had not spoken, partly because he had not yet become used to the fact that he really



"Reading this letter again a wave of feeling rushed over him" was married. It had never been brought home to him by the ever-present conviction of habit. One day of married life, or, in reality, a few hours of married life, with Guida had given the sensation more of a noble adventure than of a lasting condition. With distance from that noble adventure, something of the glow of a lover's relations had gone, and the subsequent tender enthusiasm of mind and memory was not vivid enough to make him daring or—as he would have said—reckless for its sake. Yet this same tender enthusiasm was sincere enough to make him accept the fact of his marriage without discontent, even in the glamour of new and alluring ambitions.

If it had been a question of giving up Guida or giving up the Duchy of Bercy—if that had been put before him as the sole alternative, he would have decided as quickly in Guida's favour as he did when he thought it was a question between the duchy and his commission in the Navy. The straightforward issue of Guida and of the duchy he had not been called upon to face. But, unfortunately for those who are tempted, issues are never put quite so plainly by the heralds of destiny and penalty. They are disguised as delectable chances—the toss-ups are always the temptation of life. The man who uses trust-money for three days only, to acquire in those three days a fortune, certain as magnificent, would pull up short beforehand if the issue of theft or honesty were put squarely before him. Morally he means no theft; he uses his neighhour's saw until his own is mended; but he breaks his neighbour's saw, his own is lost on its homeward way, he has no money to buy another, and he is tried and convicted on a charge of theft. Thus the custom of society establishes the charge of immorality upon the technical defect. But not on that alone; upon the principle that what is committed in trust shall be held inviolate with an exact obedience to conditions and adherence to the spirit as to the letter of the law.

But the issue did not come squarely to Philip. He had not openly lied about Guida: so far yet he had no intention of doing so. He even figured to himself with what surprise Guida would greet his announcement that she was henceforth Princesse Guida d'Avranche, and in due time would be her Serene Highness the Duchesse de Bercy. Certainly there was nothing immoral in his ambitions. If the present Serene Highness chose to establish him as second in succession to the reigning prince, who had a right to complain?

Then, as to an officer of the English Navy accepting succession in a sovereign duchy in suzerainty to the present Government of France, while England was at war with her —the Duke had more than once, in almost so many words, defined the situation. Because the Duke himself, with no successor assured, was powerless to take sides with the Royalists against the Revolutionary Government, he was at the moment obliged, for the very existence of his duchy, to hoist the tricolour upon the castle with his own flag. Once the succession was assured beyond the imbecile Leopold John, then he would certainly declare against the present fiendish Government and for the overthrown dynasty.

Now England was fighting France, not only because she was revolutionary France, but because of the murder of Louis XVI. and for the restoration of that overthrown dynasty. Also she was in close sympathy with the war of the Vendée, to which she would lend all possible assistance. Philip argued that if it was his duty, as a captain in the English Navy, to fight against revolutionary France from without, he would be beyond criticism if, as the Duc de Bercy, he also fought against her from within.

Indeed, it was with this statement of the facts that the second military officer of the duchy had some days before been despatched to the Court of St. James to secure its intervention for Philip's release, by an important exchange of prisoners with the French Government. This officer was also charged with securing the consent of the English King for Philip's accceptance of the succession in the duchy, while retaining his position in the English Navy. The envoy had been instructed by the Duke to offer his sympathy with England in the war, and his secret adherence to the Royalist cause, to become open as soon as the succession through Philip was secured.

To Philip's mind all that side of the case was in his favour, and sorted well with his principles of professional honour. Then came up the question of his private honour. He conceived it to be a reckless sacrifice of possibilities to tell the Duke of his marriage. He was engaged in a game of chances, and what might happen would all be the fortune of the dice. To tell of his marriage was to load the dice against himself; not to do so was to put his private honour in the hazard. In his momentous translation from a prison to a palace, with dazzling fortunes in view, there came upon him confusion of the judgment and of the moralities; he felt that the opportunity for speaking of the marriage had passed.

He seated himself at a table and took from his pocket a letter of Guida's written many weeks before, in which she had said with an unmistakable firmness that she had not announced the marriage and would not; that he must do it, and he alone; that the letter written to her grandfather had not been received by him, and that no one in Jersey knew their secret.

In reading this letter again a wave of feeling rushed over him. He realised the force and strength of her nature; every word had a clear and sharp straightforwardness and the ring of truth. She was not twenty, yet how powerful and clear was her intelligence! "A gifted creature, an unusual mind," the Chevalier du Champsavoys had once said of her in Philip's hearing. That was it: a gifted creature with an unusual mind.

All at once he had been brought to understand that a crisis was near, and he straightway prepared to meet it. The Duke had said that he must marry; a woman had already been chosen for him, and he was to meet her to-morrow. But that meant nothing; to meet a woman was not of necessity to marry her. There were a thousand chances against the woman liking him, and what could she be to him, this Comtesse Chantavoine? Yet it might be necessary to give in his apparent adherence to this comedy devised by the Duke, certainly until after the adoption and succession were formally arranged. Then—why, by that time he would be released, he would have to present himself in England to receive a new command, and delays, where a woman was concerned, are easy. Even supposing matters became critical, the Countess herself might be in no hurry to marry.

Marry! he could feel his flesh creeping. It gave him an ugly, startled sensation. It was like some imp of Satan to drop into his ear now the suggestion that princes, ere this, had been known to have two wives—one of them unofficial. Yet he could have struck himself in the face for the iniquity of the suggestion; he flushed from the indecency of it—and so have sinners ever flushed as they set forth on the garish road to Avernus.

Vexed with these unbidden and unwelcome thoughts, he got up and walked about his chamber restlessly. "Guida—the poor Guida!" he said to himself many times. He was angry, disgusted that those shameful, irresponsible thoughts should have come to him. He would atone for all that—and more—when he was Prince and she Princesse d'Avranche. But, nevertheless, he was ill at ease with himself. Guida was off there alone in Jersey—alone.

Now, all at once, another possibility flashed into his mind. Suppose—why, suppose—thoughtless scoundrel that he had been!—*suppose that there might come another than himself and Guida to bear his name!* And Guida was there alone, and her marriage still kept secret—the danger of it to her good name! But she had said nothing in her letters, hinted nothing. No, in none had there been the most distant suggestion. Then and there he got them, one and all, and read them, every word, every line, all through to the end. No; there was not one hint. Of course it could not be so; she would have—but no, she might not have—Guida was unlike anybody else.

He read on and on again. And now, somehow, he thought he caught in one of the letters a new ring, a pensive gravity, a deeper tension, which were like cyphers or signals to tell him of some change in her. For a moment he was shaken. Manhood, human sympathy, surged up in him. The first flush of a new sensation ran through his veins like fire. The first instinct of fatherhood came to him—a thrilling, uplifting feeling. But as suddenly there shot through his mind a thought which brought him to his feet with a spring.

Why, suppose—*suppose that it was so*—suppose that through Guida the further succession might presently be made sure, and suppose he went to the Prince and told him all—that might achieve his consent in her favour; and the rest would be easy. That was it, as clear as day. Meanwhile he would hold his peace. He would take his part in the perilous comedy, he would meet the Countess, but he would force her to regard him with commonplace feelings, he would pay no real court to her; he would wait—and wait.

For, above all else—and this was the thing that clinched the purpose in his mind—above all else, the Duke at best had but a brief time to live. He saw it himself, and but a week ago the Court physician had told him that only unusual excitement kept the Duke alive; that any violence or shock, physical or mental, might snap the thread of existence. Clearly, the thing was to go on as he had been going—keep his marriage secret, meet the Countess, apparently accede to all the Duke suggested, and wait—wait!

With this clear purpose in his mind colouring all that he might say, yet crippling the freedom of his thought, he sat down and wrote to Guida. He had not written to her, according to the condition made by M. Dalbarade that during his stay at the Castle he should hold communication with no one outside upon any consideration whatsoever. He was on parole: this issue was clear; he could not send a letter to Guida until he was freed from the condition agreed to by the Duke for him. It had been a bitter pill to swallow; and he had had to struggle with himself many times since his arrival at the Castle. For whatever the new ambitions and undertakings, there was still a woman in the mysterious and lonely distance for whose welfare he was responsible, for whose happiness he had yet done nothing, unless to give her his name under sombre conditions was happiness for her. Since his marriage all that he had done to remind him of the new life which he had so hurriedly, so daringly, so eloquently entered upon, was to send his young wife fifty pounds. Somehow, as this fact flashed to his remembrance now, it made him shrink; it had a certain cold, commercial look which struck him unpleasantly. Perhaps, indeed, the singular and painful shyness—chill almost—with which Guida had received those fifty pounds now communicated itself to him by the intangible telegraphy of the mind and spirit.

All at once that bare, glacial fact of having sent her fifty pounds acted as a cynical illumination of his real position. He felt conscious now that Guida would have preferred some simple gift, some little thing that women love, in token and remembrance, rather than the commonplace, if necessary, token of the ordinary duties of life. Now that he came to think of it, since he had left her in Jersey, he had never sent her ever so small a gift. Indeed, he had never given her any gifts at all save the Maltese cross in her childhood—and her wedding-ring. As for the ring, it had never occurred to him that she could not wear it save in the stillness of the night, unseen by any eye save her own. He did not know that she had been wont to go to sleep with the hand clasped to her breast, pressing close to her the one outward token she had of a new life, begun with a sweetness which was very bitter and a bitterness which was only a little sweet.

Philip was in no fitting mood to write a letter. Too many emotions were in conflict in him at once. They were having their way with him; and, perhaps, in this very complexity of his feelings he came nearer to being really and acutely himself than he had ever been in his life. Indeed, there was a moment when he was almost ready to consign the Duke and all that appertained to the devil or the deep sea, and to take his fate as it came. But one of the other selves of him called down from the little attic where dark things brood, and told him that to throw up his present chances would bring him no nearer and no sooner to Guida, and must return him to the prison whence he came.

No, he must go on with it—that was the only thing to do. Now, however, he would write to Guida, and send the letter when he was released from parole. But how many times did he tear up the paper in vain attempt to speak to her out of the confusion of his thoughts. At last, like a hunter who, having lost his compass and his bearings, makes a dash through the wood in the bold belief that safety lies beyond if he but drive ahead heedless, strong, enduring, so he plunged into the letter which told his wife where he was, of his opportunities, and of the brilliant outlook for them both.

His courage grew as the sentences spread out before him; he became eloquent. He told her how heavily the days and months went on apart from her. He emptied out the sensations of absence, loneliness, desire and affection. He wondered how she fared—wondered tenderly. All at once he stopped short. It flashed upon him now that always his letters had been entirely of his own doings; he had pictured himself always: his own loneliness, his own grief at separation. He had never yet spoken of the details of her life, questioned her of this and of that, of all those things which fill the life of a woman—not because she loves the little things, but because she is a woman, and the knowledge and governance of these little things is the habit and the duty of her life. His past egotism was borne in upon him now. He would try to atone for it. He asked her many questions; but one he did not ask, dared not ask, did not know how to speak to her of it. The fact that he could not say what most he wished to say was a powerful indictment of his relations towards her, of his treatment of her, of his headlong courtship and marriage.

So portions of this letter of his had not the perfect ring of truth, not the conviction which unselfish and solicitous love alone can beget. It was only at the last, only when he came to close the letter, that his words went from him with the sharp photography of his own heart. It came, perhaps, from a remorse which, for the instant, foreshadowed danger ahead; from an acute pity for her; and maybe from a longing to forego the attempt to don the promised pageantry of an exalted place, and get back to the straightforward hours, such as those upon the Ecréhos, when he knew that he loved her. But the sharpness of his feelings rendered more intense now the declaration of his love. The phrases were wrung from him. His hand trembled so that his will must rule it to steadiness, and that enforced pressure seemed to etch the words into the paper. "Good-bye—no, *à la bonne heure*, my dearest," he wrote; "good days are coming—brave, great days, when I shall be free to strike another blow for England, both from within and from without France; when I shall be, if all go well, the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, and you my perfect Princess. Good-bye! *Ton Philip, qui t'aime toujours.*"

He had hardly written the last words when there came a knocking at his door, and a servant entered.

"His Serene Highness offers his compliments to Monsieur, and will Monsieur descend to meet the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse and the Comtesse Chantavoine, who have but just arrived."

For an instant Philip could scarce control his feelings to quietness, but he sent a message of obedience to the Prince's command, and prepared to go down.

So it had come—not to-morrow, but to-day. Already the deep game was on. With a sigh which was half of bitter and mocking laughter, he seized the sand-box, dried the letter to Guida, and put it in his pocket. As he descended the staircase, the last words of it kept assailing his mind, singing in his brain: "*Ton Philip, qui t'aime toujours!*"

CHAPTER XXII

NOT many evenings after Philip's first interview with the Comtesse Chantavoine, a visitor arrived at the Castle. From his roundabout approach up the steep cliff in the dusk it was clear he wished to avoid observation. Of gallant bearing, he was attired in a fashion unlike the citizens of Bercy or the Republican military, who were often to be seen in the streets of the town. The whole relief of the costume was white; white sash, white cuffs turned back, white collar, white rosette and band, white and red bandeau, and the faint glitter of a white shirt; in contrast, were the black hat and plume, black tie, black top-boots with huge spurs, and yellow breeches. He carried a gun and a sword, and a pistol was stuck in the white sash. But one thing arrested the eye more than all else: a white square on the breast of the long brown coat, strangely ornamented with a red heart and cross. He was evidently a soldier of distinguished rank, but not of the army of the Republic.

The face was that of a devotee, not of peace but of war—of some forlorn crusade. It had deep enthusiasm, which yet to the trained observer would have seemed rather the tireless faith of a convert than the disposition of the natural man. It was somewhat heavily lined for one so young. The marks of a hard life were on him; but distinction and energy were in his look and in every turn of his body.

Arriving at the Castle, he knocked at the postern. At first sight of him the porter suspiciously blocked the entrance with his person, but seeing the badge upon his breast, stood at gaze, and a look of keen curiosity crossed over his face. On the visitor announcing that he was of the house of Vaufontaine, this curiosity was mingled with as keen surprise; he was admitted with every mark of respect, and the gates closed behind him.

"Has his Highness any visitors?" he asked as he dismounted.

The porter nodded assent.

"Who are they?" He slipped a coin into the porter's hand.

"One of the family—a cousin, his Serene Highness calls him."

"H'm, indeed! A Vaufontaine, friend?"

"No, Monseigneur, a d'Avranche."

"What d'Avranche? Not the Prince Leopold John?"

"No, Monseigneur, the name is the same as his Highness's."

"*Philip d'Avranche?* H'm, from whence?"

"From Paris, Monseigneur, with his Highness."

The visitor, whistling softly to himself, stood thinking a moment. Presently he added:

"How old is he?"

"About the same age as Monseigneur."

"How does he occupy himself?"

"He walks, rides, talks with his Highness, asks questions of the people, reads in the library, and sometimes shoots and fishes."

"Is he a soldier?"

"He carries no sword, and he takes a long aim with his gun!"

There was a sly smile lurking about the porter's mouth. The visitor drew from his pocket a second gold piece, and, slipping it into the other's hand, said:

"Tell it all at once. Who is the gentleman, and what is his business here? Is he, perhaps, on the side of the Revolution—or does he keep better company?"

He looked keenly into the eyes of the porter, who screwed up his own, returning the gaze unflinchingly. Handing back the gold piece, the man answered firmly:

"I have told Monseigneur what every one in the duchy knows; there's no charge for that. For what more his Highness and—and those that his Highness trusts know," he drew himself up with brusque importance, "there's no price, Monseigneur."

"Body o' me, here's pride and vainglory!" answered the other. "I know you, my fine Pergot, I knew you almost too well years ago, and then you were not so sensitive; then you were a good Royalist like me, Pergot."

This time he fastened the man's look with his own, and held it until Pergot dropped his head before it.

"I don't remember Monseigneur," he answered, perturbed.

"Of course not. The fine Pergot has a bad memory, like a good Republican, who by law cannot worship his God, or ask the priest to visit him when he's dying, or make the sign of the Cross; a red Revolutionist is our Pergot now!"

"I'm as good a Royalist as Monseigneur," retorted the man with some asperity. "So are most of us. Only—only his Highness says to us——"

"Don't gossip of what his Highness says, but do his bidding, Pergot. What a fool you are to babble thus! How d'ye know but I'm one of Fouché's or Barère's men? How d'ye know but there are five hundred men outside waiting for my whistle?"

The man changed instantly. His hand was at his side like lightning. "They'd never hear that whistle, Monseigneur—though you be Vaufontaine or no Vaufontaine!"

His eyes were fixed on the visitor's with stubborn determination. The other, smiling, reached out and touched him on the shoulder kindly.

"My dear Frange Pergot," said he, "that's the man I knew once, and the sort of man that's been fighting with me for the Church and for the King these months past in the Vendée. Come, come, don't you know me, Pergot? Don't you remember the scapegrace with whom, for a jape, you waylaid my uncle the Cardinal and robbed him, and then gave him back his jewelled watch in return for a year's indulgences?"

"But no, no," answered the man, crossing himself quickly, and by the dim lanthorn light peering into the visitor's face, "it is not possible, Monseigneur. The Comte Détricand de Tournay died in the Jersey Isle, with him they called Rullecour."

"Well, well, you might at least remember this," rejoined the other, and with a smile he showed a scar in the palm of his hand.

Recognition was instant now, and an old friendship was cemented anew. A little later there was ushered into the library of the Castle the Comte Détricand de Tournay, who, under the name of Savary *dit* Détricand, had lived in the Isle of Jersey for many years. There he had been a dissipated idler, a keeper of worthless company, an alien coolly accepting the hospitality of a country he had ruthlessly invaded as a boy. Now, returned from vagabondage, he was the valiant and honoured heir of the House of Vaufontaine, and the heir-presumptive of the House of Bercy.

True to his intention, Détricand had joined de la Rochejaquelein, the intrepid, inspired leader of the Vendée, whose sentiments became his own—"If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me." He had proven himself daring, courageous and resourceful. His immovable gaiety of spirits infected the simple peasants with a rebounding energy; his fearlessness inspired their confidence; his kindness to the wounded, friend or foe, his mercy to prisoners, the gentle respect he showed the devoted priests who shared with the peasants the perils of war, had already made him beloved. He had also often helped to reconcile divisions and to harmonise the varying views of the chieftains of the Vendée.

From the first all the leaders trusted him, and he sprang in a day, as had done the peasants Cathelineau, d'Elbée, and Stofflet, gentlemen like Lescure and Bonchamp, and noble fighters like d'Antichamp and the Prince of Talmont, to an outstanding position in the Royalist army. Again and again he had been engaged in perilous sorties and to lead forlorn hopes. He had now come from the splendid victory at Saumur to urge his own kinsman, the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, to join the Royalists.

It was the heyday of the cause. The taking of Saumur and the destruction of Coustard's army, together with the capture of eleven thousand prisoners, were powerful arguments to lay before a nobleman the whole traditions of whose house were of constant alliance with the Crown of France, whose very duchy had been the gift of a French monarch. Détricand had not seen the Duke since he was a lad at Versailles, and there would be much in his favour; for some winning power in him had of late grown deep and penetrating, and of all the Vaufontaines the Duke had reason to dislike him least.

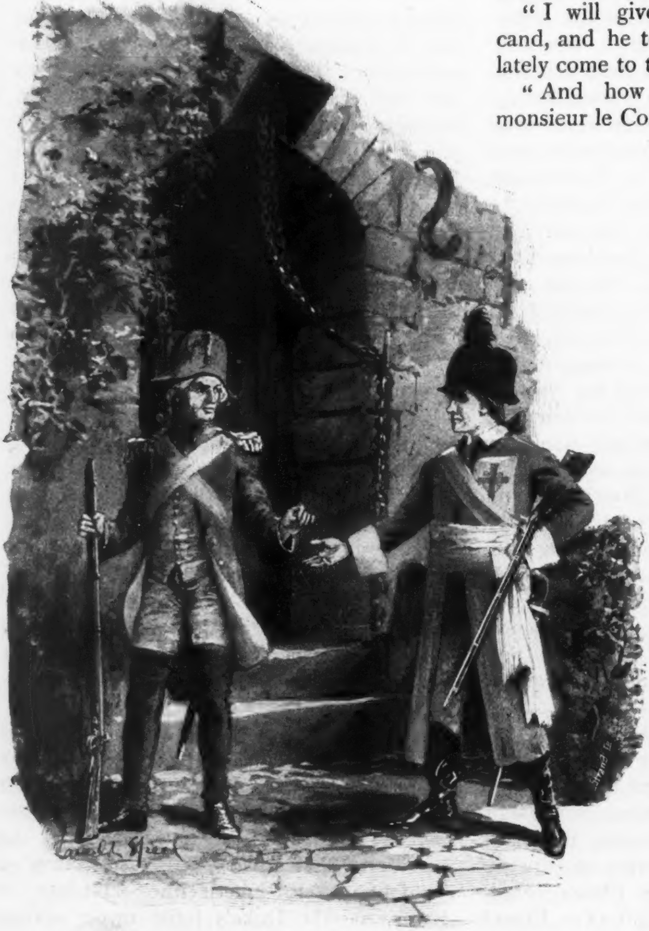
When the Duke entered upon Détricand in the library, he was under the immediate influence of a convincing letter from the monks engaged upon the pedigree of Commander Philip d'Avranche, and from a stimulating talk with the young English Norman himself. With the memory of past feuds and hatreds in his mind, and predisposed against any Vaufontaine, his greeting was cold and courteously disdainful, his manner preoccupied.

Remarking that he had but lately heard of Monsieur le Comte's return to France, he hoped he had enjoyed his career in—was it then in England or America? But yes, he remembered, it began with an expedition to take the Channel Isles from England, an insolent, a criminal business in time of peace, fit only for boys or filibusters. Had Monsieur le Comte then spent all these years in the Channel Isles—a prisoner perhaps? No? Fastening his eyes cynically on the symbol of the Royalist cause on Détricand's breast, he asked to what he was indebted for the honour of this present visit. Perhaps, he added drily, it was to inquire after his own health, which, he was glad to assure monsieur le Comte and all his cousins of Vaufontaine, was never better.

His face was like a leather mask, telling nothing of the arid sarcasm in his voice. The hands were shrivelled, the shoulders shrunken, the temples fallen in, the neck behind was pinched, and the eyes looked out like brown beads alive with fire, and touched with the excitement of monomania. His last word had a delicate savagery of irony, though, too, there could be heard in the tone a defiance, arguing apprehension, not lost upon his visitor.

Détricand had inwardly smiled many times during the old man's monologue, which was broken only by courteous, half-articulate interjections on his own part. He knew too well the old feud between their houses, the ambition that had possessed many a Vaufontaine to inherit the dukedom of Bercy, and the Duke's futile revolt against that possibility; but for himself, now heir to the principality of Vaufontaine, and therefrom, by succession, to that of Bercy, it had no importance.

He had but one passion now, and it burned clear and strong, it dominated, it possessed him. He would have given up any worldly honour to see it succeed. He had idled and misspent too many years, had been *vaurien* and ne'er-do-well too long to be sordid now. Even as the grievous sinner, come from dark ways, turns with furious and tireless strength to piety and good works, so this vagabond of noble family, wheeling suddenly in his tracks, had thrown himself into a cause which was all sacrifice, courage, and unselfish patriotism—a holy warfare. The last bitter thrust of the Duke had touched no raw flesh, his withers were unwrung. Gifted to thrust in return, and with warrant to do so, he put aside the temptation, and with the directness of one convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and with neither time nor temper for diplomacy in crisis, he answered his kinsman with daylight clearness.



" 'Body o' me, here's pride and vainglory!' "

"Monsieur le Duc," said he, "I am glad your health is good; the better it is the better it suits the purpose of this interview. I am come on business, and on that alone. I am from Saumur, where I left de la Rochejaquelein, Stofflet, Cathelineau and Lescure masters of the city and victors over the Republican army——"

"I have heard a rumour——" interjected the Duke impatiently.

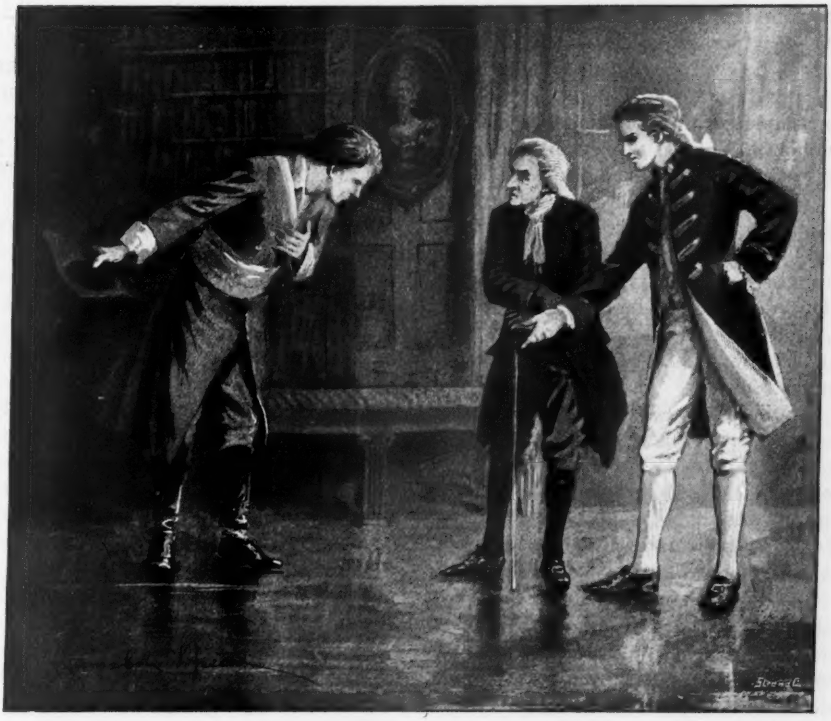
"I will give you fact," continued Détricand, and he told of the series of successes lately come to the army of the Vendée.

"And how does all this concern me, monsieur le Comte?" asked the Duke.

"I am come to ask you to join us, to declare for our cause, for the Church and for the King. Yours is of the noblest names in France. Will you not stand openly for what you cannot waver from in your heart? If the Duc de Bercy declares for us, others will come out of exile, and from submission to the rebel Government, to our aid. My mission from our leaders is to ask you to put aside whatever reasons you have had for alliance with this savage Government, and to proclaim for the King."

The Duke never took his eyes from Détricand's as he spoke. What was going on behind that parchment face who might say?

"Are you aware," he answered Détricand at last, "that I



"I am overwhelmed to meet one whose reputation is known—in every taproom!'"

could send you straight from here to the guillotine?"

"So could the porter at your gates, but he loves France almost as well as does the Duc de Bercy."

"You take refuge in the fact that you are my kinsman," returned the Duke acidly.

"The honour is stimulating, but I should not seek salvation by it. I have the greater safety of being your guest," answered Détricand with dignity.

"Too premature a sanctuary for a Vaufontaine!" retorted the Duke, fighting down growing admiration for a kinsman whose family he would gladly root out if it lay in his power.

Détricand made a gesture of impatience, for he felt that his appeal had availed nothing, and he had no heart for a battle of words. His wit had been tempered in many fires, his nature was non-incandescent to praise or gibe. He had had his share of pastime; now had come his share of toil, and the mood for give and take of words was not on him, though to advance his cause he would still use it in time of need.

He went straight to the point now. Hopelessly he spoke the plain truth.

"I want nothing of the Prince d'Avranche but his weight and power in a cause for which the best gentlemen of France are giving their lives. I fasten my eyes on France alone: I fight for the throne of Louis—an altar of sacrifice now by the martyred blood of the King—not for the duchy of Bercy. The duchy of Bercy may sink or swim for all of me, if so be it does not stand with us in our holy war."

The Duke interjected a disdainful laugh. Suddenly there shot into Détricand's mind a suggestion, which, wild as it was, might after all belong to the grotesque realities of life. So he added with measured deliberation:

"If alliance must still be preserved with this evil Government of France, then be sure there is no Vaufontaine who would care to inherit a principality so discredited. To meet that peril in succession the Duc de Bercy will do well to consult his new kinsman, Philip d'Avranche."

For a moment there was absolute silence in the room. The old nobleman's look was like a flash of flame in a mask of dead flesh. The short upper lip was arrested in a sort of snarl, the fingers, half-closed, were hooked like talons, and the whole man was a picture of surprise, fury, and injured pride. The Duc de Bercy, to be harangued to his duty, scathed, measured, disapproved and counselled, by a stripling Vaufontaine—it was monstrous!

It was the bitterness of aloes also, for in his own heart he knew that Détricand had spoken the truth. His fearless appeal had roused the Duke, for the moment at least, to the beauty and righteousness of a sombre, maybe hopeless, cause, while the impeachment had pierced every sore in his heart. He felt now the smarting anger, and outraged vanity of the wrongdoer who, having argued down his own conscience, and believing he has blinded others as himself, suddenly finds that himself and his motives are naked before the world.

Détricand had known regretfully, even as he spoke, that the Duke, no matter what the reason, would not now join the Royalist army; though, had his life been in danger, he still would have spoken the truth. So now he had been human enough to try and pry open the door of mystery by a biting suggestion, for he had a feeling that in the presence of the mysterious kinsman Philip d'Avranche lay the cause of the Duke's resistance to his appeal. Who was this Philip d'Avranche? At the moment it seemed absurd to him that his mind should travel back to the Island of Jersey.

The dumb fury of the Duke was about to break forth into speech, when the door of the chamber opened and Philip stepped inside. The silence holding two men now held three, and a curious, cold astonishment possessed the two younger. The Duke was too blind with anger to see the start of recognition his visitors gave at sight of each other, and by a curious concurrence of feeling both Détricand and Philip avoided any acknowledgment of acquaintance. Wariness was Philip's cue, cautious wonder Détricand's attitude.

The Duke spoke first. Turning from Philip, he said to Détricand with malicious triumph:

"It will disconcert monsieur le Comte's pious mind to know I have yet one kinsman who finds it no dishonour to inherit the duchy of Bercy. Monsieur le Comte, permit me to introduce Commander Philip d'Avranche."

Something of Détricand's old self came back to him. His face flushed with sudden desire to laugh, then it paled with a kind of dumb astonishment. So this man was to be set against him even in the heritage of his family, as for one hour in a kitchen in Jersey they had been bitter opposites and secret rivals. He cared little about the heritage of the houses of Vaufontaine and Bercy—he had higher ambitions; but this adventuring sailor roused in him again the private grudge he had once begged Philip to remember. Recovering himself, he answered meaningly, bowing low:

"The honour is memorable—and monstrous!"

Philip set his teeth, but replied: "I am overwhelmed to meet one whose reputation is known—in every taproom!"

Neither had chance to say more, for the Duke, though not understanding the cause or meaning of the biting words, felt the contempt and suggestion in Détricand's voice, and burst out in anger:

"Go tell the Prince of Vaufontaine that the succession is assured to my house. Monsieur, my cousin, Commander Philip d'Avranche, is now my adopted son; a wife is already chosen for him, and soon, monsieur le Comte, there will be still another successor to the title!"

"The Duc de Bercy should add inspired domestic prophecy to the family record in the 'Almanach de Gotha'!" answered Détricand with a cold smile.

"God's death!" cried the old nobleman, trembling with rage, and stretching towards the bell-rope, "you shall go to Paris and the Temple. Fouché will take good care of you!"

"Stop, Monsieur le Duc!" Détricand's voice rang through the room. "You shall not betray even the humblest of your kinsmen, like that monster d'Orléans who betrayed the highest of his. What is more, there are hundreds of your people who still will pass a Royalist on to safety."

The Duke's hand dropped from the bell-rope. He knew that Détricand's words were true. Ruling himself to quiet, he said with cold hatred:

"Like all your breed, crafty and insolent! But I will make you pay for it one day."

Glancing towards Philip as though to see if this would move him, Détricand answered: "Make no haste on my behalf; years are not of such moment to me as to your Highness!"

Philip saw Détricand's look, and felt his moment and his chance had come. "Monsieur le Comte!" he exclaimed threateningly.

The Duke turned proudly to Philip. "You will collect the debt, cousin," said he, and the smile on his face was wicked as he again turned towards Détricand.

"With interest well compounded," answered Philip firmly.

Détricand smiled. "I have drawn the Norman-Jersey cousin, then!" said he. "Now we can proceed to compliments." Then with a change of manner he added quietly: "Your Highness, may the house of Bercy have no worse enemy than I! I came only to plead the cause which, if it give death, gives honour too. And I know well that at least you are not against us. Monsieur d'Avranche"—he turned to Philip, and his words were slow and deliberate—"I hope we may yet meet in the Place du Vier Prison—but when and where you will; and you shall find me in the Vendée when you please!" So saying, he bowed, and turned and left the room.

"What meant the fellow by the Place du Vier Prison?" asked the Duke.

"Who knows, Monsieur le Duc?" answered Philip.

"A fanatic like all the Vaufontaines—a roysterer yesterday, a sainted chevalier to-morrow!" said the Duke irritably. "But they still have strength and beauty—always!" he added reluctantly. Then he looked at the strong and comely frame before him, and was reassured. He laid a hand on Philip's broad shoulder, and said admiringly:

"You will of course have your hour with him, cousin; but not—not till you are a d'Avranche of Bercy!"

"Not till I am a d'Avranche of Bercy," responded Philip in a low voice.

CHAPTER XXIII

With what seemed an unnecessary boldness, Détricand slept that night at the inn, "The Golden Crown," in the town of Bercy: a Royalist of the Vendée exposing himself to deadly peril in a town sworn to alliance with the Revolutionary Government. He knew that the town, that the inn, might be full of spies; but one other thing he also knew: the innkeeper of "The Golden Crown" would not betray him, unless he had greatly changed since fifteen years ago. Then they had been friends, for his uncle of Vaufontaine had had a small estate in Bercy itself, in malicious proximity to the Castle.

He walked boldly into the inn-parlour. There were but three men in the room—the landlord, a stout burgher, and Frange Pergot, the porter of the Castle, who had lost no time in carrying his news; not that he might betray his old comrade in escapade, but that he might tell a chosen few, who were Royalists under the rose, that he had seen one of those servants of God, an officer of the Vendée.

At sight of the white badge with the red cross on Détricand's coat, the three stood up and answered his greeting with devout respect; and he had a speedy reassurance that in this inn he was safe from betrayal. Presently he learned that three days hence a meeting of the States of Bercy was to be held for setting the seal upon the Duke's formal adoption of Philip d'Avranche, and to execute a deed of succession. These things were to be done, that is, if the officer sent to the English King should have returned with Philip's freedom and King George's licence to accept the succession in the duchy. From curiosity in these matters alone Détricand would not have remained at Bercy, but he might use the occasion for secretly gaining the adherence of officers of the duchy to the cause of the Royalists—no hard task.

During these three days of waiting he heard with astonishment and concern the rumour that the great meeting of the States would be marked by Philip's betrothal with the Comtesse Chantavoine. He cared little about the succession; he had the consuming passion for a cause; but there was ever with him the remembrance of Guida Landresse de Landresse—and what touched

Philip d'Avranche he associated with her. Of the true relations between Guida and Philip he knew nothing, but from that last day in Jersey he did know that Philip had roused in her emotions perhaps less vital than love, but assuredly less equable than friendship.

In his fear that Guida might suffer, the more he thought of the Comtesse Chantavoine as the chosen wife of Philip the more it troubled him. For his own part, he would have gone far and done much to shield Guida from injury or insult. He had seen and appreciated in her something higher than Philip might understand—a simple womanliness, a fine hereditary nobleness, a profound depth of character. Some day, if he lived and his cause prospered, he would go back to Jersey—too late perhaps to hope for anything from her, but not too late to tell her his promise had been kept, and to pay her devout and admiring homage.

He could not now shake off oppressive thoughts concerning Guida and this betrothal. They interwove themselves through all his secret business with the Royalists of Bercy. It was a relief when the morning of the third day came, bright and joyous, and he knew that before the sun went down he should be on his way back to Saumur.

His friend the innkeeper urged him not to attend the meeting of the States of Bercy, lest he should be recognised by the spies of Government. He was, however, firm in his resolution to go, but he exchanged his coat with the red cross for one less conspicuous.

With the morning of the eventful day came the news that the envoy to England had returned with Philip's freedom by exchange of prisoners, and the needful licence from the English King. But other news too was carrying through the town: the French Government, having learned of the Duke's intentions towards Philip, had despatched envoys to forbid the act of adoption and the deed of succession. Though the Duke would have defied them, it behoved him to end the matter, if possible, before these envoys arrival. The assembly was hurriedly convened two hours before the time appointed, and the race began between the Duke and the emissaries of the French Government.

The assembly being opened, in a breathless silence the Governor General of the duchy read aloud the licence of the King of England for Philip d'Avranche, an officer in his Navy, to assume the honours to be conferred upon him by the Duke and the States of Bercy. Then, by command of the Duke, the President of the States read aloud the order of succession:

"1. To the Hereditary Prince Leopold John and his heirs male; in default of which to

"2. The Prince successor, Philip d'Avranche and his heirs male; in default of which to

"3. The heir male of the house of Vaufontaine."

Afterwards came reading of the deed of gift by which the Duke made over to Prince Philip certain possessions in the province of d'Avranche. To all this the assent of Prince Leopold John had been formally secured.

After the assembly and the chief officers of the duchy should have ratified these documents and the Duke signed them, they were to be enclosed in a box with three locks and deposited with the sovereign court at Bercy. Duplicates also were to be sent to London and registered in the records of the College of Arms. Amid great enthusiasm, the States, by unanimous vote, at once ratified the documents. The one notable dissentient was the Intendant, Comte Carignan Damour, lately become a strong ally of the French Government. It was he who had given Fouché information concerning Philip's adoption; it was also he who had at last, through his spies, discovered Détricands' presence in the town, and had taken action thereupon. In the States, however, he had no vote, and wisdom kept him silent, though he was watchful for any opportunity to delay the proceedings until the French envoys arrived. They should soon be here, and he watched the doors anxiously. He had a double motive in preventing this new succession. With Philip as adopted son and heir there would be fewer spoils of office; with Philip as Duke there would be none at all, for the instinct of antipathy and distrust was mutual. Besides, he was a Republican at heart, and looked for reward from Fouché in good time.

Presently it was announced by the President that the signatures to the acts would be set in private. Thereupon, with all the concourse standing, the Duke, surrounded by the law, military, and civil officers of the duchy, girded upon Philip the jewelled sword which had been handed down in the house of d'Avranche from generation to generation. The open function being thus ended, the people were enjoined to proceed at once to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* would be sung.

The public then retired, leaving the Duke and a few of the highest officials of the duchy to formally sign and seal the deeds. When the outer doors were closed, one unofficial person remained—Comte Détricand de Tournay, of the House of Vaufontaine.

Détricand stood leaning against a pillar, looking complacently yet seriously at the group surrounding the Duke at the great council-table. Suddenly the Duke turned to a door at the right of the President's chair, and opening it, bowed courteously to some one beyond. An instant afterwards there entered the Comtesse Chantavoine, with her uncle the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, an aged, feeble, but distinguished figure. They advanced towards the table, the lady on the Duke's arm, and Philip, saluting them gravely, offered the Marquis a chair. At first the Marquis declined it, but the Duke pressed him, and in the subsequent proceedings he of all the number was seated.

Détricand apprehended the meaning of the scene. This was the lady whom the Duke had chosen for the wife of the new Prince. The Duke had invited the Comtesse to witness the final act which was to make Philip d'Avranche his heir in legal fact as by verbal proclamation—not doubting that the romantic nature of the incident would appeal to her. He had even hoped that the function might be followed by a formal betrothal in the presence of the officers of the duchy; and the situation might still have been critical for Philip had it not been for the pronounced reserve of the Comtesse herself.

Tall, of gracious and stately but not lissome carriage, the curious quietness of the face of the Comtesse would have been almost an unbecoming gravity were it not that the eyes, clear, dark and strong, lightened it. The mouth had sweetness, but it was a somewhat set sweetness, even as the face was somewhat fixed in its calm. In her bearing, and in all her motions, there was a regal quality; yet, too, something of isolation, of withdrawal, in her self-possession and unruffled observation. She seemed, to Détricand, a figure apart, a woman whose friendship would be everlasting, but whose love would be more an affectionate habit than a passion; and in whom devotion would be strong because devotion was the keynote of her nature. The dress of a nun would have turned her into a saint; of a peasant would have made her a Madonna; of a Quaker, would have made her a dreamer and a *dévote;* of a queen, would have made her benign yet unapproachable. It struck him all at once as he looked that this woman had one quality in absolute kinship with Guida Landresse—honesty of mind and nature; only with this young aristocrat the honesty would be without passion. She had straightforwardness, a firm but limited intellect, a clear-mindedness belonging somewhat to narrowness of outlook, but a genuine capacity for understanding the right and the wrong of things. Guida, so Détricand thought, might break her heart and live on; this woman would break her heart and die: the one would grow larger through suffering, the other narrow into a numb coldness.

So he entertained himself for the moment by these flashes of discernment, presently merged in wonderment as to what was in Philip's mind as he stood there—destiny hanging in that drop of ink at the point of the pen in the Duke's fingers.

Philip was thinking of the destiny, but more than all else just now he was thinking of the woman before him and the issue to be faced by him concerning her. His thoughts were not so clear nor so discerning as Détricand's. No more than he understood Guida did he understand this clear-eyed, still, self-possessed woman before him. He thought her cold, unsympathetic, barren of that glow which should set the pulses of a man like himself bounding. It never occurred to him that those still waters ran deep, that to awaken this seemingly glacial nature, to kindle a fire upon this altar, would have been to secure unto his life's end a steady, enduring flame of devotion. He revolted from her; not alone because he had a wife already, but because the Comtesse chilled him—because with her, in any case, he should never have been able to play the passionate lover as he had done with Guida; and not to be the passionate lover was to be no lover at all with him. One thing only appealed to him: she was the Comtesse Chantavoine, a fitting consort in the eyes of the world for a sovereign duke. He could not but think well of himself in this auspicious hour, more than a little carried off his feet by the marvel of the situation. But still he could think of nothing quite clearly; everything was confused and shifting in his mind.

He was presently aware that the Duke was speaking, and looking up was conscious of the eyes of the Intendant fixed upon him with a curious covert antipathy. The Duke's words had been merely an informal greeting to his council and the high officers present. He was about to speak further, however, but some one drew his attention to Détricand's presence. An order was given to challenge the stranger, but Détricand, without waiting for the approach of the officer, advanced towards the table, and, addressing the Duke, said:

"The Duc de Bercy will not forbid the presence of his cousin, Détricand de Tournay, at this impressive ceremony?"

The Duke, dumfounded, though he preserved an outward calm, could not answer for an instant. Then with a triumphant, vindictive smile which puckered his yellow cheeks like a wild apple, he said:

"The Comte de Tournay is welcome to behold the end of the ambitions of the Vaufontaines." He looked towards Philip with an exulting pride and commendation. "Monsieur le Comte is quite right," he added, turning to his council, "he may always claim the privileges of a relative of the Bercys, but the hospitality extends no further than my house and my presence, *and Monsieur le Comte will understand my meaning.*"

At that moment Détricand caught the eye of the Intendant, and then he understood perfectly. This man, the innkeeper had told him, was reported to be secretly a devout Republican, and from the Intendant's look he knew himself to be in immediate danger.

He slowly advanced, however, bowing to all present, and making no reply to the Duke save a simple, "I thank your Highness," took a place near the council-table.

The short ceremony of signing the deeds immediately followed. A few formal questions were asked of Philip, to which he briefly replied, and afterwards made the oath of allegiance to the Duke and the duchy, with his hand upon the sword of the d'Avranches. These preliminaries ended, the Duke was just stooping to put his pen to the paper for signature, when the Intendant, as much for the purpose of annoying Philip as of still delaying the proceedings, said:

"It would appear that one question has been omitted in the formalities of this court." He paused dramatically. He was only aiming a random shot; he would make the most of it.

The Duke looked up perturbed, and said sharply: "What is that—what is that, Monsieur?"

"A formality, Monsieur le Duc, a mere formality. Monsieur"—he bowed towards Philip politely—"Monsieur is not already married? There is no——" He paused again.

Standing rigid for an instant, his pen poised, the Duke looked sharply at the Intendant and then still more sharply at Philip. The progress of that look had granted Philip an instant's time to recover his composure. He was conscious that the Comtesse Chantavoine had given a little start, and then had become quite still and calm. Now her eyes were intently fixed upon him.

For an instant there was absolute stillness. Philip had felt his heart give one great thump of terror—*Did Détricand know anything? Did the Intendant know anything?* He had, however, been too often in physical danger to lose his nerve at this moment. The instant was big with peril; it was the turning point of his life, and he felt it. His eyes dropped towards the spot of ink at the point of the pen which the Duke held—it fascinated him, it was destiny. Now he took a step nearer to the table, and drawing himself up looked his princely interlocutor steadily in the eyes.

"Of course there is no marriage—no woman?" asked the Duke a little hoarsely, his eyes fastened on Philip's.

With steady voice Philip replied: "Of course, Monsieur le Duc."

There was another stillness. Some one sighed heavily. It was the Comtesse Chantavoine.

The next instant the Duke stooped, and wrote his signature three times hurriedly upon the deeds.

A moment afterwards, Détricand was in the street, making towards "The Golden Crown." As he hurried on he heard the galloping of horses ahead of him. Suddenly some one plucked him by the arm from a doorway. "Inside, quick!" said a voice. It was that of the Duke's porter, Frange Pergot. Without hesitation or a word, Détricand did as he was bid, and the door closed behind him.

"Fouché's men are coming down the street; spies have betrayed you," whispered Pergot. "Follow me. I will hide you till night, and then you must escape."

What Pergot had said was quite true. But Détricand was safely hidden, and Fouché's men arrived too late to forbid those formal acts which made Philip d'Avranche a prince, or to capture the Vendéen chief, who, a week later, once again at Saumur, wrote a long letter to Carterette Mattingley, in Jersey, in which he set forth these strange events at Bercy, and asked certain questions concerning Guida.

CHAPTER XXIV

SINCE the day of his secret marriage with Guida, Philip had been carried along in the gale of naval preparations and incidents of war as a leaf is borne onward by a storm—no looking back, to-morrow always the goal. But as a wounded traveller nurses carefully his hurt, seeks shelter from the scorching sun and from the dank air, and travels by little stages lest he never come at all to friendly hostel, so Guida made her way slowly through the months of winter and of spring.

In the past, it had been February to Guida because the yellow Lenten lilies grew in all the sheltered côtils; March because the periwinkle and the lords and ladies came; May because the cliffs were a blaze of golden gorse and the perfume thereof made all the land sweet as a honeycomb.

Then came the other months, with hawthorn trees and hedges all in blow; the lilac gladdening the doorways, the honeysuckle in bloomy thickets; the ox-eyed daisy of Whitsuntide; the yellow rose of St. Brelade that lies down in the sand and stands up in the hedges; the "mergots" which, like good soldiers, are first in the field and last out of it; the unscented dog-violets, the yellow primroses, the daffodils and snowdrops, the buttercups, orchises and celandines; the laurustinus and privet and blackthorn hedges, so green; the osier beds, and the ivy on every barn; the purple thrift in masses on the cliff; the sea-thistle in its glaucous green—"the laughter of the fields whose laugh was gold." And all was summer.

Came a time thereafter, when the children of the poor gathered blackberries for preserves and home-made wine; when the wild stock flowered in St. Ouen's Bay; when the bracken fern was gathered from every côtil, and dried for apple-storing, fire-lighting, and bedding for the cherished cow, for back-rests for the veilles, and for seats round the winter fire; when peaches, apricots, and nectarines made the walls sumptuous red and gold; when the wild plum and crab-apple flourished in the secluded roadways, and the tamarisk dropped its brown pods upon the earth. And all this was autumn.

At last, when came the birds of passage, the snipe and teal and barnacle geese, and the rains began; when the green lizard with its turquoise-blue throat vanished; when the Jersey crapaud was heard croaking no longer in the valleys and the ponds; and the cows were well blanketed—then winter had come again!

Such was the association of the seasons in Guida's mind until one day of a certain year, when for a few hours a man had called her his wife, and then had sailed away. There was no log that might thereafter record the days and weeks which unwound the coils of an endless chain into that sea whither Philip had gone.

Letters she had had—two letters, one in February, one in March. How many times, when a packet had come in, had she gone to the doorway and watched for old Mère Rossignol, making the rounds with her han basket, chanting the names of those for whom she had letters; and how many times did she go back to the kitchen, choking down a sob!

The first letter was at once a blessing and a blow; it was a reassurance and it was a misery. It spoke of bread, as it were, yet it offered a stone. It eloquently, passionately told of Philip's love; but it also told, with a torturing ease, that the *Araminta* was under command to proceed to sea with sealed orders. And so—the letter said—he did not know when he should see her nor when he should be able to write again. War had been declared against France, and they might not touch a port nor have chance to send a letter by a homeward vessel for weeks, and may be months. This was painful, of course, but it was fate, and it was his profession, and it could not be helped. Of course—she must understand—he would write constantly, telling her, as through a kind of diary, what he was doing every day, and then when the chance came the big budget should go to her.

A pain came to Guida's heart, piercing the joy which had overwhelmed it, as she read the flowing tale of his buoyant love. She knew that she could not have written so smoothly of "fate," and "profession," nor told of this separation with so complaisant a sorrow, had she been the man and he the woman. With her the words would have been wrenched forth from her heart, would have been scarred into the paper with the bitterness of a spirit tried beyond its enduring.

With what enthusiasm did Philip, immediately after his heart-breaking news, write of what this war might do for him; what avenues of advancement it might open up, what splendid chances it would offer for success in his career! Did he mean that to comfort her? she asked herself. Did he mean it to divert her from the pain of the separation, to give her something to hope for? She read the letter over and over again, and—no, she could not, though her heart was so willing, find that meaning in it. It was all Philip; Philip full of hope, purpose, prowess, ambition. Did he think—did he think that that could ease the pain, could lighten the dark day settling down on her? Could he imagine that anything might compensate for his absence in the coming months, in this year of all years in her life? Oh, did he not know? His lengthened absence might be inevitable, it might be fate, but could he not see the bitter cruelty of it? He had said that he would be back with her again in two months; and now—ah, *did he not know?*

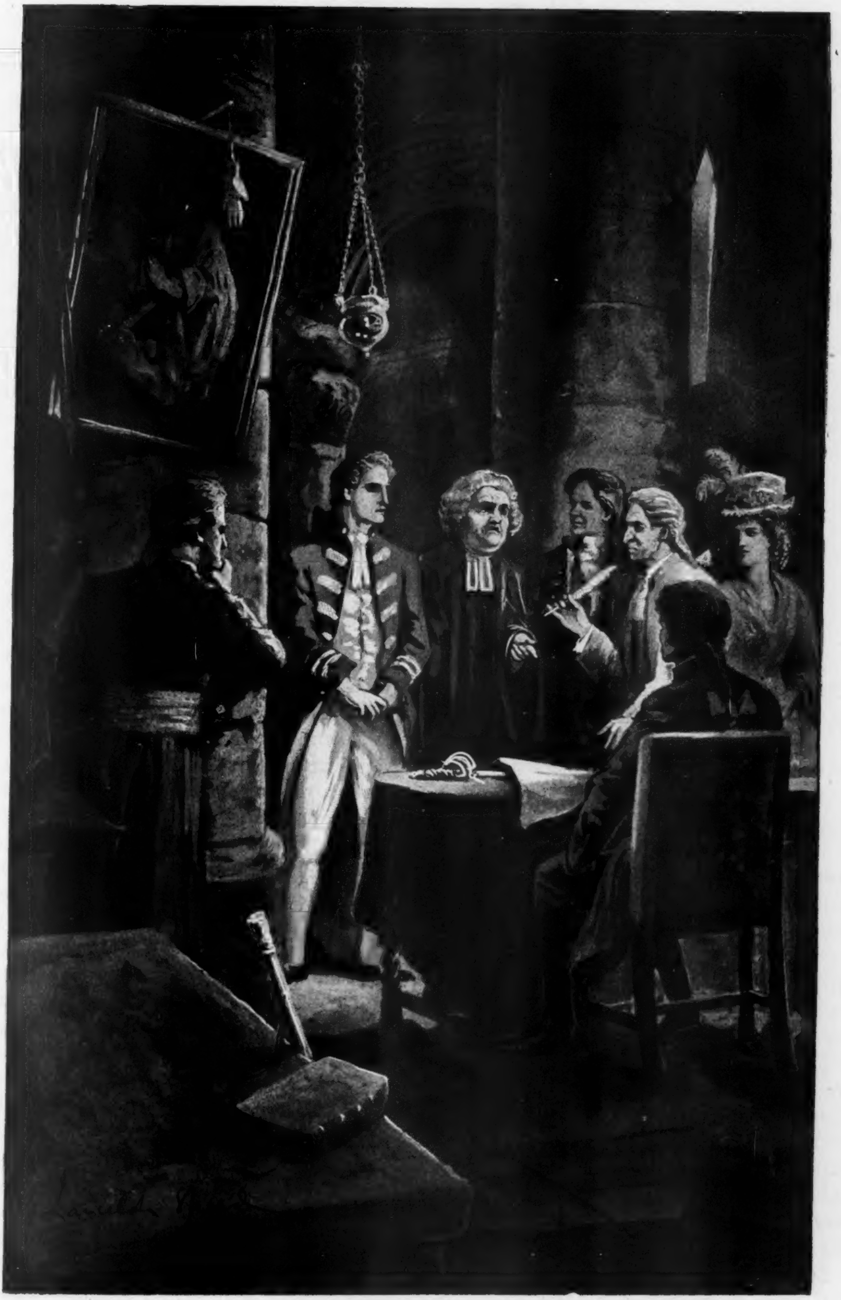
As the weeks again came and went she felt indeed he did not know.

Some natures cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered and disproved. These are they of the limited imagination, the loyal, the pertinacious, and the affectionate, the single-hearted children of habit; blind where they do not wish to see, stubborn where their inclinations lie, unamenable to reason, wholly held by their legitimate obligations.

But Guida was not of these. Her brain and imagination were strong as her affections. Her incurable honesty was the deepest thing in her; she did not even know how to deceive herself. As her experience deepened under the influence of a sorrow which still was joy, and a joy which still was sorrow, her vision became acute and piercing. Her brain was like some kaleidoscope. Pictures of things, little and big, which had happened to her in her life, at moments flashed by her inner vision in furious procession. It was as if, in the photographic machinery of the brain, some shutter had slipped from its place, and a hundred unordered and ungoverned pictures, loosed from their natural restraint, rushed by.

Three months had gone since Philip had left her: a month since she received his second letter—a month of complexity of feeling; of tremulousness of discovery; of hungry eagerness for news of the war; of sudden little outbursts of temper in her household life—a new thing in her experience; of passionate touches of tenderness towards her grandfather; of occasional biting comments in the conversations between the Sieur and the Chevalier, causing both gentlemen to look at each other in silent amazement; of as marked lapses into listless disregard of any talk that went on around her.

She had been used often to sit still, doing nothing, in a sort of physical content, as the Sieur and his visitors talked; now her hands were always busy, at knitting, sewing, or spinning, the steady gaze upon her work showing that her thoughts were far away. Though the Chevalier and her grandfather vaguely noted these changes, they as vaguely set it down to her growing womanhood. In any case, they held it was not for them to comment upon a woman or upon a



"'Of course there is no marriage—no woman?' asked the Duke" woman's ways. And a girl like Guida was an incomprehensible being, with an orbit and a system all her own—whose sayings and doings were as little to be reduced to their understanding as the vagaries of any star in the Milky Way or the currents in St. Michael's Basin.

One evening she sat before the fire thinking of Philip. Her grandfather had retired earlier than usual. Biribi, the dog, lay asleep on the veille. There was no sound save the ticking of the clock on the mantel above her head, Biribi's slow breathing, the snapping of the log on the fire, and a soft rush of heat up the chimney. The words of Philip's letters, learned by heart, and from which she had extracted every atom of tenderness they held, were always in her ears. At last one phrase kept repeating itself to her like some refrain, which becomes plaintive through repetition, then torturing in its mournful suggestion. It was this: "But you see, dearest, that though I am absent from you I shall have such splendid chances to get on. There's no limit to what this war may do for me."

Suddenly Guida realised how different was her love from Philip's, how different was her place in his life from his place in her life. She reasoned with herself, because she knew that a man's life was work in the world, and that work and ambition were in his bones and in his blood, had been carried down to him through centuries of industrious, ambitious generations of men—that men were one race and women were another. A man was bound by the conditions of life governing the profession by which he earned his bread and butter, played his part in the world, and strove to reach the seats of honour in high places. He must either live by the law, fulfil to the letter his daily duties of the business of life, or drop out of the race; and a woman, with bitterness and tears, in the presence of man's immoderate ambition, must learn to pray: "*O Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*"

Suddenly the whole thing resolved itself in Guida's mind, and her thinking came to a full stop. She understood now what was the right and what the wrong, and, child as she was in years, woman that she was in experience and thought, yielding to the impulse of the moment, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"O Philip, Philip. Philip!" she sobbed aloud, "it was not right of you to marry me; it was wicked of you to leave me." Then in her thoughts she carried on the impeachment and reproach. If he had married her openly and left her at once, it would have been hard to bear, but in the circumstances it might have been right. If he had married her secretly and left her at the altar, so keeping the promise he had made her when she promised to become his wife, that might have been pardonable. But to marry her as he did, and then, breaking his solemn vow, leave her—it was not right in her eyes; and if not right in the eyes of her who loved him, in whose would it be right?

To these definitions she had come at last. It is an eventful moment, a crucial ordeal for a woman, when she forces herself to see the naked truth concerning the man that she has loved, yet the man who has wronged her. She is born anew in that moment; it may be to love on, to blind herself, and condone and defend, so lowering her own moral tone; or to congeal in heart, become keener in intellect, scornful and bitter with her own sex and merciless towards the other, indifferent to blame and careless of praise, intolerant, judging all the world by her own experience, and incredulous of any true thing. Or yet again she may become deeper, stronger, sadder, wiser; condoning nothing, minimising nothing, deceiving herself in nothing, and still never forgiving at least one thing—the destruction of innocent faith and a noble credulity; seeing clearly and acutely the whole wrong; with a strong intelligence measuring perfectly the iniquity, but out of a largeness of nature and by virtue of a high sense of duty, devoting her days to the salvation of a man's honour, to the betterment of one weak or wicked nature.

Of these last was Guida.

"O Philip, Philip, you have been wicked to me!" she sobbed.

Her tears fell upon the stone hearth, and the fire dried them, and every teardrop was one girlish feeling and emotion gone, one bright fancy, one tender hope vanished.

She was no longer a girl. There were troubles and dangers ahead of her, but she must now face them dry-eyed and alone.

In his second letter Philip had told her to announce the marriage, and had said that he would write to her grandfather explaining all, and also to the Rev. Lorenzo Dow.

She had waited and watched for that letter to her grandfather, but it had not come. As for Lorenzo Dow, he was a prisoner with the French.

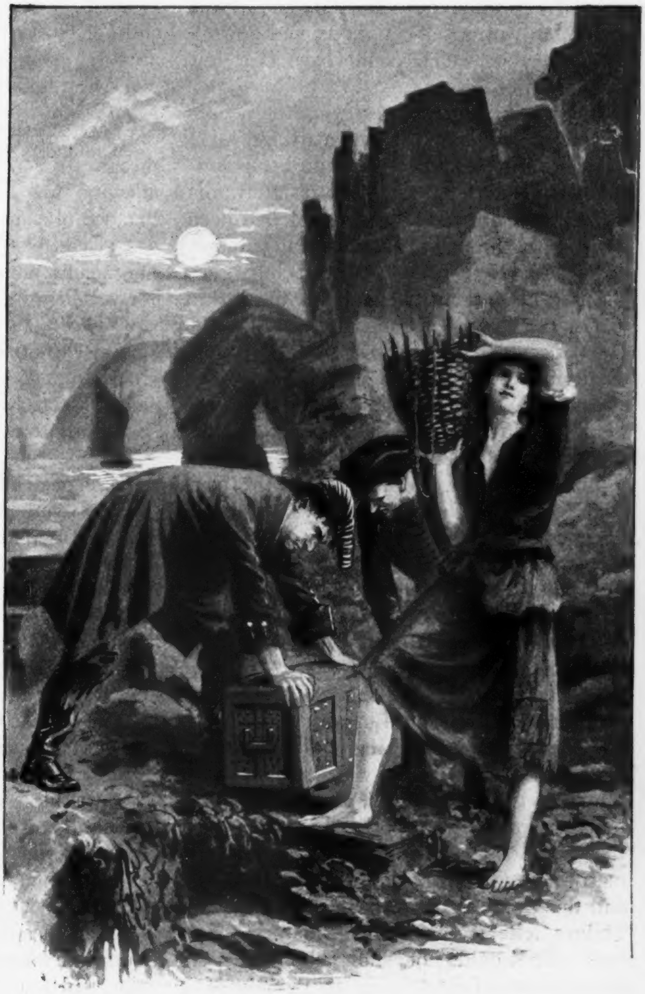
There was yet another factor in the affair. While the island was still agog over Mr. Dow's misfortune, there had been a bold robbery at St. Michael's Rectory of the strong-box containing the Communion plate, the parish taxes for the year, the offertories for the month, and—what was of moment to at least one person—the parish register of deaths, baptisms, and marriages. The box was found on the sea-shore, but that was all. Thus it was that now no human being in Jersey could vouch that Guida had been married at all.

Yet these things troubled her little. How easily could Philip set all right! If he would but come back—that at first was her only thought; for what matter a ring, or any proof, testimony, or proclamation without Philip!

It did not occur to her at first that all these things were needed to save her from shame in the eyes of the world. If she had thought of them apprehensively, she would have said to herself, "How easy to set all right by simply announcing the marriage!" And she would have done so when war was declared and Philip received his new command, but that she wished the announcement to come from him. Well, that would come in any case when Philip's letter to her grandfather arrived: no doubt it had missed the packet by which hers came.

But another packet and yet another arrived; and still there was no letter from Philip for the Sieur de Mauprat. Winter had come, and spring had gone, and now summer was at hand. Haymaking was beginning, the wild strawberries were reddening among the clover, and in her little garden, apples had followed the buds on the trees beneath which Philip had told his fateful tale of love.

At last a third letter arrived, bringing little joy to her heart, however. It declared



"The strong-box was found on the shore"

love and affection, it was even extravagant in terms of affection; but somehow it fell short of the true thing, for its ardour was that of a mind preoccupied, and underneath all ran a current of inherent selfishness. It delighted in the activity of his life, it was full of hope, of promise of happiness for them both in the future, but it had no solicitude for Guida in the present. It chilled her heart—so warm but a little season ago—that Philip to whom she had once ascribed strength, tenderness, profound thoughtfulness, should concern himself so little in the details of her life. For the most part, his letters seemed those of an ardent lover who knew his duty and did it gladly, but with a self-conscious and flowing eloquence too, which could have cost but little strain of feeling.

He was curious to know what the people in Jersey said about their marriage. He had written to Lorenzo Dow and her grandfather, he said, but had heard afterwards that the vessel carrying the letters had been taken by a French privateer; and so they had not arrived in Jersey. But, of course, she had told her grandfather and all the Island of the ceremony performed at St. Michael's. He was sending her fifty pounds, his first contribution to their home; and, the war over, a beautiful home she certainly should have. He would write to her grandfather again, though this day there was no time to do so.

But Guida had not proclaimed the marriage. She had lived the first months of her wedded life in an aching stillness of secrecy, she had suffered tremors and apprehensions, and changing moods, and troubled, fevered hours alone, with no confidant, with no supporting tenderness from mother, sister, friend or husband.

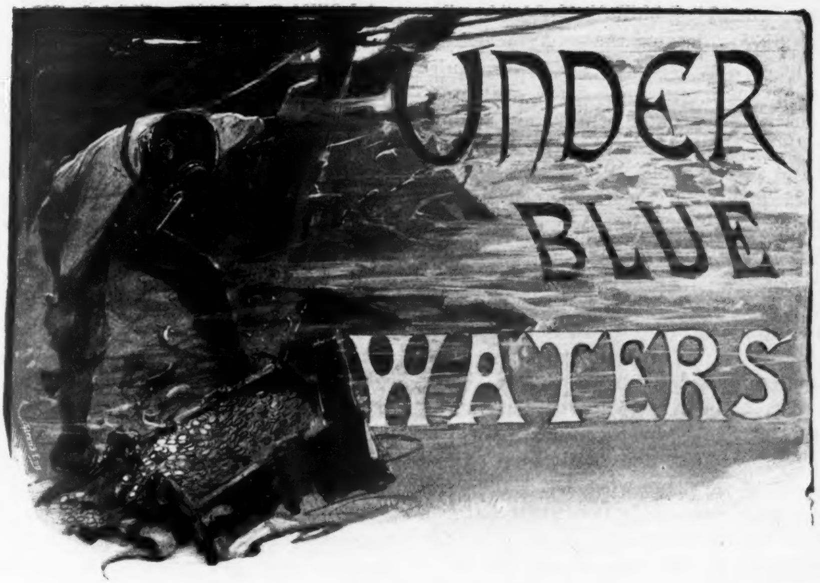
She realised now that she must announce the marriage at once. But yet what proofs of it had she? There was the ring Philip had given her, inscribed with their names; but she was sophisticated enough to know that this would not be adequate evidence in the eyes of her Jersey neighbours. The marriage register, with its record, was stolen, and that proof was gone. Lastly, there were Philip's letters; but no—a thousand times no!—she would not show Philip's letters to any human being; even the thought of it hurt her pride, her delicacy of feeling, her self-respect. Her heart burned with bitterness to think that there had been a secret marriage. How hard it was at this distance of time to tell the world the tale, and to be forced to prove it by Philip's letters. No, no, she could not do it—not yet. She would still wait the arrival of Philip's letter to her grandfather. If it did not come soon, then she must be brave and tell her story.

She went to the Vier Marchi less now. Also fewer folk stood gossiping with her grandfather in the Place du Vier Prison, or by the well at the front door—so far she had not wondered why. To be sure, Maîtresse Aimable came oftener; but, since one notable day at Sark, Guida had resolutely avoided reference, however oblique, to Philip and herself. Still in her dark days the only watchful eye upon her was that of the egregiously fat old woman called the *Femme de Ballast*, whose thick tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, whose outer attractions were so meagre that even her husband's chief sign of affection was to pull her great-toe, passing her bed of a morning to light the fire.

Carterette Mattingley also came, but another friend who had watched over Guida for years before Philip appeared in the Place du Vier Prison never entered her doorway now. Only once or twice since that day on the Ecréhos, so fateful to them both, had Guida seen Ranulph Delagarde. He had withdrawn to St. Aubin's Bay, where his trade of shipbuilding was carried on, and having fitted up a small cottage, lived a secluded life with his father there. Neither of them appeared often in St. Helier's, and they were seldom or never seen in the Vier Marchi.

Carterette saw Ranulph little oftener than did Guida, but she knew what he was doing, being anxious to know, and every one's business being every one else's business in Jersey. In the same way Ranulph knew of Guida. What Carterette was doing Ranulph was not concerned to know, and so knew little; and Guida knew and thought little of how Ranulph fared: which was part of the selfishness of love.

But one day Carterette received a letter from France which excited her greatly, and sent her off hot foot to Guida; and in the same hour Ranulph heard a piece of hateful gossip which made him fell to the ground the man who told him, and sent him with white face, and sick, affrighted, yet indignant heart, to the cottage in the Place du Vier Prison.



UNDER BLUE WATERS

By DAVID PATON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

> As rich . . .
> As is the ooze and bottom of the sea,
> With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

THERE is still a touch of romance about the work of the diver, though for the most part it is now work of a solid, unromantic sort, with regular hours and fixed wages. In fancy one always sees the diver groping for gold; and, if you please, let it take the shape of doubloons. For to me doubloons suggest, as nothing else will, shining seas and barrier reefs, the rush of the surf on coral beaches, and

> . . . islands, schooners, and maroons,
> And buccaneers and buried gold.

And as a matter of fact, Spanish gold, strewn on the floor of the sea, has done much to improve the art of the diver. Before the Armada year was out we began to search for the treasure the wrecked ships were supposed to contain, and these efforts were renewed from time to time down to the present century. One of the first to try his luck was the Marquis of Argyll. He sent to Glasgow for a diver, and several descents were made to the ships sunk off the island of Mull. The diver's want of success was no doubt due to the rudeness of his apparatus. It is said that air was supplied to him by means of a leather pipe, but it is not likely that he was able to remain under water more than two or three minutes at a time. Some eighty years later another attempt was made at the same ships, this time with a rough kind of diving-bell. After a great deal of trouble three guns were brought up, and then the operations were finally abandoned. It may help to a thrill some of the tourists who visit these northern seas to know that under their sliding keels lie Spanish ships and unknown quantities of Spanish gold.

A Whitstable diver named Gann is said to have had a pretty piece of luck, late in the present century, with one of the ships of the Armada. Business took him to Galway, and one night, over a pipe with the fishermen, he heard the local tradition that a Spanish ship lay off the coast. Gann made terms with a man who said he knew the whereabouts of the wreck; and after several weeks of patient searching with grapnels they came upon traces of a ship. Gann went down in his diving-dress, and found a large quantity of Spanish dollars: they had been packed originally in barrels, but the wood had rotted away, leaving the gold stacked in the shape of the barrels. The diver, with his share of the money, built a row of houses in his native place; and if anybody doubts the truth of the story let him go to Whitstable and ask for Dollar Row.

In its first form the diving-bell was a clumsy affair. Conical in shape, it was made of wood, with iron hoops, and was sunk with outside weights. There was no means of renewing the supply of air, and the bell had to come up at short intervals, as one might say, to breathe. This cumbrous system of working continued in use for many years. Then Dr. Halley, secretary of the Royal Society, hit upon an ingenious plan for sending air down to the bell. One smiles at the notion now, but what Dr. Halley did was to pack his air in two great barrels, which he worked with tackle on the principle of buckets in a well—one up and the other down. How they got the air out of the barrel into the bell would be a good puzzle to put to a Christmas party. The barrel system did not always work well; occasional accidents happened, and accidents under water are generally fatal. That was the case with two men who went down to the wreck of an East Indiaman off the Kish Bank in Ireland. When the first supply of air was supposed to have been exhausted, the barrel service began. After some time, as no signals came from below, the bell was drawn up, when it was found that the men were dead: apparently they had failed in some way to discharge the air from the barrels.

The barrel system was in use for over fifty years; and this brings us down to about the end of the eighteenth century, when the air-pump was introduced. It immensely increased the usefulness of the diving-bell and at the same time greatly reduced the risks of submarine work. Smeaton, the engineer, was the first to use it, and the diving-bell as he left it is practically the diving-bell of to-day. In his hands the original wooden cone with hoops and weights became a square iron chest heavy enough to sink of itself.

An ordinary diving-bell weighs about five tons. Squares of very thick glass are let in along the top to admit light, and in the centre is the passage into which the end of the air-pipe is screwed. There are two seats in the interior, and the bottom is of course open. The water rises a little in the bell during the process of lowering, but when it rests on the floor of the sea the space covered by the bell can be made practically dry. From the centre of the bell hangs a lifting chain which the men use in their work below. Changes are made in the position of the bell according to signals given by strokes of a hammer on the bell: sounds made in this way can be heard from any depth at which men are able to work. In clear weather and clear water it is not necessary to use artificial light. The men work in shifts of from three to six hours according to the depth at which the operations are carried on.

The ordinary pressure of the atmosphere is doubled at a depth of thirty feet, and every additional thirty feet puts on an extra "atmosphere." When you get down to a hundred feet the pressure is enormous; breathing is very difficult, and the strongest men can work only in a feeble way. In putting down the foundations of the St. Louis Bridge across the Mississippi the men had to work at a depth of one hundred and ten feet, and in a number of cases the pressure proved fatal. The caissons which are used for work of this kind may be described as stationary diving-bells: the men go down to them by means of a shaft, which is also the medium of the air supply.

An incident which occurred at the building of the Forth Bridge will illustrate what the increase of air pressure means. One day somebody thoughtlessly took down a bottle of soda-water; when it was opened it was perfectly flat, for the pressure outside was at least as great as the pressure inside the bottle. The soda-water was poured out, and the bottle, now filled with the air in which the men were working, was re-corked. When brought to the surface it immediately burst, so much greater was the pressure inside the bottle than that of the ordinary atmosphere.

Mr. Brunel, the engineer, had a curious experience which may also be quoted on this point. He went down to examine a breach in the tunnel he was making under the Thames; but finding that the diving-bell was too big to get into the opening he wished to see, he let himself down with a rope into the water in his ordinary dress. To the great alarm of his companion in the bell, Brunel did not return for full two minutes. He was amazed when he learned how long he had been able "to hold his breath," and the conclusion to which he came was that it was due to the fact that the air in the bell was so compressed—the bell was thirty feet under water—that he was able to take into his lungs about double the ordinary quantity.

But all this belongs to the prose side of the diver's work; let us hasten to indue him with his helmet. For most submarine work the diving-dress, the invention of Mr. Siebe, has superseded the diving-bell, as less expensive and more convenient. The dress now in use is known as the "close" dress to distinguish it from the "open" dress, the first form it assumed. The difference between the two is important, but can be stated in a sentence. The open dress consisted of a waterproof jacket and trousers, the trousers coming up under the jacket to the armpits; and the air pumped in at the helmet was allowed to force its way out between the jacket and the trousers. So long as the diver kept on his feet he was all right, but if he stumbled there was great danger of the water getting in under his jacket. The close dress envelopes the whole body of the diver and is more or less filled with air throughout; the exhausted air escapes through a valve in the helmet. Sheet india-rubber, covered on both sides with tanned twill, is the fashionable material for suits in submarine circles; and with helmet, weights, boots, and other things, an outfit costs about £140.

Robert Louis Stevenson once went down in a diving-dress when his father was building the breakwater at Wick. He was only a lad at the time, but he gives an excellent account of "what it was like." From such a source readers will no doubt gladly accept a paragraph, and all the more because few men with eyes and a pen have ventured down to the under-world of the sea.

"It was grey, harsh, easterly weather, the swell ran pretty high, and out in the open there were 'skipper's daughters,' when I found myself at last," says Mr. Stevenson, "on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead upon each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woollen underclothing. One moment the salt wind was whistling round my nightcapped head; the next I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burden was laid upon me, I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off from the whole enterprise. But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the hurdy-gurdy, and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the visor, and I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men, standing there in their midst, but quite divorced from intercourse: a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own. But time was scarce given me to realise my isolation. The weights were hung upon my back and breast, the signal rope was thrust into my unresisting hand; and setting a twenty pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponderously to descend."

Some twenty rounds below the platform twilight fell, and looking up he saw "a low green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque, but very restful and delicious." He was met when he got to the bottom by "Bob Bain," the friendly diver who had arranged the excursion.

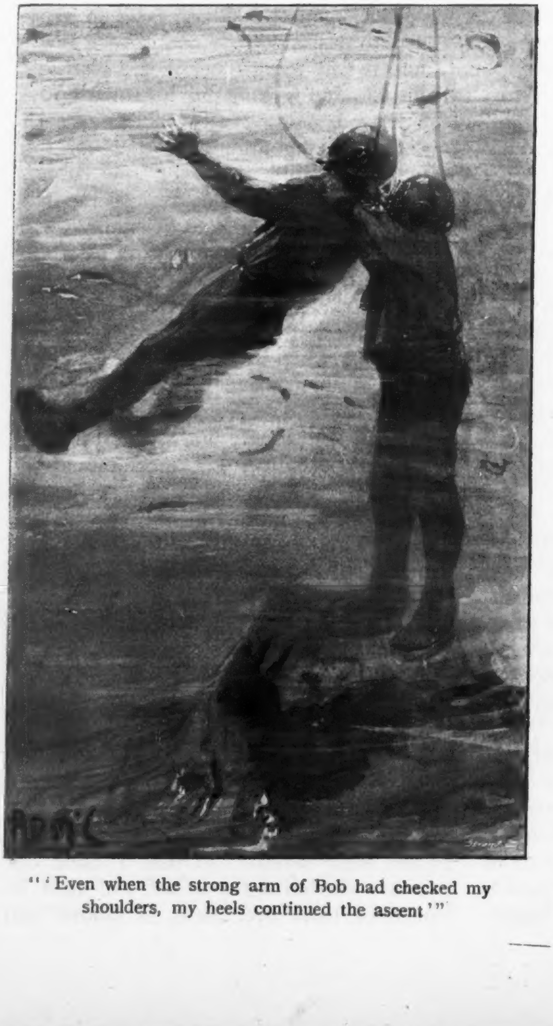
"There we were," Stevenson says, "hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye; and either might have burst himself with shouting, and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. Each, in his own little world of air, stood incommunicably separate."

What struck Stevenson most was the effect which the density of the water has upon the movements of the diver. "Bob" motioned to him to leap upon a stone that stood about six feet high. Accoutred as he was, the thing seemed to Stevenson out of reason; but mark what happened. "I gave a little impulse from my toes. Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as to the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders, my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet like an intoxicated sparrow."

One might write pages about the conditions of life under water, and not add much to the impression Stevenson conveys by that little bit of personal experience. He had "a fine, dizzy, muddle-headed joy" in his surroundings, but confesses that he was rather relieved than otherwise when "Bob" brought him back to the ladder and signed to him to mount. Cases have been known of divers going to sleep under water; and once a card party was surprised in the interior of a diving-bell by a contractor, who wondered why the work went on so slowly, and went down in a diving-dress to see for himself. The diving-dress is now used at the sponge fisheries in the Mediterranean and the pearl fisheries in Ceylon, the West Indian Islands, the coast of Australia, and elsewhere. The native diver, with his rope and his stone, has had to give way to the man in the helmet.

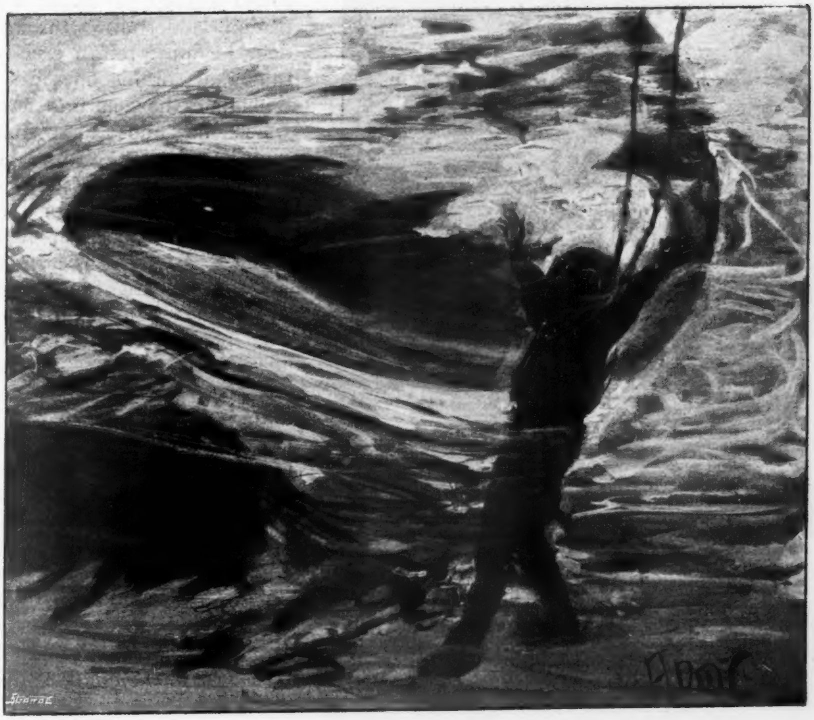
Divers who have been down in foreign seas tell of exciting encounters with sharks. But it appears that "the demon of the sea," with all its voracity, is a little timid in presence of the strange creature that wears a shining helmet, with the eye of a Gorgon and a long plume of hissing air-bubbles. A diver who spent some years at the Australian pearl fisheries describes in this way his first encounter with a shark:

"I felt instinctively," he says, "a strange presence before I saw anything. The small fish usually found in great numbers among the corals had entirely disappeared, and the absence of these flitting little companions, when one has become accustomed to them, produces the effect of intense stillness. A creepy, indefinable sensation of dread took hold of me, and it became one of downright terror when I turned and saw, within ten feet of me, the bulk of an immense shark. The creature lay almost motionless, half-hidden among a mass of cobweb corallines. My first thought was to be pulled up; but as fish have human nature enough to want a thing as soon as they see it is being taken away from them, I rejected the idea. A sweep of its tail, and the great fish and I were face to face. Holding my breath, I stood perfectly still, my heart beating wildly and my eyes riveted on the wicked eyes and cavernous mouth of the shark. I felt that the monster was inspecting me with some curiosity, and after a few moments I became aware that by an almost imperceptible motion of its flexible tail it was gradually approaching me. Nearer and nearer came the leviathan, the shovel-shaped nose pointing directly to my face-glass. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and with a yell I threw up my arms. Instantly there was a swirl of water, a cloud of mud, and my enemy vanished."



"'Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders, my heels continued the ascent'"

Another shark story, this time from

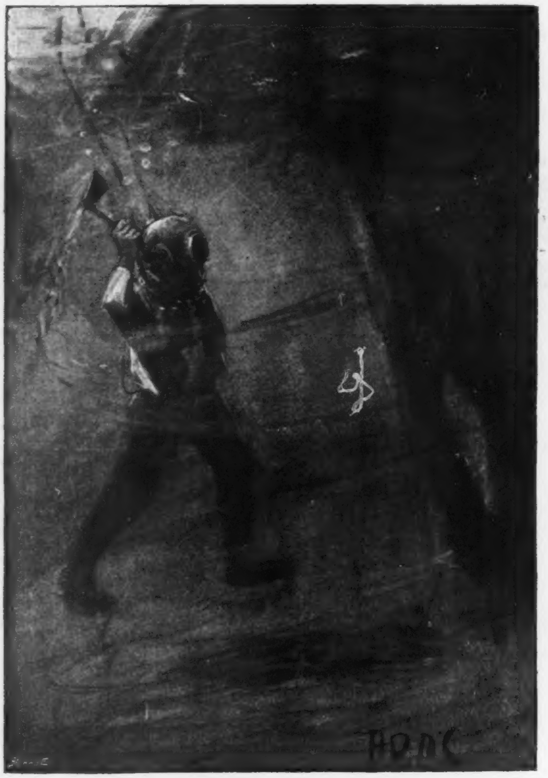


"'With a yell I threw up my arms'"

the West Indies. "A large steamer," the diver relates, "had struck on a reef and then slipped off into deep water, taking down with her the mails and a valuable cargo. There were some papers that were particularly wanted, and I was in the chart-room under the bridge working for them when suddenly, as I turned, I saw the wicked snout of a big shark close to me. It was a nice fix to be pinned up in the corner of a little square room with a big brute between me and the door. I went creepy all over, I can tell you. But I kept still and so did he, except that he worked a fin lazily, like a screw-steamer holding on against a tide. I got the knife in my belt loose, and waited. The shark evidently did not know what to make of me, and gradually drifted over to the other side of the room. I began then to move towards the door, and had almost reached it when the shark made a sudden rush in the same direction—and disappeared. Which of us got the bigger fright I don't know."

But encounters with sharks don't always end so. Some years ago an English diver, who was at work on a sunken wreck off the island of Diego Garcia, had a visit from the same shark every day for a week. At first he had no trouble in scaring it away; it was enough if he gave a turn to the escape-valve in his helmet and let out a little air. But at the end of the week it had become very troublesome. The diver signalled for a knife and a looped rope, and then boldly held out his bare hand as a bait to the shark. The monster came on with a rush and was turning on its back when it was stabbed by the diver, who then passed the loop round its body and sent it up to the surface.

A cool head should certainly be included in the equipment of a man who seeks to earn his bread in the sea. The story is



"Struck his hatchet through—a mirror"

told of a diver who saw two ghosts, "full fathom five" under the surface. He had gone down to the wreck of a large steamer, and was crossing the main saloon when two grey shapes of enormous size came shambling towards him. He did not wait to make notes for the Psychical Society, but gave the danger signal and was at once pulled up. Told in the cheerful light of day, it seemed rather a lame story; and another diver went down to see what he could make of it. Towards him also came the shambling grey shapes. He stood irresolute for a moment, and then going boldly forward struck his hatchet through—a mirror! The ghosts were only a dim reflection of his own legs, much enlarged, of course, as everything is that a diver sees through the great frontal eye of his helmet.

Moving about on a wreck, the diver has to exercise great care to keep his air-tube and signal-rope free. If he goes round a mast or under a companion-ladder or through a door he must return exactly the same way, or his lines will foul. Sometimes he gets into a tangle which he finds impossible to uncoil. Nothing worse could happen to him. The supply of air continues to come, for the air-tube is so made that it never "kinks"; but he is a prisoner, and no amount of pulling will bring him to the surface. His one chance in such a case is to cut the air-tube. If he has "a clear road" he will, having thrown off his weights, shoot up at once; and his fate then depends upon the time it takes the attendants to get to him. There is a case on record of a diver coming up in this way and striking against the bottom of a boat; his helmet was not damaged, but the force of the blow drove the edges down into the man's shoulders and killed him.

In America, and perhaps also in this country, divers keep a record of "old bottoms," at which they work when they have nothing better to do. Some years ago, when the price of copper was high, two divers got seven hundred bars out of a ship that had been forty years under water. An old "bottom" off Peekskill is said to be one of Captain Kidd's vessels: the name suggests untold gold, but nothing in the way of treasure seems to have been got out of the ship. Hell Gate is often worked "on spec.", and occasionally a lost anchor, or a valise dropped from an ocean liner, rewards the enterprise of the diver.

But, after all, submarine work has its limits. Few men care to go deeper than one hundred and fifty feet, and only once or twice has two hundred feet been reached. And when one considers how much of the ocean floor is beyond these limits, one has to admit that for the most part what the sea gets it keeps.

THE CASE OF THE BEASTS AND BIRDS

By F. G. AFLALO

WHEN the sorrowing nightingale warbled o'er the grave of Orpheus, he must, it is not indecent to suppose, have refreshed himself, in the intervals that parted his bursts of threnody, on such fat and seasonable caterpillars as then crept in the shadow of the sacred mountain. It were indeed better, in the long run, for the birds, if only their apologists would introduce them to us as small creatures living only to feed and breed, not in the usual fantastic disguise of angelic beings revelling in the very joy of life and at peace with all the world. To reduce the bird to its lowest terms, an ungrateful undertaking though it be, would ensure more certain sympathy with one fallen to our own earthly level and indeed further, a creature that seeks the company of its fellows only for meals or matrimony. The question of bird protection must be judged with no closed doors. Those without vested agricultural interests at stake may, if it so please them, spare everything feathered, friend and foe alike, on grounds as purely sentimental as may commend themselves. But for town-dwellers, whose natural history is often limited to what they gather from the perusal of the papers and magazines, and whose right to vote is defined by their annual subscription to some field club or protection society, to condemn without trial any farmer who may, on the evidence of his own eyes, elect to remove with his shot-gun the titmice and other small fowl that are rifling his fruit-trees, is surely both unjust and impertinent. Because, forsooth, some of the thieves have a flute-like voice, others gay raiment—it is as if the ladies in an assize court should intercede with the judge for the acquittal of some picturesque highwayman!

In the present article it is proposed, briefly and without bias, to examine one or two of the later movements for the protection, compulsory or otherwise, of our native fauna, the restoration of birds and beasts that once were British, and the acclimatisation of foreign species that have, within memory of man at least, no natural footing in these islands: three movements that, while subject to much careless confusion in the press and elsewhere, are to all intents and purposes absolutely distinct.

That the modern protecting craze, the natural reaction from centuries of waste, should have extended even to our rarer butterflies and typical ferns is not matter for regret or criticism, for these innocuous things of beauty are the enemies of no man, and may well be left to multiply after their kind, and gladden the countryside. Nor need comment be offered on the fact that those who are loudest in their outcry have generally filled their own particular cabinets to overflowing, in the same way as great hunters, like Messrs. Selous and Kirby and Bryden, come back to us after seasons of slaughter in South Africa, and, since they cannot have the mastodon restored in the flesh, clamour, like reformed rakes, for protection for all that they and their double-12 have left. So the end be good, the advocates in such case matter little.

With our own birds and beasts, however, coming as they do in much closer relations with the farmer, fruit-grower, and stock-owner, the case is otherwise; and when it comes to a question of their protection or suppression, we must surely listen to the case for those whose unpaying guests they are throughout all or half the year. Beauty is here not always mated to virtue, and we are no longer concerned merely with the extent to which the accused are pleasing to the eye, or their voice grateful to the ear. No; accusers and apologists must imparl on a basis less sentimental. The question becomes simply one of food. According to the nature of its diet, and the means by which it seeks it, so shall the life of each be spared or forfeit. With the killing of birds, large or small, for the table, whether by the wholesale "Brescianella" of the Italians, or by our own more limited clap-nets and limed twigs, these remarks do not concern themselves. The Italians make their raids for the most part on the small migratory kinds, journeying to or from their breeding-grounds, nor must we in fairness forget the fact, communicated some time ago by a lady to the *Times*, that thousands of ortolans are annually slain in Italy for the London market—a fact which, read side by side with the coincident refusal of a London supply association to traffic in larks, throws an instructive side-light on the distribution of produce.

Discussion on the bird question has been revived of late by three operative forces: first, the report recently published by the International Congress that sat last November at Aix-en-Provence; second, Mr. Hudson's very able protest in the *Times* against feathered women; third, the recent failure of a natural history society to acquire as a sanctuary for wild birds that classic ground to the naturalist, the royal forest of Wolmer. Apart from any regret we may feel for the thwarting of what was undoubtedly an excellent plan, it is impossible to deny that the action of the War Office, severely criticised though it was at the time, was perfectly warranted by the facts. Lord Lansdowne's reply to the petitioners showed, indeed, according to Captain Cowie's report, that the present system works admirably, hawks, owls, and foxes being rigidly preserved, and game-birds only being shot. This is exactly as it should be. Wild Nature may, as the humanitarians say in their disgust, be one with rapine, but there are, I dare to believe, very excellent reasons for her tolerance; and a demesne in which the struggle for existence should be regulated by such artificial measures as the repression of hawks and weasels would be a travesty of sanctuary indeed. The word "vermin" must be expunged unconditionally from the verderer's dictionary.

I wish it to be understood that, in the remarks I am about to offer on the general principle of protecting indiscriminately, I have not anything but warm appreciation for all endeavours to isolate from the sinister operations of the collector such areas as the royal forest in question; and whether we wait, as Mr. Cornish, I believe, suggests, until the dawn of another reign, or whether, as is perhaps more fitting, we add yet another to the many enlightened measures that have adorned that of her Majesty, these efforts are in any case deserving of all support in the legislature and all co-operation on the countryside.

False sentiment has, however, been the ruin of more than one movement of great promise, and it cannot be denied that the agitation in favour of the birds has, though its development has been under illustrious auspices, been handicapped by something more than its fair share. We may not withhold our support from the public meetings held to protest against the slaughter of wild birds for the cabinet or bonnet, nor is there great fault to be found with the dissemination of rather violent literature to the same end. To interfere, however, with the amusement of men who have, at their own expense, imported and laid down game-birds with the express object of shooting them—birds, let it be clearly understood, that, but for the game laws and the constant introduction of fresh blood, would be as rare in Britain to-day as the bittern and bustard—this is the height of folly, and can only act prejudicially.

If, however, we grant that it is not permissible to destroy wild birds for the sake of their plumage, there yet remains the most important consideration of all, the question of how these birds stand individually in the books of the farmer. Let us here have no stereotyped phrases; no quotations from Jesse about the rook and the plough. The subject is far too serious to be thus lightly dismissed. What we require is a mass of authenticated evidence on the contents of birds' crops at different seasons. In this country there is, unfortunately, but little of this, and I have just read some leaflets emanating from an official department, that presumably had access to the best scientific assistance obtainable, which might rather have been the one-sided appeal of a rural vestry. The United States Bureau of Agriculture manages these things differently, and publishes from time to time serious and valuable bulletins on bird food. Several authors have offered similar useful tables of analysis of the food of foreign birds, as examples of which may be cited Oates in his "Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls," Chapman and Buck in their "Wild Spain," and Dr. Steen in his "Useful and Noxious Birds of Schleswig-Holstein." Needless to say, however, none of these tables is of any account in studying the food of the same birds in these islands, where the conditions of climate and cultivation are so different. The single case of the sparrow may perhaps be regarded as *chose jugée:* this bird is, by almost common consent, a consumer of grain and fruit, seeking insects only during a limited period for its young, and even then taking useful and noxious insects alike, the latter being preyed on throughout the year by other insectivorous birds which the pugnacious sparrow drives away. Altogether, the sparrow has no brilliant record, and farmers may well be excused if they persist in turning a deaf ear to romantic pleas for the "pert" one.

But the sparrow is the only convicted bird whose case calls for no revision, just as the swallow and tree-creeper are equally acquitted without need of further trial. There remain, however, nearly all our small wild birds, the finches and buntings, the larks and orioles, not to mention the whole of the crows and birds of prey, on the food of which more evidence is greatly to be desired.

The case for or against our quadrupeds is analogous. Sentimentalists may wax hysterical over the death of seal, otter, marten, or squirrel; but if it can be shown that the seal eats the salmon, the otter poaches the trout, the marten raids the hen-house, and the squirrel kills the young firs, why, then let those protect these attractive creatures who provide their food, if they are so minded. A fair and full trial, by all means, and let those whose country rambles are saddened by the absence of wild life conduct the defence, if they are capable of so doing. But to protest in immoderate terms against the action of farmers and fruit-growers who, already handicapped to the verge of ruin, may in all good faith rid their orchards or crops of the birds they regard, rightly or wrongly, as their enemies, is wanton folly.

Nor must the evidence of benefit conferred be too far fetched. I have before now heard the jay lauded because, in its love of variety, it occasionally prefers a meal of sparrows' eggs to those of more valuable birds. The spawn-eating bullhead has been recommended to the mercy of the trout-breeder, because forsooth of an occasional accident whereby it chokes that still worse offender, the dabchick. In a like manner the otter is, probably with much reason, held to atone for its meal of trout by its far greater consumption of eels, the very worst enemies to the fry and spawn.

Turning for a moment to the second of the movements under notice, the restoration of lost Britons, feathered or furred, there seems little cause for hope that such interesting projects can, save in jealously guarded areas, be crowned with success. The fate that awaited the notorious Kew pelican, when it strayed last autumn from its pond, is sufficient earnest of the treatment to be expected for any strange beast or bird seen at large. The re-introduction of the handsome capercailzie from Scandinavia to the woods of North Britain has, it is true. met with some success, but the inference that so conspicuous a fowl as the great bustard may therefore once more establish itself on the Yorkshire moors is a bold one indeed. The French and German cannon of 1870 so shook the breeding-grounds of the bustard in the Low Countries, that numbers of these fine birds crossed the Channel in the hope, no doubt, of finding an asylum with us. The suspense of the exiles was, at any rate, of no long duration: they preceded the Kew pelican.

If, however, it be permissible to regard with jealous eye the indiscriminate restoration of species that have, for one reason or other, ceased to breed in these islands, it is still more open to question whether general support shall be given to the acclimatisation on a large scale of wild creatures that have no place on British soil. I must for my part confess to an absence of enthusiasm for such a project, unless it be regarded as the whim of landowners ready and able to set apart secluded areas for the turning down of such fancy visitors. The introduction of wapiti, Japanese deer, mouflon, or kangaroos, while it may not be seriously contemplated in connection with lands to which the public has access, may, under happier conditions, confer untold benefits on science, for we might in time be able to place some of the most timorous of wild creatures under close observation, and thus clear up more than one point of interest. I fail to see wherein lies the wisdom of introducing and liberating beasts that, though apparently innocuous, never yet inhabited these islands since man ruled the earth. Apart from their possible effects on our indigenous fauna and flora, they could not, however harmless, long survive the missile of the loafer. In the

Yellowstone Park, indeed, the black bears and coyotes had so thriven under State protection as to become a serious trouble, with the result that the authorities had, last autumn, to draft them off to menageries throughout the American continent.

Of greater worth, assuredly, than the introduction of exotic species is the modern tendency to establish sanctuaries for big game in their own haunts, where land is more easily closed to the pot hunter. As Mr. Rhodes will one day protect the elegant antelopes and zebras in South Africa, so let the Americans protect their dwindling bison and musk-ox, while we, always with due regard for the prescriptive rights of the stock-owner, stay our hand from the golden eagle and peregrine.

Above all, let our measures for protection or the reverse be the outcome of deliberate reasoning, not hysteria. A single record of the contents of a wood-pigeon's crop will generally give the lie to the most fervid oration ever delivered from a platform. On the other hand, the little dipper may generally be freely dissected without disclosing a trace of the trout-spawn, as a destroyer of which it has been so harshly condemned.

If some birds are like to suffer from the more systematic search after the truth, if the rook and chaffinch and linnet are thereby relegated to the misdemeanants to be shot at sight, there are many others, as the kestrel, owls, and kingfisher, which would, on the other hand, be acquitted once and for all of the false charges under which they have suffered too long.

As for the diatribes against the shooting of wildfowl, geese, ducks, and the like, or such casual migrants as Pallas's sand-grouse, the first on the general score of cruelty, the second on the assumption that, if left unmolested, they might remain permanently, these are too trivial to need comment, and are not indeed to be distinguished from the above-mentioned condemnation in general terms of all shooting.

It may, or may not, be desirable for country folk to have otters splashing in their burns, and titmice in their neighbours' orchards; but though their antics may please more the stray visitor from cities, their appetites may very well please less those whose fish or fruit they feed on.

GLANCES AT SOUTH AFRICA

By the Rev. JOHN MACKENZIE

FIRST PAPER

If the old people of to-day know anything of the geography of South Africa, they certainly did not learn it at school. In their time the map of Africa was one of the easiest that could be pulled down for the geography lesson. Do we not still remember it well? We were taught a few names along the coast on each side of the continent, and then some boy shouted, "All the rest desert, sir"; and the geography lesson for that day was over. There is no such easy geography lesson of Africa to-day. Not only have many lakes, rivers, tribes, and towns been found where all was supposed to be desert, but the new names with which we are gradually becoming familiar are often not such as the average boy would wish to commit to memory.

The "Grand Tour" to complete the equipment of the young English gentleman is no longer that of Europe, with Egypt and the Holy Land thrown in. The Grand Tour of to-day takes you round the world, and you have brought before you for special study various countries and peoples of the British Empire. People leaving London by different routes agree to meet in New Zealand. At the end of last year a number of English gentlemen travelled by steam from London to Buluwayo to celebrate the completion of the railway to the latter place—some 1400 miles to the north of Cape Town.

The traveller is informed to-day that the distance from London to Cape Town is 6000 miles, and that it will take him on an average some seventeen days. My first voyage to the Cape was by steamer in 1858, and it took us thirty-eight days—the time allowed by Government being forty-two days. After putting in eleven years' service in the interior I revisited the old country; and my second voyage to Cape Town in 1871 took twenty-seven days. This was then the shortest voyage on record, and the delighted merchants of Cape Town gave our captain a public dinner. To-day our fleetest vessels take only fourteen and fifteen days on the voyage.

But whatever may have changed in the last forty years, the grand old Table Mountain is still the same impressive object which it always has been to the traveller—at the beginning, so to speak, of the new continent. It is, and always will be, one of the leading sights of the world.

Without presuming to add to the information of our travelled friend, we shall make it our endeavour to give our stay-at-home cousin some fresh ideas concerning this Southern Land.

The view of Table Mountain, and of Cape Town ensconced at its foot, commands the attention of every one arriving at Cape Town. Another view is worthy of special attention. It is that of Cape Town and Table Bay, by night or by day, from any of the houses at the foot of the mountain which overlook both the town and the bay.

The Castle is one of the old Dutch structures still in use in Cape Town, and is the residence of the Commander-in-Chief. The military buildings are now strangely mixed up with the lines of railway, the station being close at hand. In laying out the town the modern rectangular form was anticipated by our Dutch predecessors. In the chief streets, however, Cape Town has been rebuilt in recent years, and contains some very fine buildings; while the "stoep," or steps before a house—so irregular and disconcerting to the passenger on foot—have in these streets entirely disappeared. Government House, the residence of the Governor and High Commissioner, and The Gardens in which it stands, were built and laid out in the time of the Dutch East India Company; but the very handsome Houses of Parliament, with the publicly-raised statue of her Majesty in their front, have been only recently erected. The Governor of the colony has also a county residence at Newlands near Cape Town. The villas of Cape merchants and of professional men, from the Chief Justice downwards, are to be found along the line of railway for some distance outward. Mr. Rhodes is owner of a fine estate near Cape Town called "The Great Schum," the grounds of which are open to the public. Unfortunately the mansion-house was recently burned to the ground; and sickness appeared some time ago among the collection of wild beasts. If you wish, on a smaller scale, to see beauty, taste, and profusion, you can look in at The Hill, Claremont, near Cape Town, the owner of

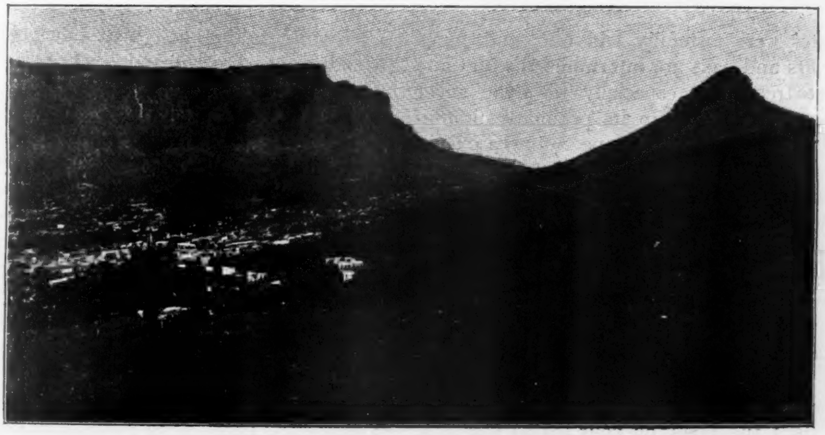
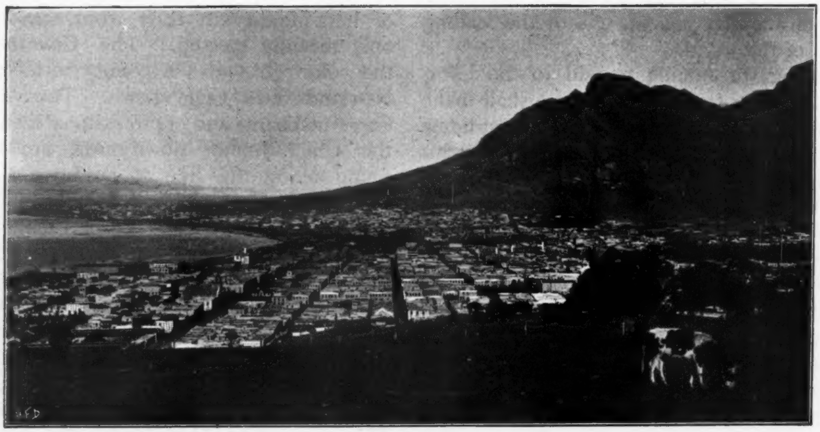


TABLE MOUNTAIN AND CAPE TOWN

which has been himself a great traveller. The oaks and the pines to be seen in those lovely enclosures are on the whole finer than those of Europe; and I am not quite sure that we are correct when we say, "Of course you could not expect that trees which grow so rapidly would be as hard as the slower growths of North Europe." The timber looks very sound and serviceable, all the same.

The environs of Cape Town are also historically interesting. Long ago many invalided servants of the Hon. East India Company, instead of proceeding to England, contented themselves with the salubrious and generous climate of the Cape Peninsula. Estates were tastefully laid out, and pines and firs and oaks are intermingled with Cape forest trees, and especially with the silver tree, which is here in its peculiarly circumscribed habitat. The Cape Suburban Railway has recently been carried as far as Simon's Bay, which is our imperial naval station, and the whole of the intervening country is fast being taken up for suburban residences; and at Kalk Bay and Muizenberg there are seaside residences where people who can afford it, from Kimberley and Johannesberg and elsewhere in the interior, can enjoy a holiday and recover strength after the wear and tear of life in the interior. On the Cape Flats, on your left as you drive by rail from Cape Town, you have an object-lesson of what European skill, thrift, and perseverance can accomplish. The Cape Flats are dotted with whitewashed cottages of German peasants, many of whom, after the first struggle with the wilderness, are now living in unwonted prosperity, and practically beyond the reach of depressing care.



CAPE TOWN

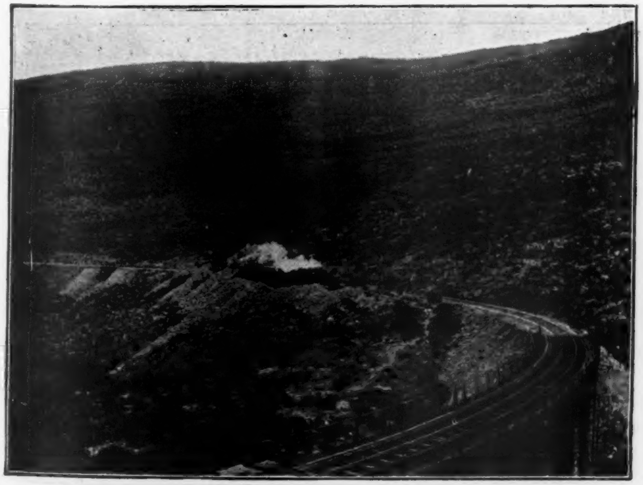
Climbing the hill behind Simon's Bay some years ago, I was directed by my companion to the quarter in which the southernmost point of African land lay. As I gazed, my friend added: "There is down there—the farthest south of all—a farmer who is very kind to our naval officers and others when hunting in his neighbourhood. Need I tell you," added he, "that our hospitable friend is a Scotchman?" I have often thought since of my fellow-countryman in his lonely home among the rugged hills and precipices of the extreme end of the African continent, and have also wondered by what chain of events he found his way from his Scottish home to that far-off dwelling near which beat the waters of the Atlantic, the Indian, and the Southern Oceans.

The climate of the Cape Colony, and indeed of South Africa, may be compared to that of the South of Europe and the North of Africa, with frost and snow on the highest lands and sub-tropical belts on the lowest-lying parts, as in Natal, Zululand, and Mashonaland. It may be roughly said that

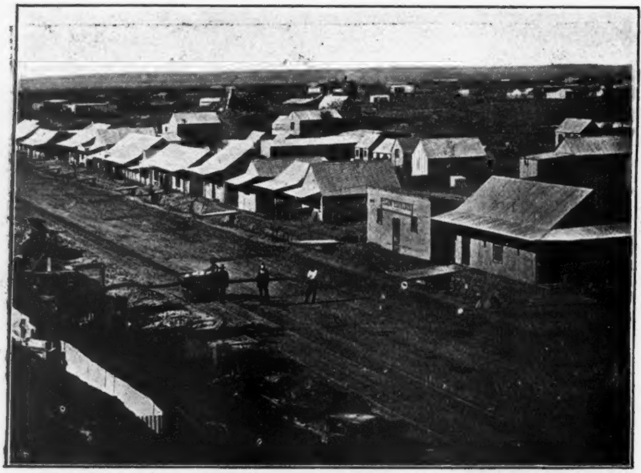
CAPE POINT—THE SOUTHERN END OF AFRICA

any part of South Africa is better for those suffering from chest complaint than is the climate of our home country, at the most trying time of the year. But those who come to South Africa hoping to escape from this disease, should not as a general rule delay on the coast. The Cape Peninsula is delightful for most people, but it is not by any means best for those who are constitutionally inclined to consumption. They must leave the coast, no matter how many inducements there may be for them to stay, and climb the tableland which faces them at whatever port they may land. At irregular distances from the sea we have probably nowhere more than a hundred miles of low-lying coast lands before we ascend. Once on the tableland, so far as climate goes, it matters not in what direction health-seekers proceed, the climate is equally good. If they are country bred and wish a country life in South Africa, the whole tableland is before them. If they have been brought up to business and a city life, and wish to pursue the same mode of life in a dry climate, it is quite possible to do so. Our towns have nowhere in the interior a large population, and he would be a poor business man who could not adapt himself to the business of the new country. When he found suitable employment, if he came before it was too late, he would simply need to live there, observing ordinary laws of health, in order to forget all about his weakness and predisposition.

To people who can afford it the recently-erected Sanatorium at Kimberley is undoubtedly the best appointed place. After the sea voyage to the Cape the invalid is taken charge of at Cape Town if desired, and is brought to Kimberley in well-appointed carriages by the Cape Railway. This magnificent sanatorium and first-



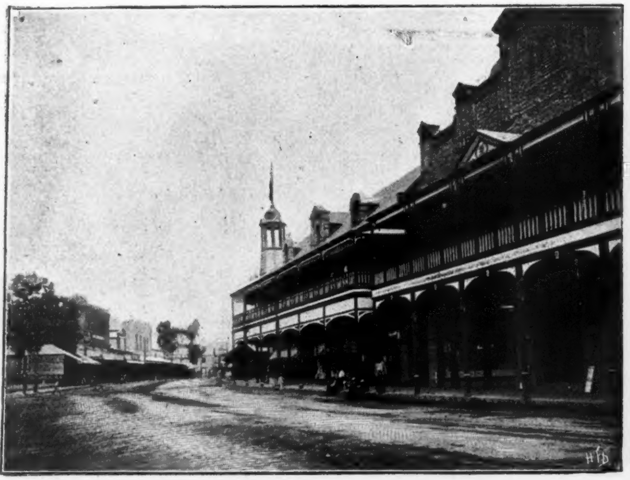
THE HEX RIVER PASS



OLD KIMBERLEY IN 1880

class hotel has been erected by the Hon. C. J. Rhodes at his sole cost, and placed by him under the control and management of a board of the public men of Kimberley. Whatever views we may entertain of Mr. Rhodes's methods as a politician, we can have only one opinion as to this thoughtful and generous action. Thus Kimberley, with such an exciting and picturesque history behind it—the canvas town, the camp of iron "shanties" and open quarries—is now becoming the well-built colonial town, with its churches, public library, public lectures, theatre, and its golf, cricket, and tennis clubs—and now its sanatorium!

Every one will admit that a good deal depends upon one's environment, if a person is to recover health. It might be added, a great deal depends upon the naturalness of one's mode of life. If one has a tendency towards chest weakness, it is very pleasant to be able to find something to do which one can find pleasure in doing, and in the doing of which one can by-and-by recover something of one's wonted strength. "Tutor on a farm" is an enviable position to occupy to a well-educated person in search of health. There is the "Kraal" to visit every morning and the warm milk to patronise. There is now and then a sickly sheep or goat to help to attend to; and there is the country, morning and evening. Here come the herdboys from a personal visit to the kitchen. They have had a hearty breakfast, and now, as they approach, you see each boy carries a piece of raw meat stuck on a stick on his shoulder which it is meant he should cook for himself on the coals of a fire in the veld, while his flock are grazing. Your invalid makes himself useful in all the orderly bustle of the morning as flock after flock leaves the homestead with its "boy" and dog or dogs, taking from the beginning its own course towards the grazing-field. Then a bath and breakfast, and then lessons. I heard lately of a Master of Arts, who had overdone it at



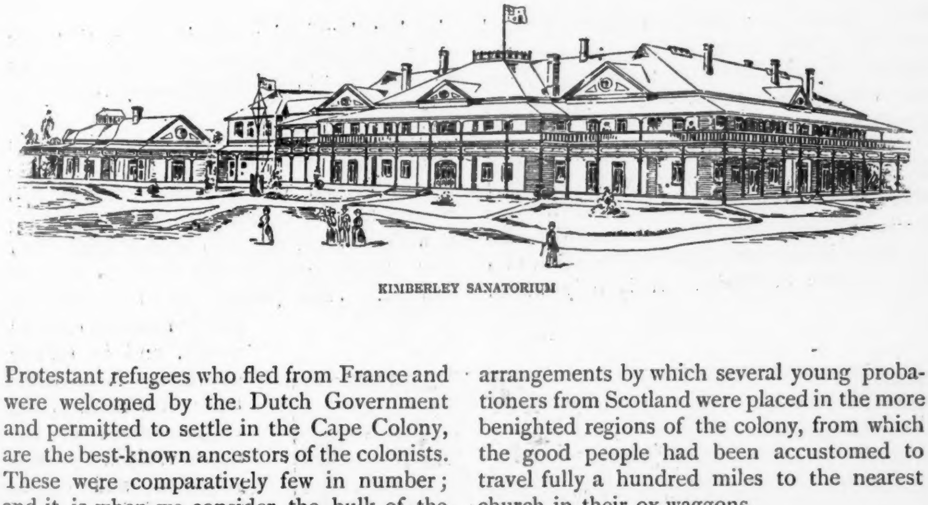
A STREET IN NEW KIMBERLEY

his University in Scotland, who was starring it as "Tutor on a farm" in South Africa, to the delight and advantage of the young people, and to the great benefit of the tutor himself!

In his noble lines of welcome to Princess Alexandra to our shores as Princess of Wales the late Poet Laureate described the people to whom the bride was coming:

> For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
> Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
> We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
> Alexandra!

These words are brought to our minds whenever we consider the diversified European ancestry of the Cape Colonists. The leading nucleus is no doubt from Holland. The officials of the old Dutch Company who settled in South Africa, and the French Protestant refugees who fled from France and were welcomed by the Dutch Government and permitted to settle in the Cape Colony, are the best-known ancestors of the colonists. These were comparatively few in number; and it is when we consider the bulk of the inhabitants, whose ancestors were mostly the rank and file of the Dutch Company's servants, that we realise how varied is the stock from which the body of the colonists spring—probably not from Holland only, but from the neighbouring countries of North Europe as well. The product is good; the Cape Colonist of the present day is usually a tall, strong, well-made man; and the daughters of a family are often nearly as tall as the sons. Here and there you find the short dark-eyed child of France, whose movements also are quick and vivacious. But some of his brothers will be taller, and more sedate in their ways. When I first faced a congregation of Dutch-speaking colonists, it at once reminded me of a country congregation in Scotland. And the early impression produced by outward appearance has been deepened by many years' acquaintance: the two peoples have much in common.



KIMBERLEY SANATORIUM

The Dutch Reformed Church of the Cape Colony is practically one in doctrine with the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland as well as of Holland and France. Early in the century it was not an uncommon thing for young Scottish probationers to become ministers to South African congregations. At that time the Dutch Reformed Church was an "established" Church in the colony, and the appointment of minister was more or less a Government appointment. More than one Governor, in view of the scarcity of ministers, especially on the borders of the colony, made arrangements by which several young probationers from Scotland were placed in the more benighted regions of the colony, from which the good people had been accustomed to travel fully a hundred miles to the nearest church in their ox-waggons.

Some forty years ago a "Voluntary" Bill was carried through the local Parliament disestablishing and disendowing, after decease of the then incumbents, the Churches that were receiving support from Government. Besides the Presbyterian Church, the measure affected Episcopalian and Wesleyan Churches, both of which had been receiving Government support. The leader in this "Voluntary" movement was the late Mr. Saul Solomon, whose high character and personal ability had a great deal to do with the passing of the Bill. Thus in this matter the Cape Colony has long taken its place with our other colonies—in all of which the affairs of the Churches are kept quite separate from those of the State.

KIMBERLEY DIAMOND QUARRY, 1873

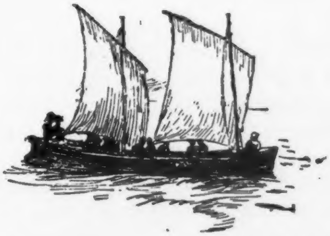
It was only to be expected that in the course of time the Dutch Reformed Church of the colony would find itself strong enough in every way to provide for the education, in South Africa, of the young men of the Church who aspired to become its ministers. Both the Theological Seminary and the Victoria College have been for years established at Stellenbosch, some thirty miles from Cape Town; and the ministers trained there are now filling with acceptance the pulpits of the Church of their fathers, not only within the Cape Colony, but throughout South Africa.

It will be agreed on all hands to-day that a Church without a propaganda—without some organisation by means of which it bears testimony concerning Christ to those outside its pale—is without an essential function of a true Church of Christ. It is only within the last hundred years, however, that our British Churches have recovered this essential function, and in the Cape Colony its recovery has been later still.

While all Churches are engaged in this evangelising and educational work, there are always certain very superior persons who profess to have seen through the whole thing in a short time, and who do not hesitate to give their very strongly-worded adverse opinion. These persons are to be found in public rooms in colonial hotels, and in railway carriages. A favourite topic with them is the enlightenment of the native African by evangelisation and education; and they speak of it with pity mingled with contempt. Such people are at their best among fresh arrivals from Europe, especially newspaper correspondents, among whom they can expatiate as "old hands" and men who have knowledge below the surface of things. But they do not shine in answering questions, even when it is to uphold

KIMBERLEY ADVANCED MINING, 1898. DE BEERS BLUE STUFF CRUSHING MILL statements which they themselves have advanced. For instance, it is very common for these people to seriously advise the newcomer never to engage a "school-Kaffir," as he is never to be trusted; but to engage and trust as a servant the "raw native" from the interior. "But how do you reconcile that with recent events in Matabeleland?" said some one in the company on a recent occasion; "the rawest Kaffirs were murdering us; the educated coloured people were risking their lives on our side!" To this there was no convenient reply ready. The same irrepressible giver of information breaks out in a new place, and gives you instances of Church members who are inconsistent, and of graduates at native schools and colleges who have quite lost their character, and implies that there is no use in trying either to educate or evangelise. He is again tackled by the same listener. "You profess to follow the history of a native college with discouraging results. Say that you have quoted correctly, would you be prepared to follow the history of any college in England or Scotland, and would you hold the college or school as responsible for the after-life of every boy in the same way? Or with reference to Church members, are you prepared fearlessly to uphold the manner of life of every person confirmed in youth in European society, or who has partaken of Communion as an openly professed Christian? Why expect converts from heathenism and their children to excel Christians who belong to Christian ancestors for many generations?" Our friend is never good at supporting his views; but that never discourages him, and it is marvellous how often he deceives others, if not himself as well, in the end.

Avoiding controversy, it is most edifying to study the example of our fellow-Christians among the farmers and former slave-owners of the Cape Colony. What do we find? We find throughout the colony that where no Mission work had been already established by European societies, Mission churches have been organised, and missionaries (who themselves have been taught in the colony) have been appointed to those village churches of coloured people by the members of the Dutch Reformed Church of the village. In Nyassaland also, in East Central Africa, as well as on the borders of the Transvaal, the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church has an organised Mission, whose missionaries—the sons and daughters of Cape Colonists belonging to that Church—are supported by the subscriptions of their fellow-colonists—people, we must suppose, who have seen the advantages of Christian teaching at home, and who seek to take their part in sending the Gospel to tribes who have it not. Cavilling people are always difficult to silence, and it is not always worth while to attempt it; but with all due attention to our young philosopher of the hotel table, we venture to submit that people of open mind will agree that the Christian people of the Dutch Church in the colony must have seen the good accomplished by Missions, otherwise they would not have subscribed to establish them in all their colonial villages: they must have felt the same divine call that our own people felt in Britain, before their sons and daughters would join ours, as they do to-day in distant Nyassaland as Christian workers. Surely they have had the best opportunity of testing the value of Missions among South Africans; and this is their striking and eminently satisfactory answer.



WATCH-BOX ROCK, DOVEDALE, DERBYSHIRE

A GREAT RAILWAY

THE STORY OF THE NORTH WESTERN

By JOHN PENDLETON, Author of "Our Railways," "The Ivory Queen," etc.

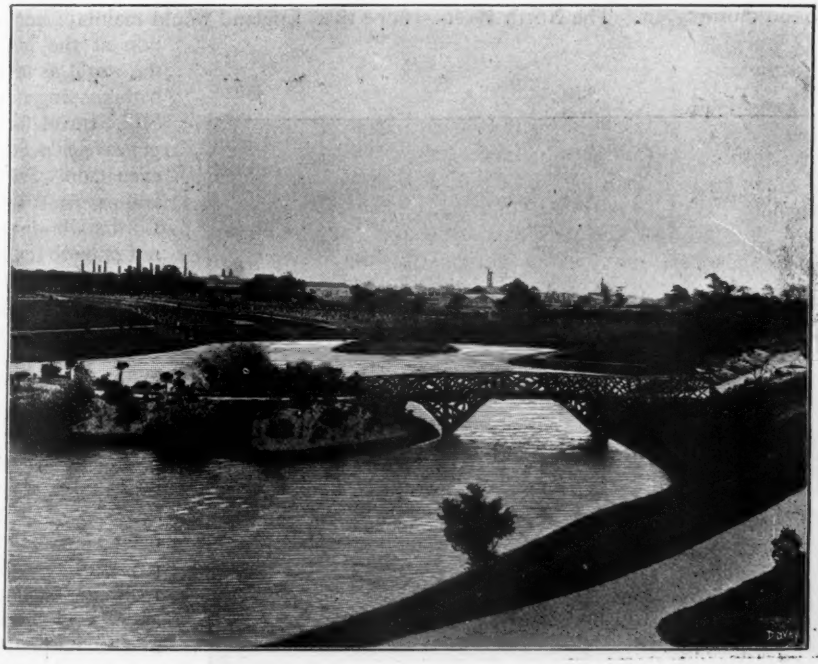
CONCLUDING PAPER

A REMARKABLE MAN

SIR EDWARD WATKIN, when he took a more active part in railway management, was fond of saying that a train was the safest place in a thunderstorm, and that a passenger in an express was more secure than a pedestrian in the Strand. Certainly the proportion of deaths to the number of passengers on an English railway is infinitesimal; and one mathematician has devoted his leisure to prove that only one passenger in every two hundred millions can reasonably expect to be injured or killed. The North Western formerly boasted that it never had an accident, and with the exception of the collision at Abergele and the more recent smash at Chelford, its running has been singularly free from disaster. With a perfect block system, skilful driving, solid permanent way, and few steep gradients except Shap, its liability to accident is reduced to a minimum, particularly as it has always been the tradition and practice of the company to produce the very best rolling stock. Even the new carriages built for the Great Central line to London, though adroitly bogied and hung, are not superior in ease of travel to the North Western coaches. Indeed, for some years past the vehicles turned out at Wolverton have revealed the fact that railway carriage building is becoming a fine art, for they are not only as strong and durable as good workmanship can make them, but they are luxurious in appointment and artistic in decoration, and one of the latest and most improved of the North Western express corridor dining trains has been appropriately christened the "Richard Moon."

To use a familiar metaphor, the head of the North Western is at Euston, and its heart pulsates with labour at Crewe. Mr. George Carr Glyn, afterwards Lord Wolverton, was the first notable chairman of the North Western, and one of the founders of that marvellous organisation, the Railway Clearing House, which clears receipts to the amount of £22,000,000 yearly, and in half a century has dealt with railway earnings to the enormous sum of £500,000,000. But after all, Richard Moon, whose remarkable individuality is kept in memory by the name of the new corridor train, was for many years the shrewdest head of the North Western. Originally a director of the company, he was appointed the chairman of the undertaking in 1862; and in 1887, when he became Sir Richard Moon, Baronet, no one, not even the humblest carriage cleaner on the line, begrudged him the honour. Sir James Allport, at one time the general manager, and subsequently a director of the Midland Railway, was often spoken of as the "Bismarck of railway politics"; but Richard Moon was the Bismarck of the North Western. He was imperious but scrupulously just and kindly. He was a strict disciplinarian, an indefatigable worker, a sort of human watch-dog—going here, there, and everywhere at unexpected times, and growling at everybody who ventured to neglect their duty. He was no respecter of persons. High and low came in alike for his scathing criticism, and it is recorded that one official, after a sharp reprimand from his chief, blurted out: "I would rather see the devil than Richard Moon."

Many stories are told of his tireless zeal, his persistent touch with every department, and his intensity in safeguarding the interests of the shareholders. No work was too hard

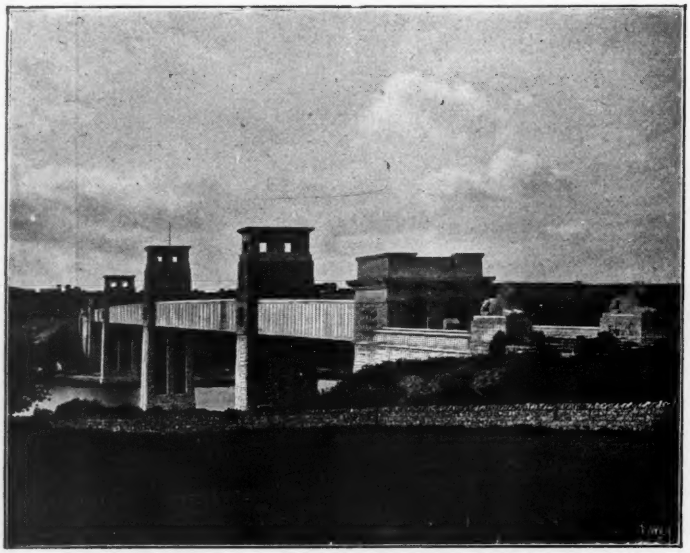


QUEEN'S PARK, CREWE

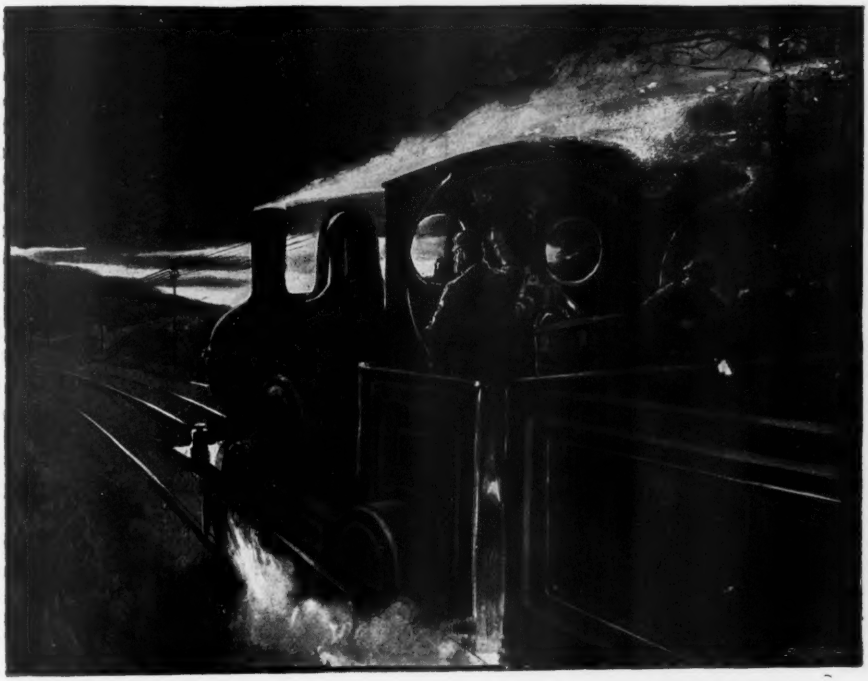
for him; nothing escaped him. He would travel far, stay up half the night poring over plans and estimates, and rise at daybreak to renew his toil. "Why do you pay such a high price for gas-piping?" he once inquired of a district engineer, who was almost struck dumb with astonishment. He gave lessons in pronunciation to Lancashire porters, and stern reproof to officials in important positions. "Never let me see that man's face again!" he said on one occasion, bubbling with indignation at some slight dereliction of duty committed by a confidential clerk in whom he had had confidence. One cannot, of course, vouch for the truth of all the anecdotes current on the system with regard to his brusque demeanour and rapier-like tongue, and it is almost beyond credence, in this age of tourist apparel, golfing attire and cycling garb, that he peremptorily discharged one of his staff because he dared to go down to the office in flannel trousers! Like Thomas Carlyle, he firmly believed that there was a good deal of influence in clothes. Not only did he desire every one to be well dressed, but he was a martinet on the questions of punctuality and deportment. He said to the head of a department arriving late: "Good morning, sir. The North Western hours are from nine to five!" and to a newly-appointed director, who thoughtlessly opened his favourite daily journal at the board meeting, he severely remarked, "It is not the custom at Euston to read newspapers at the board meetings," then turning grimly to the servant in attendance, he added: "John, take away Mr. ——'s newspaper." Notwithstanding his autocratic ways, the great system he controlled had much to thank him for. His "personal ubiquity and avidity of detail" were alike marvellous.

SHREWD HEADS

In railway government it must be admitted that so soon as one strong man retires another is invariably available; and in Lord Stalbridge the North Western has a chairman lacking the despotic individuality of Richard Moon, but possessing the highest qualities necessary for his responsible position. Lord Stalbridge has more suavity and more enterprise than his predecessor. He controls and extends the system wisely, and on the question of Sunday travel particularly he holds strong views. He believes one real day's rest in seven is not only a physical, but a moral necessity, and recently expressed the hope that England would maintain her position at the head of the world as a Sabbath-keeping nation. Still, travel is imperatively necessary even on Sunday, and permitting it, Lord Stalbridge does not cling to the ruthless doctrine formerly held by railway managers "that Providence, though disapproving of railway service on the Sabbath, may yet be mollified if those trains are worked so as to be of as little use to passengers as possible." He realises the importance of punctuality, and many people in emergency have had reason to bless,



BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE, MENAI STRAITS



A RECORD JOURNEY

rather than curse, the Sunday noon express from the north to town.

Of the general management of the North Western it is impossible to speak otherwise than with favour. George Findlay, who, to quote his own words, was taken over with the rest of the rolling stock, when the company bought the Shrewsbury and Hereford line in 1862, not only faithfully carried out Richard Moon's policy, but made many valuable suggestions as to modern railway working, and distinctly benefited the country by the study he gave to the utilisation of railways as a means of national defence. In Frederick Harrison the company has now a general manager experienced, discreet, and of great business capacity. During his arduous career as chief goods manager on the line, he increased his knowledge of every department of railway organisation and effort, and to repeat the humble but eloquent tribute of one of the obscurest of his staff: "He's a keen 'un for business, wi' a shrewd head." The work of a general manager is enormous, continuous, and occasionally threatens to be overwhelming, but it has not engulfed Frederick Harrison. Frank Ree has worthily succeeded Frederick Harrison as the chief goods manager, and Robert Turnbull keeps briskly in George Neele's tootsteps as the clever superintendent of the line. Francis Webb, the chief mechanical engineer, is quite a veteran, but he has the vigour of youth combined with the wisdom of age, and frequently surprises his friends by his thought and work, and the company by his new developments in engine building. The North Western has prided itself rather on its comfort of travel and punctuality than on its speed; nevertheless, Webb's splendid compound engines, the "Greater Britain," the "Queen Empress," and the "Black Prince," are distinguished not only for massive build but for pace. Like the coyote on the prairie, in the story of "The Golden Butterfly," they rival the

(London Stereoscopic Co., photographers, 54 Cheapside, E.C.)

LORD STALBRIDGE

winged horse Pegasus in speed, and though one expert has contended that, owing to air resistance, back pressure and friction, the limit of a locomotive's progress is eighty miles an hour, it would not be very astounding if any of these engines made a record approaching ninety!

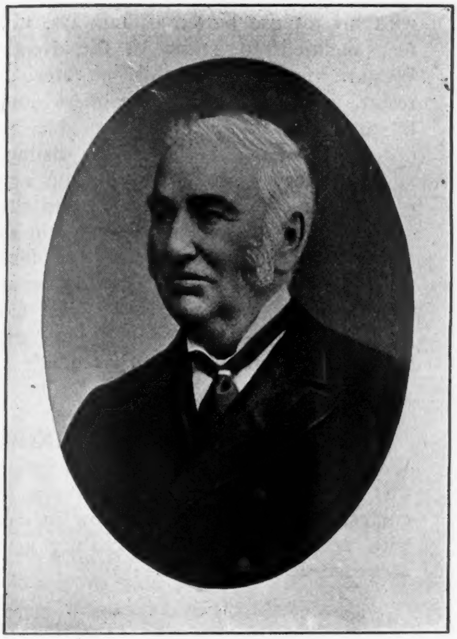
NEW WAYS

In other directions the North Western is an adept at engineering. Early in the century, owing to a heavy swell on the river Conway, the boat conveying the Irish mail, with eight passengers, the coachman, the guard, and a youth, was upset, and only two persons saved. The fine bridge, resting freely on the eastern shore, so that it may expand and contract by heat and cold, and fixed on the pier on the Conway side, has made it possible for passengers to avoid the risks of journeying where tide and river meet; but the gigantic tubular bridge built by Robert Stephenson across Menai Straits is a more notable piece of work. Telford's suspension bridge, within sight, is a graceful structure, and during its making lent itself to foolhardy frolic, one man swinging himself along the first suspended chain, balancing himself in the curve, and making a pair of boots there, contemptuous of peril at the dizzy height; but no practical joke was associated with the building of the tubular bridge. It was a serious business, a daring feat, to carry the line over this turbulent arm of the sea, and the great bridge, with its central tower 230 feet high and its tube nearly 2000 feet long, hoisted into position by the Bramah press, is an impressive indication of what can be done by inventive skill, indomitable spirit, and incessant toil.

Nature, in the opinion of the North Western, presents no insurmountable or subterranean obstacles. The system cannot boast, like the Great Western, of a tunnel 7664 yards long beneath the Severn, or of a tunnel 6226 yards long beneath the moorland, like the one on the Dore and Chimley track; but it has burrowed

(Barrauds, Limited, photographers, 263 Oxford Street, W.)

MR. FREDERICK HARRISON

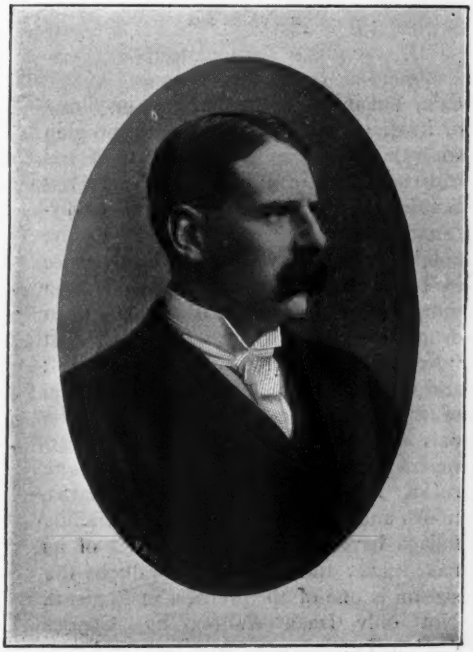


(Walery, photographer, 164 Regent Street, W.)

SIR GEORGE FINDLAY

through Standedge to the distance of 5342 yards, where three tunnels exist side by side; and its tunnel at Morley measures 3350 yards; and the Festiniog tunnel in North Wales measures 3726 yards long. Within the past few years it has duplicated the tunnelling on its Yorkshire route; and its next engineering tussle will take place at Shap. This part of the West Coast route reminds one of climbing a camel's back; but Parliamentary powers will be sought during the session to deviate the line. The new track will commence with a junction with the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, about a mile south of Tebay Station, and terminate near Shap Station, a distance of nearly nine miles. A bridge 400 yards long will cross Birkbeck Dale, and a tunnel, 2492 yards long, will be made through Shap. The gradient at present is 1 in 75; the gradient of the deviation will be 1 in 135. Any one eager to ascertain exactly what this easier gradient will save in fuel, wear and tear, time, and adjectives should ask an express driver: but the object of the deviation is patent. It means that the North Western do not intend the East Coast line to get new traffic without a struggle. It is another acceptance of the urgent invitation from the Caledonian: "Come! you must help us against our common foe, the North British."

The Midland is fortunate in its line through the rugged but beautiful Derbyshire land. The North Western is more fortunate with its track along the Welsh coast, in touch with many a picturesque spot. But the latter company is luckier still in its latest extension. With the object of constructing an alternative route to London, it has already opened a branch from Buxton to Parsley Hay, near the Staffordshire border. The navvies are busy at Ashbourne, and midway, making a connection with the Buxton spur, and possibly in the autumn of this year the tourist and the angler will be able to reach Dovedale by rail. The line, which will serve three or four stations, is near the



(H. T. Reed, photographer, Harlesden, N.W.)

MR. R. TURNBULL

(Alfred Ellis, photographer, 20 Upper Baker Street, N.W.)

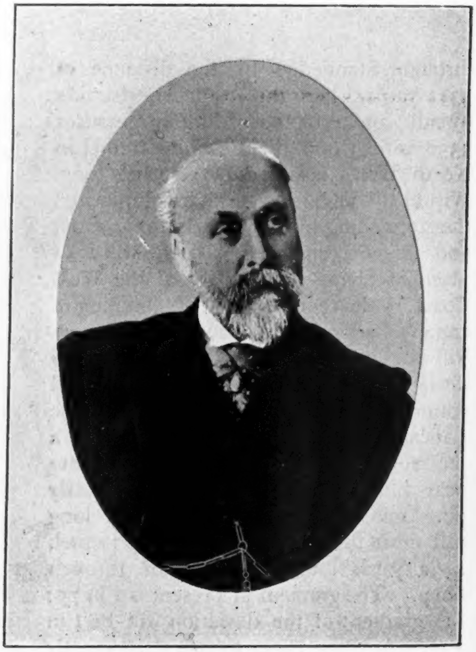
MR. FRANK REE

dale, but in no way disturbs its lovelines or its quietude. Perhaps there is no glen so little known as this; hitherto it has had no place in "Bradshaw." A few Londoners, in search of solitude or fly-fishing, have discovered it; but to the holiday crowd it is still almost as remote as it was in the days when Izaak Walton wandered by the stream, casting for trout or grayling. There is a tradition that "Noah's flood roared through the dale"; and volcanic action, and the fierce surge of water, have combined to make the narrow valley look very whimsical, barriered as it is with fantastic limestone rocks, and honeycombed with caves, nooks and chasms. Fir, ash and trailing foliage have covered a good deal of its nakedness; and the winding walk by the stream is one of the prettiest in England. Not only Izaak Walton, but Charles Cotton, Dr. Johnson, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Tom Moore the poet, have trodden it, obtaining sport or inspiration; and it is doubtful whether John Ruskin, with his intense hatred of railways, will feel inclined to sneer at the North Western for making this picturesque resort, rich in natural loveliness and literary association, more accessible to ordinary people; for it is a distinct advantage to the community in this age of impetuous life to get away from the crowded city to such a restful haunt as Dovedale, where the song of the bird mingles with the music of the stream as it frolics over its black marble and red gravel bed, and all around are the "sweet sights and sounds of Nature."

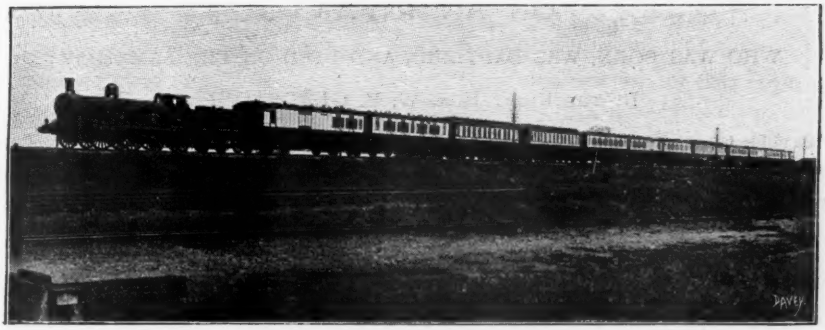
CREWE

It is out of the heart of the North Western—the great works at Crewe—that the motive power of the system comes. The thronged place, now instinct with activity, was half a century ago, according to an old rhyme:

> A hamlet known as Crewe,
> Consisting of a house or two,
> Or better termed a shanty.



MR. F. W. WEBB



THE "RICHARD MOON" EXPRESS

Now it is a town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants; and at the North Western railway works, from which the hamlet has sprung into a thriving corporate borough, no fewer than 7500 men are employed, really more than 8000, adding the 700 engine-drivers and firemen at the steam sheds. The works cover 116 acres, 36 acres being covered in. The North Western makes its own steel, rolls its own rails, builds its own locomotives, fashions its own signals, and produces everything in fact, with skilful handicraft and mechanical appliance, necessary for the equipment of the railway. Nay, it is even able to cope with mishap. If a railway servant lose a limb in the execution of duty he can be quickly supplied with an artificial arm or leg manufactured on the premises.

The carriages are built at Wolverton, but the heavy work is done at Crewe, and the value of the yearly output approaches nearly one million sterling. It is easy to get an idea of what this work consists when one remembers that the permanent way must be renewed and extended, that new engines are imperatively necessary because of increasing traffic and speed, and that the 2851 locomotives in use, and running 64,000,000 miles a year, need repairing, overhauling, or rebuilding. The maintenance of 800 railway stations and 1500 signal cabins in perfect working order also tends to make industrial life busier at Crewe.

Nevertheless, the railway servants manage to find leisure, and spend some of it in the Queen's Park, presented to the town by the company. The North Western has also endowed a church, provided a mechanics' institute, and established a library. It is sometimes considered a hard taskmaster: but no company deals more generously with its men. It is impossible, of course, to please the entire army of workers in a great undertaking like the North Western; but the company houses and clothes many of its servants, gives them privileges of travel and makes pensions possible. Moreover, it has reduced the working hours of the men and increased their pay. Indeed, considering the board's responsibility to the public and the shareholders, its policy is the reverse of a niggardly one, and the most discontented toiler on the track no longer thinks that directors were born to be hanged.

ON AN INFANT

WHO WAS BORN, WAS BAPTIZED, AND DIED ON THE SAME DAY

By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE

[This noble poem appeared originally in the May number of Good Words, 1871. To most of the new generation it is in all likelihood unknown, but we have no doubt that even those who are familiar with it will read it once more with feelings of deep interest.—Ed. G. W.]

I

How wast thou made to pass,
By short transition, from the womb
Unto that other darkness of thy tomb,
O Babe, O brother to the grass!
For like the herb, so thou art born
At early morn;
And thy little life has flowed away
Before the flowing day;
Thy willing soul hath struggled and is free;
And all of thee that dieth
A white and waxen image lieth
Upon the knee.

II

"Oh whither hast thou fled,
From the warm joyous world removed?"
Might one of old have questionèd
Of his dear and dead;
Panting and straining for relief
Unto a passionate and hopeless grief:
"Whither, O thou in vain beloved,
Whither hast thou borne
The smiles and kisses that were gathered up
In thee, for her that bare thee, now forlorn,
As sweets in the wild rose's cup
Before the morn?"

III

"Is that thy feeble cry
But just beyond the threshold of the grave?*
Art thou yet waiting in the voiceless hall
Of Dis, or hear'st the mourning waters fall?
Thou canst not sure be nigh
Where mad and shrieking spirits rave.
Or dost thou slumber take
By the deep glassy and translucent lake,
Through a chill exhaustless night,
Apart from woe, yet senseless of delight?"

IV

There was no audible reply,
Only a faint far echo, to that cry
Of natural yearning. But our task
Is lighter far: and when we ask—
"Is all thy fate as dark
As is the pall upon thy limbs?
Is there no Sun above, no saviour ark,
That on the black sea swims,
And bears the children, loved of God and blest,
Unto the land of rest?"
We hear a voice, from the high seats of bliss,
That answers, "Yes."

V

Yes! narrow was the space
Where thy life ran its hurried race,
Like one affrighted by the far-off glare
Of the world's pleasures and alarms,
That from the sin, the sorrow, and the care
Fled, to seek shelter in the arms
Of his first Father; and had rest
Upon His breast.

VI

O joy, that on that narrow space
There is no spot of acted sin;
No burning trace,
As where evil thoughts have been.
Thou has not known how hard it is to kill
The inveterate strength of self-desire,
To quench the smouldering and tenacious fire;
And never did thine unexpanded will
Gather up conscious energies, to move
Against the God of love.

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* Æneid vi. 428.

VII

The volume of this life was soon unrolled;
But the hours of thy small earthly store,
Although no more
Than might be numbered, at the dawn of sense,
By a child's first intelligence,
Yet were their single moments told
To them that stood around
By a faint moaning sound,
Repeated with that labouring breath
That ever ushers Death,
Instead of the serene and soft pulsation
Of an infant's respiration.

VIII

How small the tribute, then, of human pain
The Eternal Wisdom did ordain
Thy migrant spirit should be bound to pay
Upon its way
Unto fruition of the immortal prize,
Purchased for thee by rain of scalding tears,
By agony indign,
By woes how heavier far than thine
Through more protracted years,
And deeper sighs.

IX

One evening, thou wert not.
The next, thou wert; and wert in bliss;
And wert in bliss for ever. And is this
So desolate a lot,
To be the theme of unconsolèd sorrow,
Because, thy first to-morrow,
Thou wert ordained a vest to wear,
Not made like ours of clay,
But woven with the beams of clearest day,
A cherub fair?

X

For on that one, that well-spent morn,
Unconscious thou wert borne
To wash in the baptismal stream;
To gain thy title to the glorious name
Which doth unbar the Gates of Paradise:
And thou wert taken home
Before the peril that might come
By thy parents' human pride
In thy soft beaming eyes;
But not before
Their blessings on thee they might pour,
And pray that, if so early doom betide,
Yet God might speed thee on thy path
Through the void realms of Death,
And Christ reserve thee in His bosom-peace
Till pain and sin shall cease;
Till earthly shows shall fly, and they
Shall wake to life, with thee, from clay.

XI

We are amid the tumult and the stress
Of a fierce eddying fight;
And, to our mortal sight,
Our fate is trembling in the balances,
And even it hath seemed
The Tempter at the nether scale
Might over Love prevail:
But thy dear Faith can never fail,
Thou art redeemed!
The shadowy forms of doubt and change
Athwart thy tranquil fate no more may range,
Nor speck its lucid path
With tokens and remembrances of Death.

XII

Then flow, ye blameless tears, a while,
A little while ye may:
The natural craving to beguile,
This task is yours; with you
Shall peace be born anew,
And sorrow glide away.
O happy they, in whose remembered lot
There should appear no darker spot
Than this, of holy ground,
This, where, within the short and narrow bound,
From morn to eventide,
In quick successive train,
An infant lived and died
And lived again.

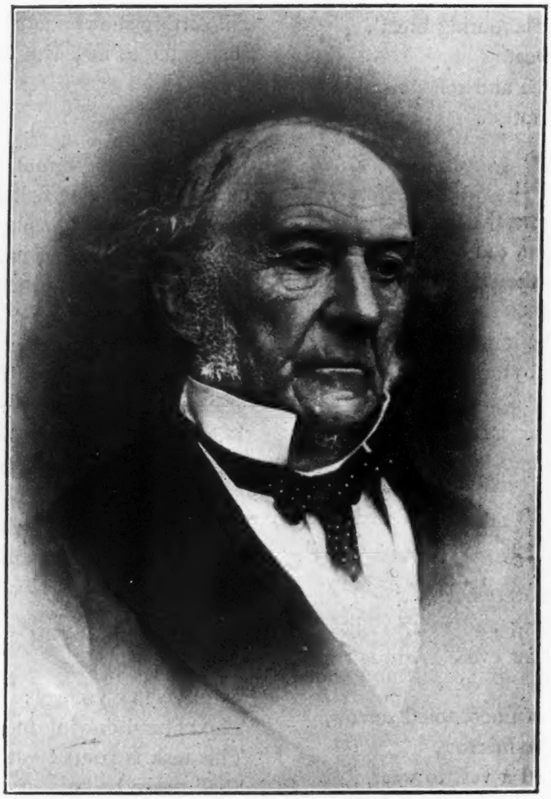
July 1836, **W. E. G.**

MR. GLADSTONE AS SEEN FROM NEAR AT HAND

By the Very Rev. E. C. WICKHAM, D.D., Dean of Lincoln

IT is difficult to write of Mr. Gladstone after all that has been written in the last fortnight, and yet it would be unnatural that the one place in which nothing should be said of his great life and its ending should be the pages of a magazine which has been the favoured vehicle of some of his most characteristic writings.

There has been something touching and, to a well-wisher to his country, something very reassuring in the remarkable outburst of feeling from all sections of the community which has followed his death, as well as in the "universal benedictions of farewell" which surrounded and soothed his death-bed. They speak well for the generosity and sense of common interest deeper than difference which distinguish English political life. He had been in the political world nothing if not a fighter, and a fighter of late in an unpopular cause and one which roused nearly as much animosity as the Eastern Question in 1878–1880: but the four years of dignified retirement from party warfare, and the pathos and beauty of the last scenes, had sufficed to sweep away every trace and remembrance of political hostility; there have remained only the chivalrous respect for a veteran whose fighting days are over, and the memory of his matchless and varied gifts, and of his long life of distinguished public service. It has been even more satisfactory to many of us to note the point which has been very generally taken in the panegyrics which have been pronounced upon him. "It would be quite impossible in my country," said a foreign statesman lately, "for a man even of Mr. Gladstone's eminence to hold his position in public life and write at the same time on theological subjects. He would forfeit his reputation." Not only such speakers as Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords, but newspapers, even those usually cynical in tone, have recognised that the basis of this noble and disinterested character was his religion, and have done homage to it on that account. This general acknowledgment is new, but in truth the secret of the personal devotion which beyond any statesman of our age he has inspired in large masses of the people, of the place which he won in their hearts and



(Lyddell Sawyer, photographer, 230 Regent Street, W.)

MR. GLADSTONE

homes, was the sense that he was much more than a statesman. His religious writings showed them another side of him.

Religion was indeed the centre of his life, the master key to his purposes. He had desired, as is well known, as a young man to take Holy Orders, and had gone some way in theological study with that view. He gave up the purpose only at the instance of his father, who wished him to enter Parliament. To the end of his life he always spoke of it as the noblest and most enviable of human callings. His religion was sober and reticent, but it was profound, pervading, lifelong. From the account given by his contemporaries of his school-life he must have had (to use a phrase of which he was fond, and which he applied especially to his most intimate Eton friend, Arthur Hallam) an "anima naturaliter Christiana." The saintly Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury bore witness of himself that "if he had escaped the graver evils of boy life it had been due to the friendship of William Gladstone." He had been bred under Evangelical influences and retained all his life a strong Puritan or rather Scottish strain. At the University the only stirring preaching that he remembered was of that school. The last two books that were read aloud to him last winter were both characteristic of his lifelong tastes. If one was a Waverley novel the other was the recent biography of Charles Simeon, a person who had always interested him. But he came in his early London life within the attraction of the Oxford movement, and this largely modified his opinions though it did not alter his character.

He read largely for himself. "My four great Masters" he called Aristotle and Butler, Augustine and Dante. Dr. Döllinger, the best of judges, with whom at one time in his life he was intimate, had the utmost respect for his theological attainments. His religious creed to the end of his life remained what it became in those years, namely, that of the early Tractarians. He never had the slightest inclination towards Rome. His political opinions went through several modifications, which he has traced himself—though even in them the identity of the groundwork is as clear as the change in the superstructure—but his religious opinions, once deliberately formed, were held tenaciously. His home habits were those of a devout Churchman. Hawarden became his home in 1851. There is a door in the park with his initials over it and the date 1853, which commemorates the fact that within a few months of his coming to live there he made, partly with his own hands, a path along the beautiful slope from the castle to the church; and along that path, some five furlongs in length, he was wont for more than forty years to walk every morning before breakfast in all weathers and seasons, to the daily morning prayer. His observance of Sunday has often been noted. It was perhaps part of his Scottish training. He always spoke of the Scottish Sunday with reverence; "It is almost another Sacrament to them." The following is a note made at the time of a Sunday spent alone with him in Downing Street in the spring of 1893: "It was no narrow or Puritanical Sunday, but it was a day visibly to him of religion, of rest, of emancipation, of elevation. As always, the books of the week were put away, the novel as well as the book of fact or thought. Sunday has its own books, not exclusively what would be called religious, but always such as touch different and higher keys. There was no State business of imperative moment, as of course there must be sometimes, to claim his attention. Talk ranged over many topics, but with the same character—great books, great problems, great memories. One could not but feel that in the uninvaded peace of these Sundays lay one of the secrets of the life, and more than the life, the freshness, vigour and buoyancy, which have outlived the ordinary term of years and measure of human labour." He was always in Church morning and evening. At Hawarden when the clergy were short-handed he was always glad to read the lessons, which he did with great expression, but always with the utmost reverence. No one who has ever seen him in church will forget his devout attitude of eager attention throughout the service. In later years, as his hearing became less good, he always moved from his seat in the chancel to a stool near the pulpit in order to listen to the sermon. Of sermons, unless they set his teeth on edge by failure in charity, or what he thought positively mischievous teaching, he was a most indulgent hearer; always noticing what was good, not what was weak, and always ready to defend them against unsympathetic criticism.

Mr. Gladstone had one happy characteristic not always found in those who hold a clearly defined and dogmatic creed: he had the utmost respect for the creeds of others, especially if they were, like his own, reasoned and definite. He took every one to be as conscientious as himself, and he had a profound reverence for conscience. With both Roman Catholics and Protestant Nonconformists he had links of affinity on one side or the other of his mind, besides the link which he felt increasingly (as he said in a letter recently published) as the years went on to all who stood by the central doctrines of Christianity. He had less patience with a religion which did not know its own mind; still less with any suggestion of a State-made religion, arrived at by omitting everything to which any one took objection. He had the strongest desire to do justice to those from whom he differed most widely. It was a characteristic phrase which he used to apply to Mr. J. S. Mill (for whom indeed he had a sincere regard and admiration)—"the Saint of Rationalism." Within the Church of England he was always anxious for peace and toleration. He believed "force" to be "no remedy." Every theological prosecution in his lifetime, he used to say, had been a mistake and had done more harm than good. He resisted the condemnation of Tract xc. and later on he did his best to prevent Maurice from being deprived of his Professorship at King's College. Next to his religion, and blending with it, was his acute feeling for human suffering, his hatred of wrong and cruelty. It was expressing a passion of his lifetime when he said, as we have been told, on his deathbed, "Do not forget to pray for all the oppressed and downtrodden." Stories could be told of acts of humanity performed, sometimes at the risk of misconstruction, during his life in London; and the feeling which was exhibited in private life was the spring of perhaps the largest and most congenial part of his political activity. It is what has caused his death to be felt as a personal loss and grief in nearly every country in the world. Telegrams of gratitude and sorrow have come to Hawarden in these weeks from Bulgarian and Armenian villages, from Montenegro, from many of the towns of Italy and Greece, from natives of India, from the Transvaal and Free State, from West African chieftains.

Italy has always looked upon him as especially one of her "makers." His first introduction to Italian politics was in 1831–1832 when he was travelling with a brother just before his first candidature for Parliament. He used to tell an interesting story of the remarkable prophecy which he heard from an unlikely source. The brothers had landed at Ancona where the Austrians had just put down a revolutionary movement. A waiter at the hotel to whom they were talking about it used the striking expression, "But if the Bill passes in England you will see that Italy will make herself." Mr. Gladstone thought it a wonderful instance of political instinct, whether on the part of the waiter or of those from whom he learned, to have seen that the English Reform Bill was part of a European movement and would have far-reaching consequences. At the moment of course he was himself a Tory. His first great stroke for Italian freedom was the publication twenty years afterwards of his "Letters to Lord Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government."

In several of the notices of his life which have appeared the question has been raised whether he was ambitious. The person who has known him longest answers confidently that in early life he shrank from the idea of power, feeling too keenly the responsibility that it implied. He accepted office as a duty but did not desire it. His retirement from the party leadership in 1874, as all who were near to him knew well, was intended to be final. He ardently desired to do then what he did in 1894, to give the end of his life (he had then had forty-two years of public life) to peace, to thought and literary work, especially work with the purpose of strengthening the hold of Christianity on the minds of his countrymen. It was the cry of oppressed humanity in the East of Europe that forced him back into politics—the dread lest England in pursuit of what was supposed to be her traditional policy should be dragged into war on the wrong side. No doubt when once he saw a great public aim before him and felt that his hand could attain it, he was eager for power for that purpose; but politics were never to him a game, nor for themselves the pleasure of his life. His heart was more in his books and in the questions of theology and philosophy which stirred him deeply.

Like other great men Mr. Gladstone was often misjudged. He had faults put down to his account not only that were not his but that were the antipodes of his true character. To see him at home was a perfect cure for misapprehensions. That is the case generally: "shoddy" greatness is discovered there for what it is, and real greatness. The great mistake that people made was in looking too deep for the meanings and motives of one of the simplest and most transparent of men. He was more truly judged by simple folk than by men of the world. It was perhaps true, as was once said of him, that he would have been "a more successful statesman if he had been a better diplomatist." He took every man, friend or foe, to be as earnest and as single-minded as himself.

He had a very high sense of the obligations which public life imposed. When he was in office he always looked upon himself as in the fullest sense a public servant: but if he measured the obligation largely, where he drew the line he drew it exactly. When he was out of office he claimed liberty. He had a serious use for every five minutes, and though full of gracious old-world courtesy he was intolerant of mere conventionalities.

He was no doubt taken in. He was liable to be "drawn," to be enticed into controversies that he might have let alone, and to write postcards that he need not have written. But an hour's conversation with him explained the nature of his mistake. He judged other men by himself. He always started with the hypothesis that an interlocutor or correspondent was just as intelligent, well-informed, and anxious for the truth as he was himself. He had the most childlike unconsciousness that his handwriting was valued, or that his name sold a newspaper, or that crowds were attracted by his person or his eloquence and not only by the beauty of a park or by enthusiasm for a political cause.

It was a beautiful old age. I should emphasise especially two points: (1) The mellowed judgment of men and things. He had always been in his home-talk very judicial and lenient in speaking of opponents, but in his later years (though they were years of stress and painful controversy) his tone was still gentler. He never said harsh things, and no one in his presence ventured to say them. (2) The admirable combination of the two things which make old age pleasant to contemplate—the continuance of vivid interest in this present life and all its concerns, of a thirst for knowledge which put the young to shame, with the sense (not obtruded, but evidently always present) of the nearness of another life, as real and infinitely more interesting still.

HOLY COMMUNION

By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE

[We are indebted to the venerable Mrs. Gladstone for the privilege of publishing these beautiful lines, which illustrate in so touching a manner the devotional spirit of the great Statesman. Although two verses appeared in the *Times* newspaper, Mrs. Gladstone has expressed the wish that the first appearance of the poem in entire and original form should be in the magazine which first published her husband's "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture."—Editor.]

I

Lord, as Thy temple's portals close
Behind the outward-parting throng,
So shut my spirit in repose,
So bind it here, Thy flock among.
The fickle wanderer else will stray
Back to the world's wide parchèd way.

II

Here where Thine angels overhead
Do warn the Tempter's Powers away;
And where the bodies of the dead
For life and resurrection stay;
And many a generation's prayer
Hath perfumed and hath blest the air;

III

O lead my blindness by the hand,
Lead me to Thy familiar feast,
Not here or now to understand,
Yet even here and now to taste,
How the Eternal Word of heaven
On earth in broken bread is given.

IV

We who this holy precinct round
In one adoring circle kneel,
May we in one intent be bound,
One serene devotion feel:
And grow around Thy sacred shrine
Like tendrils of the deathless vine.

V

We, who with one blest food are fed,
Into one body may we grow,
And one pure life, from Thee the Head,
Informing all the members flow,
One pulse be felt in every vein,
One law of pleasure and of pain.

VI

O let the virtue all divine,
The gift of this true sabbath morn,
Stored in my spirit's inner shrine,
Be purely and be meekly borne,
Be husbanded with thrifty care
And sweetened and refreshed with prayer:

VII

Like some deposit rarely wrought,
And to be rendered up to Thee
In righteous deed and holy thought:
In soul-desires Thy face to see,
Then freely to be poured as rain
In grace upon the heart again.

VIII

Cease we not then to adore
When our footsteps pass away
From this House's hallowed floor:
Let us worship all the day
By a soul to Thee resigned
And by the love of human kind.

IX

In the silence of the tongue,
In the stillness of the hand,
Thy songs, my heart, be not unsung;
All thy wild desires command
Into a celestial calm:
Sprinkle them with angel's balm:

X

Nor for this day alone, but all,
Till soon again in holy fear
Upon our present Lord we call
And hold with Him communion here,
Discerning from our earthly food
His broken Body and His Blood.

W. E. G. *May*, 1836.

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MORALITIES IN THE INK-POT

By Lady MAGNUS

“Of old,” so runs the Persian legend, “the Eternal begat two sons, the one to pray and offer sacrifice, the other to say Perhaps.” The obvious moral of this terse bit of mythological biography, which has a good deal of truth of the *ben trovato* sort about it, seems to us to gain in point and force if we consider it for a moment apart from what we may conceive to be the general plan and purpose of such a creation, and confine our attention to the suggested service of the “sons” in the world of letters.

The possible progenitor of our present “monstrous regiment” of cavillers and critics was, presumably, prolific, and if the first utterer of that famous “perhaps” expressed his doubts in that form, “only that and nothing more,” its monotonous effect on his own generation must have been to put them speedily in the preparatory stage for the gods to destroy. With time, as we know, the formula developed, broadened down from precedent to precedent, and expanded into platitudes and press notices, yet even so could hardly be counted as elexir for the survival of the fittest. Probably, under any circumstances, the never very numerous descendants of him who “prayed and offered sacrifice” would have come to be a little crowded out. Hence it is matter for congratulation that even unto these days there is a quite recognisable if not a very considerable contingent who still bring the firstlings of their flocks as to an altar, and, untempted of public or of publisher, still religiously reserve their halt and their maimed for home consumption. A remnant too there is, and these equally in the direct line of descent, though dwindling—ever dwindling!—who bring no offerings, but, in a silence that is doubly grateful, sit down to the banquet that others have spread, and, with head bared, say a grace before feasting. Not for these a wrangle over the fare or a discussion anent the relative merits of incomparable dishes. *Rechauffés à la mode*, concocted from kailyard or hospital recipes, their healthy taste rejects, turns from, indeed, sick and unsatisfied; but, for the rest,

> That which is not good, is not delicious
> To a wise and well-governed appetite,

seems the sole dogma that guides or controls it. From Marcus Aurelius to Matthew Arnold inclusive, from “him who outtopped knowledge” unto all of those before or since who have helped, in poetry or in prose, in fiction or in fact, to define or enlarge or illumine it, this wise Remnant “eat and are satisfied and praise the Lord.” Some few, of very *pur sang* indeed, who claim a quite straight descent, without any collateral branches or deviations through the female line, from him who prayed, have been known to add to their *index* that

> None
> But such as are good men can give good things.

But these, as we said, are few, and mostly accounted faddists, of the class that wind up their watches and verify their quotations.

And all of this is parable! But, assuming that the myth of the sons is susceptible of so limited and so fanciful an interpretation, the attitude of the Remnant seems worthy of some attention, whether we go “among books” in the character of maker or of taster, or in the nowadays more distinguished character of mere buyer of them. What is said truly enough of a country would be ten times truer if said of a book, that the traveller brings back from it only that which he takes into it. There are people, and quite superior people, they would tell you, in their own line, who will go to a Treasure Island, and return empty, or worse, with clumsy hands crammed full with bits of ore from a north country, which bits, unawed by tales of Wizard, they will essay to weigh and, unmindful of Mrs. Malaprop, to compare, and, unconscious of limitations, to depreciate! They have been known, these irresponsible painters of *reise bilder* that vex us, to explore a whole wide Browning territory, and to bring back nothing but obscurity, and a desire to establish insignificant colonies in it; and, fully equipped with field-glasses, myopic or opaque, as it may be, any one of the light-hearted band will set forth on his excursions into Bookland, ready to read vulgarity into Dickens, and snobbishness into Thackeray, and insincerity into Carlyle, or—inspiration into a host of very minor latter-day prophets.

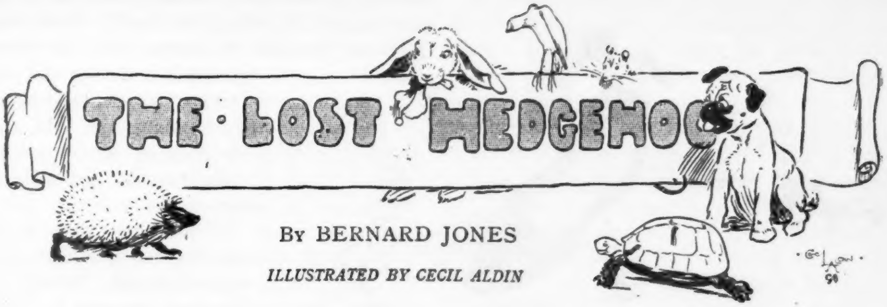
And worse than their foolish blame is their easy praise! Which sounds a hard saying unless we realise that the theory of every one being as good as every one else, and many of them better, is more harmful in the world of books even than in the world of men, more certain to lower the standard and to debase the currency. A bad man has leave given to him to "turn from his evil ways and live," and a "perhaps" may help him to do it; but a bad book is final, and the worthless thing, with no soul to be saved alive and the chance of many a soul to corrupt, should, with short shrift, be condemned to the flames, or, at the very least, degraded to the service of the butterman. By the one or by the other, at any rate, let the pages perish and the remembrance of them be blotted out. And preferably by butter than by burning, since by light of the fires the blemishes in them that bring offerings might be quicker pointed at by the sharp-eyed descendants of him who said perhaps. Those who have taken up the phrase as a profession say it on occasion, both not wisely and too well, and amateurs seem to find its pronouncement quite perilously easy. It is easy in the lower standards. A Vivien, we know, was ready and able to find flaws in Arthur and his knights, and to pronounce "not even Launcelot brave, nor Galahad clean." And if this be but apocryphal evidence to our contention, in ancient chronicles there is authentic record of certain wise masters who spurned a dead dog from their temple steps with a very deficient sense of *nil nisi bonum* in their objurgatory epithets, while the glance of a novice discovered in the unseemly outcast that "whiter than pearls were its teeth."

The poor carrion was of course no better for the compliment, but Vivien was distinctly the worse for her criticism, and Merlin—to the extent that he listened to it. To most of us it comes so much easier to believe in the spots than to look up at the sun, that one inclines to think, if one accepts the myth at all, that the sons themselves were unequal to the strain of their gifts—that from the very first, he who prayed grew hoarse, and he who doubted eloquent, the one from overmuch effort for hearers, the other from overmuch certainty of them, and, *hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

But however this may be, there is little doubt that for such of us as go much "among books," the mood of the Remnant is the best for getting the benefit of the atmosphere. A mood that should be reverent of the creators, respectful to the compilers, and tolerant of the critics; with a grateful thought for the binders, if the leaves be cut and the backs well stitched, and with a niceness of love for the dear white margins that should safeguard them from the familiarity of finger-mark or footnote. There are ways of extracting a tooth! and

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We generously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul forward into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

Is this a counsel of perfection? "Perhaps." Yet, each one of these good quiet friends, who being dead yet speaketh, has its own proportionate right to a dignity of service. If we once get to realise this and to keep even our dictionaries free of dust and dogsears, we may in time attain to the ideal of treatment which a sage of old set before his disciples when he placed the Best in their hands. "Use it, my sons," said he, "neither as a spade to dig with, nor as a crown to shine with."



THE LOST HEDGEHOG

By BERNARD JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY CECIL ALDIN

IT was the gardener who found it for us at first. He was "stubbing up" an old laurel stump, and right in the middle of it he came upon Brer Hedgepig fast asleep, rolled into a ball and tucked up in the middle of a nest of old leaves. And he gave it to the little girl, and as it was all her own she christened it herself, and called it Rosebud. None of us thought that it was a very good name for a hedgehog, but still it was hers, and she had a right to call it what she liked.

Next day Rosebud was introduced to the family, and they were all told to love one another. The hedgehog, very much on tiptoe, walked round the canary's cage, and the canary said "Sweet" to it, and the hedgehog puffed. So *that* was all right.

And then it was shown to Mr. White Rat, who was mightily civil to it, and went at once on to his top perch and began washing his face with his knuckles. And the lop-eared rabbit dropped its parsley out of the corner of its mouth, when it saw Rosebud coming, but sat still; and the hedgehog ran under the rabbit and came out the other side, and the rabbit picked up its parsley, and went on sitting still. So that was all right too. Evidently the hedgehog was going to be very pleasantly received.

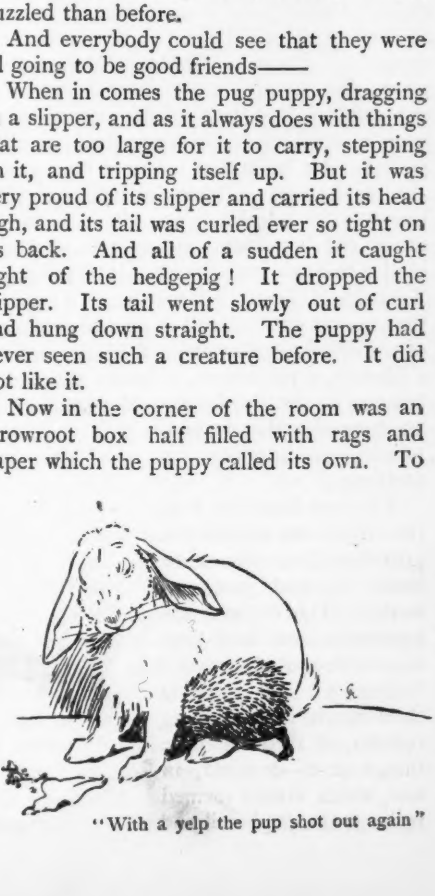
The little tortoise, too, who is called Fullerton out of compliment to the famous greyhound, kept its head out of sight while the hedgehog snuffed it, and then it tucked in its tail and legs as well, and the hedgehog climbed slowly over the tortoise. Which perhaps was their way of making friends.

And the cat was brought to see the stranger, and was very much puzzled. She tried its prickles very carefully with her paws, and as it did not move she decided to sit down and wait. Cats like waiting. And hedgehogs can wait very well, too. And just as the old cat was getting sleepy, Rosebud uncurled itself, puffed, and walked right up to the cat, and Puss lifted up her paws very quickly and walked gently backwards, and the hedgehog walked gently after her, till she jumped up on to a chair. Then the hedgehog wondered wherever she had gone to and sniffed about, and the cat was more puzzled than before.

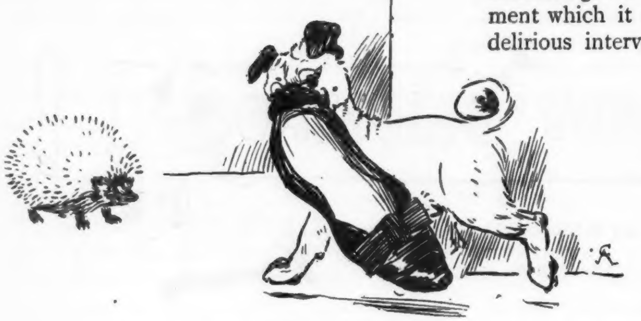
And everybody could see that they were all going to be good friends——

When in comes the pug puppy, dragging in a slipper, and as it always does with things that are too large for it to carry, stepping on it, and tripping itself up. But it was very proud of its slipper and carried its head high, and its tail was curled ever so tight on its back. And all of a sudden it caught sight of the hedgepig! It dropped the slipper. Its tail went slowly out of curl and hung down straight. The puppy had never seen such a creature before. It did not like it.

Now in the corner of the room was an arrowroot box half filled with rags and paper which the puppy called its own. To



"With a yelp the pup shot out again"



"When in comes the pug puppy"

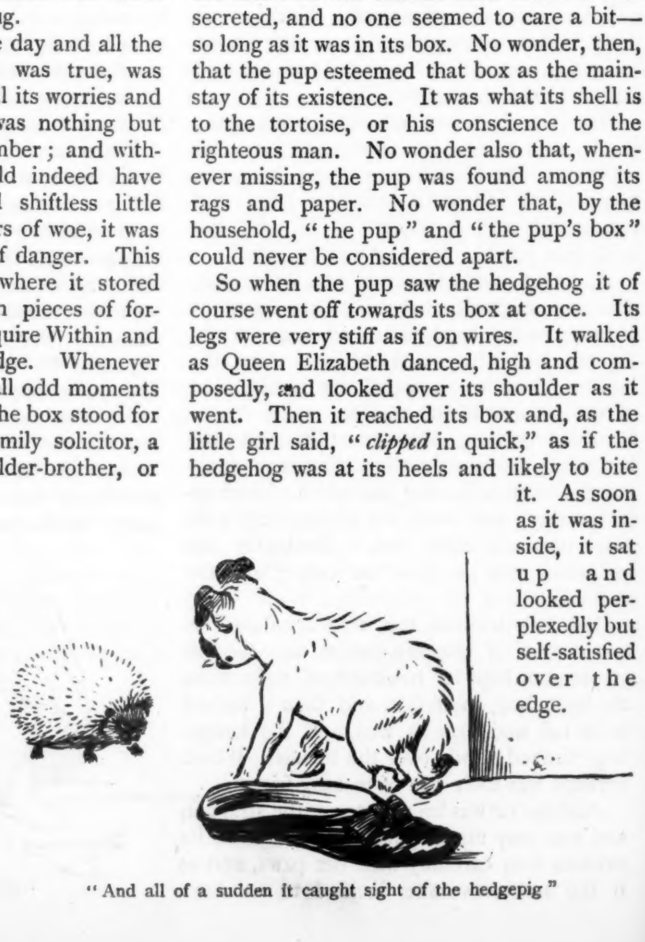
this box whenever it was in trouble it retired. If the gardener chased it out of the tulips, or the cat fuffed at it for trying to steal its milk, or it was scolded for dragging mats about, straight to its precious box went the mortified and humble pug.

Here too it slept half the day and all the night. Outside the box, it was true, was all the fun of life, but also all its worries and dangers. Inside it, there was nothing but peace, and warmth, and slumber; and without its box that pup would indeed have been a very miserable and shiftless little person. Its asylum in hours of woe, it was also its fortress in hours of danger. This box was its pantechnicon where it stored queer old bones and stolen pieces of forbidden things—it was its Enquire Within and Treasury of General Knowledge. Whenever the pup was puzzled, and at all odd moments of embarrassment or panic, the box stood for a life-belt, a policeman, a family solicitor, a balance at the bank, an elder-brother, or anything else that is protective, or advisory, or soothing.

The pup lived, in fact, two lives—one outside the arrowroot box, the other inside it, and saw two worlds. One of these was aggressive and fault-finding, with people always "shooing" or clapping their hands in a startling manner, or throwing little things at it—a world, in fact, which always seemed to be at the pup's tail and interfering with every rational form of enjoyment which it devised for itself. Even the delirious intervals of romps with the child generally ended in the pup being trodden on and retiring damaged. It was an exciting world and a delightsome—but full of drawbacks.

Now, the other world was the one which the pup contemplated, blinking, over the edge of its box. In this world no one said "shoo!" to it or chased it; on the contrary, every one who passed chirrupped to it, or whistled, or spoke cheerily, as if they were all glad to see it—in its box. And it could mumble its obsolete old bones as it liked, or worry the tassel off the curtain cord which it had secreted, and no one seemed to care a bit—so long as it was in its box. No wonder, then, that the pup esteemed that box as the mainstay of its existence. It was what its shell is to the tortoise, or his conscience to the righteous man. No wonder also that, whenever missing, the pup was found among its rags and paper. No wonder that, by the household, "the pup" and "the pup's box" could never be considered apart.

So when the pup saw the hedgehog it of course went off towards its box at once. Its legs were very stiff as if on wires. It walked as Queen Elizabeth danced, high and composedly, and looked over its shoulder as it went. Then it reached its box and, as the little girl said, "*clipped* in quick," as if the hedgehog was at its heels and likely to bite it. As soon as it was inside, it sat up and looked perplexedly but self-satisfied over the edge.



"And all of a sudden it caught sight of the hedgepig"

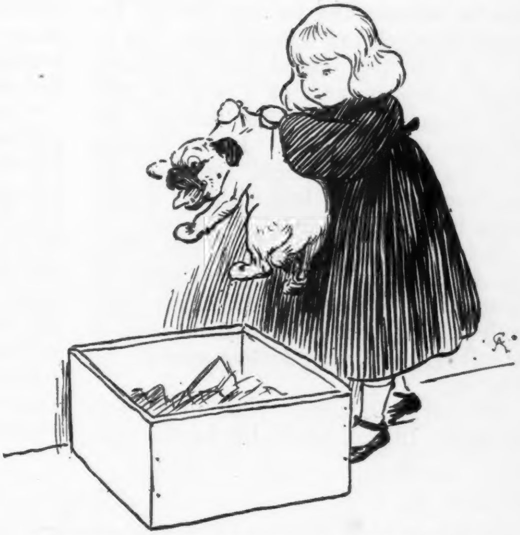
The hedgehog, meanwhile, was doing the grand tour of the room, following the line of the furniture all round the wall, and the pup kept its eye on the moving thing, and the prickly traveller presently came round to the box. The pup watched it coming, nearer and nearer, grew very uncomfortable and not a little afraid, but stared all the harder. Perhaps there was something in the hedgepig's don't-try-and-stop-me, flat-footed, way of walking that gave it an uncanny air of inevitableness. It was like fate approaching. It could not miss the box. For it was keeping stolidly and positively to the skirting-board, and this ran right up against the box. And the pup grew more restless; its short hair stood up on its neck: it began to growl. So do dogs behave when they see ghosts. But on came the hedgehog, nearer and nearer, and at last its nose touched the box.

The pup was on its hind legs looking over the edge down upon the hedgehog. The hedgehog suddenly stood up on its hind legs and looked up at the pup. Their noses nearly touched. Yap! went the pup in a cracker-like explosion of alarm and wrath. *Puff!* went the hedgehog in sudden consternation. Then it got down on all fours again and turned round the corner of the box. The pup shifted its position and again, as from the walls of a citadel, looked down upon the hedgehog, who seemed to be looking for a breach by which to enter. Then for the second time it got up suddenly on its hind legs as if to scale the rampart, and again met the defender's nose. Yap! went off the one. *Puff!* went off the other. And so round to the third side, and a third repetition of the pantomime.

And then the hedgepig, having learned all there was to learn about the box, proceeded on its interrupted tour; and the pup, trembling with excitement at this the first attack ever made probably upon its stronghold, watched with anxiety the retreating form, which by-and-by reached the doorway to the kitchen and vanished from sight. With a deep sigh the pup lay down, curled itself up, and no doubt had awful dreams.

It was evident that, whatever the feelings of the canary, and the white rat, and the rabbit, and the cat might be towards the hedgehog, the pup had made up its mind to dislike the stranger.

But next day the hedgehog had become a "common object of the house" and of little interest to anybody except the blackbeetles and spiders and other small folk who live behind and under furniture and in the cracks of the floor and crannies of the wall. No one saw it often, but oddly enough the pup was always, in stealthy, Red-Indian, fashion, tracking it up to, and routing it out from, various places of concealment, and having got over its first awkwardness, was trying to provoke the hedgepig to play with it. Indeed the word went round that the pup and Rosebud were getting "great chums."



"She dropped it—plop—into the middle of its box"

And one day the stranger was lost. It had not been seen since "last night," and when then seen was making its way to the scullery, which communicated with the knife-house, which by an open pipe communicated with the yard and so with out-of-doors. And it was agreed all round that the hedgepig had of course got out into the garden and away. "Perhaps we shall find it in Summer," was said, but the little girl did not think we should.

And the pup? The loss of the hedgehog

evidently weighed upon its mind. It abandoned at once and altogether all its old traditions, all its habits, all its own former self, *and its box!* It went to it that morning after breakfast, but only looked in, whimpered, and went on to the governess's skirts, whereon it curled itself round and went unhappy to sleep. "Poor little pup," said she, "and did it lose its dear hedgehog?" and out of sympathy for the dumb creature's bereavement she let it sleep all school-time on her dress.

And then came the walk and the nursery dinner, and the pup seemed to have become quite a different person. It had lost all taste for solitude and its own society: the private life which had hitherto been "all its joy" it now put behind it. It courted human company, and, as if a great grief weighed upon it, behaved for that one day with quite unusual gravity. It went to sleep upon the cushion arranged for it on the hearthrug, and drew long sighs as if consumed by woes too large for utterance.

And so the afternoon wore on. The pup, to the wonder of the household, had discarded its box, its all-in-all, caring apparently nothing for it or its contents, and, as the little girl said, was "*peaking* away for the hedgehog."

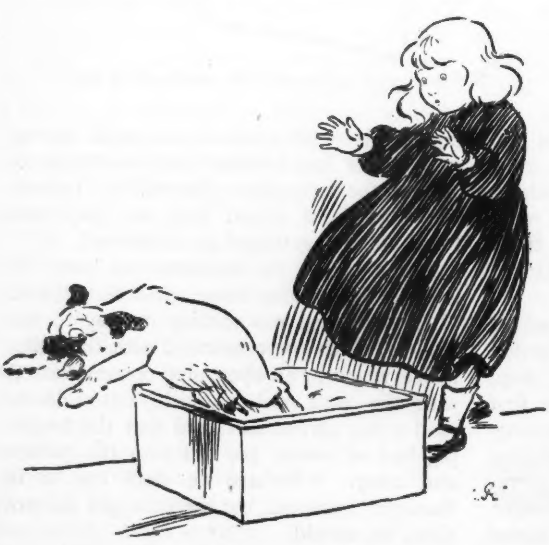
And so to bed-time. What to do with the pup? It could not be left for the night in any room by itself. The little girl must not take it to bed with her, and no one else would. Then spoke the voice of authority. "Put the pup into its box. It has learned to sleep in it and must do so." So the pup was taken off. It was very sleepy, and, as pups do when being carried off to bed, was making itself as long and as heavy as it could, sighing profoundly.

"Poor pup!" said the little girl, "never mind. You shall sleep in your own little box, and you shall have my wool sheep to sleep with." And so to the box. When lo! the pup suddenly woke up. All sleep, and the semblance of sleep, fled. The little girl was on her knees by the box, the wool sheep had been put in, when the pup, awakening to the situation, began to kick and struggle.

"Poor pup!" said the little girl, "*good* pup, come into its box then." Not it! It only kicked and struggled. But the little girl was determined. "You *must* come into your box," and picking it up by the ruffle of skin on its neck she dropped it—plop!—into the box. With a yelp the pup shot out again. "You *naughty* pup!" said the little girl, swimming along the floor and under the sofa, whither the contumacious one had retired; "you *naughty* pup!" And by the neck it was hauled out, with dragging feet, from its place of refuge, and once more, held up so that its legs dangled plump over the centre of the box, was dropped in—plop! "Yelp!" cried the pup, and shot out over the edge.

"What are you doing to the pup?" said the governess.

"Trying to put it into its box," said a voice from under the sofa, whence the pup was being again hauled by its neck. "It won't stop; it's just like my Jack-in-the-box. *Do* watch it." And the governess did. Plump! went the pup into the box; and as if it had a spring under it out it was shot again. The governess could not help laughing. "Let *me* try," said she; and she soothed the pup and spoke words of comfort to it, and the pup was content to be soothed and comforted, and "snuggled" up on her lap to go to sleep. "Is it very sleepy



"So that was all right too"

then? It shall go into its nice little box and go bye-bye." Not the pup! As soon as it discovered what was going to happen it kicked and struggled.

Then the governess grew determined. "*Naughty* pup!" said she, "you must go in." And she lifted up the poor little wriggling wretch to drop it into its box, when lo! the rags in the box and the paper all began to heave up, and out of the middle of the pug's bed came forth the hedgehog!

No wonder the poor pup had discarded its beloved box.

THE WORKING OF THE WEATHER OFFICE

By FRANK T. BULLEN

IN almost every country claiming to be civilised a Meteorological or Weather Department has a recognised place as part of the Governmental equipment. The cost and extent of the service of course varies greatly, as do the results shown, but the Meteorological Office of the United Kingdom is, as might be expected, in the front rank. With it alone we shall at present concern ourselves. The sinews of war are provided by the Treasury, a grant of between £15,000 and £16,000 per annum being voted for the purpose, but the entire administration is in the hands of the Royal Society. This august body provides a council of five gentlemen of eminence in the scientific world, who, with the Hydrographer to the Admiralty as ex-officio member, and Mr. Robert H. Scott, M.A., F.R.S., as secretary, form the governing body. They are at present: Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Strachey, R.E., G.C.S.I., LL.D., F.R.S. (Chairman); Mr. Alexander Buchan, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E.; Mr. Francis Galton, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.; Prof. G. H. Darwin, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.; Mr. W. Napier Shaw, F.R.S.; Rear-Admiral Sir W. J. L. Wharton, K.C.B., F.R.S.; Mr. Robert H. Scott, M.A., F.R.S. (Secretary).

This latter gentleman is of course the permanent chief of the Department, and therefore entitled to his popular designation of the "Clerk of the weather." The Office is divided into four branches: Weather Telegraphy, Marine or Ocean Meteorology, Climatology, and Administration. Of these in order of public interest, the Telegraphic or Forecasting Branch unquestionably holds the first place. Into it at 8 A.M. pours a series of telegrams, from sixty stations widely scattered over Great Britain and the Continent. From Bodo in the far North (Norway), to Ponta Delgada (Azores) and Perpignan in the South; from Valencia on the west coast of Ireland to Wisby and Berlin in the East, the messages arrive as fast as they can be read from the instrument. The information they bring comprises the readings of the barometer and thermometers, direction and force of the wind, the state of the weather, and where possible the amount of sea disturbance. As each item clicks from the machine, it is entered in a book and also "plotted" upon a working chart on a much larger scale than that which is afterwards published. When all the distant observers have told their tale, busy hands draw curves of equal barometric pressure (Isobars) upon the chart for every tenth of an inch of the barometer scale, based upon the figures just plotted against each station. Lines of equal temperature (Isotherms) are also drawn in the same manner for every ten degrees of the thermometer. The wind is represented by arrows, the weather by letters, and when all this preparation is completed, the chart presents to the trained eye of the forecaster a fairly comprehensive picture of the atmospheric conditions existing over all the immense area included at 8 A.M. that morning. First to claim his attention are those groups of isobars which, concentric around the lowest pressures, are called depressions. These, although merely graphic representations of varying air pressures on the earth's surface, really indicate to the experienced eye, without any other data, the strength and direction of the wind, which is always stronger the closer the isobars are together (technically, the steeper the gradients), and always blows along them from left to right (in the Northern Hemisphere). Therefore the depression makes visible the dual movement of a mass of air on its gyratory march in any given direction. But where the isobars are few, irregular in line, and of high value, the area embraced by them is called an "anti-cyclone," being the antithesis of a depression. Over such an area, light winds, calms, and fine weather prevail, with, in winter, the unwelcome concomitant of fog. These vast, almost stagnant, areas are not only stationary in position themselves, they oppose a stubborn barrier to the onward rush of a depression. Curious developments occur when the two meet. A depression of wide extent and gentle gradients striking an anti-cyclone will often immediately become deep, compact, and dangerous; its accompanying moderate winds strengthen into a fierce gale, while it changes its course in some new direction, spreading devastation along its angry way. On the other hand, a depression of most serious depth and energy may, upon reaching our shores from the Atlantic, suddenly fill up and be dissipated, and only as its crippled victims arrive in port do we learn what havoc it has wrought out at sea. These diverse possibilities (and many others) present themselves to the forecaster as he studies his chart, and, aided by all the other information available as to cloud, temperature, etc., estimates the probable kind of weather likely to prevail over each of the ten districts into which the United Kingdom is divided, during the next twenty-four hours. In consequence of the direction in which the earth revolves upon its axis, it is to the west that he looks most anxiously for indications of an approaching storm. But being bounded in that direction by the vast Atlantic, whence no warning telegrams come, his hopes are centred upon the invaluable outpost of Valencia Observatory, whose array of automatic weather recorders keep sleepless watch against the inroad of the atmospheric invaders. Notwithstanding all this vigilance, information often arrives too late for publication, upsetting the most carefully made calculations; unforeseen changes which fill the forecaster's mind with bitterness, and the unthinking public with disdain.

The forecast completed, reduced charts are drawn, notes of the recent weather conditions made, and the whole is submitted to the chief for his approval and sanction. It is then prepared for the lithographer, along with a tabular statement of all the data upon which it is based, the whole document of four pages forming the official "Daily Weather Report." An interim slip containing only the forecasts for the various districts and a note of storm warnings issued is printed in the Office and sent out at 11 A.M. for exhibition in various public places. Should gales appear probable, warnings are sent at once by wire to all those coast stations provided with storm signals, which, upon receipt of the messages, are at once hoisted upon a tall flagstaff for the benefit of all seafarers. Boards are also exhibited outside the Office windows in Victoria Street, Westminster, showing the state of wind and sea at Yarmouth, Dungeness, The Needles, Scilly, and Holyhead; while in frames at the door is shown all the latest information from all stations. By 3 P.M. the lithographed Daily Weather Reports are ready for publication, and are sent off by post to all subscribers. At 2 P.M. eighteen stations send in messages, and at 6 P.M. thirty more arrive, thus making a late forecast possible for the benefit of the Press, to the various offices of which it is despatched by hand at 8 P.M. All this ever-recurring work by no means exhausts the duties of the slender staff of ten in the Telegraphic Branch. They also compile Weekly, Monthly, and Quarterly Weather Reports, each of which publications represents an enormous amount of labour in checking, summarising, and arranging data for scientific use. Finally, such information as they possess is always accessible to the public, either by letter, telegram, or personal visit, and, contrary to much unpleasant experience of Government offices, courtesy and prompt attention are invariable rules, while the fee payable is one shilling.

The Marine Branch, or Department of Ocean Meteorology, is, though well known to sailors, an unknown quantity to the "man in the street." Yet its operations are enormous, considering the paucity of the staff (ten) which is superintended by Nav. Lieut. C. W. Baillie, R.N., F.R.A.S. It has floating observatories on every sea, supplying all men-of-war and as many merchantmen as care to apply with complete outfits of the best meteorological instruments free, on the sole condition that the recipients undertake to keep a Meteorological Log for the Office. Like all other data dealt with by the Office, these logs are carefully examined on receipt, classified according to character, and stored within the building to the number of over 11,000, of which 1125 were received during the year ending March 31, 1897. This mine of invaluable information, world-wide in its range and minute in detail, is being constantly worked and the results issued to the public, mostly in the form of charts which represent an incredible amount of calculation and research.

This colossal work in its entirety presents a comprehensive series of pictures of the weather and oceanic conditions obtaining over the whole of the North Atlantic at $0^h\ 8^m$ P.M. of Greenwich Mean Time for every day of the thirteen months from August 1, 1882 to August 31, 1883. In the collection of the data thousands of seamen co-operated; lighthouse and lightship keepers and Arctic explorers gave their willing aid. The study of this splendid series of instantaneous weather photographs, as it may fitly be termed, is intensely interesting. By its aid, the birth, life, and death of a storm may be traced from day to day across the ocean, and an idea gained, possible in no other way, of the evolution of these mysterious invisible meteors. But this work, huge as it is, is only one of many, the latest published of which is a graphic representation of the currents of the globe, collated from many thousands of ships' logs, generalised, and delineated upon charts for every month of the year. The supply and storage of instruments needed both for land and sea observations is also undertaken by this branch, which, as the aggregate number is very great, is an important duty.

The Climatological Branch deals exclusively with land meteorology, and is subdivided into three, its operations being far too extensive to be profitably dealt with under one head. From the nature of its duties, which are primarily the checking, reduction, and discussion of land observations, it does not attract much public notice except when its stores of information are drawn upon for the purposes of evidence in courts of law. It receives and examines with jealous care all the self-registered records from eight first-class observatories, and publishes the returns from five of them in the form of hourly readings of all the principal meteorological data in annual volumes. But these highly specialised and continuous records, while showing the high-water mark of meteorological observation, necessitating the attendance of a trained staff and much expenditure at the stations, are in number only as the small dust of the balance when compared with those dealt with in another form.

The usual number of land stations observing for the Office in Great Britain is about 270, a goodly list indeed. Nearly all of these are maintained by amateurs, enthusiastic enough to purchase the instruments necessary, keep the observations read at the specified hours, enter them on the official forms, work the reductions, and send the completed sheets in regularly. Many of these returns are models of neatness, accuracy of detail, and faithful adherence to instructions. But every item of every return made is checked according to certain methods by which the nearest approach to complete accuracy is obtained. And where the observers do not from any cause work the various deductions required, this duty has also to be performed and the results checked until each sheet is completely ready for reference. They are then laid aside to await further discussion later on.

From the long list of stations forwarding monthly returns of two sets of observations daily, a selection of twenty-one is made according to geographical position so as to embrace as wide an area as possible. Observations from these are copied on to specially arranged monthly forms agreed upon for use among official meteorologists at the International Meteorological Congress held at Rome in 1879. The data copied is for every day, and is ended each month by the mean results for each element. Forty-eight other stations are chosen from which only the monthly means and summaries of weather, with the annual average under each head, are copied. The whole series of returns from the sixty-nine stations are then printed and bound in a volume for each year under the title of "Meteorological Returns from Stations of the Second Order" for 189—, which volumes are published at prices fixed by the Stationery Office, but are also exchanged with other foreign weather offices for such returns as they issue.

There are also forty-two foreign stations scattered about the globe which send in regular returns. These embrace such far-away places as Tongoa (New Hebrides) and Fiji, Kaneohe (Sandwich Islands), Mengo (Uganda), Colon (Central America), St. Helena, and Beyrout (Syria). These are all also subjected to the same searching scrutiny as the home stations, and, like them, are bound in annual volumes, but, as in the case of most of the other stations, in the original sheets as they leave the hands of the examiner unprinted. In addition to these duties the Department assists such observers as wish to publish their observations locally, by preparing their material for the printer, revising proofs, making sure with the utmost care that any such publication shall be absolutely correct.

The result of all this collection, reduction, and discussion of observations is, that an immense mass of reliable information, freed from clerical errors or mistakes in computation, is available for the use of scientific men generally, who thereby find the material which they need for their investigations. Medical men especially find the Office exceedingly helpful to them, as by its aid the climatic conditions of most places can be accurately ascertained. A fine meteorological library is possessed by the Office, which is also available for scientific purposes to accredited persons.

The Administration Department calls for no special comment inasmuch as its duties are not materially different from those usually performed by such a branch.

In conclusion, it may be confidently claimed for the Meteorological Office, without any danger of contradiction, that in no other branch of the public service is so great an amount of highly technical and carefully performed work produced at so small a cost to the country. And in spite of an occasional joke at its expense, made by ill-informed people, the Office can calmly point to the fact that even with all its difficult geographical environment the percentage of success in its forecasts was last year as high as 91·5, having steadily increased for many years past. But, as we have pointed out elsewhere, the value of the Meteorological Office to the country would be scarcely lessened even if no forecasts were issued. The subordinate item of climatology is of such vast importance and offers so extensive a field to the scientific student that it is now impossible to ignore or neglect. And when so very practical a people as the Americans do not hesitate to expend a sum about six times as much as we do upon their Meteorological Bureau, it is fairly evident that they are satisfied that the outlay is amply justified. Meanwhile students of all nations are eagerly studying the numberless mutations of the vast atmospheric ocean at whose bottom we live. And it would be ungrateful to suppose that in these days, when every other branch of research is yielding such abundant fruit, Meteorology will lag behind. But in order that the *savant* may generalise, combine, and speculate, it is necessary that data shall be accumulated, that it shall be trustworthy and easily accessible. This work the Meteorological Office is doing, quietly but thoroughly, side by side with its other daily duties, the barest outline of which it has been only possible to indicate here.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JULY

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you. Continue ye in my love.—John v. 9.

FIRST SUNDAY

NATURALLY the Disciples were not a little disquieted when they learnt that their Lord was going away, and that the fellowship which had so inspired and glorified the last two or three years was now drawing to a close. We are not told exactly how this feeling expressed itself, but in some way or other, by their words or their looks, they made it plain that they were greatly put about by the idea of such a change. Therefore Jesus said to them, "Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me." This He followed up by a variety of considerations all fitted to fortify their hearts, and help them to possess their souls in peace. It was expedient *for them*, He said, that He should go away, for what had still to be done on their behalf would be better done by His absence than by His presence in the flesh. He was not forsaking them. He was only going to prepare a place for them in His Father's house, and He would come again in due time to receive them. Meanwhile, He would send the Comforter to them, who should abide with them always, and bring all things to their remembrance whatsoever He Himself had spoken unto them. Then He added this crowning word: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you. Continue ye in my love." That was a thought surely well suited to tranquillise their minds, if only they were able to grasp what it meant.

It is likely enough, however, that they did not all at once comprehend its import. The sayings of Jesus look always very simple, but their real sense is not always that which lies on the surface. Many of them need long reflection to get into their real heart, and the longer we reflect on them, the deeper they grow, so that a wise man will be slow to affirm that he has taken all out of them that certainly is in them. In their apparent simplicity, they are profound and far-reaching beyond the words of any other man. So it is with this saying of my text, for even now, after the light shed on it by so many ages of Christian experience and thoughtful meditation, I am not sure that the radical sense of it is very generally apprehended. We all, of course, understand that the Father loved His Son, and that Christ also loves His people; and that is pretty much all that we, most of us, gather from it. But that is not by any means all that it says; and when we look more closely into it, I suspect it will appear to many of us a very strange word indeed.

How could Jesus possibly love any man exactly as the Father loved Him, seeing that the Father wholly delighted in Him, seeing no iniquity in Him at all? Never a shadow of doubt rose up between them to disturb their perfect confidence. No misunderstandings ever for a moment interrupted their fellowship. Not once did any hasty word, or thoughtless act, or wrong thought mar the blissful serenity of their intercourse. Therefore the Father loved Him, and rejoiced to "show Him all things that He Himself doeth," having the most absolute complacency and delight and satisfaction in Him, and in all His ways. Clearly, now, Jesus could not have felt, even for the dearest of His Disciples, a love exactly like that. For they often misunderstood Him, had often been slow of heart to believe Him, often vexed Him with their worldly-mindedness, often went far to weary even His patience. It never was wearied, but not seldom it was very sorely tried. And if it was so with them, His chosen friends and close companions, how much less could Jesus love us as His Father loved Him, seeing that we are such poor creatures at the best? Let any one review his past ways, or search his own heart for a moment, and he must see at a glance how impossible it is that Christ could regard him exactly as God did His own holy Son.

Yet our Lord says explicitly that He did, and His words are faithful and true. The only question, then, is, not as to their absolute verity, but as to their precise meaning. That meaning does not lie on the surface. It has to be gathered from a consideration of the object our Lord had in view when He thus addressed them. As we have already seen, then, He wished to prepare them for the days when He should be no longer with them, and for the kind of life which then lay before them, and by which their faith would be tested, and might chance to be shaken. They were to have many difficulties and hardships, and of these He had given them warning. They were to be as sheep in the midst of wolves. The world was to hate them as it hated Him, for the servant need not hope for better treatment than his master. Yet He would have them be of good cheer for all that, seeing that He loved them just as His Father loved Him. He was sending them forth to the same kind of life as God had ordained for Him, and in both cases it was love that appointed their lot. The Father, in His love, sent His Son to suffer, and Jesus, in His love, sent His Disciples to a like fate. In very truth, then, He could say: As the Father hath loved me, exactly so have I loved you. The troubles and hardships of your life do not imply that I am indifferent to your well-being, or careless how you suffer. They are not caused by any lack of love, but rather by its largeness and its depth. They are such as the Father allotted to me just because of the love that He bore me. Let not your heart be troubled, therefore; how could I do better for you than He did for me?

SECOND SUNDAY

THERE is a word in this fourth Gospel to which every Christian heart clings, and would not lose it for worlds, for it is the deepest wellspring of our faith and hope. Whether it came directly from our Lord's lips, or only from the Evangelist in His name, is a matter of dispute among scholars. But there is no dispute about its truth or its preciousness. As to that, I suppose we all feel as if not a word of it, not even a syllable, could be changed without robbing us of no small part of our inheritance in Christ. It is that great saying, worthy of all acceptation, "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Every phrase of it—the love of a sinful world—the gift of the only Son—the free offer of grace to all, "whosoever believeth"—and the promise of everlasting life—each of them contributes its own element of divine goodness, and all combine and blend together to give us such a perfect idea of God, that not one touch could be lost without marring its glorious beauty. I venture to think there is not another verse of Scripture so pregnant with deep and blessed meaning, or that so fully reveals the riches of God's grace.

And yet it might have been affirmed with equal truth—it would only have been the other side of the shield, conveying the very same message—to say: "God so loved His only begotten Son, that He sent Him into the world to suffer and to die for it, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." At first that may seem to convey a very different thought. We miss the wondrous love of a world lying in sin and needing a Saviour, and what we get instead of it is love that laid heavy burdens on "the Man of Sorrows." Yet we have only to reflect for a minute to see that the love which prepared the Cross for Christ could be nothing else but the love that sought to save the world from sin, and elected Him for that end, "that He might win for Himself a name which is above every name," and draw to Himself the faith, the affection, and the honour of all the intelligent universe. Therefore, because God loved the world, He sent His Son to redeem it, and because He loved His Son He laid this burden upon Him. He would give Him a great opportunity, befitting the greatness of His nature, that through suffering and shame He might win the crown of highest glory at last. He did not send Christ to be a mere teacher of truth and wisdom, though He did teach these as never man did either before or since. He did not send His Son to be a perfect model of character and conduct, though Jesus was, indeed, in all things our exemplar, and just as we follow Him do we live the life in God. But because He loved Him He appointed Him to "bear our griefs and carry our sorrows, and be wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our transgressions," to prove the riches of that grace which spared not any sacrifice that men might not perish, but have everlasting life.

Consider for a moment, what another Gospel His would have been had God's love of His Son led Him to lighten the hard tasks and heavy burdens and manifold sorrows of His lot. If he had prepared a career for Him on earth where His way would have been all smooth and easy, what another Christ He would have been to you and me! how little help or comfort He would have brought to us! how cold in comparison would have been the love which now clings to His name! Picture to yourself Jesus living in the world much as His neighbours did among whom His lot was cast—working for His wage and earning abundance of bread, perhaps even rising to be a person of some consequence—highly respected by the people for His wise sayings and blameless conduct, and His healing power which He used in so benevolent a fashion—passing through His threescore and ten years with all men speaking well of Him, and at length dying peacefully on His bed, surrounded by faithful and affectionate friends. Suppose that had been the kind of life appointed to Him. Could you, in that case, have believed in Him as you do now? Or love Him as you love Him to-day? Would His name have been to you the precious treasure that it is? Or would you have taken to Him your cares and troubles, as you now do, as to one who "hath a feeling of your infirmities, having been tempted in all things like as you are, only without sin"? Nay, but His labours, His burdens, His sufferings, His Cross are of the very essence of His Gospel, and of our faith and hope, for without these He might have been a teacher of divinest wisdom, but He could not have been the Saviour that He is. The Father, however, loved His Son too well to send Him on a commonplace errand like that; and in like manner as He loved Christ, so does Christ love you. His aim is, not to make your life an easy one, but to make it, like His, great and fruitful and good.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE Disciples, then, if they understood this saying, were not to expect a life of ease and comfort in the world, but rather one of conflict with the world, as their Master's had been, and also of suffering at the hands of men. There was a battle to be fought, and there were wounds to be borne by them as by Him, for the servant need not look for better treatment than his Lord. It is our Father, indeed, who orders all our doings; and when gentleness and tenderness are best for us, truly they shall not fail, seeing that He is not one "to break the bruised reed." But you all recognise the unwisdom and unfaithfulness of those parents whose shallow fondness cares only to comfort and coddle their children, and to keep the rough winds from blowing on them and bracing them. Theirs is not a love which you can at all respect, for there is hardly a surer way of ruining the better nature of youth than to foster in it a selfish shrinking from every kind of trouble or pain. A right-hearted man, on the contrary, longs on behalf of his offspring that they may be prepared for high tasks, and to do honourable service, discovering and developing the nobler qualities of their nature, even should it be at the cost of more or less suffering. What wise father, therefore, shrinks from setting his sons tasks which they often feel to be heavy burdens, but without which they shall hardly attain a manly character, or play a worthy part in life? The soldier whose own battles are ended asks for his boy, in whom his heart is garnered, nothing so earnestly as that he may get a chance of showing his courage and faithfulness in some gallant feat, wherein there may well be no small hazard, but that weighs little against the hope that he may quit himself like a brave man in some brave achievement. Even so, because God loved His Son and wholly delighted in Him, He gave Him that to do which brought out the essential greatness of His character, which, without those labours and suffering, we could not have fully known, nor should we have loved and honoured Him as He deserves to be loved and honoured. To the same effect now Jesus says to His Disciples, and through them to us also: As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you. I send you forth as He sent me, not to a life of ease and indolence, not to a career of little effort and poor achievement, not to the dainties and delicacies, and slippers and the easy chair of dull respectability. I love you too well for that; but I send you to toil and peril, and pain and sacrifice, and the bearing of a cross, which will show the stuff that you are made of, and prepare you one day to sit with me on my throne, even as the Father hath given me to sit with Him on His throne. Great things have been done for you, and therefore great services are demanded of you. You are now the children of God through faith in Christ Jesus, and God's children must learn to walk worthy of the grace they have received, and show the same qualities as their Lord and Master. It is not meet that ye should live in soft inglorious ease. It is not meet that ye should shrink from high tasks because they are also hard. Great honours are necessarily also heavy burdens. Something of the heroic spirit of your Redeemer is required also of you; and therefore, because He loves you and seeks your highest good, He calls you to partake of His labours and to have a fellowship in His sufferings. Smooth seas do not make good sailors, neither will drill without battles produce valiant soldiers. If we had no conflicts we should have no victories, and if we had no wounds our fight would be liker a game that we played than a wrestle that we agonised. A mere commonplace life, then, is not the life for you. Your business should be to find noble work to do, and to do it in a noble way, Christ-like in your spirit, Christ-like in your labours, Christ-like in the service and sacrifice of your faith. For as the Father loved the Son, and laid our burden on Him, so Jesus loves you, and would share the burden, and the glory, too, with you.

Let not your heart be troubled, then, neither let it be dismayed, but believe in God, believe also in Christ. Very possibly some of you, when you first heard His call, and arose to follow Him, hoped to enjoy a very different kind of experience from what you have actually had. Then all looked bright and full of promise, as if bathed in the dew and glory of the early morning. But since then you have found that His yoke is not so easy, nor His burden so light as you had hoped they would be. The griefs and pains of life have been as abundant as ever they were, or even more so, and you begin, it may be, to doubt the love of Christ which once seemed so clear. What is the use, you say, of telling us not to let our hearts be troubled? Our hearts are troubled, and well they may be, for it looks as if all we had fondly trusted in has failed us in the end.

We have all at times, I daresay, had such desponding, faithless thoughts, but we should at least know that they are faithless, and not give way to them. For Christ never promised us a life without grief or trouble. Always He laid it down that it was enough that the servant should be as his Lord, and ye know what His experience was, which the Father's love had appointed to Him. Shall we grudge, then, that we are dealt with even as He was? Shall we complain that we are deemed not unmeet to have our part in His redeeming sorrows? Would we rather a career of commonplace ease and comfort, without His abounding grace, than a season of sharp trial, made large and bright and glorious by communion with His Spirit? Shall we doubt the love of Christ because it is only such love as the Father showed to His Son?

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE view we have been setting forth of the Father's love for Christ and Christ's love of His people, though it is necessary for the right understanding of our text, does not, however, cover the whole truth. It is but one side of it, and would be misleading if we overlooked the other. For if the life of Jesus had its labours and conflicts and sorrows, the love which appointed these provided also rich compensations—unseen consolations and encouragements, deep wellsprings of joy unspeakable. Truly "never were sorrows like to His sorrows," never was any one so largely "acquainted with grief"; yet at the same time never was there a gladness to be compared to His. His life was not all as sombre and dark and cheerless as it looks on the outside. For always "the Father was with Him" to cheer the solitude of His spirit. Always underneath all the wrath and hatred that beset Him, He had "a peace of God that passeth all understanding, keeping His heart and mind." Always there were touches and tides of divine grace sustaining Him, when His burden was hardest to bear. God, therefore, was His constant refuge from "the strife of tongues" and the malice of men; and we read that they often passed whole nights together in the fellowship of an unsearchable love among the quiet hills, or by the seashore, and under the silent stars. Who can tell the blessedness of those secret communings, when the world's wicked ravings were hushed, and He was alone with the Father, all their thoughts blended in the joy of an unutterable unity, one with each other in the mystery of God and of Love? Into that hidden life, indeed, no eye may look. We know that it was, but not exactly what it was. It is something too sacred for the prying gaze of men. But, doubtless, it was largely that divine fellowship which strengthened Him to bear His burden uncomplaining, and kept His spirit sweet and pure and true through all the sorrows of His lot. Thus His earth was always close to heaven, and bathed in its light, though that light might be unseen by others. His humanity was always in touch with Deity, and received out of its fulness joy and peace and power according to its need.

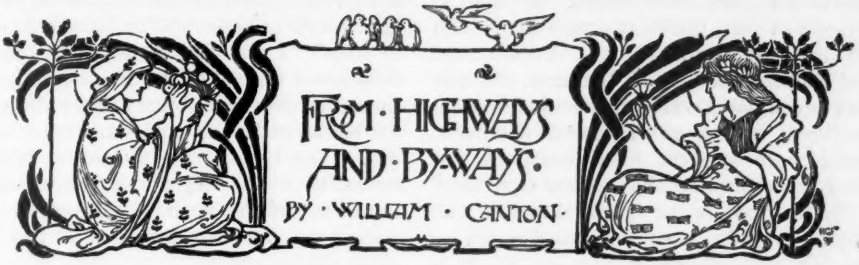
And what I wish to say to you now is that, as the Father loved Him, so He also loves you, and if He calls you to bear a cross after Him, He offers you also the consolations with which He Himself was comforted, and the strength by which He was enabled to endure and to overcome. "He sends no one on a warfare on his own charges." Yours must ever be the outer life of burden-bearing, which is the life of love; but it shall also be the inner life of fellowship with God, and peace and joy in Christ. These two are always united in greater or lesser measure, but we cannot enjoy the one unless we endure the other. Not for us the rich reward of grace, if we put from us the service and the sacrifice to which He calls us. Not for us to share the secret of the Lord—the hidden bliss of His communion—unless we take our part in those tasks of love which are never without their sorrows. But if we will hear the call of Christ and take up His yoke, then will He be with us even as the Father was with Him, and the mystery of the secret life of Jesus will gradually unfold itself to us in a blissful experience of His infinite loving-kindness. For He will not stint or grudge it to the man who is fighting a good fight. But the more troubles you have to bear, the more shall His peace abide in your heart; the more sufferings fall to your lot, so much the more shall His consolations abound toward you. In your poverty, ye shall be rich in grace—a wealth that endureth for ever. In your loneliness, "ye shall not be alone," but He will be with you as the Father was with Him. In your darkness, He will be light round about you, and He "will give you songs in the night." I am not speaking at random or working up the rhetoric of a pious unreality. How often, on the contrary, have I come across those whose lives were to all appearance friendless and sorrowful, storm-tossed, and sorely afflicted by want and sickness and pain which would have driven most men to despair, and yet all the while their hearts remained sweet and calm and thankful and cheerful, filled with a great peace, and abounding in a sure hope. That is "the life which is hid with Christ in God," whose source is beyond and above all the chances and changes of this transitory world, lying in the tranquil depths of everlasting Love. Bunyan tells us of certain malignant beings who constantly strove to quench the fire in "the House Beautiful," but the more they tried to extinguish it, the more brightly it burnt, for there was one, unseen behind, who patiently ministered fresh oil to its flame, and all the efforts of the enemy only stirred him to more diligence in maintaining and increasing it. Even so is the spiritual life kept pure and bright and ever growing to more fulness by renewed ministrations of the Holy Spirit; for as the Father loved His Son, and upheld and comforted Him under all His trials, so does Christ love His people and His grace faileth never.

FIFTH SUNDAY

It is the glory of divine love that it "was manifested to us while we were yet sinners." Like the sunshine it falls alike "on the just and the unjust, the evil and the good." There is a difference, of course, as one has truly said, between "the love of complacency and the love of compassion," yet in both cases it is love, and not hate, with which God regards His creatures, always seeking not to work them harm, but to do them good if they would only believe it. Nor do I mean to suggest that this spirit ever changes, for "He is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever." God is always love, whatever we may be or do. When Christ, then, goes on to say, "Continue ye in my love," and counsels them what to do for that purpose, we are not to understand that if they fail His mind will change, and cease any more to care for their well-being. A father may follow his prodigal son into the far country with sorrow and growing hopelessness, but it will be the sorrow of a love that cannot give over trying, though the wayward object of it may very easily come to feel that he is not continuing in the enjoyment of the peace and the gladness which it once conveyed. Slighted human love, indeed, turns often to bitterness, but slighted divine love is only touched with an infinite sadness.

Our Lord, then, being anxious that His joy in us should abide, and that our joy in Him should abound, proceeds now to tell His Disciples what they must do to secure that so desirable end. "If ye keep my commandments," He says, "ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love." That is to say, the grace which was shown to us "while we were yet sinners" must turn us "to the obedience of the just" if it is to remain a source of strength and comfort to us. There is no self-deceiving lie like that of the man who thinks to go on in sin in order that grace may abound. He could not take a surer way of restraining it. The love of Christ is failing of its proper object if it does not lead us to keep the commandments of Christ. It is meant to be a constant constraint on us to "depart from iniquity and learn to do well," and he who relies on it, and yet persists in all the evil of his ways, is verily making the grace of God of none effect—using it as a shield for wrong-doing instead of the source of righteousness and goodness which it is meant to be. Evermore, then, if we would continue in the enjoyment of Christ's love, we must be striving to keep His commandments, even as He kept His Father's commandments, and abided in His love.

Yet obviously true as that is, and past all dispute, it must be confessed that, at the first blush of it, it is not very encouraging to weak, erring creatures such as we all are. It is easy to see that if we are obedient as Christ was, we shall be also loved as He was. The difficulty is not to understand that, but to be it. Does it not cast us back on the old legal position: Do this and live? Who can ever hope to obey as Jesus did? Our hearts may have been changed and our wills renewed, yet our nature is still at the best feeble and facile, and even "when we would do good, evil is present with us." Beset by many temptations, betrayed by still indwelling lusts, and led astray by old habits of sin, who can dream of ever keeping the commandments as Christ did? Therefore, I reckon, to help us over this hopeless difficulty, our Lord went on to explain what He specially meant by His commandments. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." This love must constrain us to love as He did, and "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Only let us receive His spirit, and "walk in love as He gave us our example," and then shall our duty be done as it never was done before, and never can be done so long as we regard only an external law. If the love that was in Christ be the mind that is in us, we may still come short, as alas! we do; we may at times err, and have to sorrow bitterly for it; but having the meek and lowly and loving heart of the Master, it will be our constant endeavour to walk in His footsteps and to follow His example, and daily more and more that will become habitual to us, and our only happiness, the course we take by the very instinct of our renewed nature. A struggle there may well be, doubtless, for a season—a warfare between the law of our members and the law of our mind. But the love of Christ will abide with us as truly in the time of conflict as when we have gained the victory, and gain it we shall through His abounding grace. So, loving as He did, patient as He was, we shall continue in His love, even as He abideth in His Father's love.



FROM · HIGHWAYS AND · BYWAYS ·

BY · WILLIAM · CANTON ·

I FEAR I am sadly unorthodox in the matter of flowers. I do not understand the "love" which, not content with seeing them growing in their passionless world, insists on plucking them for the decoration of the table or the person. I would as soon put a robin or a blue tit in my buttonhole*—or very nearly as soon, for after all bird-murder is more cruel than flower-murder, seeing that the winged life is nearer in sensibility to our own. As regards "favourite flowers," too, I must confess to some eccentricity. The beauty of the rose, whatever the variety, does not appeal to me with anything like the delight I feel in looking at the tiny white petals sprinkled with red of the common saxifrage called London Pride. No doubt associations count for something in this preference, but do they not count for much in all likings and dislikes? My earliest recollection of London Pride carries me back to a little circular well, clear as glass and deliciously cold, in a rockery of green vitreous slag from some glass-works, all overgrown with the close serrated dark-green pads of the saxifrage. Long afterwards I learned something of the story of the London Pride. It invested the small starry flower with a strange romance to think of it growing wild, high up on the hills in the West and South of Ireland, in company with rare ferns, lichens, mosses, and other saxifrages which must have migrated with it, ages and ages ago, across the continental bridge that once joined the Kerry mountains with the highland valleys of Northern Spain. Figure to yourself this small wanderer surviving, through the illimitable centuries, the fluctuations of climate, the redistributions of sea and land, the succession of those dynasties of a colossal fauna and a marvellous flora which make up the record of the prehistoric past. Scarcely less interesting than this slightly-prized flower seem to me some of the little exiles from foreign shores which are found on the ballast heaps beside our seaports. One thinks of the white sails under which they crossed the great seas, and there is not wanting the tragic note of humanity in the reflection that more than one of the ships which brought them to blossom on our shores have gone down in tempest and darkness with all hands.

As a companionable flower, sweet to smell and soberly rich in colour, the homely wallflower strongly commends itself to my fancy. I suppose it is a genuine cliff plant, and that its original habitat was on the windy ledges of perpendicular precipices overlooking the classic waters of the Midland Sea. Naturally it is not the less suggestive or welcome on that account. In her attractive little book on "Flower Favourites"* Miss Deas gives a pretty legend which associates the origin of this flower with a castle on the Tweed and a maiden who lost her life in scaling the walls to fly with her lover. As a rule the legends and significance of flowers strike me as somewhat dull reading, but Miss Deas has contrived to be both fresh and interesting. For instance, if it be a fact, one is pleased to know the reason why the blue cornflower was a favourite of William I. of Germany. "When his mother, the heroic and unfortunate Queen Louise of Prussia, was forced by Napoleon to flee from Berlin, she took refuge," Miss Deas tells us, "in a cornfield, and in order to distract and amuse her children, she twined for them wreaths and

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*** I have heard that many ladies who passionately love flowers do actually wear tits, robins, and other small birds in their hats; but this I take to be a wicked libel.**

*** "Flower Favourites: their Legends, Symbolism, and Significance." By Lizzie Deas. George Allen. Price 3*s*. 6*d*.**

crowns of blue cornflowers. It was in memory of this, tradition says, that her son Wilhelm, afterwards King of Prussia and first Emperor of United Germany, chose as his emblem *die Kornblume*, for which reason the flower is dear to all patriotic Germans, and is worn by them on all occasions that more especially mark the union of Germany."

By the way, *is* the name Marigold "indisputably older than the introduction of the Virgin's festivals among us"? It is quite in the nature of things that the flower was first called the gold of the marais, marish or marsh, but some evidence is desirable. In this connection it seems to me strange that, so far as I am aware, no one has produced a popular history of flowers. It is often roughly stated that most of our flowers were introduced between 1480 and 1600. If that was so, it is curious to think how many of the wild flowers which give a beauty to our fields and green lanes, to our moors and hillsides, must have been unknown to Langland and even to Chaucer. In any case it would be extremely interesting to trace as far as possible the story of our flowers cultivated and wild, of which last a number, like the spur valerian, the wallflower, and the greater snapdragon, are visitors from over seas, if indeed they are not garden escapes. One difficulty in the way of such a book is the confusion of names, many flowers having several names, and one name frequently designating several different flowers. In availing himself of literary references the author would have to make sure that his author was writing from genuine observation and not merely echoing the poetic conventionalities of the classics. From the flower sculptures of our cathedrals and old churches, too, some curious and unexpected information might be gathered. It is *àpropos* of the marigold that Miss Deas refers to the *Jeux Floraux* at Toulouse, to the silver marigold among other prizes (an amaranth in gold and a wild rose and a violet in silver) presented to the victorious poets, and to the illustrious Clémence Isaure, "the traditional founder of these games." Recent research, alas! has consigned that beautiful and celebrated lady to the region of myths. It is a sad piece of iconoclasm.

Among the names given to the snowdrop "in some parts of German Switzerland the people call it *Amselblume*, or 'blackbird flower,' because with the appearance of this little herald of blossoms the blackbird begins to sing." I am glad to find this pleasant association, for one of the divine incidents in the latter days of February is the fluting of the blackbird in the cold dark hour before day. The Cæsar who offered a fabulous reward for a new delight would have doubled the sum had he been waked out of deep sleep by such a song, and been sent to sleep again thinking of it.

For at least two years in succession the house-martins have returned to our northern heights on the 10th May. This year the 8th was stormy, the 9th was dull, and on the 10th when I looked out there was no sign of a martin. In spite of leaf and blossom, and reflections of green on the wet pavement, there was a feeling that the Spring had not yet come. The 11th and 12th went by—dull, disappointed days; but on the 12th, high up in the bright air, far above the flight of our common birds, the felucca sails and the half-white hull flashed across the window, and with them one felt an illusion of the Mediterranean. What a high, buoyant, swinging flight it is! One's heart goes up with it and revels through leagues of heaven on an invisible "switchback." On the clear sunny mornings that followed it was delightful to see the martins gathering clay for their nests from the patches in the road where the water-cart had left most moisture. A few days later the swifts appeared, racing and screaming; but the swallows do not seem to care much for our neighbourhood.

By the way, it may be worth mentioning that the swallow's nest opens above, the martin's is more roughly built and opens at the side; the swallow's eggs are spotted with brown, the martin's are pure white; the swallow is distinguishable by his reddish throat, his deeply cleft green tail, and the metallic shimmer of his plumage; the martin by his white throat and white leg-feathers and the slighter forking of the tail. The swift, which so frequently is seen and associated with them, is not akin to either; he is really of the woodpecker clan. His plumage is a uniform black; his nest is a loose flat bed of grass in cliff-hole or church tower; and his shrill, excited, incessant scream is unmistakable.

Few of our writers on natural history join to large experience and accurate knowledge such an attraction of style and sentiment as Mr. Hudson. If his "Birds in London"* falls short of the freshness and picturesqueness of his South American books, it must be attributed to the subject rather than the writer; but avoiding that least gracious of comparisons—the comparison of an author with himself—this volume contains a most interesting survey of the winged wild tribes in the vast metropolis and its outskirts, of their lines of access and their green settlements, and of the startling changes which have taken place among them in recent years. When one remembers the short days, the bitter cold, the poisonous fogs, the ghastly squares and dreary parks of a London winter, it is strange to think that there are about twenty species of small passerine birds which live all the year in London proper. Many of our caged birds, as Mr. Hudson observes, would perish at this season if they did not feed by gas and candle light. Yet in spite of the sixteen or seventeen hours of night during December and January, and the hours of noonday darkness when birds feed little if at all, these outdoor residents manage to survive. Of our small birds the sparrows are, as Chaucer would have said, "fern away" the most numerous; the starling, unexpectedly enough I fancy, ranks next, but at a considerable distance; third, after another large interval, comes the blackbird, and fourth the throstle or song-thrush. The robins, which thirty years ago used to be common in the squares, in the gardens of the Inns of Law, about Ludgate Hill, the Strand, and Blackfriars Road, and which even now are plentiful on suburban plots and lawns, are but rarely seen in the interior of London; and the tits, finches, the wren, hedge-sparrow, and pied wagtail are among the bright little creatures which are reported as having almost disappeared.

It is a far cry to the days of Elizabeth, when the protected scavenger kites were almost as familiar in London streets as sparrows are to-day, but it was not till 1777 that the last nest in London was torn down from the trees in Gray's Inn Gardens. When their legions were perishing the ravens took their place as sanitary authorities, and were everyday figures in places which know them no more. The last pair of ravens bred annually down to about 1826, when their nest was harried by one of the keepers in Hyde Park. Even within living memory magpies were not rare birds among us, but probably they bred for the last time in 1856 in Kensington Gardens. Regarding those large and attractive birds, the crow, jackdaw, and rook, which are not unfrequently mistaken for one another, Mr. Hudson is of opinion that the continued presence of the first two depends almost entirely on the treatment given them by the officials of the parks. From time out of mind they have inhabited the central parks, and probably even now as many as forty crows frequent inner London; but if they are to be shot down for raiding the "duck-breeding establishment" of Hyde Park their complete disappearance is merely a question of time. As to the daw, we are told that of the sixteen hundred churches in London, probably not more than three are now tenanted by that delightful and picturesque haunter of our mediæval towers and spires; while the only resident daws in inner London are the small colony (about twenty-four birds) which breed in the old trees of Holland Park or in the hollow elms of Kensington Gardens. Flocks of daws from the outside world, however, occasionally appear when migrating or in search of new quarters.

The case of the rooks Mr. Hudson regards as "well-nigh hopeless." And this is a grievous matter. Think of the exhilarating glimpses London had of wild life in the palmy days of her clamorous colonies of bickering rooks. All this century these airy cities had been decreasing, but at a disastrous rate during the last fifteen or twenty years. At one time there was a rookery at the Tower; that in the gardens at Carlton House went when the trees were felled and the old mansion demolished in 1827; that in the elms of King's Bench Walk at the Temple (which Goldsmith used to observe) was deserted early in our eighteen hundreds; that in the College Gardens, Doctors' Commons, flourished till about 1850; that in the Green Park was destroyed about 1845. Within the last twenty years there have been rookeries at Holland House; Chesterfield

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* "Birds in London." By W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S. Illustrated by Bryan Hook, A. D. McCormick, and from Photographs from nature by R. B. Lodge. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s.

House, Mayfair (now built over); Wharncliffe House in Curzon Street; Brunswick House, Marylebone; in Gower Street and Gordon Square; in Hereford Square, Brompton; in Connaught Square, Stanhope Place, Albion Street, and near the Marble Arch, not far from the site of the famous Tyburn Tree. But the greatest loss seems to have been inflicted on the metropolis by the ruthless destruction of seven hundred elms, about a hundred feet high, in Kensington Garden in 1880. "When it came to the cutting down," writes Mr. Hudson, "the men begged to be allowed to spare a few of the finest trees in the grove; and at last one tree, with no fewer than fourteen nests on it: they were sharply ordered to cut down the lot. And cut down they were, with disastrous consequences, as we know, as during the next few years many scores of the finest trees on the north side of the gardens were blown down by the winds, among them the noblest tree in London"—a great beech. That too was the end of a rookery which, according to a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, had once extended "all along the north side from the Broad Walk near the palace to the Serpentine." One rookery alone is left in inner London—that in Gray's Inn Gardens, which were planted by Francis Bacon. Twenty-odd years ago the rooks were scared by the lopping of the trees, but after a three years' absence they returned, and have since shown no great fluctuation in their numbers. For the last three seasons there have been twenty-five, twenty-three, and twenty-four nests.

If we have lost much wild life, however, there have been compensations. The ring-dove or wood-pigeon, practically unknown twenty years ago, has taken up its abode in great numbers, and it shows a disposition to adapt itself to our forests of brick and stone. "Last summer one pair built a nest on St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar Square; another pair on a mansion in Victoria Street, Westminster." Then, in the waters of the parks we have the quaint and pretty moor or moat hen, and the little grebe or dabchick. These three comparatively new colonists may indicate the beginning of a new era of wild life in London; but we may hope that an attempt will be made to carry out Mr. Hudson's suggestion in regard to the rook. It is a tradition that the rookery in the Temple Gardens was founded by Sir Richard Northey, who had a bough containing a nest with two young birds cut from a tree, conveyed in an open waggon to the Temple, and fixed to one of the trees in the gardens. The parent birds followed, and old and young remained and bred.

Mr. Hudson, as I have indicated, does not confine his survey to inner London; but even in the narrow limits to which I have restricted myself, I have not been able to refer to his excellent stories, his criticism, and his practical suggestions. Many of the illustrations are admirable, and as usual Mr. Lodge's photographs from nature are of extreme interest.

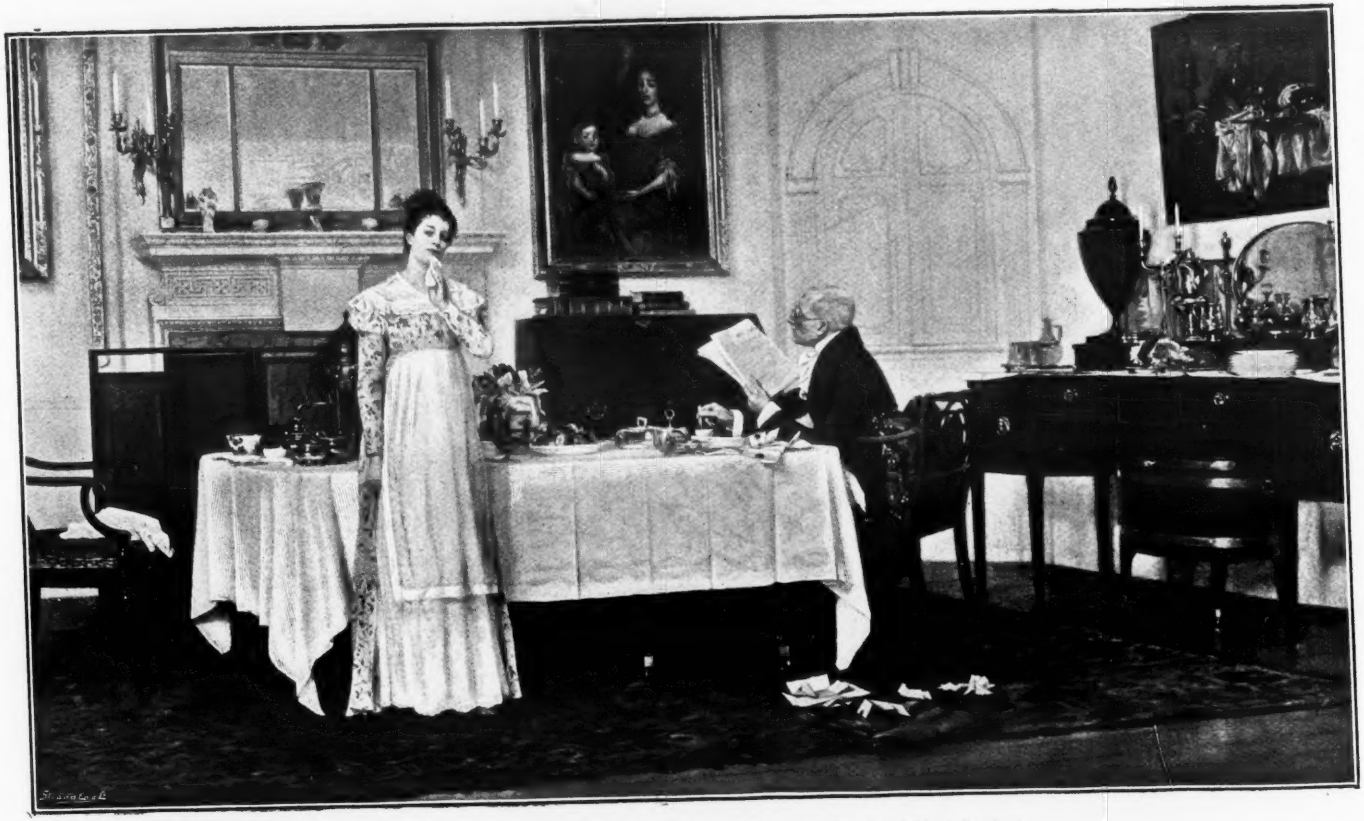
The Rev. Frederick Langbridge's "Clear Waters" (Cassell and Co. 1*s.* net) is a charming booklet, full of quaint, fresh, and striking thoughts and fancies. He has the gift, not too common, of adequate expression in the most frugal space. He can strike, too, new cadences which cling to the memory and will not suffer themselves to be forgotten. Poetry is often hard reading, but this is easy, stimulative, and often delightful. The following surely justifies all I have ventured to say:

CHRIST WANTS NOT THINE BUT THEE

A poor man beggeth of the thoughtless folk,
And one is touch'd to say,
"Take thou my cloak,
And pass upon thy way:"
And yet the man doth stay.
Then doth his waiting wistfulness provoke
That other, that he cries,
"Nay, take my purse so that thou now arise,
Yielding me grace, this rustling morn of May,
To sit and laugh and hear the viols play,
Untroubled by thy strange and asking eyes."

Ah, fond delay! man, ere he turn to part,
That beggar (namèd Christ) will have thy heart.

Those who have read the first volume of poems issued by the Glasgow Ballad Club fourteen years ago, will be interested in the second selection just published under the title "Ballads and Poems" (Blackwood and Sons. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*). The Club has lost two honorary presidents and such well-known contributors as David Wingate and Professor Veitch; but Mr. William Freeland, the "pious founder," still flourishes in unfailing lyric youth, and other old members are well represented.



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THE LOVE LETTER

By F. D. Millet

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

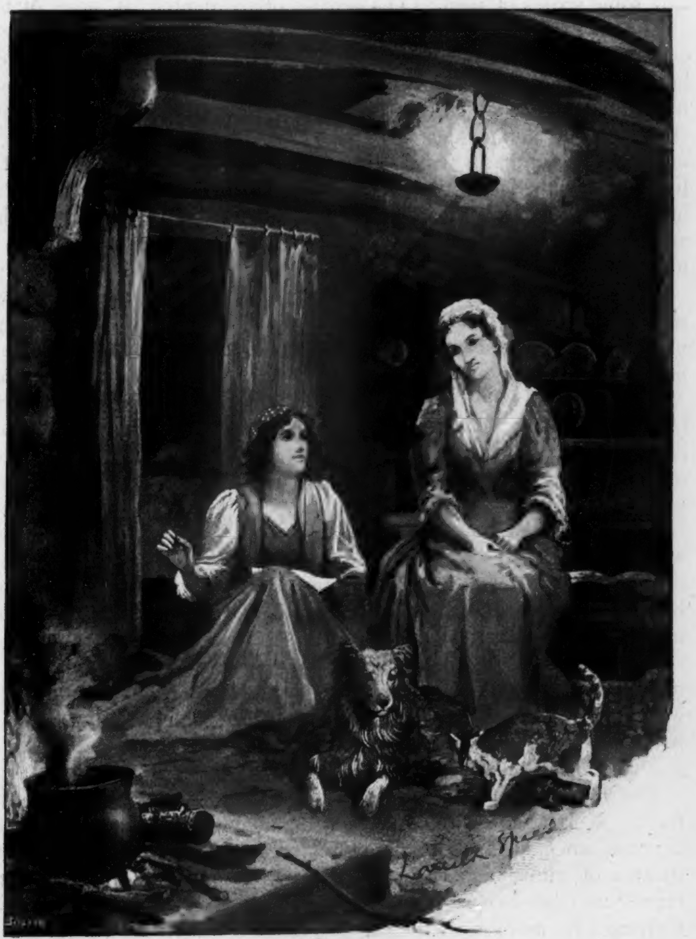
CHAPTER XXV

GUIDA was sitting on the veille reading an old London paper which she had bought of the mate on the packet from Southampton. One page contained an account of the execution of Louis XVI.; another reported the fight between the English 36-gun frigate *Araminta* and the French *Niobe*. The engagement had been desperate, the valiant *Araminta* having been fought, not alone against odds as to her enemy, but against the irresistible perils of a coast of which the Admiralty charts gave cruelly imperfect information. To the Admiralty we owed the fact that the *Araminta* was now at the bottom of the sea, and its young commander confined in a French fortress, his brave and distinguished services lost to the country. Nor had the Government yet sought to lessen the injury by arranging a cartel for the release of the unfortunate commander.

The *Araminta!* To Guida the letters of the word seemed to stand out from the paper like shining hieroglyphs on a misty grey curtain. All the rest of the page was resolved into a filmy floating substance, no more tangible than the ashy skeleton of burnt paper on which writing still lives when the paper itself has been eaten by flame, and the flame swallowed by the air.

Araminta—this was all her eyes saw, that familiar name in the flaring fantastic handwriting of the genius of life, who had scrawled her destiny in that one word.

Slowly the monstrous cyphers faded from



"Guida sat rigid and blanched"

the grey hemisphere of space, and she saw again the newspaper in her trembling fingers, the kitchen into which the sunlight streamed from the open window, the dog Biribi basking in the doorway. That living quiet which descends upon a kitchen when the mid-day meal and work are done came suddenly home to her, in contrast to the turmoil of her mind and being.

So that was why Philip had not written to her! While her heart was growing bitter against him, he had been fighting his vessel against great odds, and at last had been shipwrecked and carried off a prisoner. A strange new understanding took possession of her. Her life suddenly widened. She realised all at once how the eyes of the whole world might be fixed upon a single ship, a few cannon, and some scores of men. The general of a great army leading tens of thousands into the clash of battle—that had always been within her comprehension; but this was almost miraculous, this sudden projection of one ship and her commander upon the canvas of fame. Philip had left her, unknown save to a few; with the nations turned to see, he had made a gallant and splendid fight, and now he was a prisoner in a French fortress!

This then was why her grandfather had received no letter from him concerning the marriage. Well, she must now speak for herself; she must announce her marriage. Must she show Philip's letters?—No, no, she could not. . . . . Suddenly a new suggestion came to her: there was one remaining proof of her marriage. Since no banns had been published, Philip must have obtained a licence from the Dean of the Island, and he would have a record of it. All she had to do now was to get a copy of this record—but no, a licence to marry was no proof of marriage; it was but evidence of intention.

Still, she would go to the Dean this very moment. It was not right that she should wait longer: indeed, in waiting so long she had already done great wrong to herself—and maybe to Philip.

She rose from the veille with a sense of relief. No more of this secrecy, making her innocence seem guilt; no more painful dreams of punishment for some intangible crime; no more starting if she heard a sudden footstep; no more hurried walk through the streets, looking neither to right nor to left; no more inward struggles wearing away her life.

To-morrow — to-morrow — no, this very night, her grandfather and one other, even Maîtresse Aimable, should know all; and she should sleep quietly—oh, so quietly tonight.

Looking into a mirror on the wall—it had been a gift of the Chevalier—she smiled at herself. Why, how foolish of her it had been to feel so much and to imagine terrible things! Her eyes were shining now, and her hair, catching the sunshine from the window, glistened like burnished copper. She turned to see how it shone on the temple and the side of her head. How Philip had loved her hair! Her eyes lingered for a moment placidly on herself—then she started suddenly. A wave of feeling, a shiver, passed through her, her brow gathered in perplexity, she flushed deeply.

Turning away from the mirror, she went and sat down again on the edge of the veille. Her mind had changed. She would go to the Dean's—but not till it was dark. She suddenly thought it strange that the Dean had never said anything about the licence. Why, again, perhaps he had! How should she know what gossip was going on in the town! But no, she was quick to feel, and if there had been gossip she would have felt it in the manner of her neighbour. Besides, gossip as to a licence to marry was all on the right side. She sighed—she had sighed so often of late—to think what a tangle it all was, of how it would be smoothed out to-morrow, of what——

There was a click of the garden-gate, a footstep on the walk, a half-growl from Biribi, and the face of Carterette Mattingley appeared in the kitchen doorway. Seeing Guida sitting on the veille, she came in quickly, her dancing dark eyes heralding great news.

"Don't get up, ma couzaine," she said, "please don't. Sit just there, and let me sit beside you. Ah, but I have the most wonderful news!"

Carterette was out of breath. She had hurried here from her home. As she said herself, her two feet weren't in one shoe on the way, and that and her news made her quiver with excitement.

At first, palpitating with eagerness, bursting with mystery, she could do no more than sit and look in Guida's face. Carterette was quick of instinct in her way, but yet she had not seen any marked change in her friend during the past few months. Certainly Guida had not been so buoyant as was her wont, but Carterette herself had been so occupied in thinking of her own particular secret that she was not observant of others. At times she saw Ranulph, and then she was uplifted, to be immediately depressed again; for she saw that he was cast down, that his old cheerfulness was gone, and that a sombreness had settled on him. Somehow, though she was not quite happy when she did not see him, she was then even happier than when she did, for she seemed so powerless to lighten his gravity. She flattered herself, however, that she could do so if she had the right and the good opportunity—the more so that Ranulph no longer visited the cottage in the Place du Vier Prison.

That drew her closer to Guida also, for, in truth, Carterette had no loftiness of nature. Like most people, she was selfish enough to hold a person a little dearer for not standing in her own particular light. Long ago she had shrewdly guessed that Guida's interest lay elsewhere than with Ranulph, and when Philip d'Avranche was in St. Helier's, she had fastened upon him as the object of Guida's favour. But then many sailors had made love to her, and knowing it was here to-day and away to-morrow with them, her heart had remained untouched. Why then should she think Guida would take the officer seriously where she herself held the sailor lightly? But at the same time she had an instinct that what concerned Philip would interest Guida—she herself always cared to hear the fate of an old admirer—and this was what had brought her to the cottage to-day.

"Guess who I've got a letter from!" she asked of Guida, who had taken up some sewing, and was now industriously regarding the stitches.

At Carterette's question, Guida looked up and said with a smile: "From some one you like, I know."

Carterette laughed gaily. "Bà sû, I should think I did—in a way. But what's his name? come, guess, Ma'm'selle Dignity."

"Eh ben, the fairy godmother," answered Guida, trying hard not to show an interest she felt all too keenly; for nowadays it seemed to her that all news should be about Philip. Besides, she was gaining time and preparing herself for—she knew not what!

"O my grief!" responded the brown-eyed elf, kicking off the red slipper that had once so vexed the Lady of St. Michael, and thrusting her foot into it again, "never a fairy godmother had I, unless it's old Manon Moignard the witch—

> Sas, son, bileton,
> My grand'mèthe a-fishing has gone:
> She'll gather the fins to scrape my jowl,
> And ride back home on a barnyard fowl!

Nannin, Ma'm'selle, it's plain to be seen you can't guess what a cornfield grows besides red poppies!" and laughing in sheer delight at the mystery she was making, she broke off again into a whimsical nursery rhyme:

> Coquelicot, j'ai mal au dé,
> Coquelicot, qu'est qui l'a fait?
> Coquelicot, ch'tai mon valet.

She kicked off her red slipper again, and flying halfway across the room, it alighted on the table, and a little mud from the heel dropped on the clean scoured surface. With a little *moue* of mockery, she got slowly up and tiptoed across the floor, like a child afraid of being scolded. Gathering the dust carefully, and looking demurely askance at Guida the while, she tiptoed over again to the fireplace and threw it into the chimney.

"Naughty Carterette!" she said at herself with admiring reproval, as she looked in Guida's mirror, and added, as she glanced with farcical approval round the room, "and it all shines like a peacock's feather, too!"

Guida longed to snatch the letter from Carterette's hand and read it, but she only said calmly, though the words fluttered in her throat:

"You're as gay as a chaffinch, garçon Carterette!"

Garçon Carterette! Instantly Carterette sobered down. No one save Ranulph had ever called her *garçon Carterette!*

Guida had used the words purposely—she had heard Ranulph call Carterette that, and she knew they would change the madcap's mood. Carterette, to hide a sudden flush, stooped and slowly put on her slipper. Then she came back to the veille, and sat down again beside Guida, saying as she did so:

"Yes, I'm always as gay as a chaffinch—me!"

She unfolded the letter slowly, and Guida stopped sewing, but with the point of her needle mechanically began to prick the linen lying on her knee.

"Well," said Carterette deliberately, "this letter is from a pend'loque of a fellow—at least, we used to call him that—though if you come to think, he was always polite as a mended porringer. It wasn't often he had two sous to rub against each other. And—and not enough buttons for his clothes!"

Guida smiled. She guessed whom Carterette meant. "Has Monsieur Détricand more buttons now?" she asked with a little whimsical lift of the eyebrows.

"Ah, bidemme, yes, and gold too, all over him—like that!" She made a quick sweeping gesture with her hand, which would seem to make Détricand a very spangle of buttons. "Come, what do you think—he's a general now!"

"A general!" Instantly Guida thought of Philip, and a kind of envy shot into her heart that this *vaurien* Détricand should mount so high in a few months—a man whose past had shown nothing to warrant such success. "A general!—where?" she asked.

"In the Vendée army, fighting for the new King of France—you know the Revolutionists cut off the last King's head."

At another time Guida's heart would have throbbed with elation, for the romance of that union of aristocrat and peasant appealed keenly to her imagination, but she only said in the patois of the people themselves, "Ma fuifre—yes, I know."

Carterette was delighted to thus dole out her news, and get her due reward of astonishment. "And he's got another name," she added. "At least it's not another, he always had it, but he didn't call himself by it. Pardie, he's more than the Chevalier; he's the Comte Détricand de Tournay—ah, then, believe me if you choose! There it is."

She pointed to the signature of the letter, and with a gush of eloquence explained how it all was about Détricand the *vaurien* and Détricand the Comte de Tournay.

"Good riddance to Monsieur Savary *dit* Détricand, and good welcome to Monsieur the Comte de Tournay," answered Guida, trying hard to humour Carterette, that she should sooner hear the news yet withheld. "And what comes after that?"

Carterette was half sorry that her great moment had come. She wished she could have linked out the suspense longer. But she let herself be comforted by the anticipated effect of her wonderful tidings.

"I'll tell you what comes after—ah, but see then what a wonder I have for you! You know that Monsieur Philip d'Avranche—well, what do you think has happened to him?"

Guida felt as if some monstrous hand had her heart in its grasp, crushing it. Presentiment took possession of her. Carterette was busy running over the pages of the letter, and did not notice how her face had lost its colour. She had no thought that Guida had any vital interest in Philip, and she ruthlessly, though unconsciously, began to torture the young wife as few are tortured in this world.

She read aloud Détricand's description of his visit to the castle of Bercy, and of the meeting with Philip.

"'See what comes of a name!'" wrote Détricand, and repeated Carterette. "'Here was a poor prisoner whose ancestor, hundreds of years ago, may or mayn't have been a relative of the d'Avranches of Clermont, when a disappointed duke, with an eye open for heirs, takes a fancy to the good-looking face of the poor prisoner, and *voilà!* you have him whisked off to a castle, fed on milk and honey, and adopted into the family. Then a pedigree is nicely grown on a summer day, and this fine young Jersey adventurer is found to be a green branch from the old root; and there's a great blare of trumpets, and the States of the Duchy are called together to make this English officer a prince—and that's the Thousand and One Nights in Arabia, Ma'm'selle Carterette!'"

Guida was sitting rigid and still. In the slight pause Carterette made, a hundred confused torturing thoughts ran swiftly through her mind and presently floated into the succeeding sentences of the letter:

"'As for me, I'm like Rabot's mare, I haven't time to laugh at my own foolishness. I'm either up to my knees in grass or clay fighting Revolutionists, or I'm riding hard day and night till I'm round-backed like a wood-louse, to make up for all the good time I so badly lost in your little island. You would not have expected that, my friend with the tongue that stings, would you? But then, Ma'm'selle of the red slippers, one is never butted save by a dishorned cow—as your father used to say.' "

Carterette paused again, saying in an aside, "That is M'sieu' all over, all so gay. But who knows? For he says, too, that the other day a-fighting Fontenay, five thousand of his men come across a cavalry as they run to take the guns that eat them up like cabbages, and they drop on their knees, and he drops with them, and they all pray to God to help them, while the cannon balls *whiz-whiz* over their heads. He says God did hear them, for He told them that if they fell down flat when the guns was fired the balls wouldn't touch 'em."

During this interlude, Guida, full of impatience and anxiety, could scarcely sit still. She began sewing again, though her fingers trembled so she could hardly make a stitch. But Carterette, the little egoist, did not notice her perturbation; her own excitement dimmed her observation.

She began reading again. The first few words had little or no significance for Guida, but presently she was held as by the fascination of a serpent.

"'And Ma'm'selle Carterette, what do you think this young captain, now Prince Philip d'Avranche, and successor to the title of Bercy—what do you think he is next to do? Even to marry a countess of great family whom the old Duke has chosen for him, so that the name of d'Avranche may not die out in the land. And that is the way that love begins. . . . Wherefore I want you to write and tell me——' "

What he wanted Carterette to tell him Guida never heard, though it concerned herself, for she gave a cry like a dumb animal in agony, and sat rigid and blanched, the needle she had been using imbedded in her finger to the bone, but not a motion, not a sign of human animation in her face or figure.

All at once, some conception of the truth burst suddenly upon the affrighted Carterette. She had all along thought that Philip and Guida had liked each other, but she had never thought of aught serious between them. Besides, in her childish egotism, as unconscious as it was heartless, she had seen in the present letter no more than the great news it contained. She imagined the real truth as little as Détricand had done.

But now she saw the blanched face, the filmy eyes, the stark look, the finger pierced by the needle, and she knew that a human heart had been pierced too, with a pain worse than death—it was worse, for she had seen death, and she had never seen anything like this in its dire misery and horror. She caught the needle quickly from the finger, wrapped her 'kerchief round the wound, threw away the sewing from Guida's lap, and running an arm about her waist, made as if to lay a hot cheek against the cold face of her friend. Suddenly, however, with a new and painful knowledge piercing her intelligence, and a face as white and scared as Guida's own, she ran to the dresser, caught up a hanap, and brought some water. Guida still sat as though life had suddenly left her, and the body, arrested in its activity, would presently relax and collapse.

Carterette was no irresponsible, light-headed, stupid peasant; she had sense, resolution, and self-possession. She tenderly put the water to Guida's lips, with comforting, reassuring words, though her own brain was in a whirl, and a hundred dark premonitions flashed through her mind,

"Ah, man gui, man pèthe!" she said in the homely patois. "There, drink, drink, dear, dear couzaine!" Guida's lips opened, and she drank slowly, putting her hand to her heart with a gesture of pain. Carterette put down the hanap and caught her hands. "Come, come, these cold hands—pergui, but we must stop that! They are so cold!" She rubbed them hard. "The poor child of heaven—what has come over you? Speak to me . . . ah, but see, everything will come all right by and by! God is good. Nothing's as bad as what it seems. There was never a grey wind but there's a greyer. Nannin-gia, take it not so to heart, my couzaine; thou shalt have love enough in the world! . . . . Ah, grand doux d'la vie, but I could kill him!" she added under her breath, and she rubbed Guida's hands still, and looked frankly, generously into her eyes. Yet, try as she would in that supreme moment, she could not feel all she used to do concerning her. There is something humiliating in even an undeserved injury, something which, in average human eyes, depreciates the worthiness of its victim. To this hour Carterette had looked upon Guida as a being far above her own companionship, an idea which Guida herself had always combated. All in a moment, however, in this new office of comforter to her anguished and abandoned friend their relative status was altered. The plane on which Guida had moved was lowered; pity, while it deepened the kindness and tenderness, lessened the gap between them.

Perhaps something of this passed through Guida's mind, and the deep pride and courage of her nature came to her assistance. She withdrew her hands from Carterette's, and mechanically smoothed back her hair, and then, as Carterette sat watching her, folded up the sewing and put it in the workbasket hanging on the wall beside the veille.

There was something unnatural in her governance of herself now. She seemed as if doing things in a dream, but she did them accurately and with apparent purpose. She looked at the clock, then went to the fire to light it, for it was almost time to get her grandfather's tea. She did not seem conscious of the presence of Carterette, who still sat on the veille, not knowing quite what to do. At last, as the flame flashed up in the chimney, she came over to her friend, and said:

"Carterette, I am going to the Dean's. Will you run and ask Maîtresse Aimable to come here to me soon?"

Her voice was steady, but it was the steadiness of despair, that steadiness which comes to those upon whose nerves has fallen a great numbness, upon whose sensibilities has settled a cloud which stills them as the thick mist stills the ripples on the waters of a fen.

All the glamour of Guida's youth had dropped away. She had deemed life good, and behold, it was not good; she had thought her dayspring was on high, and her happiness had burnt out into the darkness like quick-consuming flax. But all was strangely quiet in her heart and mind. Nothing more that she feared could happen to her; the worst had happened, and now there came down on her the impervious calm of the doomed.

Carterette was awed by her face, and saying that she would go at once to Maîtresse Aimable, she started towards the door, but as quickly stopped and came back to Guida, who was taking her hat from a nail. With none of the impulse that usually marked her actions, Carterette put her arms round Guida's neck and kissed her, saying with a subdued intensity and purpose:

"I'd go through fire and water for you. I want to help you every way I can—me!"

Guida did not say a word, but she kissed the hot cheek of the smuggler-pirate's daughter as in dying one might kiss the face of a friend seen with filmy eyes, and sent her away.

When she had gone Guida drew herself up with a shiver: yet she was conscious that new senses and instincts were born in her, or were now first awakened to life. She could not quite command them yet, but she felt them, and in so far as she had power to think, she used them.

Leaving the house and stepping into the Place du Vier Prison, she walked quietly and steadily up the Rue d'Drière. She did not notice that people she met glanced at her curiously, and turned to look after her as she hurried on.

CHAPTER XXVI

It had been a hot, oppressive day, but when, a half-hour later, Guida hastened back through the Place du Vier Prison, a vast black cloud had drawn up from the south-east, dropping a curtain of darkness upon the town. As she neared the doorway of the cottage, a few heavy drops began to fall, and, in spite of her overpowering trouble, she quickened her footsteps, fearing that her grandfather had come back to find the house empty and no light or supper ready.

M. de Mauprat had preceded her by not more than five minutes. His footsteps across the Place du Vier Prison had been unsteady, his head bowed, though more than once he raised it with a sort of effort, as it were in indignation or defiance. He muttered to himself as he opened the door, and he paused in the hallway as though hesitating to go forward. After a moment he made a piteous gesture of his hand towards the kitchen, and whispered to himself in a kind of reassurance. Then he entered the room and stood still. All was dark save for the glimmer of the fire.

"Guida! Guida!" he said in a shaking, muffled voice. There was no answer. He put by his hat and stick in the corner, and felt his way past the table to his great chair—he seemed to have lost his sight. Finding the familiar, worn arm of the chair, he seated himself in it with a heavy sigh. His lips moved, and he shook his head now and then, as though in protest against some unspoken thought.

Presently he brought his clenched hand down heavily on the chair-arm, and said aloud:

"They lie! they lie! The Connétable lies! Their tongues shall be cut out. . . . Ah, my little, little child! . . . The Connétable dared—he dared—to tell me this evil gossip—of my little one—of my Guida!"

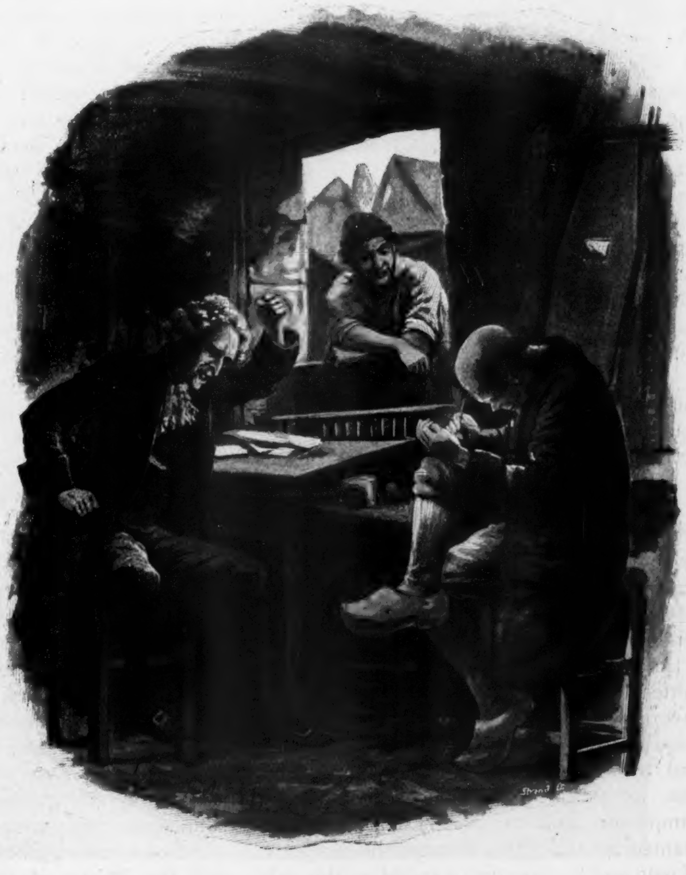
He laughed contemptuously, but it was a crackling, dry laugh, painful in its cheerlessness. He drew his snuff-box from his pocket, opened it, and slowly taking a pinch, raised it towards his nose, but the hand paused half-way, as though a new thought had arrested it.

In the pause there came the sound of the front door opening, and then footsteps in the hall.

The pinch of snuff fell from the fingers of the old man on to the white cloth of his short-clothes, but as Guida entered the room and stood still a moment, he did not stir in his seat. The thunder-cloud had come still lower and the room was dark, even the coals in the fireplace being now covered with grey ashes.

"Grandpèthe! Grandpèthe!" Guida said.

He did not answer. His heart was fluttering, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, dry and thick. Now he should know the truth, now he should be sure that they had lied about his little Guida, those slanderers of the Vier Marchi. Yet, too, he had a strange, depressing fear, at variance with his loving faith and belief that in Guida there was no wrong—such a belief as has the strong swimmer that he can reach the shore through the wave and tide; yet also with the strange foreboding, preluding the cramp that makes powerless, defying youth, strength and skill. He could not have spoken if it had been to save his own life—or hers.



"'Don't gabble, gabble!'"

Getting no answer to her words, Guida went first to the chimney and stirred the fire, the old man sitting rigid in his chair, and regarding her with fixed, watchful eyes. Then she found two candles and lighted them, placing them on the mantel, and, turning to the crasset which hung by its osier rings from a beam in the middle of the room, slowly lighted it. Turning round, she was full in the light of the candles and the shooting flames of the fire.

The Sieur de Mauprat's eyes had followed her every motion, unconscious of his presence as she was. This, this was not the Guida he had known! This was not his grandchild, this woman with the pale, cold face, and dark, unhappy eyes; this was not the laughing girl who but yesterday was a babe at his knee. This was not——

The truth, which had yet been before his blinded eyes how long! burst upon him. The shock of it snapped the filmy thread of being. As the soul escaping found its wings, spread them, and rose from that dun morass called life, the Sieur de Mauprat, giving a long, deep sigh, fell back in the great arm-chair dead, and the silver snuff-box rattled to the floor.

Guida turned round with a sharp cry. She ran to him, and lifted up the head that lay over on his shoulder, she called to him, she felt his pulse. Opening his waistcoat, she put her ear to his heart, but it was still—still.

A mist came over her own eyes, and without a cry or a word, she slid downwards to the floor unconscious, as the black thunderstorm broke upon the Place du Vier Prison.

The rain was like a curtain let down between the prying, clattering world without and the strange peace within; the old man in his perfect sleep, the young, misused wife in that oblivion borrowed from death and as tender and companionable while it lasts.

As if in a merciful indulgence, Fate permitted no one to enter upon the dark scene save a woman in whom was a deep motherhood which had never nourished a child, and to whom this silence and this sorrow gave no terrors. Silence was her constant companion, and for sorrow she had been granted the touch that assuages the sharpness of pain and the love that is called neighbourly kindness.

Unto her it was given to minister here. As the night went by, and the offices had been done for the dead, she took her place by the bedside of the young wife, who lay staring into space, tearless and still, the life consuming away within her.

But at last, towards morning, sleep came, as suddenly as death had come to the Sieur de Mauprat.

Then Maîtresse Aimable went into the kitchen, and on to the front room, where, with his head buried in his hands, Ranulph Delagarde sat watching beside the body of the Sieur de Mauprat.

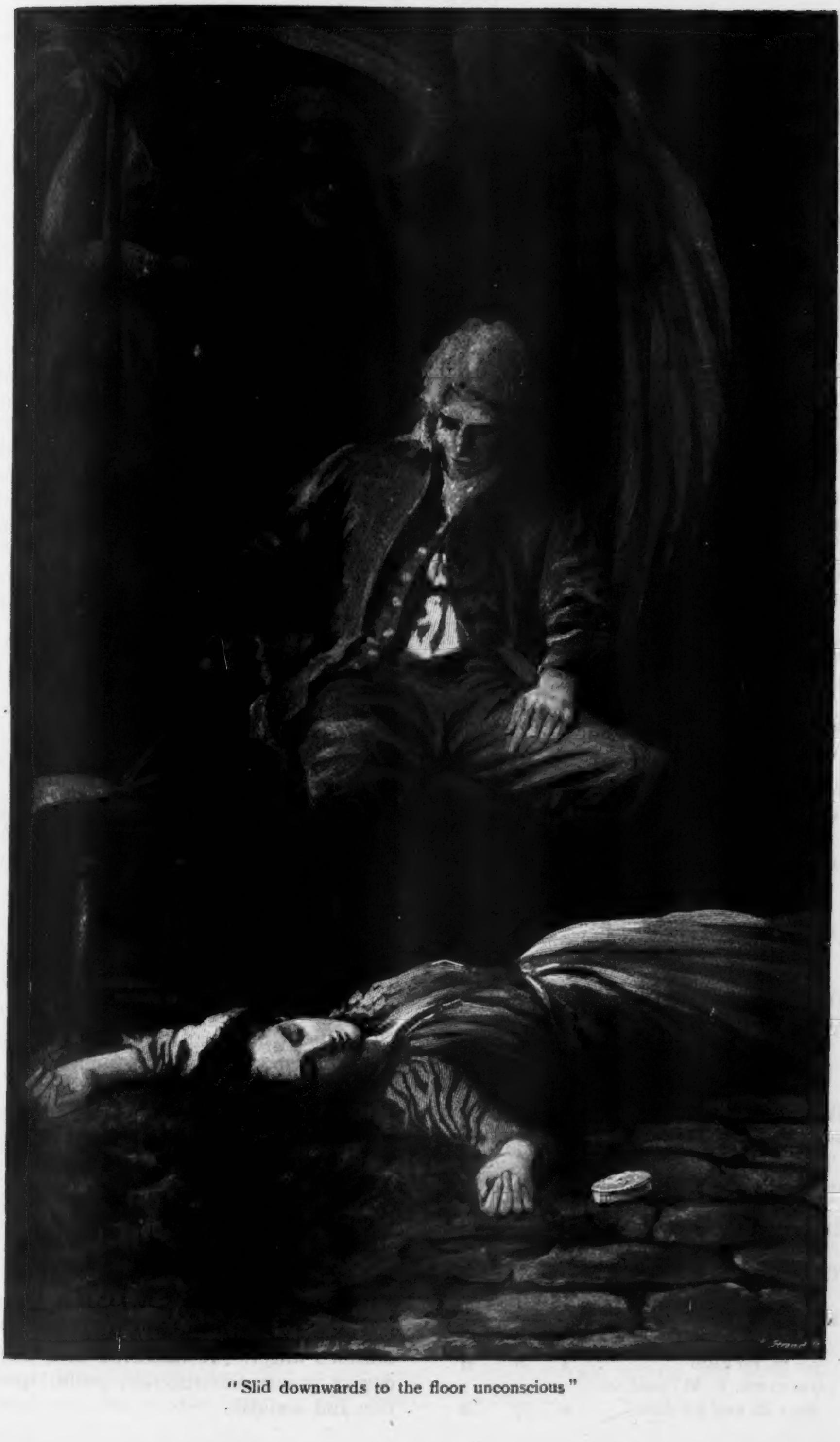
CHAPTER XXVII

In the Rue d'Drière, the undertaker and his head apprentice were very merry. But why should they not have been? People had to die, quoth the undertaker, and when dead they must be buried: burying was a trade, and wherefore should not one—discreetly—be cheerful at one's trade? In undertaking there were many miles to trudge with coffins in a week, and the fixed, sad, sympathetic look, which long custom had stereotyped, was as wearisome to the face as a cast of plaster-of-Paris. Moreover, the undertaker was master of ceremonies at the house of bereavement as well. He not only arranged the funeral, he sent out the invitations to the "friends of deceased, who are requested to return to the house of the mourners after the obsequies for refreshment." The preparations for this feast were all made by the undertaker—Master of Burials, as he chose to be called.

Once, after a busy six months, in which a fever had carried off many a Jersiais, this Master of Burials had given a picnic to his apprentices, workmen, and their families. At this buoyant function he had raised his glass and with a playful plaintiveness had proposed, "The day we celebrate!"

He was in a no less blithesome mood this day. The head apprentice was reading aloud the accounts for the burials of the month, while the master was checking off the items, nodding approval, commenting, correcting or condemning with strange expletives.

"Don't gabble, gabble! Next one slowlee!" said the Master of Burials, as the second account was laid aside, duly approved. "Eh



"Slid downwards to the floor unconscious" ben, now let's hear the next—who is it—him ? ”

“ That Josué Anquetil,” answered the apprentice.

The Master of Burials rubbed his hands together with a creepy sort of glee. “Ah, that was a clever piece of work ! Too little of a length and a width for the box, but let us be thankful—it might have been too short and it wasn't.”

“ No danger of that, pardingue,” broke in the apprentice. “ The first it belonged to was a foot longer than Josué—he.”

“But I made the most of Josué,” continued the Master. “ The mouth was crooked, but he was clean, clean—I shaved him just in time. And he had good hair for combing to a peaceful look, and he was light to carry—O my good ! Go on, what has Josué the Centenier to say for himself ? ”

With a drawling dull indifference, the lank, hatchet-faced servitor of the master servitor of the grave read off the items :

“ *The Relict of Josué Anquetil, Centenier, in account with Etienne Mahye, Master of Burials.*

	Livres.	Sols.	Farthings.
“ Item :			
Paid to Gentlemen of Vingtaine, who carried him to his grave	4	4	0
Ditto to me, Etienne Mahye, for coffin	4	0	0
Ditto to me, E. M., for proper gloves of silk and cotton	1	0	0
Ditto to me, E. M., for laying of him out and all that appertains . . .	0	7	0
Ditto to me, E. M., for divers	0	4	0
Ditto to me, E. M., for beef for——”			

The Master of Burials interrupted. “ Bat'dlagoule, you've forgot the blacking for coffin ! ”

The apprentice made the correction without deigning reply, and then proceeded :

	Livres.	Sols.	Farthings.
“ Ditto to me, E. M., for black for blacking coffin . . .	0	3	0
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for supper after obs'quies	3	2	0
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for 18 lbs. of pork at 4 s. p'r lb. for ditto . . .	4	8	0
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for 1 lb. suet for ditto .	0	7	0
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for wine (3 pots and 1 pt. at a shilling) for ditto .	2	5	6
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for half-dozen eggs for ditto	0	3	0
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for oil and candle . . .	0	7	0
Ditto to me, E. M., given to the poor, as fitting station of deceased	4	0	0”

The apprentice stopped. “ That's all,' he said.

There was a furious leer on the face of the Master of Burials. So, after all his care, apprentices would never learn to make mistakes on his side. “ Always on the side of the corpse, that can thank nobody for naught, O my grief ! ” was his snarling comment. “ What about those turnips from Dénise Gareau, numbskull ! ” he squeaked, in a voice something between a sneer and a snort.

The apprentice was unmoved. He sniffed, rubbed his nose with a forefinger, laboriously wrote for a moment, and then added :

“ Ditto, to Madame Dénise Gareau for turnips for supper after obs'quies	10 sols ”

“ Saperlote ! leave out the *Madame*, calf-lugs—you ! ”

The apprentice did not move a finger. Obstinacy sat enthroned on him. In a rage, the Master made a snatch at a metal flower-wreath to throw at him.

“ Shan't ! She's my aunt. I knows my duties to my aunt—me ! ” remarked the apprentice stolidly.

The Master burst out in a laugh of scorn. “Gaderabotin, here's family pride for you ! I'll go stick dandelines in my old sow's ear—*respé d'la compagnie.*”

The apprentice was still calm. “ If you want to flourish yourself, don't mind me,” said he, and picking up the next account, he began reading :

“ *Mademoiselle Landresse, in the matter of the Burial of the Sieur de Mauprat, to Etienne Mahye, &c.*

“ Item : ”

The first words read by the apprentice had stilled the breaking storm of the Master's anger. It dissolved in a fragrant dew of proud reminiscence, profit, speculation and scandal.

He himself had no open prejudices. He was an official of the public—or so he counted himself—and he very shrewdly knew his duty in that walk of life to which it had pleased heaven to call him. The greater the notoriety of the death, the more in evidence was the Master and all his belongings. Death with honour was an advantage to him; death with disaster was a boon; death with scandal was a godsend. It brought tears of gratitude to his eyes when the death and the scandal were in high places. These were the only real tears he ever shed. His heart was in his head, and the head thought solely of Etienne Mahye. Though he wore an air of sorrow and sympathy in public, he had no more feeling than a hangman. His sympathy seemed to say to the living, "I wonder how soon you'll come into my hands!" and to the dead, "What a pity you can die only once, and that second-hand coffins are so hard to get!"

"Item—paid to me, Etienne Mahye,"

droned the voice of the apprentice,

"for rosewood coffin——"

"O my good!" interrupted the Master of Burials with a barren chuckle, and rubbing his hands with glee, "O my good, that was a day in a lifetime! I've done fine work in my time, but upon that day—not a cloud above, no dust beneath, a flowing tide, and a calm sea. The Royal Court, too, caught on a sudden marching in their robes, turns to and joins the cortegee, and the little birds a-tweeting-tweeting, and two parsons at the grave. Pardingue and——"

The apprentice laughed—a dry, mirthless laugh of disbelief and ridicule. "Bà sû, Master, the Lord was watching you. There was two silver bits inside that coffin!"

"Bigre!" The Master was pale with rage. His lips drew back, disclosing his long dark teeth and sickly gums, in a grimace of fury. He reached out to seize a hammer lying at his hand, but the apprentice said quickly:

"That's the cholera hammer—ah bah!"

The Master of Burials dropped the hammer as though it were at white heat, and eyed it with scared scrutiny. This hammer had been used in nailing down the coffins of six cholera patients who had died in one house at Rozel Bay a year before. The Master would not himself go near the place, so this apprentice had gone, on a promise from the Royal Court that he should have for himself—this is what he asked—free lodging in two small upper rooms of the Cohue Royale, just under the bell which said to the world, *Chicane—chicane! Chicane—chicane!*

This he asked, and this he got, and he alone of all Jersey went out to bury three people who had died of cholera; and then to watch three others die, to bury them as soon as they were cold, and come back, with a leer of satisfaction, to claim his price. At first people were inclined to make a hero of him, but that only made him grin the more, and the Island reluctantly decided at last that he had done the work solely for fee and reward.

The hammer he had used in nailing the coffins he had carried through the town, like an emblem of terror and death, and henceforth he alone in the shop of the Master of Burials used it.

"It won't hurt you if you leave it alone," said the apprentice grimly to the Master of Burials. "But if you go bothering, I'll put it in your bed, and it'll do after to nail down your coffin—you!"

Then he went on reading with a dull, malicious calmness, as if the matter were the merest trifle, and he was anxious to get on with his work:

"Item—one dozen pairs of gloves for mourners."

"Par madé! that's one way of putting it," commented the apprentice, "for what mourners was there but Ma'm'selle herself, and she as quiet as a mice and not a tear-drop, and all the Island with necks end to end for a look at her, and you, Master, whispering to her, 'The Lord is the Giver and Taker.' and the Femme de Ballast t'other side, saying 'My de-are, my de-are, bear thee up, bear thee up—thee.'"

"And she looking so steady in front of her, as if never was shame about her—and her there soon to be, and no ring of gold upon her hand, and all the world staring!" broke in the Master, who, having now edged far off from the cholera hammer, was launched upon a theme that roused all his emotions. "All the world staring, and good reason!" he added.

"And she scarce winking, eh?" said the apprentice.

"True that her eyes didn't feel the cold," said the Master of Burials with a leer, for to his sight as to that of others, only as boldness had been Guida's bitter courage, the numb, blank, despairing gaze, coming from eyes that turn their agony inward.

He took up the account again, and prepared to read it. The Master, however, had been awakened to a congenial theme. "Poor fallen child of Nature!" said he. "For what is birth or what is looks of virtue like a summer flower! It is to be brought down by hand of man." He was warmed to his theme. Habit had so long made him as much hypocrite as his trade had made him stony-hearted, that he was at once sentimentalist and hard materialist. "Some pend'loque has brought her beauty to this pass, but she must suffer—and also his time will come, the sulphur, the torment, the worm that dieth not—and no Abraham for parched tongue—misery me! They that meet in sin here shall meet hereafter in burning fiery furnace."

The cackle of the apprentice rose above the whining voice. "Murder, too—don't forget the murder, Master. The Connétable told the old Sieur de Mauprat what people were blabbing, and in half-hour dead he was—he!"

"The Sieur's blood it is upon their heads," continued the Master of Burials; "it will rise up from the ground——"

The apprentice interrupted. "A good thing if the Sieur himself doesn't rise, for you'd get naught for coffin or the obs'quies. It was you tells the Connétable what folks was babbling, and the Connétable tells the Sieur, and the Sieur it kills him dead. So if he rised, he'd not pay you for murdering him—no, bidemme! And this is a gobbly mouthful—this!" he added, holding up the bill.

The undertaker's lips smacked softly, as though in truth he were waiting for the mouthful. Rubbing his hands, and drawing his lean leg up so that it touched his nose, he looked over it with avid eyes, and said: "How much is it?—don't read the items, but come to total debit—how much is it? How much does she pay me?"

"**Ma'm'selle Landresse, debtor in all for one hundred and twenty livres, eleven sols and two farthings.**

Shan't we make it one hundred and twenty-one livres?" added the apprentice.

"No, the odd sols and farthings look better," returned the Master of Burials, "they look exact; but the courage it needs to be honest! O my grief, if——"

"'Sh!" said the apprentice pointing, and the Master of Burials, turning, saw Guida pass the doorway.

With a hungry instinct for the morbid they stole to the doorway and looked down the Rue d'Drière after Guida. The Master was sympathetic, for had he not in his fingers a bill for a hundred and twenty livres odd, at that moment? The face of the apprentice was implacable, but the way he craned his neck, and tightened the forehead over his large, protuberant eyes, showed his intense curiosity. His face was like that of some strong fate, superior to the influences of man's sorrow, shame, or death. Presently he laughed—a crackling cackle like new-lighted kindling wood; nothing could have been more inhuman in sound. What in particular aroused this arid mirth probably he himself did not know. Maybe it was a native cruelty which had a sort of sardonic pleasure in the miseries of the world. Or was it the one perception, sometimes given to the dullest mind, of the futility of goodness, the futility of all? This is the kinder probability, for the apprentice was the new companion of Dormy Jamais, and now shared with him his rooms at the top of the Cohue Royale; and certainly Dormy Jamais was neither sardonic nor cruel. In truth there must have been some natural bond between the blank, sardonic undertaker's apprentice, and the poor *béganne*. Of late Dormy had haunted the precincts of the Place du Vier Prison, and was the only person besides Maîtresse Aimable whom Guida welcomed. His tireless feet went *clac-clac* past her doorway, or halted by it, or entered in when it pleased him. He was more a watch-dog than Biribi; he fetched and carried; he was silent and sleepless—always sleepless! It was as if some past misfortune had opened his eyes to the awful bitterness of life, and they had never closed again.

The dry cackle of the apprentice as he looked after Guida roused a mockery of indignation in the master. "Sacré matin, a back-hander on the jaw'd do you good, you slubberdegullion—you! Ah, get out, and scrub the coffin blacking from your jowl!" he rasped out with furious contempt.

The apprentice seemed not to hear, but kept on looking after Guida, a pitiless leer on his face, "Et ben, lucky for her the Sieur died before he had chance to change his will. She'd have got ni fiche ni bran from him!'

"Holy jacks, if you don't stop that I'll give you a coffin before your time—you keg of nails! Sorrow and prayer at the throne of grace that she may have a contrite heart"—he clutched the funeral bill tighter in his fingers—"is what all must feel for her. The day the Sieur died and it all came out, I wept—bed-time come I had to sop my eyes with elder-water. The day o' the burial mine eyes were so sore a-draining, I had to put a rotten sweet apple on 'em over-night—me!"

"Ah bah! she doesn't need rosemary wash for *her* hair!" said the apprentice admiringly, looking down the street after Guida as she turned into the Rue d'Egypte, near the Vier Prison.

Perhaps it was a momentary sympathy for beauty in distress which made the Master say, as he backed from the doorway with stealthy step:

"Gatd'enàlé, 'tis well she has enough to live on, and to provide for what's to come!"

But if it was a note of humanity in his voice it passed quickly, for presently, as he examined the bill for the funeral of the Sieur de Mauprat, he said to the apprentice in a shrill voice:

"Achocre, you've left out the extra satin for his pillow—you!"

"There wasn't any extra satin," drawled the apprentice.

With a snarl the Master of Burials seized a pen and wrote in the account:

Item: To extra satin for pillow, three livres.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GUIDA's once blithe, rose-coloured face was pale as ivory, the mouth had a look of deep sadness, and the step was slow; but the eye was clear and steady, and her hair, brushed back under the black crape of the bonnet as smoothly as its nature would admit, gave to the broad brow a setting of rare attraction and sombre nobility. It was not a face that knew inward shame, but it carried a look that showed knowledge of life's cruelties, and a bitter sensitiveness to pain. It was, however, fearless, and it had no touch of the consciousness, or the consequences of sin; it was purity itself.

Her face alone should have proclaimed abroad her innocence, though she had uttered no word in testimony. To most people, however, her fearless sincerity only added to her crime, and increased the scandalous mystery. Yet her manner awed some, and her silence held most back. The few who came to offer sympathy, with rude curiousness in their eyes, and as much inhumanity as pity in their hearts, were turned back gently but firmly, more than once with proud resentment.

So it chanced that soon only Maîtresse Aimable came, she who asked no questions, desired no secrets. The Chevalier du Champsavoys had not been with her, for on the afternoon of the very day that her grandfather died, he had gone a secret voyage to St. Malo, to meet the old solicitor of his family. He knew nothing of his friend's death or of Guida's trouble.

Nor yet did Maître Ranulph visit her after the funeral of the Sieur de Mauprat. The horror of the thing had struck him dumb, and his mind was one confused mass of conflicting thoughts. He believed in Guida utterly, but there—there were the terrifying facts before him. Yet, with an obstinacy peculiar to him, he still went on believing in her goodness and in her truth. Of the man who had injured her he had no doubt, and his mind was clear as to his course in the hour when he and Philip d'Avranche should meet. But meanwhile, though he seldom went near the Place du Vier Prison, he visited Maîtresse Aimable, and from day to day he knew all that happened to Guida. As of old, without her knowledge, he did many things for her through the same Maîtresse Aimable. It quickly came to be known in the Island that any one who spoke ill of Guida in his presence did so at no little risk. At first there had been those who marked him as the culprit, but somehow that did not suit with the case, for it was clear he loved Guida now as he had always done, and this all the world knew, and knew also that he would have married her all too gladly. Presently Détricand and Philip were the only names mentioned, but at last, as though by common consent, Philip was settled upon, for such evidence as there was pointed that way. The gossips set about to recall all that had happened when Philip was in Jersey last. Here one came forward with tittle of truth, and there another with tattle of falsehood, and at last as wild a story was fabricated as might be heard in a long day.

But the truth none of them knew, for in bitterness Guida kept her own counsel.

When she reached the cottage in the Place du Vier Prison now, she took from a drawer the letter Philip had written her on the day he first met the Comtesse Chantavoine. She had received it a week before. She read it through slowly, shuddering a little once or twice. When she had finished reading, she drew paper to her and began a letter.

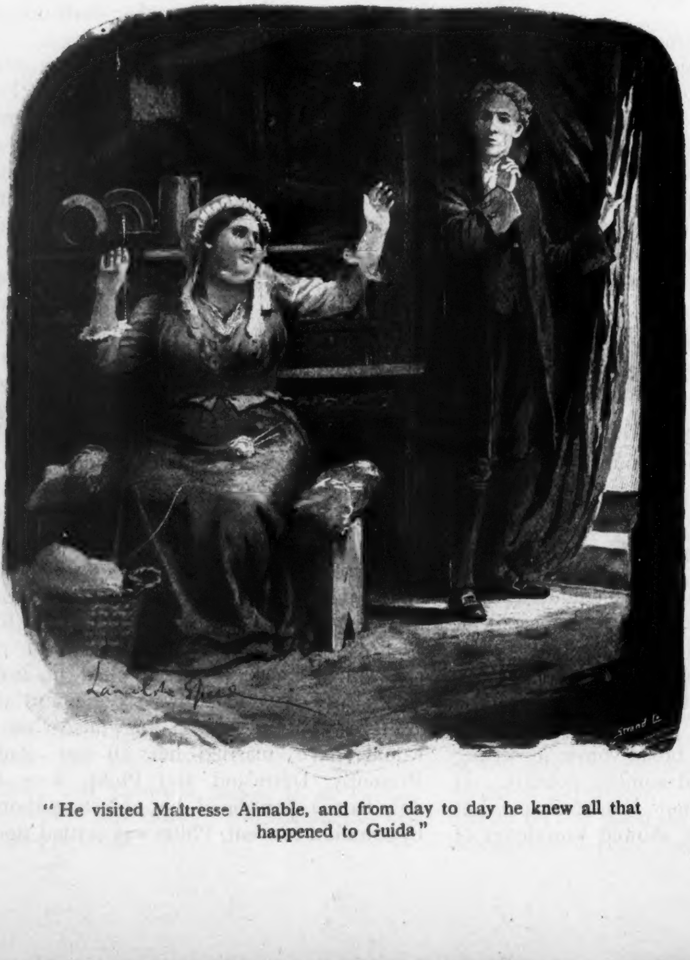
"No, Philip d'Avranche," she wrote, "your message came too late. All that you might have said and done should have been said and done long ago—in that past which I believe in no more. I will not now ask you why, from the first, you acted as you did towards me. Words can alter nothing now. Once I thought you sincere, and this letter you send me would have me believe so still. Do you then think so poorly of my intelligence?

"In spite of all your promises; in spite of the surrender of an honest heart and a good life to you; in spite of truth and loyalty and love; in spite of every call of honour, you denied me—dared to deny me, at the very time you wrote me this letter.

"For the passing honours of this world, you set aside first by secrecy, and then by falsehood, the helpless girl to whom you once swore faith and undying love. You, who knew the open book of her heart, you threw it in the dust. 'Of course there is no wife?' the Duc de Bercy said to you before the States of Bercy. 'Of course,' you answered. Without pity you told your lie.

"Were you blind that you did not see the consequences? Did you not realise the horror of it? Or were you so wicked that you did not care? For I know that before you wrote me this letter, and afterwards when you had been made heir to the duchy, the Comtesse Chantavoine was openly named by the Duc de Bercy for your wife.

"I understand all now, and I want you clearly to know that I am no longer the thoughtless, believing girl whom you drew from her simple life to give her so cruel a fate. Yesterday I was a child, to-day—— oh, above all else, do you think I can ever forgive you for


"He visited Maîtresse Aimable, and from day to day he knew all that happened to Guida"

having killed the youth, the trust, the joy of life that was in me! You have made me old—old; for all the real youth in me is gone for ever. You have spoiled for me for ever my rightful share of the joyous and the good. My heart is sixty though my body is not twenty. You have killed the summer of my life; it is winter with me, and I shall never see another spring. How dared you rob me of all that was my birthright and give me nothing—nothing in return!

"Do you remember how I begged you not to make me marry you; but you urged me, and because I loved you and trusted you, I did? how I entreated you not to make me marry you secretly, and you insisted, and loving you, I did? how I made you promise you would leave me at the altar and not see me until you came again to claim me for your wife openly, and you broke that promise? Do you remember?

"Do you remember that night in the garden when the wind came moaning from the sea? Sometimes now I think it was my mother's voice warning me, pleading with you. Do you remember how you took me in your arms, and even while I listened to your tender and assuring words, in that moment—ah, the hurt and the wrong and the shame of it! Afterwards in the strange confusion, in the blind helplessness of my life I tried to say, 'But he loved me,' and I also tried to forgive you. Not realising your wickedness wholly, perhaps in time I might have seemed to you to forgive and to make myself believe I did; but understanding all now I feel that in the hour when you betrayed me, your own wife, I really ceased to love you. The death of love began then, and when at last I knew you had denied me it was buried for ever.

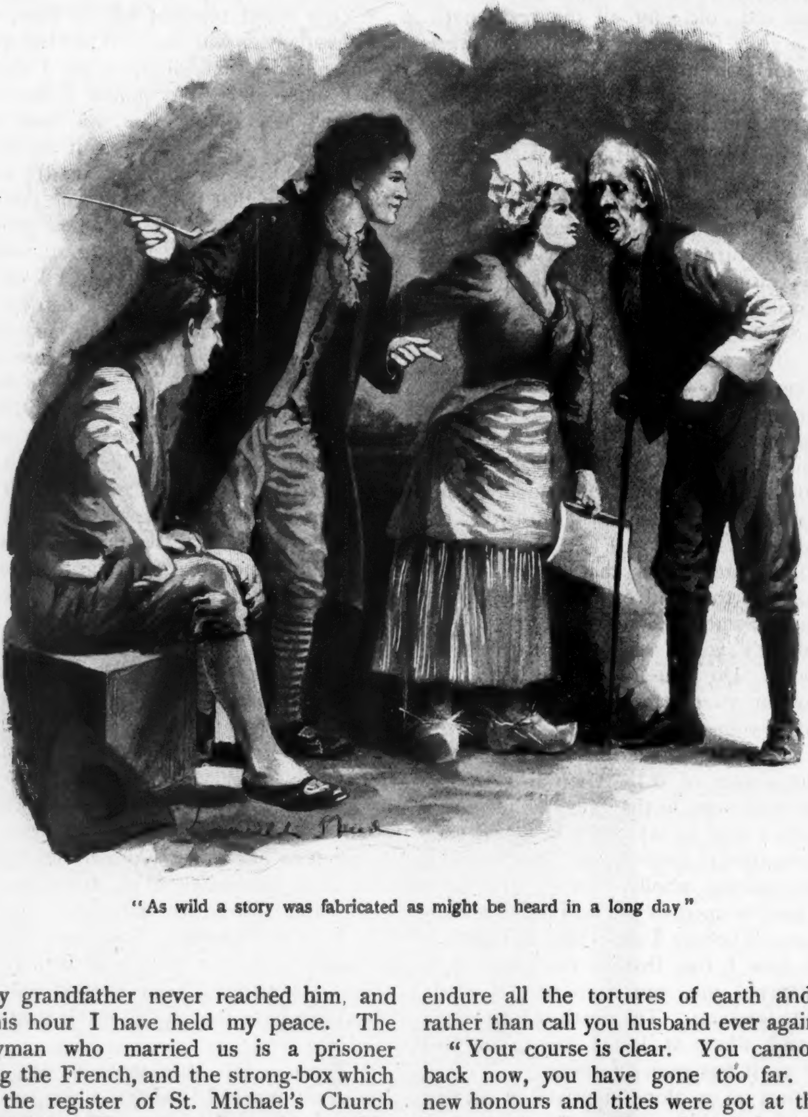
"I must go on alone, deprived of all that makes life bearable; it is for you to keep on climbing higher by your vanity, your strength, and your deceit. But yet I know that however high you climb you will never find repose. The memory of a wronged woman will be with you always. You will not exist for me, you will not be even a memory; but even against your will I shall always be part of you: of your brain, of your heart, of your soul; for the haunting thought of the innocence you wronged will be your torment in your greatest hour. This is not a threat, it is a prophecy.

"Your worst torment will be then, mine has already been with me. When the weight of my miseries first fell upon me I thought that I must die. Why should I live—why should I not die? The sea was near, and it buries deep. I thought of all the people that live on the great earth, and I said to myself that the soul of one poor girl could not count in it all—that it could concern no one but myself. It was all clear to me—it was certain that I must die. The end of it all should be quietness and rest—no more aching heart, no more heavy feet, no more sleepless eyes that look upon the world as through a flame of fire.

"I live still, not because I fear to die, but because there came to me a voice in the night which said, 'Is thy life thine to give or to destroy?' The voice was clearer than my own thinking. It told my heart that death by one's own hand meant shame; and I understood that to reach the peace of death I must drag unwilling feet over the good name and memory of my dead loved ones. Then I remembered my mother—if you had remembered her perhaps you would have guarded the gift of my love and not have trampled it under your feet—I remembered my mother, and so I live on. You live on also, but your star has fallen from the sky—I know that, for I know what I might have been to you. I was your good destiny, but like some madman who destroys his child, you dragged me from my quiet home, and with rough denial left me helpless in the highway. God sent my love to bless you, but you have turned it on me as a scourge. Your passion and your cowardice have lost me all—and your losses God will send you.

"There is but little more to say. If it lies in my power I shall never see you again while I live. And you will not wish it. Yes, in spite of your eloquent letter lying here beside me, you will not wish it, and you shall not expect it. I am not your wife save by the law; and little have you cared for law! Little, too, would the law help you in this now—for which you will rejoice. For the ease of your mind I hasten to tell you why.

"First let me inform you that none in this land knows me to be your wife. Your letter



"As wild a story was fabricated as might be heard in a long day"

to my grandfather never reached him, and to this hour I have held my peace. The clergyman who married us is a prisoner among the French, and the strong-box which held the register of St. Michael's Church was stolen. The one other witness, Mr. Shoreham, your lieutenant—as you tell me—went down with the *Araminta*. So you are safe in your denial of me. For me, I am firmly set to live my own life, in my own way, with what strength I can. A few short months ago I thought that the love I knew would never change through time or tears. Time has not changed it, but the tears which are my portion have. At last I see beyond the Hedge; and now I would endure all the tortures of earth and time rather than call you husband ever again.

"Your course is clear. You cannot turn back now, you have gone too far. Your new honours and titles were got at the last by a coarse lie. To acknowledge the lie would be ruin, for all the world knows that Commander Philip d'Avranche of his Majesty's Navy is now the adopted son of the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, and second in succession to his serene highness. Surely the house of Bercy has cause for joy, with an imbecile for the first in succession and a traitor for the second.

"I return herewith the fifty pounds you sent me—you will not question why. . .

And so all ends. This is a last farewell between us. Henceforth my life is my own. Do you remember what you said to me on the Ecréhos? '*If ever I deceive you, may I die a black, dishonourable death, abandoned and alone. I should deserve that if ever I deceived you, Guida.*'

"Think of that, in your vain glory hereafter.

"GUIDA LANDRESSE DE LANDRESSE."

THE WAKING OF THE BIRDS

BY THE REV. ROBERT C. NIGHTINGALE

IT is a misty morning when at about half-past three I look out of the window towards the Great Meadow and the fen beyond. I have been trying to read myself to sleep for nearly an hour, but in vain. Gladstone's "Butler," and the *Revue des Revues*—I have tried them both to no purpose. As I let the top sash of the window down, such a confused babel of sound comes in as I have never heard before. Blackbirds, thrushes, plovers, nightingales, redshanks, a robin, two or three larks, and other birds that in the din I cannot distinguish, are all singing and calling at the top of their voices. I have never heard anything like it. Somehow or other it exactly expresses to my mind what our Norfolk people mean when they speak of "making a 'duller'"; intending by the phrase to describe such noises as the clatter of a mill, or the shouting of children at their play. I noticed the same unusual vigour in the birds' song a fortnight since at night. It had been a thoroughly wretched day of rain, mist, and cold wind, which cleared away at sunset, and when I went out at eight o'clock the twilight was clear and calm, and the birds were at their loudest and their best till nearly nine o'clock, when the darkness had lapped over all things. The larks were singing overhead as usual for almost an hour after the other birds were silent, and the next morning, long before it was light, they were singing again. There is nothing so beautiful, I think, as the lark's song in the late evening or very early morning. It then comes falling, falling, through the silence, from the skies with an unreal thrill that even the song of the nightingale is without.

The cuckoo is especially delighting himself in the coming of the new day, and calls and shouts and acts like a thoroughly demoralised rollicking bird who has been out all night, and not like one who went to bed early, and has to work hard for all he gets. He cannot in his exuberance finish his call properly, but gushes on in the most delightful way, every syllable ringing with the bursting joy that is filling his heart; cuck—uck—UCK—UCK—OOO. Cuck—UCK—UCK—OOO! He never sings like this after he has been in our climate a few days. He is overcome by its dulness; or he is so busy either picking up his living, or looking out for other people's nests to rear his young in that his joy becomes cribbed and more methodical. I think the idea that the small birds hunt him because of that weakness of his about nests is quite false, and is a little bit of the unconscious Phariseeism that mankind delights in. The cuckoo is hunted because he is so much like the cock sparrow-hawk that the innocent birds cannot tell the difference, and thus in the strange but usual whirligig fashion that Nature has of punishing, he gets what he deserves in a roundabout way.

Variations in the nature of the seasons make little difference in the time of the return of the birds. In 1895 the cuckoo was heard here on the 18th of April, in 1896 on the 20th, and this year on the 17th of April, the weather being altogether different in each year. The nightingale, uncertain in everything, varies most in the date of making his arrival known; he has been heard here on April 4; in 1895 he did not begin singing till the 23rd; this year he was in full song by the 18th. Four years ago there were three nightingales in the Shrubbery for a month, and then no more was heard of them. There was one last year who sang most deliciously in the same place from Easter to Whitsuntide. This year, on setting open the front door and one of the side doors, I have heard seven nightingales singing at the same time. There is one building in the woodstack that I laid down for the rabbits to burrow under, and another is constantly singing in the middle hedge against one who uses either the roof of the rosecomb bantam pen or the tree hanging over it as his concert platform. In June the birds start singing here at the following times in the morning: cuckoos at five minutes to two, blackbirds at a quarter to three, swallows at twenty minutes past two, nightingales at three; larks can hardly be said to leave off singing day or night when the weather is clear and the moon well up. I have heard them singing after eleven at night, and before one in the morning.

Swallows have great power of enjoyment. I am certain that I have seen them chasing white feathers for sport, and not because they were deceived by their appearance and thought they were butterflies or moths. They caught them and let them go, and then darted after them again and again, with the loudest shrieks and screams that they could make. At another time I saw a young cuckoo perching on the top of an iron railing, and two swallows kept flying backwards and forwards within an inch of its head, which the cuckoo had to keep incessantly on the dodge to avoid being struck. Every time he moved his head his tormentors uttered a shrill cry of gratified delight, that, if bird language means anything at all, said as plainly as could be said: "There, we have done it again! We *are* having a fine time."

The heavy rains this year have filled the "meres" on the Warren as they used to be filled. They had been dry for four years, if not longer, and the watercourses running from them had become overgrown with nettles. Now that they are full again, the redshanks have come back; and in one of the watercourses, on a tuft of grass in the centre, plain and open for every one to see, a coot built her nest. The nine eggs were all hatched off, I believe, and contrary to the bird's usual habit—for it is a stop-in-one-place sort of creature—mother and young disappeared immediately, going, no doubt, to a more secluded retreat. Some years ago I saw either a coot's or a water-hen's nest that had broken from its moorings, floating about on the top of a pond, with the old bird placidly sitting in it quite indifferent to the danger of being swamped or water-logged, and beside the nest her mate was paddling, turn and turn about as the nest went, both he and she thinking only of the sunshine, and of their love for each other.

The sun across the meads glows bright,
  The river shines a silver sheet,
And mirrors back the pearly light.
  In its warm gleam the shadows fleet,
  Earth seems in joy the heaven to greet.
Heaven's love illumes the deep blue skies,
  And birds and flowers and streams repeat:
"Where true love dwells is Paradise."

The redshanks are amongst the handsomest of the snipe species. Their white underparts and long red legs gleam in a splendid contrast of colour as they fly round an intruder on their domains, uttering all the time their low whistling cry. Their eggs are always placed small ends together in the nest. It is a dreadfully pugnacious bird. Several times I have seen two unite to drive away a third which had wandered from its proper quarters, and not leave it till it was clear away from the mere which their tribe frequented. I think at first as I look out of the window I hear the whistle of the curlew. I fancy that I have heard it several times before this spring but I have not seen it, as I dare not follow the sound up close, lest the sacred partridges or the still more sacred pheasants should be disturbed. All things and all the land in these parts are theirs from May to August, and the unbroken calm of their breeding time must not be interrupted on any account, and certainly not on account of any other bird. In these bad times with us it is the game that pays the farmer's rent, so that I dare not find fault with it. The curlew, I am told, used to be very common here, and with his three and twenty inches of stature and his six to seven inches of bill, and legs of equal or greater length, it is not likely that any other bird would be mistaken for him. I think, however, this is too far east to be a breeding station of his, and most likely it is some other bird that I hear calling.* He, and the bittern, and the great bustard (one of the last bustards killed here weighed twenty-four pounds) used to be common on the great heath of which our Warren forms a part. Many years ago I heard a bittern "bellowing" on Sheringham Common. This unearthly noise once heard is not likely to be forgotten. The country people say it is caused by the bird putting its bill inside a reed and then blowing down it. The sound is something like what would be made by repeatedly and softly striking a drum with a ball of wet rags, and when heard at night, as it generally is, the effect is very awe inspiring. "Miredrum," "Bog-bumper," "Bumpy-coss," are old country names for the bird. They give us an idea of the humorous awe with which it was regarded. The poets, too, have noted its booming, as these extracts will show:

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* After writing this I saw and identified five curlews on the neighbouring heath.

> "As a bitore bumbleth in the mire."—CANTERBURY TALES, *The Wife of Bath.*
>
> "As a bittour bumps within a reed."—DRYDEN.
>
> "When first the vales the bittern fills."—WORDSWORTH, *The Evening Walk.*

Another common name for the bittern was "Bull of the bog," and I think it very likely that it was from this name of the bittern, and the scaring noise that the bird makes, that the old terrifying bugbear that nurses used to frighten children with got the name of bull-begger that has so puzzled etymologists, the change from "bull-bogger" to "bull-begger" being easily accounted for.

> "Then she (in anger) in her armes would snatch
> me,
> And bid the begger or bull-begger catch me,
> With, 'take him, begger, take him,' would she
> say."—JOHN TAYLOR'S *Workes.*

> "And being an ill-look'd fellow, he has a pension from the churchwardens for being bull-begger to all the froward children in the parish."—MOUNTFORD, *Greenwich Park.*

The bittern was strictly preserved in the days when falconry was practised. One year's imprisonment and a fine of 8d. for each egg (equal to 6s. 8d. of our money) was the punishment inflicted by an Act of Edward VI. for robbing the "bittour's" nest. It always darts at the eyes of a hawk or any other enemy attacking it, and with its thick, pike-like bill inflicts the most dangerous wounds. The long claw of its hind toe was highly valued by spruce young people as a tooth-pick, not only on account of its shape but because the use of it was said to make the teeth white and hard.

A pair of lapwings are calling and flying over the garden fence. I have never before known a pair to hang about a house as these have done this spring. They regularly disappear at seven in the morning and nothing is seen or heard of them all day. It is quite startling to watch them sail to and fro, then suddenly drop to within a few inches of the ground, and then rise some fifty yards in the air, as if from the mere rebound of their fall. In the long summer days they must be on the wing for at least twelve hours a day, and as near as I can time them they travel at about fifteen miles an hour, so that this little creature, by its own muscular power and on a non-resisting surface goes over at least 1250 miles every week. Wonderful as this is, however, that still smaller creature the swallow covers twice the distance every week of its life after it turns out into the world on its own account. It rises earlier and goes to bed later than the lapwing. It has no autumn and winter rest, and as we can tell by observing how it keeps up with a train, or with a fast trotting horse, circling all the while round the horse and trap, its speed is at least double that of the larger bird. What a beautiful exhibition of skill and strength there is in that favourite manœuvre of the swallows of turning sharp on his path, and then rising perpendicularly in the air, climbing upwards as it were by a little flutter of the wings. There is surely nothing else like it as an exhibition of nerve and muscular force in the whole range of animal motions. The nearest approach to it is the manner in which fish leap out of the water. I have seen dace about four inches long spring at least eighteen inches above the water with their heads up and tails down as they leapt.

I was walking across the Warren some time ago with Cockley Cley (Cockley Cley is the handsomest dog in England), when Cley ran into a lapwing and her brood; instantly the whole place was like a hospital with all its patients on the floor. The lapwing fluttered ahead, rolling over as if shot, a partridge that had been hid amongst the heather began to scream and tumble along the ground, trailing both its wings, while another partridge acted in the same way but with more violence a little farther ahead. Then a wheatear began to take short flights from gorse bush to gorse, chirping as if hurt, and the young lapwings and partridges scattered about in all directions. The confusion and disorder were altogether such as we are not used to in our parish, and for a few moments distracted me. It did not last long however, the nestlings soon hid themselves and then before the dog's astonished eyes the old birds, shouting in defiance and joy, rose high in the air. A few days after this I came suddenly on a snipe in the fen. She repeated the same trick, and I forgetting, followed her to see if I could do anything to her injured limb, till she reached the edge of the stream when she was over and away in a moment, accompanied by her mate who had been waiting for her on the other side.

I am a believer in evolution; but I acknowledge that this habit of birds when they are with their young is directly opposed to that scheme. The habit cannot have arisen from the survival of the fittest, nor from acquired or hereditary instinct, because wounded birds would perish and leave no descendants, and the unwounded ones in their company would be too scared, and in too much of a hurry to escape, to observe the actions of their injured companions. Anyway when I turned back and saw the little brown snipe's four olive and buff eggs lying safe under the tuft of sedge she had placed over them, I felt ready to cry, and prayed the God of the birds to take care of her.

I have spoken of the swallow's good humour, but they can be full of spite at times. On Oak Apple Day a hen sparrow was sitting quiet and contented on the top of my stable chimney, when she was sighted by two swallows, who flew at her with all their strength one after the other. After hitting her several times, one caught her on the side of the neck and sent her tail over head down the chimney. As she did not appear again the two swallows sat puffing and panting for some minutes on the chimney edge, and then flew away, one chattering to the other no doubt about their victory.

Why I of birds the monarch am, as erst
Was Aristomenes of youths the first.
Let coward doves perch on the coward's grave,
But gallant heroes always love the brave.

The last nights of April have been clear, and the darkness has come on gently after rainy days, and more than once lately I have seen a sight that is new to me. The bats were busy hawking at the height of the first floor of the house, and a hundred feet above them the swallows and martins were at the same work. The effect of the two companies flying backwards and forwards in perfect silence, one above the other and keeping themselves quite distinct, was very mysterious and shadowy. The swallows went in only a few minutes before the bats, and then the tawny owls began to hoot. (This is the only species of owl that does hoot.) Presently one glided between the apple trees, and after that all was still.

As I stand by the window watching, I can see a rabbit on the grass plot biting off short tufts of grass, which she arranges longways in her mouth. When she has gathered as much as she can carry she trots to the wire fence, leaps it, and goes down the garden path in the direction of the hole that she has made to bring up her young in. She carries her head high, and is evidently all in a flutter of pride and expectation as she carries off the lining for her nest. She continues her mowing all the time I watch her, and when I go on the grass plot afterwards I see that she has completely cleared the grass off a patch of ground about eighteen inches square. Well might the old Syriac scriptures put "creation" as a whole in the feminine gender always, and speak of "her" as doing or being this or the other. The maternity of Nature reigns so universally that the most timid creatures are subject to its sway, and transformed and glorified by it. Nature is always either preparing her children for the joys of motherhood, or else rejoicing with them in their fulfilment. The sighings of the creature which the apostle speaks of are not only for the glory that is to come with the eternal presence of the creature's Lord, but for the glory also that comes with the bloom and flower and fruit of every year. All these sounds that break on my delighted ears this morning are songs of love and cries of joy because another day has risen; and these creatures of the air, who dwell nearer to the creative essence than the rest, know that it is to be a day of birth and growth. It is strange, and I cannot help thinking of it as I stand and listen, that there are a few who would violate this sweet law, and that in these latter days we hear the beauty and honour of motherhood denied, and that, too, by some of those who are the noblest of Nature's creatures. The yearning for the pressure of the lips of their own borne babe, the desire to hear that babe call one "mother," the proud hope of seeing it grow up to beauty and strength, these things are now derided by a few. The whole cosmos cries out against them, and declares that to perpetuate the life which fills it is the sum of its order and its laws.

But I have gone from my birds. As the morning fully breaks the noisy concert ceases, and the calls of the fen birds are no longer heard; but from separate bushes and trees the birds sing against each other. A thrush is on the tall ash that overlooks Rix's Piece, and with his music as from a crystal trumpet bears down even the nightingale that is fluting in the alder bush beneath.

On the first of last February I saw a blue thrush in a hedge on the borders of our parish. It was flying from twig to twig, and the hedge being bare of leaves I could see it well, till it flew some forty yards down the road to join a bird which was apparently a hen of the same species. The blue thrush (*Turdus cyaneus; Merle de roche bleu*) is common in Southern Europe and North-Eastern Africa, but this seems to have been the only time that it has been noticed in Great Britain. One was shot in Westmeath in November 1866. If its powers of song are equal to its appearance, I envy, as a Briton, the countries in which it is indigenous. Its dusky blue plumage and slender shape are more elegant than those of our thrush, bold and handsome a fellow, and true Englishman to the backbone as he is. I have often thought how curious it is that the fauna and the humanity of a country are so much alike. Japanese "robins," Japanese finches, Japanese poultry are images of Japanese men and women. And "elegant" birds like the blue thrush, the blue-breast, and the golden oriole, are matched by the people of the centre and south of Europe where they are found.

It is strange that while we get numerous stragglers from distant parts of the world our near bird neighbours never, or very rarely, come to us. For instance, the blue-breast, one of the most common continental songsters, is all but unknown in England; and the crested lark, scores of which are seen as soon as we get off the boat at Calais, has not been noticed half-a-dozen times in Great Britain. The citril finch, the song bird of the Southern Alps, never has been seen wild in our islands; and the serin, the beautiful olive-coloured merry-singing finch that is so common in Switzerland and France, I believe has only been seen once in an undoubtedly wild state in the British Isles. It may be that the far off wanderers have lost their way altogether, and not being able to find the right path again, allow themselves to be driven anywhere by the wind, or where chance fancies happen to lead them. But the others, even if they are beaten out of their course, keep in sight of their own shores, and make for them again before it is too late. Herein is wisdom surely; never to lose sight of the fatherland, and always to keep well within its influence, so that no matter how we may be buffeted about we shall not lose sight either of its loved beauty, or of those whose hearts still beat in pure sympathy with ours although we are parted from them for a time. We can then find them again when we will.

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely yearning years,
Shall vanish in the sweetness of that meeting.

WOOD AND ITS USES

By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL

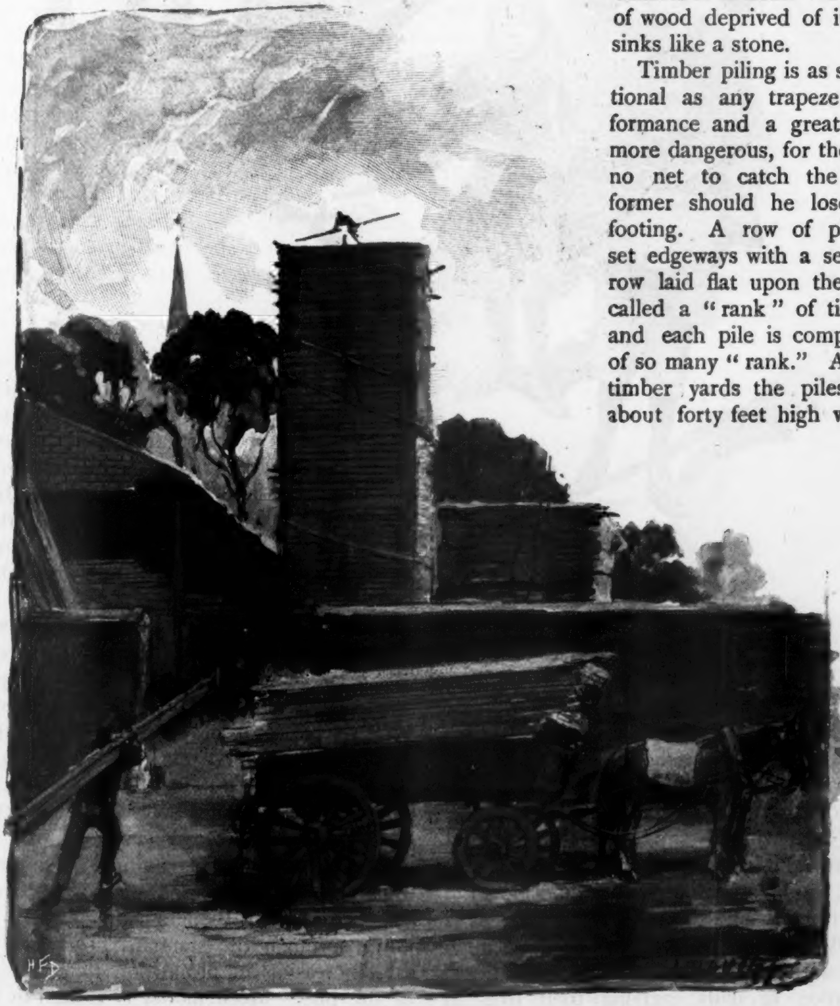
IT might have been all very well in the Middle Ages to say that there was nothing like leather, but it is an idle statement at this time of day. "Alliteration's artful aid" had probably something to do with keeping the phrase going, when the leathern jerkin came to be discarded. The leathern jerkin was a true friend, it kept out summer's heat and winter's cold with a few sword cuts thrown in, and was often handed down from father to son through three generations. Broadcloth will not turn an edge or keep out a point, but it has many advantages over leather, even though vicunas and cheviots are sometimes adulterated with cotton fibre. The world could probably somehow make shift without leather, but without wood it would be in a pretty quandary. Without wood there could be no fire, and fire and civilisation go together. A coalfield is after all nothing but a fossil forest.

The uses to which wood is put are well-nigh endless. Our houses of baked clay or stone must at least be floored and wainscotted with it, or we should perish with the cold, and it is hacked, and hewed, and tortured into a thousand contrivances for our comfort. The wooden walls which kept out the Armada, and scared "Boney" from these shores have given place to monsters clad in steel, but we are not likely to forget that the *Victory* was built of British oak. Two thousand oaks fully grown, each one hundred years old, went to the making of one of the old seventy-fours, and sixty years ago a single oak tree was worth as much as a thousand pounds. Wood has not ceased to be a material of war, for the stocks of weapons are still made of it. Even the modern cruiser is something more than a mere shell of iron, for she must have a lining of wood. About ten per cent. of the British merchant vessels on "Lloyd's Register" are still described as of wood. Teak or African oak is now generally used; it is proof against the ship-worm, and will stand for sixteen years the wear and tear of a life on the ocean wave. Jarrah wood has been recommended as a substitute for teak, and is at present extensively used for street paving instead of the old granite setts. The wear at a 'bus "pull-up" in the Strand was only three-quarters of an inch in a year. The blocks are grouted with a mixture of pitch, tar, and creosote oil; the cost is about eleven shillings the superficial yard. This is one of time's revenges, wood having had to give place to stone and brick in house building. In Anglo-Saxon times timber was almost the only material of construction, in fact, to "timber" meant to build, so that when the resources of the language lagged behind we find the old chroniclers referring to buildings as "timbered in stone!"

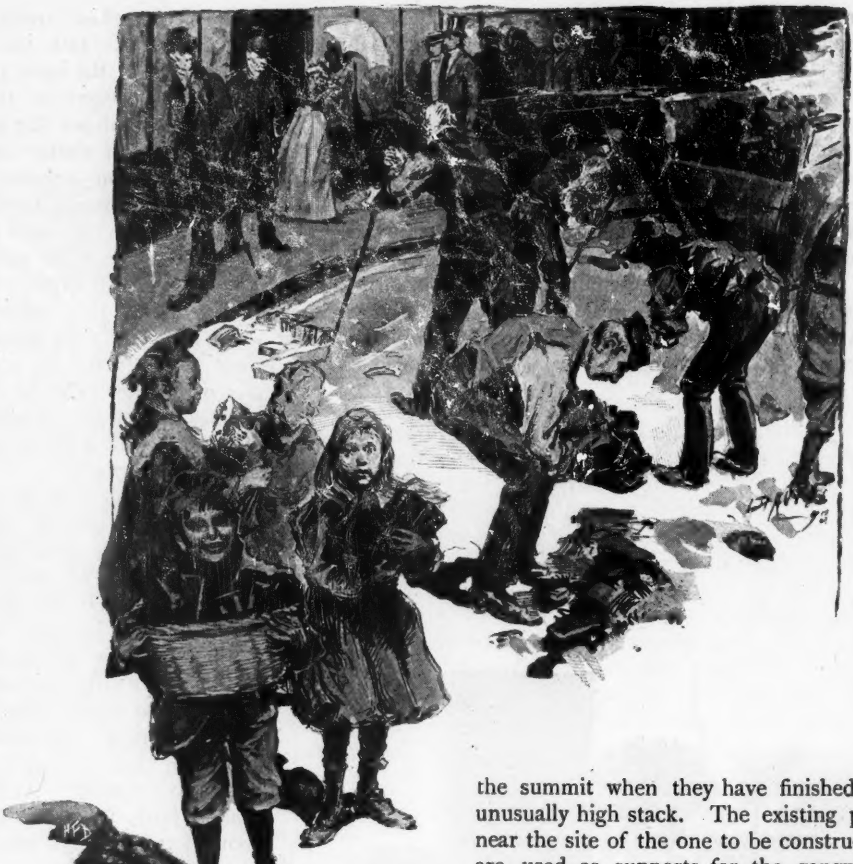
Timber is exceedingly durable as a building material if suitably used; the roof of Westminster Hall has stood the wear and tear of four centuries and a half, the wooden dome of St. Mark's, Venice, is eight hundred years old, and some of the timbers of the basilica of St. Paul's at Rome were found to be perfectly sound after a thousand years.

A timber yard is a dull enough place to most of us, but it is eloquent to the surveyor, the engineer, the builder, the carpenter and the cabinet maker. He will tell you at a glance the kind of wood. If it is a log he will tell you the age of it by the number of concentric rings, each a year's growth. This is not always an easy matter, for in timber from tropical countries these rings are scarcely noticeable—the tree is making wood nearly all the year round and there is no well marked season of rest as there is in the temperate zone. An expert will even tell what port the timber was shipped at, from the "scribe" marks in the centre of the baulk. If you give him rein he will discourse learnedly of "heart-shakes," "star-shakes," and "cup-shakes;" organic complaints of this kind always leave certain well-marked rents and fissures in the timber. He will carefully notice whether the parts round the pith are sound, whether the grain runs straight in the log, if not, where it has twisted. All these things matter a great deal when it comes to building bridges, railway stations, piers, ships or mills. He will confuse you with trade names which have no botanical significance, but have been arbitrarily conferred from some peculiarity in structure, in smell, or a fancied resemblance to some tree indigenous to this country. The question of seasoning will arise, and since forty per cent. of the weight of a green tree consists of water, this is an important matter. Sassafras, a wood extensively used by cabinet makers, is when green more than half of it water. Properly, timber should be seasoned by exposure to the air; improperly, it is often treated artificially in hot-air chambers. Oak takes fully twenty years to season in the open air and loses a third of its weight in the operation. Summarily, the qualities that go to make a serviceable piece of timber are weight, hardness, elasticity and cohesion. Other considerations are its resistance to the influences of air and water; the cabinet maker looks closely to its colour, its most intimate texture, and whether it is capable ot taking a fine polish. There is a general impression that wood is lighter than water; obviously this is not so, it is the air contained in the cells which enables it to float. A piece of wood deprived of its air sinks like a stone.

Timber piling is as sensational as any trapeze performance and a great deal more dangerous, for there is no net to catch the performer should he lose his footing. A row of planks set edgeways with a second row laid flat upon them is called a "rank" of timber and each pile is composed of so many "rank." At the timber yards the piles are about forty feet high whilst



PILING TIMBER



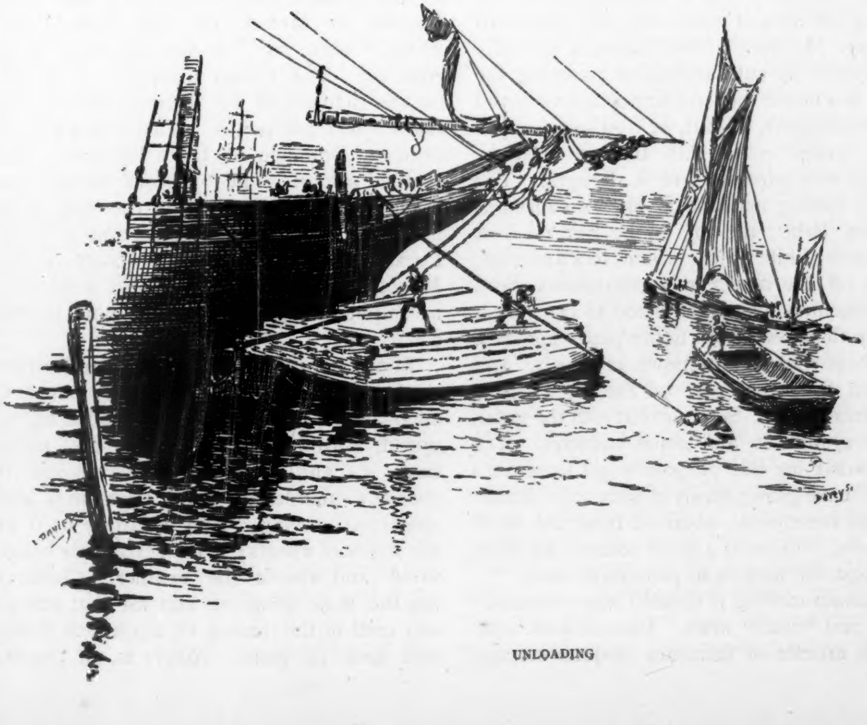
"COAL" FOR MOTHER

at the docks they are often fifty feet or more. Some of the planks to be piled are used as gangways. Imagine what it means tripping along a board, eleven inches wide, fifty feet up in the air with another plank six feet long and weighing half a hundredweight, on your shoulders, with not even a handrail to hold by if you should slip and death waiting underneath. No work is done in a high wind, the breath of the gale would blow the men to earth like autumn leaves. Yet as is so often the case in perilous callings, men of sound nerve seem to find a certain exhilaration in daily carrying their lives in their hands. They commonly hoist a flag from the summit when they have finished an unusually high stack. The existing piles near the site of the one to be constructed are used as supports for the gangways. Planks are left projecting out of every finished pile and the gangways are laid on these. When timber is wanted from the stack a man mounts it hand over hand till he reaches the top and pitches down the planks end first. Failing to let go at the right moment means that you will fall with it, which is certain death. There is risk everywhere; a man mounting a pile caught hold of a "draw"—one of the planks left projecting—which had become rotten through exposure to the weather. It came away in his grasp and for a few moments he hung in mid air by one hand. Fortunately the second draw proved a sound one and he managed to regain his footing. The men usually get the ordinary pay of dock labourers, sixpence an hour, though in some yards the pay is so much the standard of timber, the rate increasing in proportion to the height of the pile. More money is earned in this way, but the work is still more hazardous, as the pilers carry two planks at a time instead of one.

Firewood is piled in huge stacks, but the size of the billets makes it much easier to deal with. If not more than six feet long firewood may be imported duty free. It is sold wholesale by the fathom, while the rate for timber is by the standard, mahogany and the more expensive woods by the ton and even by the pound. The firewood industry is carried on mainly on the south side of the Thames, in Rotherhithe and the surrounding districts. It has suffered very severely by having to compete with pauper labour. The Poor-law authorities discovered that firewood chopping had many advantages over stone breaking, and the army of tramps, cadgers and loafers who form so large a part of the floating population of the casual ward have taken very kindly to the change.

The amount of timber grown in this country is inconsiderable and would be quite insufficient for our needs. Huge quantities are imported from Norway and Sweden, Russia, New Zealand, the West Indies, British Guiana, Trinidad, North America, Germany, the United States, Mexico and Australia. Two or three hundred different ornamental woods come from Jamaica. In October of last year there was an increase in the timber imported of 300,000 loads as compared with the corresponding month in 1896. Broadly, a load may be considered as the equivalent of a ton. During ten months last year Norway and Sweden sent us nearly six million pounds worth, British North America nearly five million pounds worth, Russia four and a half million pounds worth. Germany's bill for timber during the same time came to half a million, the United States to two and a quarter millions, the British East Indies half a million, and the total for other countries was just short of a million. This was either hewn, sawn, split, planed, or dressed. Staves and mahogany are considered separately; of the former we received nearly half a million pounds worth, of the latter rather more than half a million. There was wood pulp besides, used largely by the paper makers, which we imported to the value of a million and a half sterling.

A great deal of the wood entering the port of London finds its way to Hackney and Shoreditch, where it is converted into



UNLOADING

every conceivable article of furniture that the heart of man can desire, from a chest of drawers complete for a half a sovereign to a twenty guinea bureau in the style of Chippendale or Sheraton. In that busy quarter the song of the saw is heard all the day long. In the old days the saw was brought to the plank, now the plank is brought to the saw which whirls round driven by steam power at 600 revolutions per minute. It will cut a plank of seasoned deal three inches thick into slices as easily as you pare an apple. There are planing machines, too, machines for morticing and for dovetailing. Nearly the whole of the joinery used in building a house, which half a century ago would all have been cut by hand, is now done by machinery. A thousand feet of moulding can be turned out in a day, and the timber fed to the saw at the rate of sixty feet a minute.

Veneer cutting is a trade in itself; veneers are both hand cut and machine cut, the former are generally considered the best. A leaf of veneer is no more than one-sixteenth of an inch thick; overlaid with it common deal becomes to all appearances oak, walnut, satinwood, rosewood, or mahogany just as you please. Sixty square feet of veneering can be turned out by a machine within the minute, an inch of wood will yield thirty-two veneers. In the United States a specially thin veneer is cut; instead of papering the walls of a house they are sometimes veneered with mahogany, walnut, or bird's-eye maple. This veneer is so thin that it must be backed with paper to give it strength. The veneer cutting machine is like an enormous turning lathe; the log to be cut revolves against the knife which, ground to a fine edge, pares off the veneer in a continuous sheet. The machine may be adjusted to cut veneer of any thickness, from tissue paper upwards. The best veneers are known as "curls," and are cut from that part of the log where a limb has forked. Some are cut with the grain, some against it, and some endways. The best wood for the purpose is got from trees which have grown slowly in poor soil. Richly figured veneers are obtained from the roots of trees. There is a good market for them amongst the makers of pianoforte cases.

Cabinet making is divided into "carcase" work and "chair" work. Carcase work comprises articles of furniture used for storage, as sideboards, drawers, chests and wardrobes; chair work includes stools and tables, sofas and couches. Canadian white pine is the groundwork of the cheaper kinds of furniture. Baltic red pine was formerly used, but the wars of the first Napoleon so hampered the trade that merchants had to seek supplies in other directions and Canada came to the rescue. The Dominion it was found could not only supply all that we needed, but the white pine proved to be easier to work than the Baltic red. It was an ill-wind for Russia which blew Canada a great deal of good, for in 1800 the total amount imported by her into this country was only 2600 loads. Canada sent us nearly two million loads last year.

Mahogany came into use for making furniture a century and a half ago, and took the place of oak. "Antique" oak chests, sideboards, tables, coffers, settles and stools have had a vogue for some years past. They are made in the East end; it is so much a recognised business that sometimes the maker does not scruple to announce himself as a "manufacturer of antique furniture!" The fine deep colour which distinguishes old oak may be obtained by frequent applications of a strong solution of an alkali. British oak is seldom used, most of the oak comes from Dantzic or Memel, the best from Riga, whilst "white oak" is also imported from America. The Cuban mahogany is valued for the richness of its figuring, and it also takes a very fine polish. That which comes from St. Domingo or Hayti has a very rich mottled colour. The "peacock mottle," so called from its likeness to the eyes in a peacock's tail, is very scarce, and a finely marked log commands a fancy price. Mahogany, by the way, is also employed in shipbuilding, though pitch pine is still chiefly used.

Ebony is a very costly wood, and when met with in large pieces, well coloured, it commands a high price. Boxwood is highly prized, cotton spinning-wheels are made from it, and its fine surface makes it specially suitable for wood engravings and medallion carving. Elm is largely used in the naves of wheels; it is an extremely tough wood and stands the weather. Chestnut has the same property, and for that reason was used in the making of aqueducts before iron took its place. Maple is, of course, extensively employed by the upholsterers: but it is specially favoured by violin makers. Bird's-eye maple and curly maple are chiefly imported from Canada. Yew, though still highly valued, went out with the invention of gunpowder, but not before the long-bow, which was made of it, had done us good service at Agincourt and Poitiers. The yew takes so long growing that it is now seldom planted. The yew-trees to be seen in country churchyards were many of them planted four centuries ago to provide material of war. Wood, however, enters into the composition of gunpowder in the form of a highly inflammable charcoal, obtained exclusively from the dog wood.

Lignum vitæ is converted into skittle-balls, machine-rollers, and other articles requiring great toughness and durability. Selected pieces of lignum vitæ cut at a certain angle of the grain give beautiful representations of a shell used in inlaying. "Tonbridge ware," the wood mosaic, familiar to most people in the form of workboxes, card-cases, match-holders and a host of other ornamental articles, is ingeniously made by gluing tiny lengths of wood together. By cutting thin slices from the block thus made, the pattern is reproduced again and again. Wood carving is also carried on in the East End of London. It is, however, a degraded art, and is almost exclusively devoted to the ornamentation of cheap furniture. One man will carve couch work or suite work all day; another devotes himself to sideboards and chiffoniers.

Trees yield many things besides timber. Turpentine, for example, is the raw sap of the pitch-pine. "The turpentine merchant," says a writer on forestry, "in whose wake miles of dead trees, presenting a pitiable sight, are to be found." It is the turpentine orchards of the Mississipi that he describes. The forest suffers in life as well as in death in the service of man. The cinchona is robbed of its bark for the sake of the quinine which it contains. Resins, rubbers, barks, fibres, tans, dyes, lacquers, seeds, and fruits—the list has no end. Many of these are due to modern enterprise; it is curious to note, however, that wood tar is prepared just as it was in the fourth century before Christ. A bank is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath and the tar slowly drips into barrels placed to receive it. Tar distilled in its turn furnishes wood vinegar, creosote and pitch. Vanillin, an artificial substitute for vanilla, is made from the sap of the Scotch pine; whilst a kind of rubber has been obtained from the common birch. Charcoal factories yield other products than charcoal, notably wood naphtha; in some the smoke given off is used as fuel. On the Continent the hop-bine, which we burn to waste over here, is used in the manufacture of textile fabrics. There are fortunes to be made in the by-paths of industry; some industrious statistician has calculated that in the United States 100,000 cords of maple are used annually in the manufacture of shoe-pegs; and 390,000 cubic feet of pine in making matches.

Wood has had an important influence on the paper-making industry. Young saplings, which before were not worth cutting down for fuel, can now be converted into post-board. A tree was cut down in Galveston at ten o'clock in the morning and converted, first into pulp and then into paper, by six o'clock in the evening. At six o'clock the next morning it was being distributed as a daily paper. Car and tram wheels have been made of wood-pulp and it is taking the place for roofing of corrugated iron, tiles, and slates. Even the "patent" leather boot is sometimes not patent leather at all, but wood-pulp in a high state of compression.

There is no immediate prospect of the timber supply failing, though experts sometimes talk gloomily about the future. The forests in the governmental districts of Archangel and Volojda have at least three times the area of the forests of Sweden and Norway put together, whilst in Western Siberia they are said to be even more extensive. Fully one half of British North America is still covered with timber, formerly almost the whole of the 2000 miles between the Atlantic Ocean and the head of Lake Superior was forest land. The value of timber is largely determined by the ease or difficulty of getting it to market. The great waterways of Canada are as much a source of wealth as the forest itself. The sound of the lumberman's axe in the virgin forests of the Western hemisphere is the note of an advancing civilisation of which he is the pioneer. He clears the ground for the settler and gives him employment in hauling logs and growing crops and breeding beasts to feed them both. There are about thirty thousand lumbermen at work every winter in the Dominion. The forest is divided into limits of so many square miles, which are allotted to the man who will pay the largest sum for the privilege of clearing them. He must also pay a small rental and a duty per cubic foot of timber and on every sawn log.

Forestry is slowly winning its way as a science, as necessary to the continuation of civilisation as metallurgy or geology. There are schools of forestry, forestry exhibitions, and the afforestation of waste lands has long been a question of public importance. In Norway, formerly, the landed proprietors, finding that their timber did not pay for cutting, burned acres of trees merely to enrich the soil with the ashes. The early settlers in North America left in the ground old walnut-tree stumps, which were not worth the trouble of digging out. These stumps have in many cases been sold by their descendants at a price considerably above the value of the entire holding. Perhaps the reason why many people do not put their money into forest planting is that the chances are that they will not live to see much return for it. Man dies but the forest endures. Botanists declare that there are specimens of the Senegal baobab-tree 5000 years old; the oak is credited with a span of 1500 years; the elm with 335 years; the larch with 576 years; the yew with 2800 years; and the cedar with 800 years. The peasants of the Vosge Sen were not permitted to marry until, for the good of the race, they had planted a grove of walnut-trees. Planting a tree in commemoration of some great national achievement is an ancient custom. Lady Mary Wortley Montague is said to have introduced the weeping willow into England by a tree which she presented to Pope to be planted in his garden; whilst Evelyn planted the trees in Greenwich Park.

GLANCES AT SOUTH AFRICA

By the Rev. JOHN MACKENZIE

SECOND PAPER

SPEAKING of South African native races, and guided by comparative philology, we find that there are only two distinct families of people in the whole country. There are very many sub-divisions or clans, but only two distinct races. These have been named by comparative philologists the Gariepine family and the Bantu family. The Gariepine are yellow, light-complexioned people with oblique eyes, strongly resembling Chinese or Mongolians in all matters of personal appearance except the hair, which merely dots the head like bushes in a barren country, and is curly. The old tribe-names are well-nigh disused now in public returns in the colony—such as Hottentots, Namaquas, Korannas, and Bushmen; and "coloured people," "mixed," and "other" are used to designate all who are neither European nor Bantu. On the mother's side these coloured people are chiefly Gariepine; but they probably know no language now except Dutch and English. This is certainly true of the young people. Found by the first Europeans in possession of the south-west portion of the continent, they were pastoral people, and loved the banks of rivers for their flocks and herds. Like some of the tribes of North Asia (whom they otherwise resemble physically), these yellow South Africans made their huts with mats which they spread over slender bent poles. When as graziers they wished to move their herds, they folded up their mats, collected and tied up the slender poles of their huts, secured all on the backs of pack-oxen, and proceeded to their next grazing-grounds, much in the same way as Tartars and Mongolians are doing to-day.

Beyond the woolly hair which these two families of Africans have in common, they are in all other respects widely different from one another. In common with Europeans, the Yellow People speak varieties of a "Suffix" language; while in common with the islanders of the South Seas, the Bantu or Dark People speak dialects of a "Prefix" language. The Yellow People are akin to North Asia and to Europe not only as speaking suffix languages, but also in some of their ancient customs. There is, for instance, the interesting fact that among Asiatics as well as Europeans, and from the earliest times, the "daughter" has been the "milkmaid" of the family, as indeed the derivation of our word daughter itself conveys to us. The ancient custom is the same among the Gariepine people in South Africa. I have seen the girls of those Yellow People go forward of an evening to meet the home-coming cows, and, deftly throwing a rein or cord over their horns, lead them quietly to the neighbouring tree or pole, and proceed to milk them. Now in the same neighbourhood, in a village of the Bantu people, no woman might enter the kraal or cattle-pen or mingle with the cattle; it was "forbidden" according to their old customs; in short, it was "uncanny."

Again, it is well known to Chinese scholars that there are "tones" in Chinese; that is, that the height or lowness of the tone in which a word is uttered will decide what is the meaning of the word. For instance, I am informed that in Chinese a certain word, in the first tone, means *to fly;* in the second tone, *to subsist;* in the third tone, *to swim;* and in the fourth tone, *to issue.* How necessary to pitch one's words aright in China! But, strange to say, it is equally necessary in South Africa, if one is speaking the old Hottentot or Koranna language. Thus in the latter language, Dr. Bleek tells us that a certain word if pronounced in a loud key means *handkerchief;* the same word, three notes lower, means *the spot;* and four notes lower still, it stands for the adjective *dark.*[*] Beyond the lozenge-shaped eyes of the Yellow People, their milkmaids, their suffix languages, it would seem that the "tones" of their old language complete the proof of their former connection with North Asia.

It was chiefly among these Yellow People in the colony and on its northern border that the London Missionary Society carried on its early labours, and the descendants of those early converts form the majority of the Christian people now attached to the various Christian societies and denominations in the older parts of the Cape Colony.

Still taking comparative philology as our safe guide, we find that the Bantu people—who, indeed, form the bulk of the native population of Southern Africa—are to be found from the south-east African coast up to and beyond the equator. For instance, the missions recently established in the Great Lake regions and on the Congo River are carried on among clans of this great family of mankind. The Bantu people are darker in colour than the Gariepine, and stronger in physique. But most remarkable are the results of a comparison of their languages with that of the Gariepine people. Here they have absolutely nothing in common, although living close together. Philologists inform us that "prefix languages" consist of two great families, the African and the Oceanic; so that the Bantu people of Africa are more closely connected with the islanders of the South Seas than they are with their neighbours of to-day, the Yellow People of South Africa.

Let me make this interesting matter plainer by some illustrations:

BANTU LANGUAGES

SPECIMENS OF AFRICAN SECTION

English	Person	Persons
Kaffir	u-*mun*tu	a*ban*tu
Sechuana	*mo*-thu	*ba*-thu
Kisuaheli	*m*-tu	*wa*-tu

SPECIMENS OF OCEANIC SECTION

	Person	Persons
Samoa	*ole* tangata	*o*tangata
Tanna	*n'* aremama	aremama

Let me further explain by giving a few more words and expressions in Sechuana, which was spoken by me for many years:

Singular	Plural
*Mo*nna (Man)	*Ba*nna (Men)
*Mo*sadi (Woman)	*Ba*sadi (Women)
Se tla ré (Tree)	*Li* tla re (Trees)
*Lo*ungwo (Fruit)	*Ma*ungwo (Fruits)

The most remarkable characteristic of the

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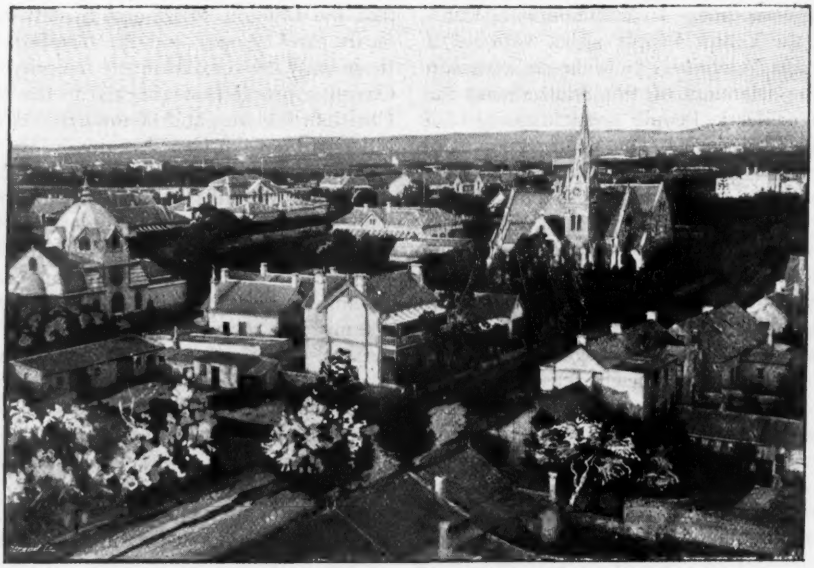
[*] Sir George Grey's Library, vol. i. part i. p. 20.



ON THE HILL, PORT ELIZABETH

Bantu languages is, that the pronouns are originally borrowed from the *prefixes* of the nouns. For example: *Ba* thu, *ba* tsilé, *i.e.*,
(people) (they come)
People have come. *Se*-tlaré *se* tala, *i.e.*, the
(tree) (it green)
tree is green. *Se*-tlaré *se se* tala, *se se*ntle =
(tree) (which green) (it beautiful)
The green tree is beautiful.

The Moravians were the first to commence mission work among the natives of South Africa. As early as 1737 George Schmidt opened a mission at Genadendal (Dale of Grace) among the Hottentots. It would appear that success crowned his efforts, and after some nine years forty-seven converts had been baptized, and a school for children had been begun. Such was the opposition of the white population at this time to the instruction of the Hottentots that the mission was broken up, and Schmidt himself was forced to leave the country. It was not till 1792 that the unwearied petitions of the Brethren in Moravia prevailed with the Council of the Dutch East India Company, and permission was given to reopen the mission at Genadendal. Although they did it with very great reluctance, the Dutch East India Company have the merit of sanctioning the first opening of Christian work among the South African heathen. In the last year of the century the learned and accomplished Dr. Van der Kemp, of Leyden and Edinburgh, accompanied by three other missionaries of the newly-formed London Society, landed at the Cape, and commenced work among the degraded natives. In this work they were joined by the old Glasgow Missionary Society, afterwards included in the Presbyterian Missions, by the Wesleyans, by the Church of England, by the French Protestant Church, and by several German Evangelical Societies.

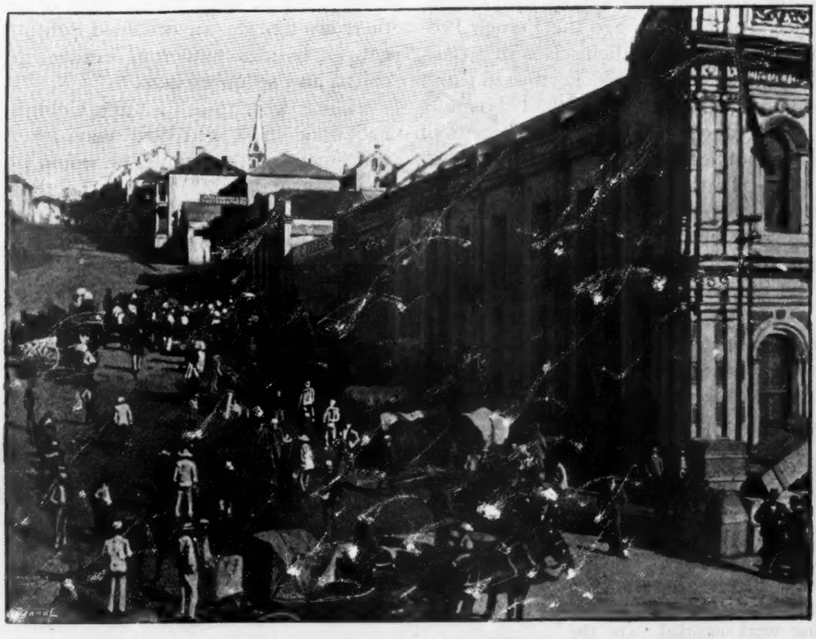
Soon after the commencement of the present century the agents of the new Missionary Society, whose headquarters were in London, were to be found not only in the southern part of the colony, but also in Namaqualand and on the banks of the Orange and Vaal rivers. Some years after they reached the Kuruman Valley, where Dr. Moffat and others laboured so long. A step farther north was taken in 1843, when Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Edwards opened missions in what is now the Transvaal and the Protectorate. In 1859 a mission was opened by this society among the Matabele, and then among the Bamangwato at Shorhong. The next step which this evangelistic society took was no longer from South Africa, although really a continuance of work among the Bantu people. Her agents along with the Scotch Presbyterians, and latterly with the agents of the Dutch Presbyterians of South Africa, enter from the East Coast and are found on the Tanganyika and the Nyassa.

For about twenty years the London Society has retired from the Cape Colony, leaving the Christian people, now self supporting, to choose their own form of Church government. At first Presbyterians and Congregationalists joined in what was called the Evangelical Union of South Africa. More recently, however, the Presbyterians have formed themselves into a South African Synod, and the other is named the Congregational Union of South Africa.

From 1820 the Wesleyan Church worked the two branches of Christian effort together in the Cape Colony, attending to the spiritual wants of the English colonists chiefly of the Eastern Province and to the heathen natives at the same time. So successfully have these efforts been put forth that the South African Conference has recently been recognised as self-governing at headquarters in England.

The Church of England in South Africa had its commencement with chaplaincies and other Government appointments. Now the Episcopal Church of the Province of South Africa is well diffused over the colony, and is a vigorous and self-governing body, under its own synod. Its bishops and clergymen generally have interested themselves in education, and have also devoted themselves to mission work among the natives. The first Bishop of this Church, the late Robert Gray, has left his personal impress upon it in a marked way. Belonging to the High Church party himself, he naturally so arranged that the clergy who joined him in South Africa were men of his own views. The Church has recently been locally organised as "The Church (Episcopal) of the Province of South Africa," and the counsel and help of the laymen have been called in in connection with its meetings of Synod.

At first the London Missionary Society employed as missionaries several earnest and well-qualified German ministers as its agents, but more recently German Missionary Soci-



AUCTION SALE, DONKIN, PO..T ELIZABETH

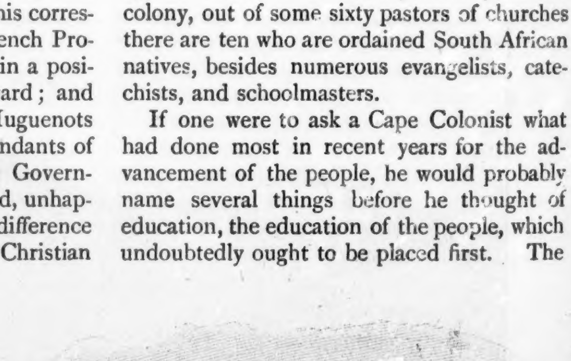
ANGORAS, GRAAFF REINET

eties have been organised for the evangelisation of heathen South Africa, and these have been joined by Protestant missionaries from Switzerland.

The Paris Missionary Society has laboured among the Basutos since 1833, and with great success. It was understood that these missionaries were friendly all round, and helped the late chief Meshesh with his correspondence. Some years ago the French Protestant missionaries felt themselves in a position to extend themselves northward; and accordingly the descendants of the Huguenots fresh from France visited the descendants of the Huguenots connected with the Government of the Transvaal. They found, unhappily, that the lapse of time and the difference of their circumstances left these Christian brethren little in common, and the Transvaal Government declined the proposals of their co-religionists. The French Protestants persevered, however, in their efforts till they established a branch mission on the Zambesi,* to which a succession of French and Basuto labourers have been sent. It ought to be mentioned, however, in fairness to the Transvaal Government, that they have permitted the labours of German missionaries and of those of the Colonial Reformed Church. The natives cannot legally own land, but the mission can buy it and permit the natives to live on it.

The Scotch Presbyterians have laboured chiefly in Kaffirland, but their excellent educational work at Lovedale, under Dr. Stewart, has exercised a beneficial influence over a wider country, and may be said to exist for all South Africa. Educational work has also been successfully taken up by the Wesleyans and by the Episcopal Church of South Africa. In connection with all these Churches there is now labouring a considerable number of South African (native) ministers and schoolmasters, who are co-operating with the Europeans in the great work of evangelising the Dark Continent. For instance, in connection with the churches planted by the London Missionary Society in the colony, out of some sixty pastors of churches there are ten who are ordained South African natives, besides numerous evangelists, catechists, and schoolmasters.

If one were to ask a Cape Colonist what had done most in recent years for the advancement of the people, he would probably name several things before he thought of education, the education of the people, which undoubtedly ought to be placed first. The



MISSION INSTITUTE, WELLINGTON

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* A history of the founding of this mission has recently been given by M. Coillard in his interesting work entitled "On the Threshold of Central Africa."

OUDTSHOORN, CAPE COLONY

Cape Colony has had an excellent Education Department for many years under the late Sir Langham Dale, and now under his successor, Dr. Muir, formerly of Glasgow. The subject of compulsory education is now occupying public attention, and the present Colonial Minister is pledged to bring in a bill on this subject, which is attended by local difficulties. The Cape Government has also assisted various Churches in their efforts to further education in the country, and this not only in connection with native mission work, but also among the white people of the country.

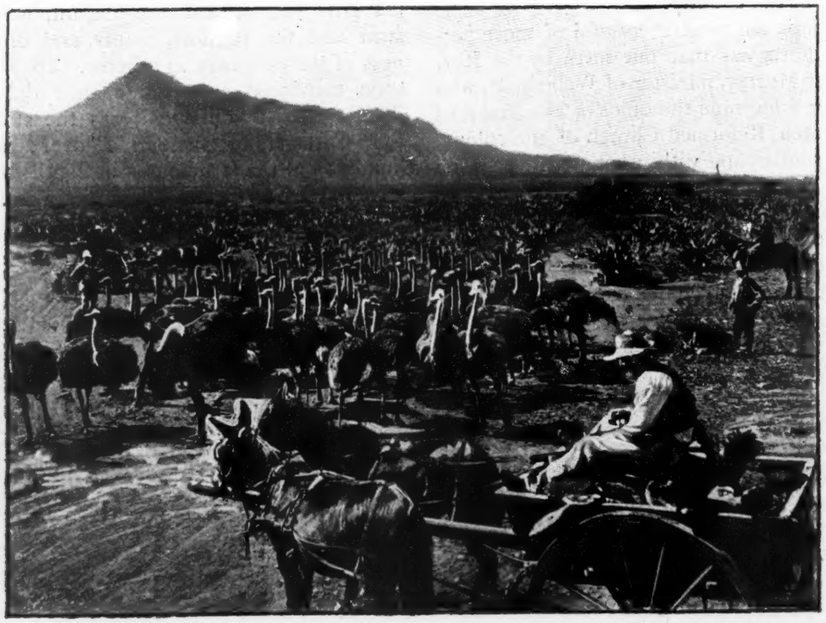
Perhaps the most successful of more personal efforts was that put forth by the Rev. Andrew Murray, minister of Wellington, who held for some time the office of Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church of the colony. This gentleman, with what local help he could obtain, organised the "Huguenot Seminary" at Wellington. He went to America for his teachers, and was singularly fortunate in the selections which he made. From the first the school at Wellington was well supported by such of the farmers as could afford a boarding-school education for their daughters. They had full confidence in Mr. Murray, and they soon came to have confidence in the teachers whom he had brought into the country, and whose names in a few years became household words in most of the families of the district. The Huguenot Seminary was popular from the first, far beyond Mr. Murray's parish of Wellington—a similar school was organised at the Paarl—and beyond the borders of the Cape Colony the Huguenot Seminary is patronised. The Seminary gave the usual elements of a liberal education, but laid special stress on what might be called domestic instruction. The girls were introduced to the practical details of a civilised household—in what such a household consisted, and how it was secured. There was often a contrast between the homes which the girls had left at the distant, isolated farm and the comfort, beauty, and orderliness of the Seminary as a home. They were soon convinced that the change did not involve a costly outlay; it was the story of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie" over again in hundreds of the farmhouses in South Africa. It would be no exaggeration to say that the

HUGUENOT SEMINARY, WELLINGTON

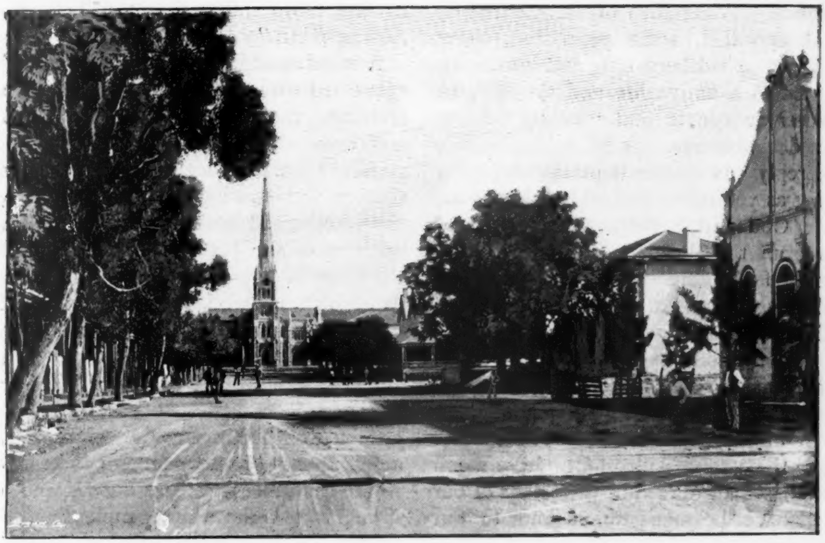
return to their homes of the Huguenot Seminary pupils gradually wrought a marvellous change throughout the whole country. By-and-by the change became infectious, and those who could not afford to send their girls to the boarding-school could follow their advice and example in beautifying their homes. From the first, another and a higher matter was specially attended to at the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington. This was the spiritual instruction of the girls as young Christians, in what might be termed personal and experimental devotion to Christ the Saviour. Not merely the mental but the emotional faculties are appealed to by the lessons and the whole influence of the Seminary, and from this point of view the Seminary has been of incalculable benefit to the country. Thus not only are the rooms of the old home transformed by the magic of loving and skilled fingers, but the parents see in the deeper spiritual life of their children something to which they also may attain and which will elevate and strengthen their whole character.

A similar Ladies' Seminary and also a college have been established in Graaff Reinet, a central town in the colony, by the Rev. Charles Murray, minister of the district, and Miss Murray his sister, assisted by an efficient staff of teachers. People are still living who knew Graaff Reinet as a frontier village in the midst of a disturbed district. Now the town is specially well laid out, cultivated as to its vineyards and orchards, so that it has earned the name of the "Gem of the Karroo." The neighbouring district is famous for cattle, sheep, ostriches, and Angora goats. It is, however, subject to periodic droughts, when the otherwise little-used "prickly pear" is extensively cut up as a forage for stock.

To give some idea of the religious life of such a district as Graaff Reinet, I may mention that the adherents of the Dutch Reformed Church of the district alone would probably be 3000, with fully half that number as enrolled members of the Church. Besides these, there are Episcopal, Wesleyan, and Congregational Churches. The last-mentioned includes the two old Mission chapels for natives begun by the London Society, and their services are conducted in Dutch, Kaffir, and Sesuto. There is also a native chapel under the care of the Reformed



FEEDING OSTRICHES, DURING A DROUGHT, WITH PRICKLY PEARS



DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH AND NATIVE CHAPEL, GRAAFF REINET

Church. Under the old London Mission there were several district stations; and in all there are probably some 6000 coloured people under the influence of this Church in Graaff Reinet and the neighbouring district. The pastor of this native church at present is a grandson of the late Rev. John Philip, well known in Cape history. A son of the Rev. Charles Murray, Dutch Reformed Church, Graaff Reinet, is one of the missionaries of the Colonial Church in Nyassaland, working along with the Presbyterian missionaries there from Scotland, and is a grandson of the late Rev. John Murray, the first minister of Graaff Reinet.

There are several Dutch Reformed churches throughout the colony, which are exceedingly handsome and well built, and erected of course at the sole charge of the people of the district. The massive and commodious church at Cradock was erected some years ago. That at Graaff Reinet seems to be pre-eminent for architectural elegance. At the same time it will seat 1410 people. On inquiry I found that the average congregation is some 700; and the Sunday school is attended by about 400 children. It is said that the Graaff Reinet church cost £17,000 for building, and that it is practically free from debt. All this testifies to the good taste, the wealth, and the liberality of the members of the church in this prosperous district of the colony.

A still more numerously peopled parish or district may be instanced in Oudtshoorn, which is also remarkable for its advanced ostrich-farming. The Dutch Reformed church at Oudtshoorn is a fine and commodious edifice, capable of seating 2000 people. There are over 5000 people who are adherents of this church, of whom close on 3000 are communicants. These instances show the deep hold which their Church has on the body of the population of the Cape Colony; the figures would be found strikingly great all over the colony. In Oudtshoorn a missionary of the old London Society has been spared to gather together a very large church and congregation of coloured people during the last fifty years, who worship in their own chapel and support their own minister. Mr. Anderson, who has recently resigned from old age, has lived to see more of the outward fruit of his labours than most ministers of the Gospel. His congregation are the labouring population of the district.

Most Christian men will allow that the question of ritual is one of secondary importance; the Christian religion and worship are spiritual. A dignitary of the Church of England appealed, some years ago, to a missionary who had been long and intimately acquainted with native life and thought, as to whether an ornate and "telling" ritual was not desirable in native worhip.

The reply was distinctly in the negative. "So long as you offer spiritual worship to an invisible God and Father, these children of nature, from the Bushman upward, will be impressed favourably. But when you dress specially, and have a procession in which something is carried, you come into another and a lower region altogether: they will tell you that it is what their own doctors and priests are always doing to bring good luck to them and to their town. 'These white doctors,' the people will admit, 'have much nicer things than ours; but the things of our doctors have belonged to us and to our fathers for a long time.' Thus in reality how much do these (to them) mere fetiches or charms cause Christianity to lose in the eyes of the native people! The fewer 'fetiches or charms,' therefore, we have in our service—the more spiritual we make it—the more influential it will be to the African mind."

A good many years ago some brethren connected with the Society of Jesus visited Shoshong, then the town of the Bamangwato, and residence of the chief Khama. Proceeding upon the idea that the more demonstrative and striking things were made, the more influential their mission would be, the brethren of the Jesuit mission had painted the scene of the Crucifixion on the sailcloth flap which covered the end of one of the waggons. The idea of the painter was to represent "Africa at the foot of the Cross"; and so, around the Cross, Africans were depicted in a variety of attitudes, but all attracted to the Cross as the centre. "That's a lie, anyhow," one man was overheard to say to the other; "it was not *we* who killed Him; it was the white people themselves: are not the Barjude (the Jews) white people?" he asked his friend in triumph. Thus a well-meant artistic effort was quite misapprehended, and instead of any good was productive of harm.

OPPORTUNITY MAKES DESIRE

By E. THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

CHAPTER I

A DAMP mist deepening into fog hung over the waters of the Thames, merging the dim-lit lamps of its numerous bridges into the semblance of glowworms as the darkness closed in.

A solitary figure crossing from the farther end of one of them paused midway to be lost in the gloom, until a girl's keen eyes outlined it against the parapet and caused her to involuntarily quicken her pace. Not that the girl was acquainted with the man, but his movements were suspicious and boded no good to himself.

She was but a slip of a thing, with a sharpened, serious face, redeemed by big dark eyes, confronting a light world with undaunted purity in spite of unaccustomed poverty; lips still crimson with the warmth of youth, but too early set in shadow for her eighteen years: a girl with whom fortune had trifled but not cowed.

The man was not aware of her approach, for both thought and action were concentrated upon the parapet from which he intended to launch himself into eternity. She shuddered at the ghastly despair of his face as he firmly planted one foot upon the top of the masonry, but before he could follow with the other she was upon him, and exerting all her strength pulled him backwards, until they fell together into the muddy road.

"How dare you interfere with me!" he cried angrily when they had regained their feet, and she persistently held on to his coat sleeve. "Let me go, I say!" And he struggled fiercely to free himself, but with more than human power she retained her hold.

"There is some one coming," she said quietly. "We had better walk on unless you wish to create a scene. It is probably a policeman upon his beat."

He stared at her in astonishment and, half-unconsciously, obeyed. She was right in her conjecture, but fortunately it was too dark and foggy for minute investigation of their mud-stained garments.

"Why did you not give me in charge?" he demanded when the officer of the law had passed on, and they had emerged from the bridge into a busy thoroughfare.

"Because I know you already regret the attempt," she answered promptly, discerning by the reflected rays of the brilliantly-lighted shops that he was not many years older than herself, and apparently a gentleman by birth.

He gave a short, bitter laugh meant to belie the generous supposition.

"Besides, what right have you to even attempt to throw away what does not belong to you?" she demanded, with a direct glance into his gloomy face, which he returned with interest, quick to note that hers was strong and resolute.

"I beg your pardon, but my body is my own," he answered shortly.

"But not your soul, which, in spite of theories to the contrary, can never be destroyed, for your soul is your character and personality merged in one, and imbued with a consciousness of both past and present that eternity will but emphasise. Ah, do you not understand? Death cannot release you from yourself."

"But it can release me from present misery," he muttered, "and I would rather face unknown evils than a blackened career."

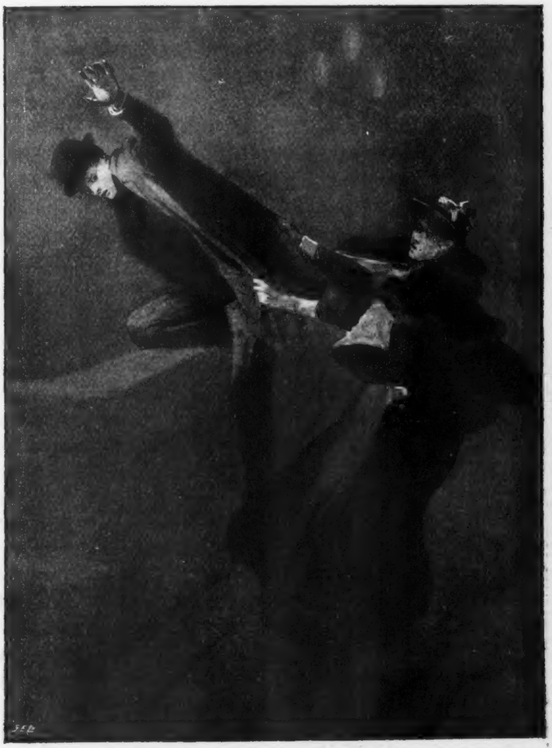
"What is it you have done?" she queried with keen directness; but his answer was irrelevant to the question.

"You are a plucky little woman," he said, with a slight smile that was a welcome omen to her observant eye. "It must have needed courage to attack me as you did; and now to walk along by the side of an unknown scamp is no light thing to do."

"Not much of a scamp," she lightly volunteered. "Only a fellow-traveller on a rough track who is not quite man enough to face it out to its bitter end. In that, at least, woman outshines man: she can endure misery where he ignominiously shirks it."

"Have you any idea to what you have dragged me back?" he questioned fiercely, the craving for oblivion returning with overwhelming license as the future loomed before him. "Disgrace, and in all probability imprisonment."

"Better that than hell," she retorted swiftly. "Surely there is some loved one you wish to meet with a clear conscience on the other side? A mother or sister, perhaps, waiting to see your face again? Will you wilfully be among the lost? What sin have



"Exerting all her strength pulled him backwards" you committed that you have not the moral courage to brave its consequences?"

"Forged somebody's name for a good amount, and exposure is certain in a day or so." His voice sank to a shamed whisper.

"Replace it."

"Impossible! Besides, it is not the first time, and it was told me then I should not again be forgiven."

"That threat was probably the outcome of bitter disappointment in you by some one who had your welfare at heart. Go and make a clean breast of the matter before the owner discovers the fraud for himself. Come! it is the only honourable course left open for you. Don't despair. He may be more merciful than you deserve. Promise me!" she pleaded earnestly. "What if it *does* lead to prison? Better far to expiate evil in this world than in the next."

She stopped abruptly at the corner of a side street off the main thoroughfare.

"My way lies in this direction," she continued. "But I want your promise before we separate."

Her earnestness touched him inexpressibly; to him she appeared not much more than a child, and once again his lips parted to smile.

"Well, you have it so far as self-destruction goes," he answered. "But for the rest I have nothing to say. There is yet time to flee the country."

Her eyes shone reproachfully through the mist.

"If there is time to flee there is also time to confess. Will you deliberately throw away your God-given opportunity?"

A vision of his mother floated before his dimmed eyesight; her sweet voice, long since hushed in the grave, seemed to re-echo this girl's query in tender pleading: "Will you deliberately throw away your God-given opportunity?"

"No," he said huskily, "I will not. I will go straight to headquarters and make a clean breast of everything."

"Bravely said," she answered, and her face lit up. "God be with you. Good-bye."

"Stay!" he pleaded. "Surely you will care to hear the result? Give me your name and address." But she shook her head, and the old shadow clouded her bright face of a moment since.

"Why not?" he demanded sharply.

"I cannot," she said in a low tone; "but if you will tell me yours, I will search the newspapers and rejoice if I do not see it, for then I shall know that you are pardoned. Only," she added wistfully, "I trust this may be the turning-point in your career."

"What a persistent little monitor you are!" he said, endeavouring to speak lightly. "But it is scarcely fair to expect me to do that and receive nothing in return. No! it will be best for you to remain in ignorance of the penalty I may have to pay. If, however, all goes well I shall shortly meet you upon the bridge, for I imagine you cross it most nights."

"Yes, with the exceptions of Saturdays and Sundays."

"Surely you will tell me the name by which you are known in your home?"

"Ruth," she said simply.

"Ruth! How strangely suited to your sweet face!"

"Good-night," she said shyly, flushing rosy-red in the darkness, and abruptly left him.

He watched her disappear in the fog, and then resolutely turned westward, pausing, however, at the first restaurant, not merely for the appeasing of an appetite neglected since morning, but also for the removal of the mire adhering to his clothing: he wished he could as easily have removed the mire from his character, and leave as little trace of damage done. How should he dare meet the father who but twelve months since had overlooked his first downfall and generously liquidated the heavy score his debts had accumulated?—the father whose name he had counterfeited a second time, and that in spite of unstinted liberality? He had nothing to plead in extenuation but so-called debts of honour and licentious living, and was it not a fallacy to imagine that to confess again to such things as these was a God-given opportunity? To his shame it was already bruited abroad that Roger Graham, the well-known banker, was disappointed in his only son, and what would the world's verdict be now when it learned the truth? For his father had vowed, in spite of the stainless name of which he had hitherto been justly proud, that a repetition of the offence should not go unpunished by the law, and none knew better than his son Gerald that he meant what he said.

But he did not shrink: he had made a promise and he meant to keep it. Outside the restaurant he hailed a passing 'bus, and subsequently alighted at the Marble Arch. Some newsboys were crying a "special edition" of the evening paper. He purchased one, and stood beneath a street lamp to note the cause of its issue: "Sudden Death of the well-known Banker, Mr. Roger Graham," ran the startling headline, and with a low cry of anguish Gerald staggered forward and clutched at the lamp-post for support; the busy thoroughfare with its human tide was blotted out—everything but those words of fire. His father dead! Great Heaven, it was not possible! Not twenty-four hours previously he had left him in the best of health and spirits, and inclined to rally his son upon his sombre mood. With strained avidity he scanned again and again the few unsatisfying lines of which the Press had made the most. "Death due to heart disease, probably accelerated by worry and overwork," he read with a shuddering sigh. Had he discovered his, Gerald's, fraud? And could that have been the primary cause of the fatal attack? Beads of perspiration broke out upon his brow; he trembled. Was this to be the end of his God-given opportunity? Oh, the bitter irony of that hour! Dazed and bewildered, he made his way into Hyde Park Square, and let himself into one of its numerous houses with his latchkey.

The hall was deserted; an eerie stillness reigned through the place, no sound of life penetrating the gloom even from the servants' quarters; the heavy oak furniture and darkly panelled walls added to the sombre effect, and Gerald crept rather than walked up the broad carpeted stairs. The muffled tread of feet along the corridor followed by the approach of some artisans considerably startled him, but he instinctively knew their errand in that house. The men touched their hats with an air of sympathetic respectfulness and passed silently on.

From within the drawing-room the hum of subdued voices relieved the ominous quiet; his own name was mentioned, but he gave no heed. At the door of his father's room the butler was turning the key in the lock.

"They have just brought the shell, sir," he whispered, and his eyes were red and heavy, for Barnett had loved his late master. "Miss Graham said I was to take the key to her as soon as they had gone."

"I will do that, and you need not tell her I am here unless you are obliged."

"Very well, sir."

Down on his knees by his father's lifeless form Gerald poured out his repentance, and the words passing heavenwards in the full tide of their bitterness flowed onwards for eternity. The clock over the mantelpiece chimed the half-hour, and then the hour, but, oblivious to everything but that white unconscious face and the unsurpassable barrier that lay between, he still knelt on. Not Heaven itself could give back the past, the past he had dishonoured and trifled with, and the future must of necessity be shadowed by the poignancy of remembrance. An overwhelming desire possessed him to learn the hour of his father's death. The fatal cheque had left his possesion at two o'clock, but with the understanding that it was not to be presented at the bank until the following day. Had Benson broken faith with him?

Absorbed in painful reflection, he did not hear the opening nor closing of the door, nor the rustle of a woman's gown, and started abruptly when a hand was laid upon his shoulder; but Miss Graham was the more startled of the two: her nephew's face frightened her in its wild pallor.

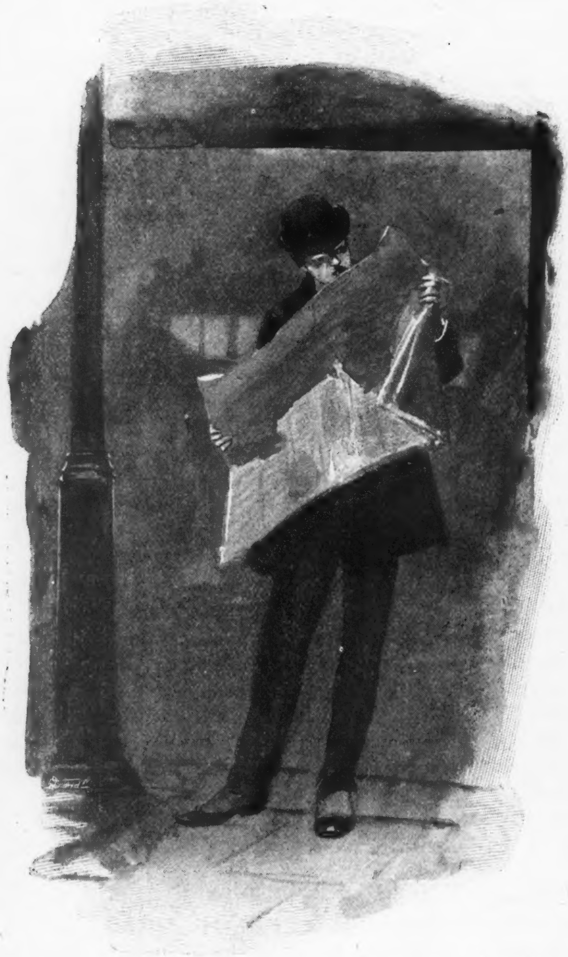
"Gerald, dear Gerald," she whispered in a broken voice, "don't look like that. He is at rest."

With a hoarse cry he staggered to his feet. "What time?" he queried harshly, with a suggestive glance at the recumbent figure in its gruesome confines. "What time, Aunt Enid?"

"I do not know the exact moment of—of death, Gerald," she faltered tearfully; "but the chimes were striking the quarter after three when—when they bore his lifeless body into the hall."

His pallid face grew whiter and his lips bloodless, but Miss Graham's gaze had gone beyond him to a portrait of her late sister-in-law, whose duties had devolved upon her from the time of her brother's bereavement, the banker having no daughters to take his wife's place in the household, Gerald being the sole issue of the marriage.

"Uncertain of your return, and not knowing where to send for you, Gerald, I com-



“ ‘Sudden Death of the well-known Banker, Mr. Roger Graham, ran the startling headline’ ”

municated with the family lawyer,” she proceeded more calmly, “and Mr. Stornby has been most kind and attentive, superintending all painful details without fuss. He is waiting to see you in the drawing-room.”

An hour later, when the household was presumably wrapped in slumber, Gerald noiselessly left the house and drove to the city. For him there could be no rest of mind or body until he had seen Benson. In the vestibule of his club a knot of men had gathered around a voluble little man evidently labouring under strong excitement. The instant his eyes caught Gerald's he broke through the ring and tightly grasped his arm. It was Benson.

“That cheque, Graham!” he cried, hoarsely. “Some scoundrel has surreptitiously relieved me of it. But——”

“Where? When?” interpolated Gerald quickly, awaiting the answer in an agony of suspense.

“Here — to-night — in this very place!”

“Thank God!” The words were not uttered aloud, but they surged through an overcharged heart in a revulsion of feeling too deep for utterance. The cheque had not been presented. He was not his father's murderer. All other considerations were swept away on the outgoing tide of an uneasy conscience, and he breathed more freely than he had done for hours past. Benson was puzzled by the smile that touched his lips: for him it had but one meaning. He began to whine:

“Of course you will make it good, Graham, within reasonable time? I shall give notice at the bank directly the doors are open in the morning. You will act fairly by me?”

“Certainly,” was the grave response, “certainly, Benson. Good-night.”

“Won't you try your luck? Oh, I forgot. Very sorry——” But Gerald was beyond hearing.

Out in the open the fog had cleared and the stars shone brightly in the heavens. Under what roof in that vast city, with its limitless suburbs, reposed the little woman who had been instrumental in preserving both his body and soul? Some day, later on, when the grave had closed over the father whose loss seemed irreparable to him that night, he would meet her on the bridge and find out.

CHAPTER II

WHEN Ruth Verney parted from the man whose self-destruction she had averted, she hastened through the foggy darkness at the smart pace of a girl accustomed to make her own way in the world. She but rarely encountered molestation in her daily walk to and from the city, and fear with her was an unknown quality.

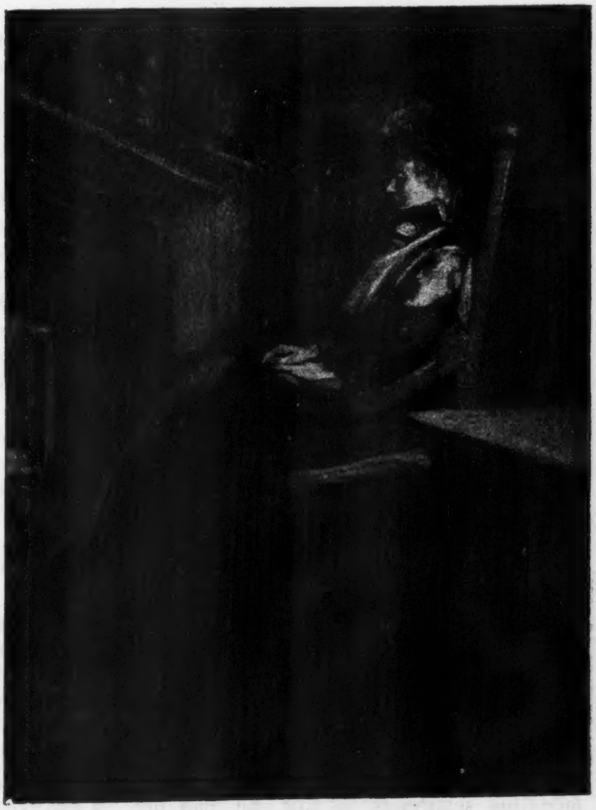
In all probability she could have found her way blindfolded into Barton Street, which was one of many dull but respectable rows of houses let out in tenements in an indifferent neighbourhood, and have climbed the stairs of Number Six to the second-floor front with an equal knowledge of her whereabouts, since the entrance door was always ajar for the accommodation of the inmates of the house.

Gaslight flickered upon the landing, but her own room was in darkness as she inserted the key in the lock and entered. To strike a match, light the solitary gas-jet suspended from the ceiling, and apply the still burning lucifer to the matchwood in the fireless grate was the work of a moment; but the girl involuntarily shivered as she pulled down the blind at the window and removed her outdoor wraps preparatory to her customary lonely meal. The furniture in the room was akin to Ruth herself—a blending of democracy and aristocracy. An old oak bureau, which would have rejoiced the heart of a connoisseur, stood against the wall directly opposite the door, while a finely-carved chair, with faded downy cushion, was a fitting accompaniment to a unique grandfather's clock near the fireplace. For the rest, the carpet was threadbare, the table and chairs of painted deal, and nondescript china gleamed from an improvised dresser.

Ruth glanced around at it all with a scarcely-repressed sigh, as, her modest meal over and the table cleared, she ensconced herself in the chair of her ancestors—who, by the way, were of titled origin—and planted her small feet upon the fender-rail.

A book lay neglected in her lap: she had meant to read, for she rarely wasted the passing moments, but reverie claimed her instead. She was thinking of the past in connection with the man she had met that night, the man whom she deemed must be of the social plane from which the Verneys had long since fallen through financial difficulties, difficulties that had brought both ruin and death in their train, until but two of the old stock survived to bear the name, and one of those had smirched it.

Now and again her glance wandered to the clock, and she would start violently at every sound upon the creaking stairs; but the gong had struck the half-hour and the hands were well on the stroke of eleven ere the footsteps for which she listened nightly, but which came at fitful intervals, weeks



"She was thinking of the past"

and even months elapsing, in disturbing uncertainty, sounded without. Were they steady? Or was it the old story? The harassing doubt brought a strained look upon her expressive face, but the muscles gradually relaxed their tension, and gave place to a smile for the puffily faced but still young and handsome man who paused in the doorway in evident doubt of his reception.

Perhaps she recognised the doubt, or had learnt in the school of adversity that love is an anodyne to a starved heart, for she went forward and kissed him, an unwonted action upon her part that brought the colour to his face and a suspicion of shame into his dulled eyes, as he sank into the chair she had vacated, apparently oblivious of the fact that it was the only comfortable one in the room.

"What have you been doing with yourself all this time, Jack?" she queried, quick to note that he was attired in the latest fashion, and that prosperity sat well upon him. But that was no new element in his career, as she knew to her shame: his appearance was wont to fluctuate with the fortunes of gaming, and the even darker resources familiar to birds of such feather. But she was not exempt from a certain amount of pride in her volatile brother, whose form and features were antagonistic to his weakened nature. "What have you been doing?" she repeated. "It is nearly three months since you were here."

"So much as that?" he said, with an easy laugh. "Then, bad as I am, you really miss me when I am away, little Ru?"

"Who else have I left to care for?" she answered unsteadily, for sentiment was a novel phase in Jack.

"Yet you invariably lecture me on my shortcomings," he retorted.

"Merely for your good. If only you would pursue some legitimate occupation!" she pleaded. But he held up his hand.

"Let us quit the old ground to-night, Ru. I have come to say good-bye."

"Is it not always good-bye when you come?" she asked, with a slight smile.

"But this is final. I am going to be married on Monday next, and we sail for Australia the same day. It is not likely I shall ever set foot in the old country again."

The blunt announcement blanched her face; his selfishness in that he had not considered her in the formation of his plans did not affect her. It was the loneliness of the future that appalled—the isolation in a vast city where solitude was solitude indeed in spite of its teeming millions.

"Take me with you," she gasped, with outstretched hands. But he shook his head, and again his cheek was dyed with the flush of shame.

"Impossible. My prospective wife is not of your calibre," he said hastily. "Don't force me to explanations, Ruth. Honour, or what little I have left of it"—and he laughed bitterly—"prompts the marriage, and—and she has money."

"But why not remain in England?" she queried nervously.

"Personal reasons," he said shortly; and she was silenced.

But her silence fretted him, it was unusual. With a forced laugh he drew a pink slip of paper from his pocket.

"I have not studied the conjuror's art for nothing, Ruth," he said lightly, "and this is about the best bit of sleight-of-hand that I have as yet accomplished." But there was little of interest in the eyes that met his own: she was humbled by the thought that he could so lightly drop her out of his life. "I warrant Benson's in a funk to-night," he continued, with a chuckle. "The old scamp! I've scored against him for once, anyhow, and your modest fire shall be the recipient of the most expensive fuel it is ever likely to receive. Read this, my dear."

He held the paper toward her, but did not release his hold of it: it was a draft for a thousand pounds payable to Richard Benson and signed by Roger Graham.

"Tut! Don't look so scared, Ruth. The paper is really valueless to all but Benson himself; and if it were not, you do not imagine I have fallen so low as to take advantage of such a *contretemps?* He will get his money all right, but the scare will have done him good. The scoundrel! But for him I should never be the man I am to-day, and scores of others owe their downfall to him and such as he. Well! the fire will tell no tales."

"You will not burn it here," she said firmly.

He stared at her in astonishment.

"Who is to prevent me? Not a chit of a girl like you. There are more ways than one."

He lit a match as he spoke, but Ruth deliberately blew it out.

"Be careful what you are about," he said darkly, and struck another. She knew it was futile to thwart him further; but yet she grasped his arm to wield another weapon—persuasion.

"Just to please me," she pleaded; "it is the last request I may ever make you, Jack. You say Benson will get the money; but what of the supposition that he won't? This Roger Graham may refuse to replace the cheque."

"Roger Graham can't replace it, my dear, for he is dead. But his son will, for it is he who is Benson's debtor."

"Return it through the post."

The match had smouldered and died out. Jack threw it into the grate.

"What do you take me for?" he angrily demanded. "Return it, indeed! Benson knows my handwriting better than I do myself. Ten years in her Majesty's prison for a mere practical joke is not exactly to my taste, especially on the eve of marriage! What do you say? You will write the address? Pshaw! there shall be no loophole for the law to track me down. No, no, Ruth, the flames are the safest."

He tilted his chair toward the fire as he spoke, but she adroitly interposed her slight figure.

"Burn it in your own room, then," she cried impulsively, "for I will be no party to such an act. Benson may have lured you to ruin, but you were a free agent in the matter. A scapegoat for personal shortcomings is a convenient animal. To you this outlet for revenge may appear nothing but a joke, but in God's sight it is robbery—robbery, I say, and nothing more nor less!"

He replaced the cheque carefully in his breast coat pocket, took his hat from the table, and strode to the door.

"Good-bye," he said with a grim smile, "good-bye for ever."

She sprang after him with a yearning cry.

"Jack! Jack! don't leave me in anger! For our dead mother's sake let us part friends."

He came slowly back, took her outstretched hand in his, and raised it to his lips, but that did not satisfy her. Her caresses shamed him.

"You are a good little soul, Ruth," he faltered huskily. "If other women were as you the world would scarcely need reclaiming."

"And the cheque?" she whispered. "You will return it?"

But no answer was forthcoming, and the next moment Jack was gone.

All that week she speculated wildly upon the possible destinies of the two men whose personalities touched her life and yet left her stranded. She saw nothing of Gerald, "the man on the bridge" as she inwardly designated him, and in all probability had seen the last of her brother.

"You looked tired, Miss Verney," remarked a fellow-typist compassionately as Ruth locked up her machine the following Monday night preparatory to departure.

"Yes," she said wearily, "a bit of a headache."

In the outer office a clerk handed her a letter as she passed through.

"Left here this morning," he said, "but it was not to be delivered until closing time."

The address was in Jack's handwriting. Ruth murmured her thanks, and consigned it to her pocket unopened; she would learn its contents by the aid of a gas-lamp upon the bridge, where she had begun to loiter most evenings when the air was clear, and it was clear to-night, clear and frosty, with innumerable stars peeping down from their darkened canopy upon myriads of toiling human beings. The rhythmic ripple of the water and the gliding of the barges up and down the river soothed her nerves. This was Jack's wedding-day, and a plea for more than mere earthly blessing went up for him from an overcharged heart. What would his letter convey that she had not known before?

Heedless of the few stragglers loitering upon the bridge, she broke open the envelope, and a man who had been watching her movements unobserved drew nearer. A pink slip of paper fluttered from between the folds of a scribbled sheet of note-paper, and the girl gave a cry of dismay as the wind bore it away; the man, however, dexterously caught it with his hat, and came quickly towards her.

"Ruth!" he murmured softly, "Ruth!" But although she started, and coloured at the sound of his voice, she had thought for nothing but the draft that no eyes must see but hers and those whom it concerned. Jack's tardy repentance must not fail of its effect through her carelessness.

"The paper!" she gasped. "You caught it! Give it to me quickly!"

But Gerald retained possession of his capture with wilful assumption of prospective forgiveness.

"Have you so soon forgotten me?" he queried reproachfully.

"No, no," she cried, at the fever-heat of anxiety lest he should let the draft slip from between his fingers and the wind once more claim it as its prey. "How could I possibly forget you? I am glad, very glad, but please—please, my property!"

Her earnestness impressed him at last, but as he yielded his eyes fell with pardonable curiosity upon so great a treasure. His face blanched; he snatched it back again.

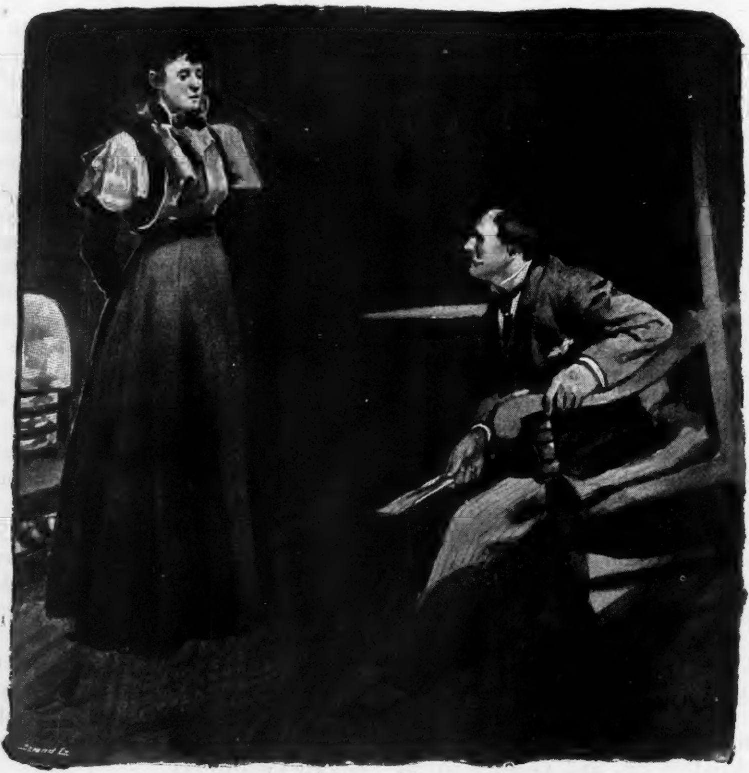
"My God!" he cried, "where did you get this?"

"That is my secret," she said proudly, but her face was as white as his own.

"But I *must* know," he said firmly.

"Do you expect me to betray a trust?" she demanded haughtily, but her lip quivered.

"Ruth, little Ruth, you shall do nothing against your conscience. I will trust you instead. Because of that very scrap of paper I courted the death from which you rescued me. To-day it is worthless, for Benson has received its value, and its payment is stopped at the bank. My father, whose signature I forged, is dead. How did you come by it? I have a right to know."



"'Burn it in your own room then,' she cried impulsively"

For a moment she hesitated, then timidly faltered out her story and Jack's.

He tendered her the draft with an added reverence in his eyes: this girl's life, meant to have been nourished in the sunshine of wealth, had in truth lain in the shadow of poverty, from which it steadily shone like a glowworm in its truth and purity.

"It is yours to do with as you will," he said gravely.

With a smile that thrilled him, she tore the paper into bits and scattered them to the wind and tide.

"The last link with the past," she said with a tremulous laugh as she turned away; "your past, Jack's, and mine."

"And what of the future?" he queried with keen directness.

"It will probably be as we make or mar it," she answered quickly, vividly recalling to him their first meeting.

"You will find it lonely?" and he bent down and peered into her face.

She trembled.

"I am used to loneliness," was her pathetic answer.

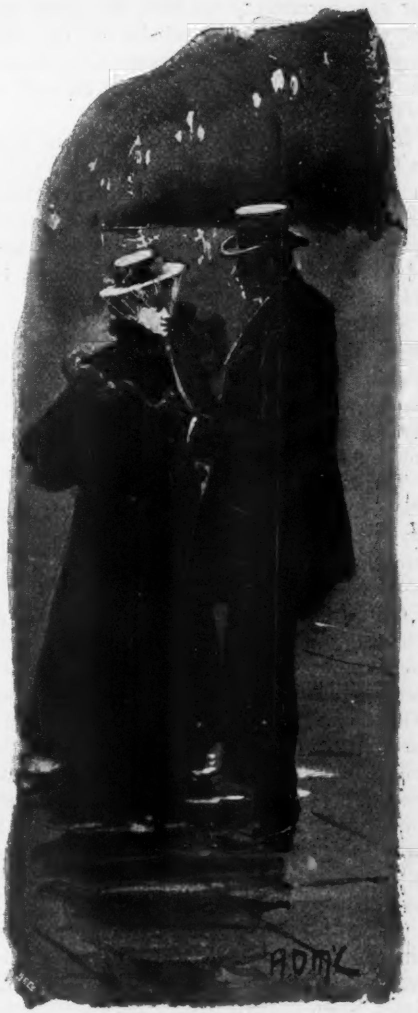
"But I am not. Ruth, I know I am unworthy. My past will not bear the mirror of yours, but the future may and shall. I love you, dear. Will you share my loneliness? Will you be my wife?"

"This is but a passing passion," she murmured. "We are scarcely acquainted with each other."

"Cannot you trust me?"

Her grave eyes scanned his face with a searching gravity that yielded to a smile of infinite sweetness.

"Yes," she said softly, "now and always."



"'And what of the future?' he queried"

A TALE OF THE SEA

AN EPISODE OF 1851

BY VICE-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM

THE following account of an occurrence that took place in the Straits of Magellan has been compiled from a story told me some time ago by an old friend and shipmate, whose loss we have recently had to deplore. It is of so thrilling a nature that I make no apology for relating it now, although the events alluded to occurred forty-six years ago.

My memory regarding the circumstances

that were narrated to me then has been refreshed through the kindness of my old friend's widow, who most generously placed the journals of her late husband entirely at my disposal.

It is only necessary further to state that my friend at the time was an officer serving on board H.M.S. *Virago*, a paddle sloop carrying six guns, a very formidable man-of-war in those days, and that the vessel was on her way to join the Pacific Squadron, to which she had recently been attached.

Sailing from Plymouth on September 11, 1851, an excellent passage was made to Madeira, which was reached in seven days. On September 30 they arrived at Sierra Leone. Here they completed with coal, and sailed on October 4.

The Equator was crossed on October 10, when the usual ceremony—which in those days was rarely omitted—of welcoming Neptune, and introducing all neophytes on board to his royal favour, was indulged in.

On October 18 they were at the Island of Ascension, a veritable cinder rising out of the Atlantic. Here they were afforded the rare opportunity of witnessing what is termed Wideawake Fair. This is the assembling of a vast number of sea birds, called by the sailors Wideawakes, on the island for the purpose of depositing their eggs, leaving again directly their young are hatched and able to fly. They visit the island with this object twice during the year; and are very rarely seen anywhere else.

It is really a marvellous sight to see these birds in countless numbers sitting on their eggs, which are laid on the ground. Sometimes, when disturbed, they will rise together in a dense cloud, uttering discordant screams, only, however, to settle down in a very short time on their nests again. At other times they evince the greatest reluctance to leave their nests, and will often allow themselves to be easily caught with the hand.

The lovely harbour of Rio de Janeiro was reached on November 6, and here the *Virago* remained for eleven days, affording her officers and crew a pleasant and agreeable rest after their long sea voyage.

After leaving Rio very bad weather was experienced, and it was not until December 3 that the Straits of Magellan were entered. Passing without much difficulty through the first and second Narrows, the *Virago* dropped her anchor off the settlement at Sandy Point the following day.

Sandy Point at that time was a Chilian penal establishment. Very few stores and provisions could be obtained there, and vessels, as a general rule, proceeded on to Port Famine, about five and twenty miles farther to the west, where those necessaries could be more easily obtained. It was therefore a matter of some surprise that the officers of the *Virago* observed a couple of ships at anchor in the roadstead, which, on their approach, hoisted Chilian colours. They seemed to be in a somewhat untidy and neglected state, as the ropes were all hanging loose, sails not properly furled, and everything apparently in confusion, although there were a great number of men on board each vessel engaged in discharging their cargoes.

The settlement itself consisted of only a few houses and huts; not many people were observed on shore, and those few seemed to be running about in a state of great excitement.

Some little time elapsed before any notice of their arrival was taken by the authorities on shore, and they were on the point of sending one of their own boats with a lieutenant to communicate with the place, when a boat with an officer in full uniform sitting in the sternsheets was seen to be approaching. This person was attired in a gorgeous military uniform resplendent with gold lace, but it was remarked that he did not appear to be particularly comfortable in it!

He spoke nothing but Spanish, and it was some time before any one could be found on board to act as interpreter.

This difficulty being eventually overcome, the officer introduced himself as the aide-de-camp to the Governor, and stated that his Excellency had sent him off to offer the hospitalities of the port to the English officers, and to beg their acceptance of a couple of bullocks, and some fresh milk which he had ventured to bring off with him; but he hastened to inform the captain that in the event of his wanting coal he regretted very much that the stock on shore was very limited, and that they would not be able to supply him with any.

In return for these civilities, some beer, wine, spirits, and tobacco — commodities which the aide-de-camp assured them were as scarce on shore as the coal, were sent as a present to the Governor. Before leaving the ship, the aide-de-camp informed the captain that his Excellency was seriously indisposed, and requested that the captain would postpone his official visit until the following day.

As the Chilian officer was stepping over the gangway, he hesitated, as if suddenly struck with some idea, and said, through the interpreter, that if the captain should decide to remain for a few days at Sandy Point, his Excellency hoped that he and as many of the officers as could be spared from the ship, would dine with him the following afternoon; but this invitation, apparently much to the relief and satisfaction of the aide-de-camp, was courteously declined on the plea that as no coal was to be obtained, it was the captain's intention to proceed to sea the next morning and go to Port Famine, where he was informed fuel could be had.

During the course of the day several of the officers landed and found the settlement in great disorder, many of the houses being deserted and in a ruined condition. A kind of stockade had been constructed, and evidences existed pointing to the fact that some sort of struggle had taken place in the settlement, resulting apparently in the destruction of a great deal of property, but this was accounted for by the few residents with whom the officers came into contact, as being due to a serious attack made a few days before by the Patagonians.

Very few people were seen about, and the majority of those seen were clothed in a nondescript kind of attire, semi-military and semi-civilian. Some had smart forage caps on their heads, but no shoes on their feet; others would be wearing gold-laced trousers, but with only an extremely dirty shirt above.

These peculiarities in their dress, which were somewhat noticeable, did not, however, excite the suspicions of the officers of the *Virago*, who attributed them to a laxity of discipline in such an out-of-the-way place, so far removed from everything of a civilising nature. No convicts or prisoners were observed, owing to the necessity, they were informed, of keeping them in strict and close confinement.

The captain having intimated his intention of proceeding to Port Famine on the following morning, every facility was afforded them of embarking water and such fresh provisions as were procurable; so eager did the authorities appear to hasten the departure of the vessel, that they sent off to say they had despatched a fleet-footed messenger by land to Port Famine, to inform the authorities there of the intended arrival of the *Virago*, so as to have the necessary amount of coal prepared for her.

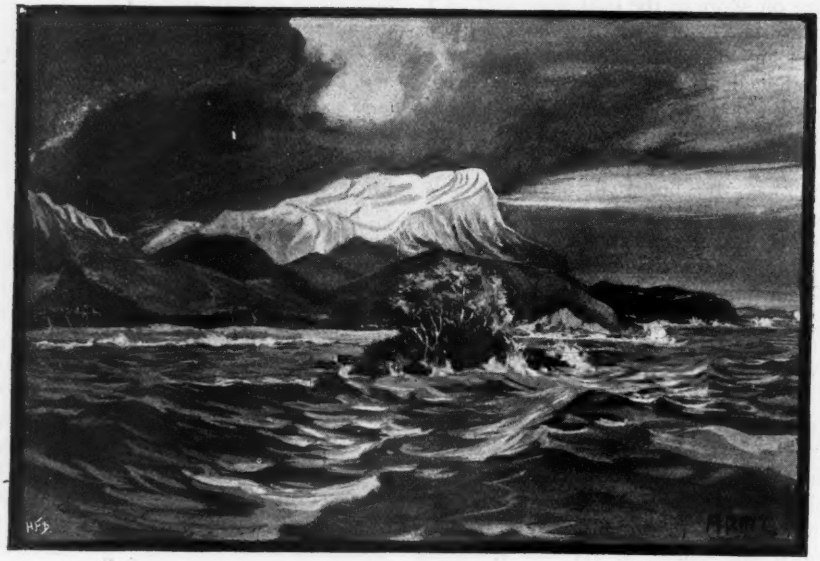
The *Virago* sailed on the following morning, December 5, and reached Port Famine the same afternoon, where arrangements were at once made for completing with coal. This was accomplished in three days, and they left on the 9th, but the weather was so thick and the squalls so fierce, that they were compelled to put back for shelter.

In spite of its being the middle of summer the cold was very severe, and although the lowlands along the coast and the valleys were covered with an apparently luxuriant vegetation, displaying rich summer and autumnal tints, the high hills in the background were covered with snow, imparting a decidedly wintry aspect to the scene. A start was again made on the 11th, when Cape Froward was passed.

The appearance of this magnificent headland is worthy of its importance as being the southern extremity of the great continent of America. It is both grand and beautiful. The high steep cliff that forms the actual Cape was displaying rich and varied tints, the dull grey hue of the rock being intermixed with bright red earth, dotted here and there with tufts of verdure, while, crowning all, was the snow-capped summit of the promontory, almost concealed from view by the dark and threatening clouds in which it is almost continually enveloped.

After passing the Cape, the land on the north side, which had been generally low and slightly undulating, assumed an entirely different aspect, being high, bold, and mountainous.

During the passage through the Strait the *Virago* experienced very boisterous and, what in sea parlance would be called, dirty weather; the williewaws, which are always so prevalent in this locality, being especially strong and furious, necessitating their anchoring on several occasions under the lee of protecting headlands, until their violence was expended. Frequently with two anchors down, they had to keep the engines constantly moving ahead in order to



STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

relieve the great strain on their cables, consequent on the strength of the squalls. They were never tired, however, of enjoying the grand scenery along which they passed. High and, in some places, almost precipitous cliffs and headlands, covered with the richest mosses and variegated scrub, while sparkling cascades, some large, some small, dashed down over the cliffs and rocks, until they mingled with and were lost in the waters beneath.

In consequence of the severity of the weather it was not until the 13th that Smyth Channel was entered, where the scenery was described as "enchantingly beautiful," if only the weather had been fine enough for them to enjoy it.

On the 18th they steamed out into the Pacific Ocean, and six days afterwards anchored off the port of Valparaiso.

In the midst of all the work incidental to a general refit after a long sea voyage, and the completion with coal, stores, and provisions, the mail steamer from England arrived with the following astounding intelligence. That on passing Sandy Point, a couple of men had been observed on shore waving flags and otherwise endeavouring to attract the attention of those on board the steamer. A boat was at once lowered and sent in to ascertain what it was they required. With the exception of the two men, the settlement was found to be in ruins and quite deserted. The men were taken off to the ship, and on being questioned stated that the convicts had risen in rebellion *two or three days prior to the arrival of the Virago*, had overpowered their keepers, had murdered the Governor and other officials, and had succeeded in obtaining complete possession of the settlement. In fact, these miscreants were in the very act of pillaging and plundering the houses and the two ships that were at anchor off the port, when the *Virago* arrived and anchored off the settlement.

No wonder that there was a delay in communicating with the *Virago* when she arrived! The sudden appearance of a man-of-war, when they were busily engaged in their nefarious occupation, must have spread alarm and consternation among the mutineers, and it is not surprising that some little time elapsed before they could decide among themselves as to the course to be pursued. It was then hastily arranged that the ringleaders should impersonate the Governor and other officials, and endeavour to deceive the officers of the *Virago* regarding the true state of affairs on shore. . . . .

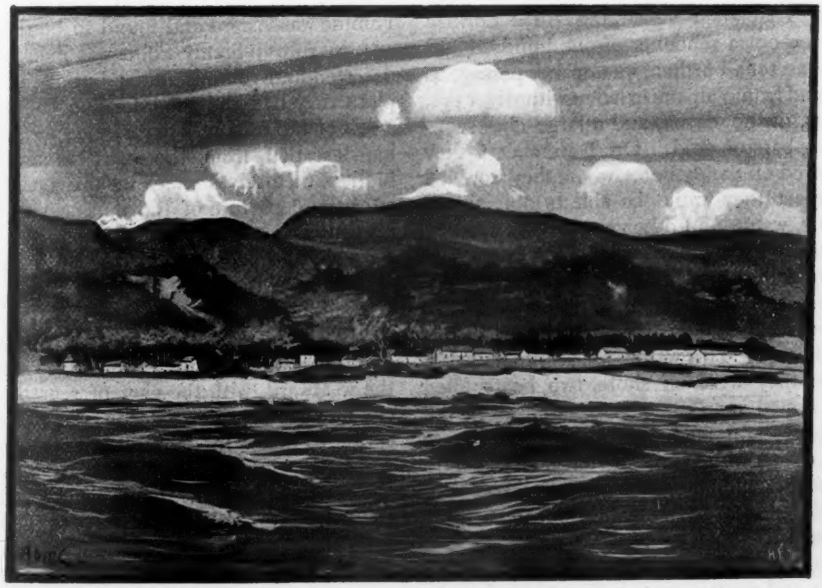
In this they succeeded admirably. The boat that went off to the ship contained none but convicts. The gorgeously attired aide-de-camp, resplendent with gold lace and epaulettes, was a convict; the Governor who had been so courteous and hospitable as to invite the officers to dine with him was also a convict, probably the principal ringleader; and the people that the officers met on shore were all men convicted of crimes more or less heinous, to which they had just added murder, and murder in its most atrocious form, namely, the killing of innocent men who were only carrying out the duties for which they had been appointed by their Government.

It is not surprising that these self-liberated convicts evinced a strong desire for the departure of the *Virago*, and exerted themselves to the utmost to hasten it. It must indeed have been a great relief to them to see her steaming quietly away out of the harbour, without having asked any unpleasant questions, or done anything which would have revealed the actual state of affairs on shore. The mail steamer further reported that the two vessels, a barque and a schooner, that had been seized by the convicts, were being fitted out by them with the intention, it was supposed, of proceeding to sea on a piratical cruise.

This was indeed startling intelligence. Of course, the Chilian authorities had no man-of-war ready at the time to proceed to the Straits of Magellan to inquire into the matter, and to intercept these vessels before they committed further depredations. A requisition for assistance was at once, as is not unusual on similar occasions, made to the English senior naval officer at Valparaiso, and the *Virago* was ordered to return with all despatch to the Straits of Magellan with the object, if possible, of capturing the marauders. Having embarked twenty Chilian soldiers, she sailed from Valparaiso on January 15 (about six weeks after the outbreak), and proceeded at full speed to the southward, with instructions to examine the coast, and to search all bays and indentations in the land for the ships.

On the 27th the Straits of Magellan were entered, and on the following day a schooner, displaying no colours, was observed working out of Long Reach. Chase was immediately given, and the guns were cast loose and loaded.

As she took no notice of the signal flying from the *Virago's* masthead ordering her to



SANDY POINT, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

heave-to, a shot was fired across her bows, which had the desired effect. A couple of armed boats were immediately despatched, with orders to board her and to bring her captain to the *Virago*. No sooner were the boats alongside than half-a-dozen Englishmen sprang into them, exclaiming that the schooner was in the hands of the Sandy Point convicts, who had all rushed below to conceal themselves, hoping that perchance the vessel would not be suspected, and would be allowed to proceed on her voyage.

This was indeed a piece of good luck. The schooner was at once boarded and taken possession of. The convicts, to the number of two hundred, were ordered on deck, and were at once transferred to the *Virago*, where they were carefully searched and securely confined. A more cut-throat-looking lot of ruffians it was impossible to imagine.

The two vessels then anchored for the night, after which the prize, which was named the *Eliza Cornish*, was thoroughly searched, when a considerable amount of money was found among the effects of the convicts, consisting of new dollars and lumps of gold, doubtless a portion of the original freight of the schooner.

The six Englishmen, already alluded to, formed part of the original crew of the *Eliza Cornish*. Their story was to the following effect: That their vessel, the *Eliza Cornish* of Liverpool, a schooner of one hundred and sixty-one tons burthen, was on her passage to England from Valparaiso laden with silver ore, dollars, guano, cocoa, and a large chest containing bars of gold. On December 1 they anchored off Sandy Point, where they were led to expect they would be able to obtain provisions, water, and other necessaries for the voyage home. On their arrival a boat came off from the shore bidding them welcome in the name of the Governor, and inviting the owner and captain to land and visit his Excellency. This was at once complied with. While they were on shore, two boats filled with armed men came alongside, seized the schooner, and made prisoners of the mate and crew, who were at once landed and placed in confinement. The vessel was then plundered of everything valuable, the articles not required being wantonly thrown overboard.

On the following day the unfortunate owner and captain were barbarously shot by these miscreants, as well as the owner of the American barque *Florida*, which had been similarly seized by the convicts the preceding day. While engaged in this work of bloodshed and rapine, the *Virago*, to their dismay, made her appearance; but, as has been related, she left again without suspecting that anything was wrong.

Immediately she left the two vessels were stored and provisioned with everything the mutineers could lay their hands on, and shortly afterwards they proceeded to sea, with the object of working through the Straits to the westward and so out into the Pacific. Before this was accomplished, however, the *Florida*, taking advantage, it was suggested, of thick weather, gave her consort the slip, and made off, it was supposed, towards the eastern entrance of the Strait, and had not been seen since. The original crews of both ships, or at least those of the survivors who had not succeeded in making their escape to the shore, had been compelled, on pain of death, to assist in navigating the vessels.

This was the plain but thrilling statement made by the Englishmen that were rescued from the *Eliza Cornish*.

Having placed a prize crew on board the schooner, with instructions to remain at anchor, the *Virago* weighed and proceeded to the eastward, searching every creek and bay for the *Florida*, but alas! without success. Port Famine was visited and found to be deserted and in ruins; Sandy Point was in a similar deserted and ruinous state; but at the latter place they had the good fortune to succour a few of the original crew of the *Florida*, who had escaped from the convicts and had hidden themselves away in the bush until after the departure of the mutineers. They also rescued two men belonging to the *Eliza Cornish*, who had also escaped and remained concealed in the bush.

Finding no trace whatever of the ship they were in search of, the captain of the *Virago* very reluctantly retraced his steps to the westward, with the view of searching the country for a party of convicts who, not caring to throw in their lot with those who had embarked on board the two ships they had captured, had, it was supposed, endeavoured to make their way to Chili by land through Patagonia. The Chilian soldiers brought down by the *Virago* were landed and employed on this service, but nothing was ever heard of the mutineers, and it is supposed that they met their fate at the hands of the Patagonians.

The *Virago* then picked up her prize the *Eliza Cornish*, and with her in tow proceeded towards Valparaiso. Before reaching that port, they put into the harbour of San Carlos, on the Chilian coast, quite by accident, and there, riding peacefully at anchor in the roadstead, to their intense surprise and no less gratification, was the *Florida*, the very vessel they were in search of. This indeed was another piece of good fortune!

It appears that shortly after parting company with their consort in the Straits of Magellan, a counter-revolution had broken out on board the *Florida*. The ringleaders of the original outbreak were placed in irons, and the ship, in the hands of the successful mutineers, was carried to the harbour of San Carlos, where the Chilian authorities were notified of their arrival. These did not, however, appear to realise the gravity of the situation, for when the *Virago* arrived the *Florida* was still in possession of the mutineers, although she had been some time in harbour! The captain of the English man-of-war, however, a little more alert to the occasion, at once sent an officer and prize crew on board to restore order and to protect any British and American property that might be left in the vessel, and then landed with the object of communicating with the authorities on shore.

When the officer from the *Virago* went on board, he at once recognised among the convicts the dashing and gorgeously-attired aide-de-camp who had boarded the *Virago* on her first arrival at Sandy Point!

The result of the captain's interview with the Chilian authorities was that the *Florida* was handed over to his charge. The principal ringleaders, among whom was the gay aide-de-camp, were transferred to and confined on board the *Virago*. The remainder of the prisoners were sent on board a couple of Chilian men-of-war that happened to arrive about that time.

Everything being arranged, the *Virago* with her two prizes put to sea, and on February 23 had the satisfaction of towing them both into Valparaiso, when they were handed over to the Chilian Government.

Thus terminated an episode that, had it not been for the services of an English man-of-war, might have ended still more disastrously. Without her assistance the mutineers would, in all probability, have succeeded in getting clear away, and there is no saying what deeds they would not have committed.

The Chilian authorities at the time seemed powerless to act, and had it not been for the prompt action of the captain of the *Virago*, and the able and energetic manner in which he carried out the search, it is more than likely that the murderous ruffians of Sandy Point would never have been brought to justice.

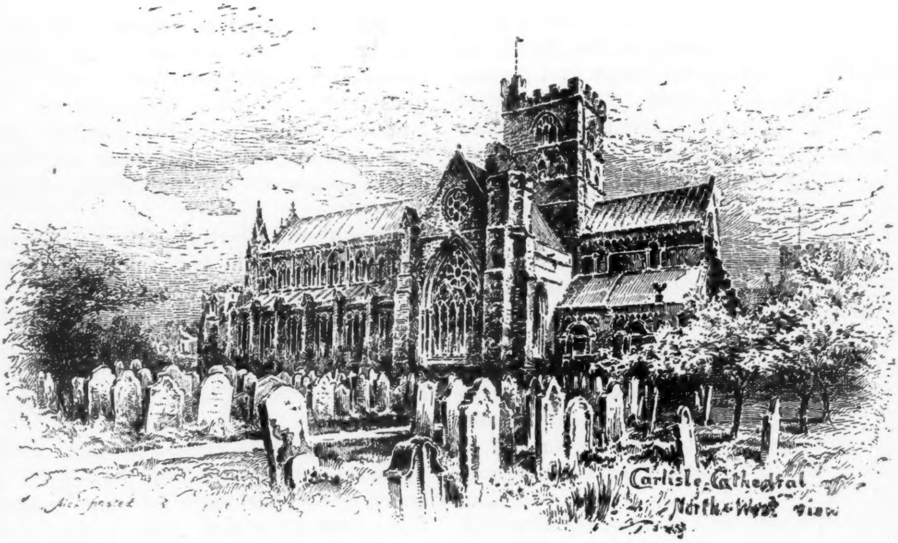
It subsequently transpired that if the captain of the *Virago* had announced his intention of remaining a few days at Sandy Point, instead of only a few hours, it was arranged by the convicts to have murdered the captain and officers when they came on shore to accept the hospitality of the self-constituted Governor, and then to have seized the ship. Fortunately, such a tragic result was prevented by the early departure of the *Virago*.

SUMMER

AND then a silence drops upon the land,
The birds sit hushed in shadowy elms, and bees
Drink the white-lilies' honey, ere the dews
Are dry. The brooks begin to fail. All day
In the deep pool, beneath the willow-tree,
A great pike lies, safe hid in tangled weeds.
The wag-tail swings upon the bending rush,

And in still, reedy aits the young coots cry.
Who looks into the river at noontide,
Sees mirrored sky and cloud, and banks and woods,
A magic world, ruffled by no rude wind,
Nor burnt by any blazing summer sun:
But o'er the woods the thunder-clouds hang dark,
Above the golden fields of ripening corn.

Mary A. M. Marks.



CARLISLE CATHEDRAL

By the Worshipful R. S. FERGUSON, F.S.A., Chancellor of Carlisle

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER ANSTED

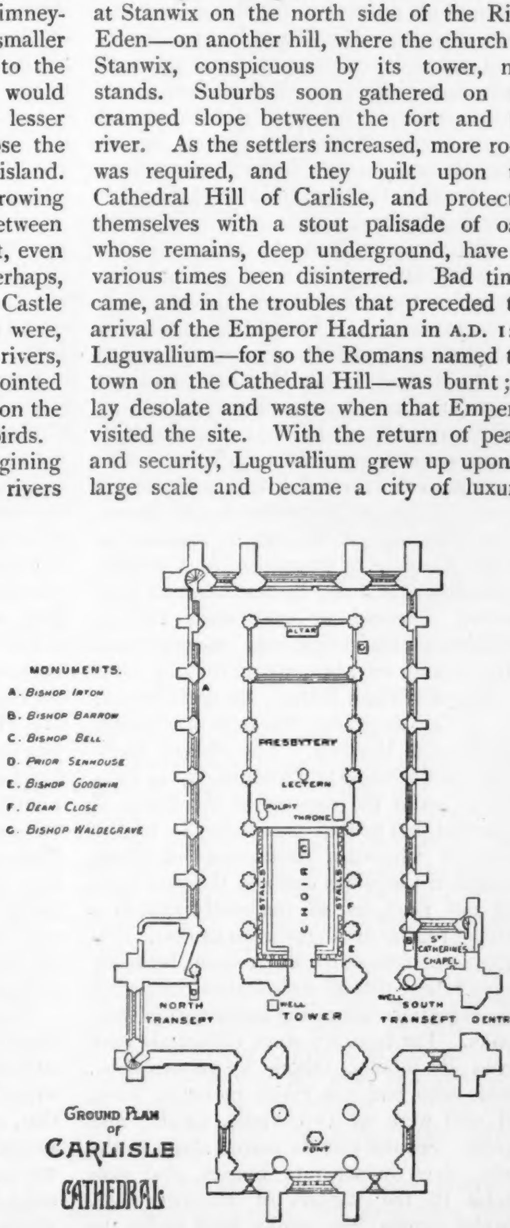
FIRST PAPER

IF it were possible, by the wave of a magician's wand, to sweep away the mighty mass of made earth and buildings, past and present, that cover the original surface of the site on which the city of Carlisle now stands, a spectator stationed beyond the web of railway lines that lie to westward of the Cathedral—standing, for instance, where the great smoke-stalk known as Dixon's chimney rears its head—would see a long hill of New Red sandstone rising gently from the south end of the present city of Carlisle (from far to the south of the present central railway station), to a head on which now stands the Cathedral of Carlisle. Northwards of this, beyond a deep ravine, he would see a second hill rising still northward to a second and higher head, and looking out towards the north like a lion—the Castle Hill of Carlisle, a natural fortress to guard the waths or fords through the beautiful river running under it from east to west through a broad expanse of marsh and willow-bed.

In the foreground of his view he would see the precipitous cliffs into which these two hills break on their eastern sides, as they tower above a second and lesser river, which contributes its water to the first a little to the west and north of the Castle Hill. Could our imaginary spectator, by some magician's flying carpet, raise himself to the level of the top of the great chimney-stalk, he would see a third and yet smaller river flowing into the first, some way to the eastward of the Castle Hill. He would notice that to the south these two lesser rivers so nearly coalesce as to enclose the Castle and Cathedral hills in a quasi-island. He would notice patches of heather growing on these two hills and in the ravine between them, while frequent springs burst out, even on their highest points. He would, perhaps, see a few wretched wigwams on the Castle Hill, whose scantily-clad inhabitants were, some fishing for salmon in the rivers, others, armed with arrows tipped or pointed with bone, hunting in the ravine and on the Cathedral Hill for small animals and birds.

Now the above is not the vain imagining of a dreaming antiquary. The three rivers —the Eden, the Caldew, and the Petteril—still enclose the Castle and Cathedral hills in a quasi-island. The precipitous cliffs of these hills are still to be seen in Devonshire Walk under the Castle, and in the West Walls under the Cathedral. The ravine is filled up with débris and building rubbish, and the stuff that ever accumulates in ancient cities; but in digging the foundations for the entrance to Tullie House, midway between the Cathedral and the Castle, seventeen feet of made earth had to be worked through before the original surface of the undisturbed soil was reached. That surface was covered with dried heather, a sod of which is preserved in the museum in Tullie House. The presence of the hunter was proved by finding on the heathery surface the bone-tip of one of his arrows. The present waterlogged condition of the soil at no great depth proves the existence of the many springs which even yet survive to trouble building contractors.

It is foreign to our purpose to go into the history of these two hills—the Castle Hill and the Cathedral Hill of Carlisle; we must just state what is necessary for the understanding of the story of the hill on which the Cathedral of Carlisle stands. Briefly, then, we suggest, for we cannot say for certain, that the great Roman general Agricola built a fort of stone at Stanwix on the north side of the River Eden—on another hill, where the church of Stanwix, conspicuous by its tower, now stands. Suburbs soon gathered on the cramped slope between the fort and the river. As the settlers increased, more room was required, and they built upon the Cathedral Hill of Carlisle, and protected themselves with a stout palisade of oak, whose remains, deep underground, have at various times been disinterred. Bad times came, and in the troubles that preceded the arrival of the Emperor Hadrian in A.D. 120, Luguvallium—for so the Romans named the town on the Cathedral Hill—was burnt; it lay desolate and waste when that Emperor visited the site. With the return of peace and security, Luguvallium grew up upon a large scale and became a city of luxury,



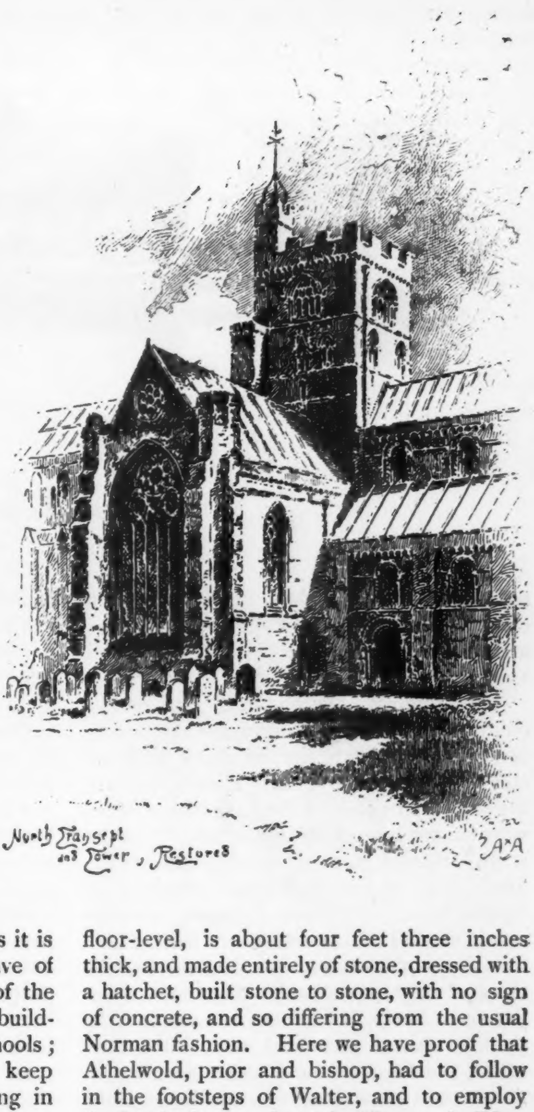
GROUND PLAN OF CARLISLE CATHEDRAL

covering a considerable area, and having an extensive cemetery to its south, situate right and left of the highway, and extending from the present Assize Courts almost to the river Petteril. Of the Roman and British life of this city we "have little to tell; but that it had a long Roman and British life no man can doubt," as Mr. Freeman told us at Carlisle in his address to the Royal Archæological Institute in 1882. It, no doubt, shared the independence of those parts of Britain from which the Roman had gone, and into which the Angle or the Saxon had not yet come. After that episode in its history, it was for two hundred years part of an English kingdom, that of the Angles of Northumberland. Again it was devastated and laid waste by Halfdene and his Danes in A.D. 875, and was, for some two hundred years before the arrival in it of William Rufus, British or nothing. "The unbroken English life of Carlisle," says Mr. Freeman, "begins with the coming of the Red King and the settlement of his English colony."

William the Red, in 1092, found Luguvallium, once a city and a fortress, a waste chester, and he refounded it as a city and a fortress. With its destruction by the Danes, the ecclesiastical establishments, whether existing at the time of the visit of St. Cuthbert in A.D. 685 or founded by him, must all have perished. Sooner or later some sort of ecclesiastical foundation was re-established in the rebuilt city, but not until long after the time of William Rufus: the ecclesiastical side of Carlisle is not the work of William Rufus, but of Henry I. The present Archdeacon of Carlisle (Dr. Prescott), in his valuable edition of the register of the Priory of Wetherhal, has proved that Henry I., on the advice of Thurstan, Archbishop of York, founded in Carlisle in or about the year 1123 (and not 1102, as so frequently stated) a house of regular or Augustinian canons. This perhaps requires a little explanation, for many people believe that all ecclesiastics connected with cathedrals before the Reformation were monks. Far from it: some cathedrals were served by monks, others by canons—*i.e.*, priests who had not taken monastic vows, and who were of two kinds, secular and regular. Secular canons moved about in the world, lived in separate houses, and were similar to the canons of modern days. Regular canons, like monks, lived under the rule of some order. They were more strict than the secular canons, and lived together in common under one roof. The regular canons of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, from their dress, were called Black Canons; they also wore full beards. Carlisle is remarkable as being the only cathedral church that they occupied. An Englishman, as his name shows, Adulf, Athelwulf, Athelwold, prior of the Augustinian house of St. Oswald, at Nostell in Yorkshire, and confessor and chaplain to the King, was appointed first prior of Carlisle, and on the formation of the See of Carlisle in 1133 he became the first bishop. But the unbroken succession of bishops of Carlisle did not begin with the Englishman, Athelwold. After his death, in 1156, the See was vacant until 1204, when a poverty-stricken foreigner, as Dr. Prescott calls him, was foisted upon the district by Pope Innocent III., who begged the post from King John.

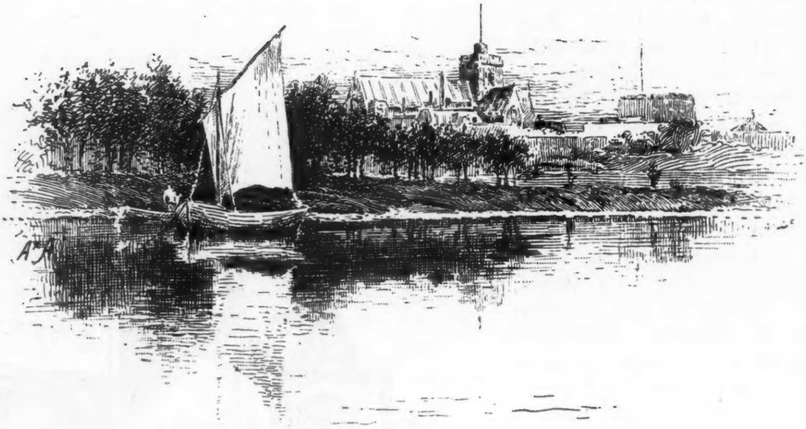
Enough has now been said of the history of the two hills of Carlisle, the Castle Hill and the Cathedral Hill. On the first, marked out by nature for the site of a fortress, the Red King built, or commenced to build, while his successors finished, the fortress whose mutilated remains, long ago divested of any strategic importance, yet serve to shelter some small portion of the national army. The military first satisfied, the turn of the ecclesiastics came; they carefully avoided the ravine between the two hills and selected a site on the top and along the west side of the Cathedral Hill. Tradition says that one Walter, a wealthy Norman ecclesiastic (some say he had formerly been a soldier), was set over the rebuilt city by William Rufus, that he began to build a house there, dedicated to the Virgin Mary—a house probably of secular canons—but, dying before he could complete the buildings, the King in 1123 superseded the secular canons by regulars of the order of St. Augustine, and Athelwold, the first prior, completed the structure.

The question arises, Can any part of this Walter's work be distinguished from that of Athelwold? It has been pointed out by the writer's brother, Mr. C. J. Ferguson, F.S.A., that, whereas the walls and pillars of the nave arcade of Carlisle Cathedral are of the normal thickness of Norman work, the walls of the aisles are, in strange contrast, of remarkable thinness, only about two feet four inches or thereabouts,—an indication of pre-Norman work. It seems to point to a building, so far as the outer walls, on older foundations. Now we can hardly imagine those older foundations to have belonged to some church destroyed by the Danes in 875: Carlisle could at that time hardly have possessed a church with a nave as wide as the nave that we now see. We are driven then to the time of the Red King: he brought from the south artificers, including, no doubt, builders skilled in the Norman fashion of building. But these masons would be employed upon the King's work, upon the fortifications, while Walter would have to employ such local talent as he could get—Britons, Celts, and Irish—who would adhere to their old fashion of building thin walls, compared with those the Normans were in the habit of building. Thirty years later, when Athelwold took up Walter's work, he would insist upon the grand Norman pillars and walls of the nave arcade that now win our admiration, though he might not care for the expense of putting in new and wider foundations for the aisle walls. The thinness of these walls implies a stone construction or mason work, whereas the walls of the keep of Carlisle Castle are of concrete and of great thickness. Thus it is clear that the thin aisle walls of the nave of Carlisle Cathedral and the thick walls of the keep of Carlisle Castle are the work of building artificers trained in different schools; the Norman artificers who built the keep having derived their method of building in concrete from the Romans, while the masons who built the aisle walls came from a race unaffected by the Roman traditions of building, and possibly Irish. A curious corroboration of this suggestion was obtained in 1892, when the foundations of an ancient feretory, or apse, projected from the eastern face of the north transept of Athelwold's Norman church which preceded the present choir, were exposed in some work connected with the organ. The circular wall of the apse, at a level of about three feet below the present floor-level, is about four feet three inches thick, and made entirely of stone, dressed with a hatchet, built stone to stone, with no sign of concrete, and so differing from the usual Norman fashion. Here we have proof that Athelwold, prior and bishop, had to follow in the footsteps of Walter, and to employ the local talent, and not the Norman builders imported by William II.


North Transept and Tower, Restored

Putting aside these speculations, let us, before going into detail, take a very rapid survey of the existing church or churches, for there were two churches within the one building; let us then see if we can pick out what remains of the church or churches built by Athelwold the Englishman, prior and bishop of Carlisle.

The Cathedral, structurally, now consists of a fragmentary nave and aisles, two bays



View from Stanwix

only remaining; aisleless transepts with a chapel on the east side of the southern one; a choir with aisle and processional path, and a central tower.

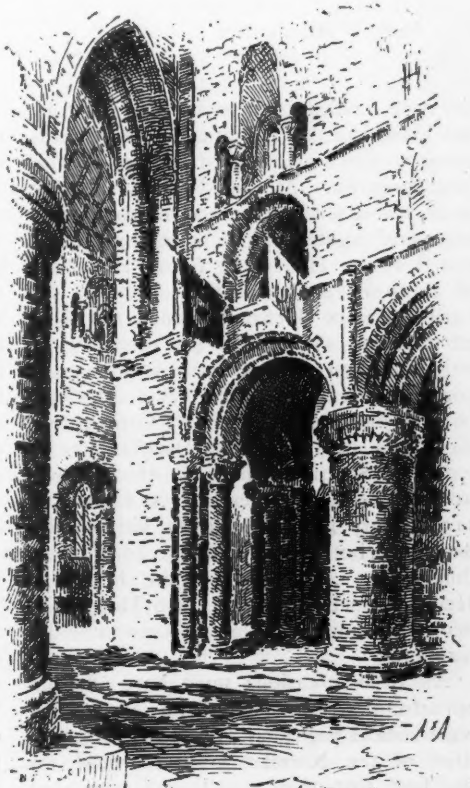
The original church—*i.e.*, Athelwold's church—was a Norman minster of the twelfth century, of moderate size, of which there are still fragments to be seen. These consist of the two eastern bays of the nave (those to the west having been destroyed in 1646); of the south transept, almost entire; and of the lower half of the piers that support the central tower. The nave formerly extended much further to the west; it had several more bays or compartments, and the foundations of its west wall were discovered a few years ago buried behind the house belonging to the second prebendal stall, somewhere under the floor of the present greenhouse. Athelwold's choir was very small compared with the magnificent one that now exists: the foundations of its east end were uncovered during the restoration in the time of Dean Tait. It proved to be apsidal or circular at the end, and eighty feet in length; as the length of the nave is one-hundred-and-forty-one feet, and the tower is thirty-five feet square, we get the total internal length of Athelwold's, or the Norman cathedral, as two-hundred-and-fifty-six feet.

Doubts have been entertained, and by high authorities. as to whether the western bays of the Norman church ever existed; but such doubts are without any basis. It is needless in this article to discuss the evidence for their former existence; suffice it to say that Dr. Todd, prebendary of Carlisle, writing in 1688, positively states of the Parliamentary officers: "The westward of St. Mary's Church they demolished, which was afterwards built shorter as it now stands." Dr. Todd had ample means of knowing, for in 1688 there must have been in Carlisle plenty of persons, both ecclesiastics and laymen, who could recollect the western bays in existence prior to 1646. The Bishop, Dr. Smith, to whom Todd had long been chaplain, was an Appleby man by birth, born in 1615, fond of architecture, and must have known the nave of Athelwold's church prior to its mutilation. Further there is in the Library at Lambeth a survey of the year 1649, which says: "It appears unto us by ye view of judicious workmen that ye decayes of the church of S. Maryes of Carlyle is such that ye weste pte being taken down the repair of the east will coste fyve hundred pounds att ye Least wch seems to us very necessarye their beeinge but one other church (wch is likewise very Ruynous) in all that Citty," &c.

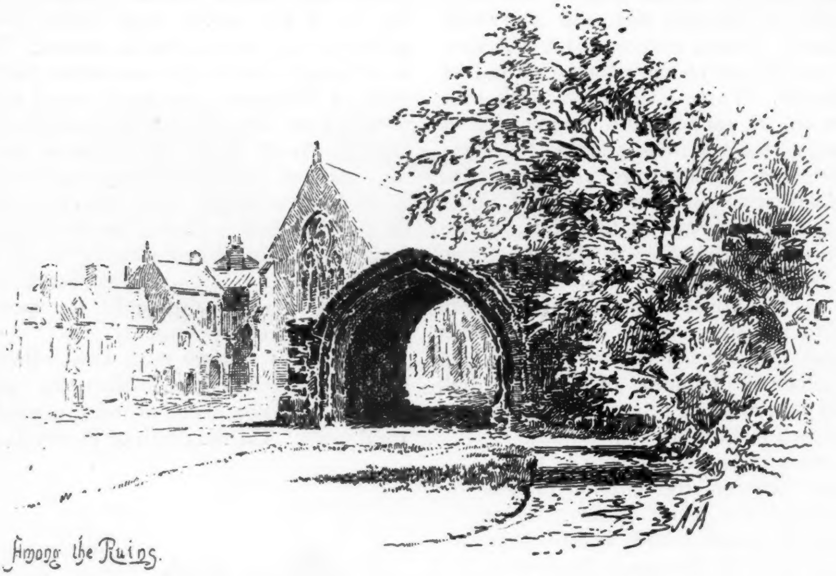
This Norman minster was one of the instances of divided possession—that is, of two churches in one building. At Carlisle it probably arose in this way: Walter the Norman and the secular canons who came with him, or followed him, and afterwards the Austin canons, undertook the ecclesiastical organisation of the rebuilt city and of the district. These last, as was usual with Austin canons, established a congregation in the nave of their church, retaining the choir for their own services. In course of time the congregation in the nave acquired rights therein, and the nave became their parish church—St. Mary's Parish Church. Some have, however, indulged in a theory that there was in Carlisle a separate church dedicated to St. Mary, which the Scots burnt, whereon the parishioners were allowed to take refuge in the nave of the Cathedral. This is pure romance; the Scots never burnt any church in Carlisle.

A misapprehension prevails as to the division between the church of the canons and the parish church. Prior to 1871 the parish church occupied the existing bays of the nave, which were cut off from the rest of the building by a wall under the west arch of the tower. Many persons have too hastily concluded that the parish church had always been in this position, but that prior to 1646 it had included the whole length of the unmutilated nave. A little reflection will show that this is an untenable idea. All the evidence we possess shows that the eastern arm of the Norman minster was very short indeed—only eighty feet; it follows that the ritualist choir of the canons must have extended under the tower arches into the nave, as at Gloucester, Norwich, Winchester, and St. Albans; this is proved at Carlisle by the fact that the faces of the piers of the central tower, towards the central axis of the building, are built flat for the reception of the woodwork of the canons' stalls. The lower part, moreover, of the wall that at present terminates the nave is over five feet thick, pointing to its being a very old wall—mediæval, indeed, as far as the lower portion is concerned; the upper part is a modern make-up. At Gloucester the pulpitum or rood screen occupied exactly the same position as the present west wall of Carlisle, thus enclosing the two eastern bays of the nave. There is some evidence that the present west wall of Carlisle Cathedral once had in it the central door which distinguishes a rood screen from a reredos. Thus we may well come to the conclusion that the choir of the canons extended nearly to the present west end of the church, and that the original church of St. Mary's parish was to the westward of that end, and was entirely demolished in 1646. The necessary funds for its rebuilding not being forthcoming, the parish church was then huddled ("huddled" is the word, as those who recollect it prior to 1871 will recognise) into the two remaining bays of the nave.

Athelwold's minster must have witnessed some stately functions within its walls; Carlisle was not then, as now, unused to royal visits. On the death of Henry I., that



The Nave



Among the Ruins.

city was handed over to the old king of Scots, David I., as the price of his acquiescence in the usurpation by Stephen of the English crown. At Carlisle David held his court, and at Carlisle he received more than one papal legate. To him, at Carlisle, resorted Prince Henry, the future Henry II. of England, then a lad of sixteen. At Carlisle Prince Henry remained for eight months, and while there the ceremony of knighting him was performed with great pomp in the presence of many grandees, both English and Scotch. At Carlisle, too, there was held in King David's time a synod of Scottish bishops, at which Athelwold of Carlisle was present. At Carlisle, in 1158, Henry II. and Malcolm, king of the Scots, met, but parted, unable to adjust their differences. At Carlisle, again, in 1186, Henry II. met William the Lion, king of the Scots, and entertained him in a most friendly manner.

All these occasions must have afforded opportunities for stately and sumptuous ecclesiastical pageants, in which the authorities of the Norman minster would do the best that their small and somewhat cramped choir admitted; but for what they did we must draw upon our imagination, as documentary evidence does not, to our knowledge, remain. Other ceremonies were done in that Norman minster which could hardly be called pageants, for in them the poor trembling canons had to take part under fear of present death if they refused, and the certainty of future punishment if they acquiesed. Thus, in 1216, Carlisle was surrendered to William the Lion, who was then under papal excommunication; yet he compelled the canons of Carlisle, under fear of death, to say mass for him, and also to elect *quemdam clericum suum interdictum et excommunicatum*, as their bishop and pastor. For these their sins they were presently driven into exile by Gualio, the papal legate, and the Pope's mandate was issued for the election, with the royal assent, of Hugh, Abbot of Beaulieu, to be the third bishop of Carlisle.

This then is the story of the Norman minster, built by Athelwold the Englishman; for in the thirteenth century the canons rebuilt the choir on a much larger scale. We have already mentioned, rather by anticipation than in chronological order, how the west part of the nave was pulled down in 1646. Let us now pause awhile in our story, and in our next paper linger over the architectural details of the fragment that remains of the Norman minster.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO LORD JEFFREY

By J. H. WATT

THE publication of the letters of various distinguished authors has made many people turn over their collections of old papers and bring to light long-forgotten treasures which may be lying hidden among piles of uninteresting matter. Perhaps a few readers may care to see some letters taken from the correspondence of Francis Jeffrey, while editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. They are now in the possession of the family of the late Mr. Hunter, of Craigcrook, Edinburgh, who was Lord Jeffrey's executor and a connection of his. These letters are mostly, if not all, on subjects connected with editorial business and, with one or two exceptions, belong to the first twenty years of the century, when under Jeffrey's leadership the *Review* was attaining the height of its glory.

On looking through the bundle of old manuscripts, which are of course only a small fraction of Jeffrey's editorial correspondence, one realises more clearly than ever the importance of the great periodical as the organ of Liberal thought, and as a social and literary power of the time.

To have gained entrance to its columns was in itself to have achieved more than moderate success, and to be on the shortest road to fame. The greatest names of the age—names which, as far as we can tell, will never be forgotten in the history of English politics and literature—appear as signatures of letters which ask—sometimes even humbly—for the patronage of the editor for political efforts or literary works.

Much of the more interesting part of the correspondence has been already published in various memoirs, much, too, is only interesting by reason of the names of the writers, and, in any case, the diversity of the correspondents, the variety of subject and the obscurity of many of the allusions make it impossible to present these letters in any other form than as disconnected fragments.

The following letter from Miss Edgeworth to her friend Mrs. Hamilton, though not actually addressed to Jeffrey, has been included in our selection, because it contains matter that concerned him, and it was evidently sent to him by Mrs. Hamilton. "Patronage," under the title of the "Freeman Family," was begun as early as 1793, but was not published till 1813.

" EDGEWORTH'S TOWN,
" *Feb.* 24*th*, 1814.

" MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—

" Your most welcome and kind letter was the first that reached us from Scotland about 'Patronage.' We rejoice to find that it has your approbation, and we shall console ourselves for the unpopularity which we must expect will be the consequence of decrying the patronage of fashion for daughters and of statesmen for sons.

" We do believe that in all capital cities a great deal of the manœuvring you so well describe goes on; but not more, I suppose, in Edinburgh than in Dublin and much less than in London. The Scotch have no peculiar reason to be displeased with us, because we have not drawn a patron-hunter as a Scotchman, nor have we given any trait of national character to either male or female suitors for place, or followers of fashion in this book.

" We gave up all the *advantages* which we might have made of national satire in point of wit, humour and amusement for the honest purpose of attacking patronage in the baseness of its principle, and not in any caricature which might be applied to individuals—yet see how virtue is rewarded in this life! After all these sacrifices, I hear that the charge is made against this book of being full of portraits from living characters not one of which I meant, and many of which I do not know.

" But all this I *can* bear and *must*. There is one thing which grieves me infinitely more because I feel that in this point I have been to blame. By some careless wording of the scene with Erasmus Frumpton and the Irishman (vol. i. p. 181) it has been conceived in London that I meant to cast blame upon the management of the London hospitals. I did not mean it. I could not mean it. I know they are admirably well conducted. As soon as my father heard of this misconception, he wrote and sent to Miles an advertisement to the reader to be prefixed to the second edition, asserting our innocence and disclaiming all intention to commit such injustice. Some of our friends to whom my father sent a copy of this advertisement wrote us word that nothing will do but altering the passage in the book itself. But the second edition of three thousand was printed and published before a letter of ours to Miles, written in consequence of this advice, reached him.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Hamilton, may I beg the favour of you to let Mr. Jeffrey or Playfair know that we have entirely altered the offensive passage for the third edition, for which Miles has written for corrections and which he says he hopes soon to put to press.

"I am anxious that the Edinburgh reviewers should know, that we may not be publickly charged with an injustice which we never intended to commit, and which we have done our best to remedy.

"My father is so anxious on this subject that he forbids me to mix any other matter with it in this letter. I will write a less egotistical and more amusing letter when I have obeyed his injunctions.

"Dear, friendly Mrs. Hamilton,
"I am, your truly affectionate
"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

A letter from James Hogg, probably written about 1814, though it is undated, refers to an attempt of his in the line of Drama. Apparently his drama was unsuccessful, as in several lists of his works it is not mentioned. The "Poetic Mirror" is a series of verses written in the style of various poets then living.

"GRIEVE & SCOTT'S,
"*May 21st.*

"DEAR SIR,—

"I send you my first attempts in the Drama with fear and trembling.

"I would not care to insist on your making an article out of them, for I cannot bear to be neglected so long by a friend and a countryman. I know from a similarity of feeling that it is impossible you can despise my humble efforts, for save in the single case of Leigh Hunt, I never had occasion to dissent from your opinion of poetry in my life. It is but very partially known in Edinburgh, and not at all in London, that I am the author of the "Poetic Mirror." There is something indelicate in avowing it after the cavalier way in which I have treated one or two bards, but I care not whether my friends know it.

"I am ever, Sir, with the greatest respect,
"Yours truly,
"JAMES HOGG."

In the year 1814, Hazlitt began to write for the *Edinburgh Review.* Jeffrey very early appreciated his genius and asked him to write notices of several important works. From that time till the close of Jeffrey's editorship a constant correspondence was kept up between them. Hazlitt's "Shakespeare Characters," which he complains of in the following letter as unnoticed by the public, was published in 1817, and a second edition appeared in 1818. The "Round Table," to which he refers, was a series of essays, somewhat in the style of Addison and the other writers of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, on a variety of subjects. These essays, of which thirteen were not written by Hazlitt, were published in book form in 1817. They were written for the *Examiner* between the years 1815 and 1817. A notice of the "Shakespeare Characters" did eventually appear in the *Edinburgh Review*, but not for some time after this appeal.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I take the liberty of troubling you with a work I have just finished, relating to Shakespear. I thought perhaps if you approved of it you might take a brief notice of it in the *Edinburgh Review.* I should not make this abrupt proposition, but from the necessity of circumstances. My friends may praise what I write, but I do not find that the public read it, and without that I cannot live. If I could dispose of the copyright of the 'Round Table' and of this last work, I could find means to finish my work on Metaphysics instead of writing for three newspapers at once to the ruin of my health and without any progress in my finances. A single word from you would settle the question and make what I write a marketable commodity. The booksellers have kept me in a hole for the last ten years; do, dear Sir, extend a friendly hand to help me out of it. I would not ask such a favour for myself if I thought the mere notice of either of the trifles above alluded to would be any discredit to the high character of your journal. I have had to write a new preface to the characters (a very bad one, as it usually happens in such cases) which has prevented me from sending the article on Modern Philosophy. But I will finish and send it off as soon as possible; I hope in time for the next number, if it is admissible in other respects.

"I remain, dear Sir, with every apology for the contents of this letter, your obliged and respectful humble servant,

"W. HAZLITT.

"*April 28th*, 1817."

Between 1817 and 1820 Hazlitt wrote articles for the *Edinburgh Review* on Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria"—a paper which has been wrongly attributed to Jeffrey—and on "Walpole's Letters." The proposed article alluded to in the next letter given, on Farington's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," appeared in August 1820. In it he gives an interesting criticism of some living painters, especially West, Barry, Haydon and Fuseli. He considers the pictures of all these artists too large and wanting in refinement and finish. West's "Death of General Wolfe," and Barry's "Olympic Games in the Adelphi," are two works he instances in support of his views.

In this same year Hazlitt delivered a series of lectures at the Surrey Institution on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, which were afterwards published.

Procter, who as Barry Cornwall was now rising into notice, was always a good deal admired by Jeffrey. His "Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems" had already been favourably noticed.

"WINTERSLOW HUT, NEAR SALISBURY,
"*May 2nd* (1820).

"DEAR SIR,—

"I received your last obliging letter in due course, and should have answered it before, but I waited to look out for some work to write an article upon in reference to one or other of the subjects you pointed out—the 'Fine Arts and the Age of Elizabeth'—and I have not yet been able to fix upon one. I have had some thoughts of Farington's Memoir of Sir Joshua for the first: 'it is the strangest tale that e'er was heard,' and a development of its contents would throw some light on the history of the Academy and the progress of painting in this country. Some pretty, *piquant* matter might be thrown in incidently or to supply obvious gaps in Mr. F's narrative. Perhaps the subject is delicate; but it might be treated tenderly and yet with effect. The text is in bungling open-stitch, and presents plenty of loop-holes for *aperçus* on the subjects of patronage, public taste, portrait painting, and the grand style of art as pursued in this country by Barry, West, Fuseli, Haydon, &c. But I had better do the thing, and then you will judge. I have nearly exhausted my little stock of knowledge on the Age of Elizabeth, but if anything occurs I will bear in mind your suggestion. I have been reading the 'Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.,' and think something might be made of it in the way of an extract or two, and of a prefatory sketch of the character of American literature as here exemplified. Southey's 'Life of Wesley' I am half afraid to ask for. You ask me about Mr. Procter, and I have to say in answer, that he is young (about thirty) and well-to-do in the world; a solicitor with good connections; a Tory, as far as he is anything in politics, and a very good fellow. He has lately made a very good bargain for the copyright of a new poem and of the two former volumes, in accounting for which he does not forget the *Edinburgh Review*. But I believe he was more pleased with the friendly interest you have shown about him than even with your testimony to his literary merits.

"Hoping you will excuse all this trouble, I remain, dear Sir, your truly obliged and most obedient servant,

"W. HAZLITT.

"P.S.—I don't know whether I ought or ought not to remind you, lest you should have forgotten, that Mr. Haydon's bill becomes due about this time, and that it was—what shall I say?—a good one. He told me the other day it had not been presented."

The following letter from Bryan Waller Procter bears the postmark of January 20, 1821. Early in January his tragedy, "Mirandola," had been produced at Covent Garden Theatre. The principal parts in the drama were played by Macready, Charles Kemble and Miss Foote. It had a great success on the first night, and was acted on the sixteen following days, which at that time was considered a good run. After its first "furore" it was soon forgotten.

"*Tuesday.*

"25 STORE STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.

"Why do I not write to you, my dear Sir—or rather, why have I not written to you before? Knowing that your kindness would interest you in my goings on, I ought to have told you what I was doing and all about it. I have been (you will see this by the papers) writing a Tragedy. It has succeeded better than any tragedy for many years (I am told), and without any loyal or sentimental appeals to either galleries or boxes. This is saying something for natural language; or perhaps I take but too little into account the good nature of my auditors. You will be glad to know, I am sure, that it went off well—without the common aids of 'orders' and so forth. The pit got up and waved their hats and, in short, were not so ill-disposed as dramatists of yore have found them. I shall send you a copy of my play in a day or two. Pray try to like it. I have got over the sterner parts much better than my friends had anticipated, and there are some things which I even like in the last act, which aims at something loftier than I usually try to accomplish. The papers all (except one wherein a *soi-disant* friend writes) have been very lenient, and, in short, I have been very lucky.

"I am scribbling to you, I scarcely know why or how—but take it in good part, my dear Sir, I write to you, one of my *kind* friends—surely I may be allowed to write a little nonsense. Now that this affair is over, I shall next week 'set to' at the tragedy article, which I should have done before 'Mirandola,' but that I had a year ago promised to do the tragedy, and it could not well be delayed. It has turned the smile of fortune (her golden one), I hear, on the theatre of Covent Garden. How I should like to know that Macready had played before you.

"Should he go to Edinburgh it shall be my most particular request that he does so, and that you have notice of it. We are looking out for the *Edinburgh Review*. Are you not rather late with your number?

"When I tell you that my tragedy was written in (with intervals of course) *twenty-four hours*, or thereabouts, I beg you to believe it. Had it been elaborated more it might have been tamer. It is, I think, (but you will see) my best performance. It ought, for it has fevered me and made me nervous.

"I have forgotten your address and write to you therefore at Mr. Constable's. When you do me the favour to write, will you put your address at the commencement of your letter.

"My dear Sir,
"I am always most sincerely your obliged
"B. W. PROCTER."

Benjamin Robert Haydon, the great historical painter, has been already mentioned in one of Hazlitt's letters. The story of the great artist's life with its alternations of brilliant triumphs and sordid misery is probably well known to most readers. Though he gained large sums for such pictures as "Eucles," "The Judgment of Solomon," "The Entry into Jerusalem," &c., he was repeatedly bankrupt and dependent on the kindness of friends. The letter given below is in answer to one written by Jeffrey on November 4 in the same year, which is published in Haydon's correspondence. In it he promises, if possible, to give a review of the poem Haydon is interested in, at some future time. Probably this poem is the "Fall of Nineveh," by Edwin Atherstone, as this is the only long poem noticed in the *Edinburgh Review* in that year. This opinion is strengthened by Haydon's comparison of it to Johnson's "London." The notice, which appeared in 1828, is favourable on the whole, and the poem is pronounced equal to Southey's "Madoc and Don Roderick."

"*Nov. 9th*, 1827.
"LONDON.

"MY DEAR SIR—

"Your letter was a great balm to me, and I am sure the hopes it contains will be the greatest comfort to the author of the poem. I do not overrate it; there are passages of exceeding power, and conscientiously I know nothing like it since the 'London,' and I will venture to say you will think so.

"I have reason to know for certain that Mr. Macaulay thinks so highly of it as readily to undertake its review, and I have written to beg he will write you. I quoted a passage of the letter to the author, who is a delicate minded young man, ambitious of fame and apprehensive of notice, and his heart beat high with hope when he read it.

"Your letter was a great balm, because to find kindness still alive, when a man has suffered bitter humiliation and agonising sorrow, is a great pleasure.

"My life has been a whirlwind of brilliant victory and bitter defeat—one week dining at the tables of the great and sleeping in velvet chambers and regal beds; and the next, herded with gamblers and demireps, and crawling to a flock mattress on the dirty floor of a prison!—and why is this? Because in my early and ardent aspirations after excellence I told truth to *Power*! What you said once in the *Review* should be the motto of all men of genius: 'There is no hatred like that hatred with which weak men hate a man of genius'; this is a saying which should be cast in iron! It would be cant to say I despair, for I do not; my afflictions have excited to the great object of my life, attention and sympathy, and if by any suffering I can at last realise it, without affectation I shall die happier.

"Hoping my friend's able poem will meet your decided approval, and with kindest respects to Mrs. Jeffrey,

"Believe me, my dear Sir,
"With great regard, faithfully yours,
"B. R. HAYDON."

In 1824 Macaulay began to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, and between that date and the close of Jeffrey's editorship in 1829 he wrote many of the most brilliant of his essays.

In January 1829, when the following letter was written, the interest in the question of Catholic Emancipation was at its height. The Benthamite philosophy, to which he refers at the close of the letter, was exciting a good deal of discussion among literary people. Macaulay himself had written three papers on the Utilitarian philosophy of James Mill and Jeremy Bentham. Both of these were very severely attacked by him in the articles, and for that reason he refused to republish them with the other essays. Empson, as probably most of our readers know, afterwards became Jeffrey's son-in-law.

In the year 1828 Macaulay visited Edinburgh, and conceived an enthusiastic admiration for Jeffrey.

"50, GREAT ORMOND STREET,
"*Jan. 24th*, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"Should you like an article about Catholic Emancipation for the next number? Since the Duke has spoken out—that is, has declared that he will not speak out—the objection to agitating the question seems to me to be removed. It ought, I think, to be the last article in the number, and to come down to as late a time as possible in all its allusions. The general reasonings can be prepared at any time. But the article ought not to be finally touched up till after the meeting of Parliament. If you like the scheme, I will do my very best for you.

"I am extremely gratified by your remarks on Heber, and so, I am sure, will all his friends be.

"What a clever article that is of Empson's on Bentham's 'Rationale of Evidence'! But I shall lecture him when I see him next on the redundancy and the too frequent obscurity of his illustrations and references. They really lose their effect by their density. It is Cowley's old criticism.

'We doubt because they stand so thick
i' the sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.'

"Just one half of the talent would have made the review twice as popular as it will be. I quite envy him the felicity with which he has touched some points in the Benthamite philosophy.

"Ever yours, very faithfully,
"T. B. MACAULAY."

Towards the end of 1829 Jeffrey resigned his post as editor, and, though his successor did not allow the great journal to lose its reputation, yet Jeffrey's loss was widely felt. On reading the varied communications which form a small part of his editorial correspondence, one is chiefly struck by the kindness he showed to the many needy authors who besieged him with anxious entreaties for the support of his *Review*. Over and over again, especially in letters not of enough interest for publication, we read of help given, by loans of money, or literary support, or kind words of encouragement. Whatever may be said of Jeffrey's hardness and severity as a critic, these letters, taken as a whole, are an unvarying tribute to his generosity and goodness of heart.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR AUGUST

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

THE SIGNIFICANT SILENCES OF CHRIST

FIRST SUNDAY

"If it were not so I would have told you."—
John xiv. 2

THE words of the Master are the supreme rule of faith and morals to Christians. No inspiration, however real it be—not even that of His apostles—may claim the same absolute authority; and I am very sure that Paul and Peter and John would have scouted the idea that their sayings should be put on a level with those of their Lord. He was not like them an inspired man; rather He was the very inspiration that purged and enlarged their vision. We accept their authority, because they had received the Spirit to reveal the mind of God; but though that raised them high above us, it still left them a great way beneath Jesus. This difference. it seems to me, may be seen in the very form of their several utterances. The apostles reason out their convictions with arguments more or less persuasive. He merely states His thoughts in the simplest, and at times even homeliest, form. There is nothing laboured about them, no pretentious wisdom, no formality of logic, no show of rhetoric. They are like first principles which cannot be disputed, nor yet can they be analysed into more primitive elements. But they are profoundly suggestive, and the more we reflect on them the more we find there is in them. At first we receive them almost as familiar commonplaces, but in the end they overawe us by the novelty and the depth of unsearchable meaning they contain. No one can ponder them long without reaffirming the old verdict, "Never man spake like this man."

Yet the silence of Jesus may be as significant as his speech, and may also afford a valid ground on which our faith shall rest, and be at peace. Our Puritan forefathers, to whom we are in many ways so largely indebted, assumed a position clearly at variance with this, and insisted that we are not at liberty to take one step without having a clear footing on some text of Holy Writ. They would not go where the Word seemed to fail them. They would not receive anything as divine truth which had not some express saying of Scripture to guarantee it. This was a controversial position to which they were driven by the necessities of the struggle in which they were engaged, and, like many other controversial positions, while it served a good purpose for the time, it was one-sided, and failed to convey the whole truth. It may, indeed, be admitted that always the revealed truth dominates that which has not been revealed. The silence of Christ must be in harmony with his speech. We may not believe a thing if in any measure it contradicts the word He has spoken, for that word is the light He has given to guide our thoughts aright. But allowing all that, when Jesus said to His disciples, "If it were not so I would have told you," He seems clearly to imply that there is a legitimate field of Christian faith and hope where His silence is a sufficient warrant for our belief—a field where we are at liberty to think, and to rely on our thoughts, just because He would have told us had our natural and instinctive ideas been likely to lead us astray. We are not bound down, then, and limited to the hard and fast letter of Scripture. Revelation does not supersede nature, but only supplements it. There are many things of no small interest to our minds and hearts which have scarcely been touched by its light, about which, nevertheless, our souls hover with a constant yearning to pierce through the darkness, and we cannot help having strong convictions with regard to them, for which, however, we cannot claim to have any distinct sanction in the Word of God. Yet we are as well assured of their truth as if they had been explicitly revealed. Christ is silent about them, but His silence is our warrant for believing them. That silence does not warn us off as if it were forbidden ground; on the contrary, it bids us go on with assured confidence that we are on the right way. The pious Puritan insisted on getting texts for stepping-stones, and when these failed him, he could go no further, however painful it might be to stop short where he was. But it seems to be a truer idea of Revelation to rest, not on the letter, but on the spirit, and to receive as from God whatever is in harmony with Scripture, and commends itself to the humble and prayerful heart. It is of such beliefs that Jesus said, "If it were not so I would have told you."

There is a group of interesting questions, then, closely connected with the topic on which our Lord was discoursing when He uttered that saying, to which it seems to me that it may be fairly applied. It is not, indeed, limited to them, nor can I pretend to say here how far-reaching it may be; but its primary reference is naturally suggested by the line of thought amid which it first appears.

Jesus had just been telling his disciples that He was about to leave them; but, though he was going away, it was only because that was "most expedient for them." He was not departing in order to enjoy His own ease, but to carry on the work He had undertaken on their behalf. He was not hastening away to receive his merited honours and rewards, but to accomplish fresh tasks in preparing a place for them in the Father's house, and preparing them also to take their place there. They were not, then, to despond or be disquieted, or to think that He had left them to struggle on in their weakness without the help on which they had hitherto relied; but were still to believe in God, and still to believe in Him that, wherever He was, He would not forget them, but would be doing what was best for their well-being. Then he wound up these comforting words with the statement: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you."

SECOND SUNDAY

You can readily imagine for yourselves what a crop of strange thoughts might grow out of a word like that, "If it were not so I would have told you." Hitherto the Hebrew idea of the world to come had been, to say the least, somewhat vague and dim. It was by no means absent from their thoughts, as we can see in more than one of their Psalms; but it was not presented in a very clear or alluring form, and there were times when it was wrapt in utter obscurity, which also is made evident in some of their other Psalms. Nor do I say that even now this hope took very definite shape in their minds, for by-and-by we find Thomas saying: "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?" Like many more of the Master's sayings, this about the mansions of the Father's house was only very slowly received. It was a germinating seed that needed time to grow to any satisfying fruitfulness. Yet it could hardly fail to suggest to some of them many curious questionings, and to make them wonder what of truth might be in them. Could that future life be clothed with brightness and beauty so as to be greatly desired? Could that other world really be like their Father's house, where they should rest and be at home when the toil and travail of life were ended? Could Jesus, who had done so much to gladden their days on earth, really prepare a place for them as full and fruitful as that which they had enjoyed with Him here? "Should they resume their fellowship with each other, and with Him, and be as they had been while they were in the flesh? Were they still to be the same men, with their different qualities and tendencies, their distinct individualities, recognisable one to another, and each finding a sphere adapted to his personal character? Was that what Jesus meant, or were they only dreaming? He had not expressly said all that, yet His speech appeared to imply as much. So they could hardly have helped marvelling if they at all took in the fundamental thought of His discourse, and it is in answer to some such unspoken thoughts of theirs that Jesus virtually said, 'Yes, all that is true. You may wholly rely upon it. If it were not so, I would have told you.'"

Now that sort of questioning, which was, I think, inevitable in their case, still goes on also among us, and it is covered by the same pregnant saying. The silence of Jesus affirms the reality of our hope. As we muse in the silent chamber of death, or by the green mounds in the churchyard, and realise that the life beyond is not a fond imagination but a "sure and certain hope," we have all asked ourselves at times: Shall we recognise one another there, or may we all meet as strangers who have nothing in common but our faith in Christ, and our experience of

His grace? May we then look round in vain for the dear familiar faces of those with whom we held loving communion on earth, and who may be there, or may not, for aught we can tell, seeing that we have no means of distinguishing the known from the unknown? Would not that detract not a little from the gladness of the Father's house, if we might wander through its many mansions, and see innumerable good and happy beings, no doubt, but not one on whom we had ever looked before, or with whom we could sit down and recall the former times? Would such a mansion be one that had been fittingly prepared for creatures such as we are by "One who had a feeling of our infirmities"? I allow, of course, that here, as everywhere, the light implies the shadow—that the joy of meeting some dear ones involves the sorrow of missing others, so that even the cup of Heaven's bliss would not be without its drop of sadness. But we can hardly imagine a condition which would be very desirable, and at the same time without any drawback, for the mere negation of ill would soon be savourless and unsatisfying. The hope of a future life, if it is to have any ennobling influence over us, must link itself on to what is best and purest in our present life. Whatever of this life can be lifted up into a higher world, and wrought into the finer fabric of its thoughts and feelings, should have its place in our outlook into the future, if that outlook is to be a real force strengthening us for our work and warfare on earth. But the love of kindred and friends, and the brotherhood of believing souls will readily blend with the very highest occupations of which the mind of man is capable, and will not be out of place when transferred from our homes here to the Father's house, but will help not a little to make it a place to be greatly desired. Therefore do our hearts cling to the hope of happy meetings there where there are no more partings, of knowing one another, and knitting up again ties that had been broken for a season. The other world would lose half its charm to us without that anticipation to brighten it. Yet neither Christ nor His Apostles have said anything very definite about it. The parable of Lazarus and Dives, of course, seems to imply that saints in glory may have more or less converse even with the wicked in their torment. But we may reasonably doubt whether any express teaching can be founded on an allegory which was meant to enforce another doctrine, and only touched on this picturesque figure in a passing and incidental way. The appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, and their recognition by the three apostles may seem to bear on the point more directly, and afford something like definite authority for our natural hope. Yet, after all, the strongest reason for our assured belief is the significant silence of Jesus. He would have forbidden us to cherish this hope if it had not been valid. He would not have left us to fondle an expectation which must end in disappointment at last. We have an instinctive and irresistible conviction that so it must be, and He lends His sanction to that conviction when He says, "If it were not so I would have told you."

THIRD SUNDAY

It is only, of course, those feelings and convictions which, if they be not exactly instincts of human nature, common to all men, are yet instincts of the renewed nature, common to all Christians, that can claim such an inherent likelihood as to need no express affirmation of their truth by our Lord or His apostles in order to win our confident belief. We may have many vague thoughts and fond imaginations about the divine purpose which we would not willingly part with, but which can never take rank as articles of assured faith. I do not say we are forbidden to cherish them, for they may bring help and comfort to us, and serve a wholesome purpose amid the various trials of life; and He "who has a feeling of our infirmities" is not One to deny us any assistance we may happen to get even from a fanciful or sentimental idea. There may be little reality in it, and yet it may have some power for good, and as far as it has that we may be free to use it. At the same time, it is comparatively superficial, and does not abide in the depths of our being, or lay hold on us with an overmastering and irresistible conviction. We may hold it, but it does not hold us. We might part with it, and yet suffer no very serious loss. Such a thought cannot lay claim to any authority from the silence of Christ. It is only those profounder feelings and convictions which cannot be shaken off, though there be no word of Holy Writ to sanction them, to which we may apply the pregnant saying of Jesus, "If it were not so I would have told you."

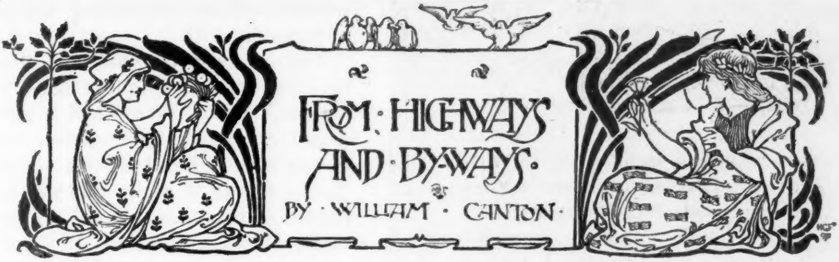
Among these thoughts, which are surely of divine suggestion, there is one which has its roots deeper in our hearts than almost any other, and yet, because of the subtleties of a pitiless logic, has become a cause of perplexity and pain to many a troubled heart. The Scriptures say very little definitely about it, though that little goes surely to confirm our fondest hopes. I refer to the children, the little ones who have been so "untimely nipt" in the sweet bloom of their youth, so mysteriously rapt away from the love that brooded tenderly over them. What of their fate in that other world whither so many of them have gone? At first, one's feeling is that there can be no sort of doubt about it. They are in the hands of a righteous God, who has taken them home to Himself. They knew no evil, but were innocent as when they came from His hand "who made all things very good." Unsmirched by sin, unspotted from the world, surely there shall be a place in the Father's house specially prepared for them. So we might naturally conclude, and all the more that Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Yet theology has entangled even this matter in the meshes of its intricate problems, and has troubled those whom God would not trouble. What of original sin? Can beings with an evil bias in them be meet for the inheritance of the saints? If they have not actually sinned, yet also neither have they believed, and so some have held that they must have a place by themselves, provided with such happiness as they are able to enter into, yet different from the joys of the renewed heart. Others again, dominated by the seeming necessities of their logic, have held that only those children who were among "the Elect" shall be gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and that the rest may well chance to be found in the outer darkness. It speaks well, so far, for the growth of Christian thought that, in these days, there are not many who abide by either of those views. Yet it should be remembered that both of them prevailed at a time when religion had, perhaps, a stronger hold on men's minds than it seems to have to-day, and that those who promulgated them, however hard their logic might be, had hearts as tender and loving as any. It is not unlikely, I think, that the baptism of infants arose out of the conflict between their opinions and their affections, and that those views still lie, half acknowledged, in the background of those minds that shrink from the prospect of a child dying unchristened. But it behoves us to cast off these bonds, and enter into the freedom of a larger faith. There is no Christian parent who ever hung over the little coffin, or stood by the small green mound where his own babe was lying, who does not find in his heart a power stronger than logic—"the still small voice" of an irresistible instinct, saying "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted in me? Still hope in God and thou shalt praise Him yet." For no one can believe in God's Fatherhood, and dream for a moment that His innocent little ones, whether baptized or unbaptized, are cut off from the fellowship of the just, or thrown away among "the broken potsherds." They are God's children whom He has taken home to himself, possibly because they are as necessary in that other world as they are in this, in order to keep alive those affections which are among the purest and holiest elements of our nature. At any rate, though we cannot quote chapter and verse for it, we are confident that all is well with them and we need no other ground for that assurance than this, "If it were not so I would have told you." In such a case, the silence of Jesus is a warrant for our hope as valid as His word.

FOURTH SUNDAY

PERHAPS some will be disposed to say that, in discussing these matters, we have been "slaying the slain," "quenching extinct volcanoes," trying to remove troubles which nobody now feels. And I am ready to admit that such vexing thoughts are by no means so common as they once were. Yet they are still to be met with, as every one knows who has had even a little experience of pastoral work in sorrowing households. It is no idle and needless task then to which we have set ourselves in applying this word of Christ's for the comfort of the bereaved, and if only one here, and another there, find some help in it for their day of trial, it will not have been labour in vain.

There is yet one other line of thought to which our Lord's seemingly incidental saying may be fairly and not unfruitfully applied. God's method of working here is ordinarily by gradual processes, not by sudden and rapid changes. Things grow slowly from less to more: "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Hence the modern doctrine of evolution or development, which has found such general acceptance because it agrees with the general method of the operations of Nature. Creation by law of growth appears to many more in harmony with God's plan than any view which implies that things were at once called into being in all their completeness as we now see them. It is the prevailing opinion, on the contrary, that they began at first as mere germs and only through long ages reached at last their perfect being. Moreover, when they cease to grow they also begin to decay. That is the law which pervades the whole creation, and, up to a certain point, it applies to the spiritual life just as much as to the natural. The soul, too, grows, as the body grows, by the proper use of the food and exercise which minister to its increase. But in regard to that part of us which is perishable there is a law of growth and also a law of decay, so that there comes a time when the former action ceases and the latter begins. After a time, age weakens our frame, blunts our senses, and dulls our minds, for these in their present form have all to change and pass away. But the soul is not destined to the same fate as the body. Its progress, indeed, is not maintained always at one rate, for it has times of weakness and declension, but it is not subject to the law of final decay. Up to the close of its earthly career, amid the wreckage of its clay tenement, the spiritual life continues to grow in its consciousness of sin and its longing for holiness, in its humble faith and its tender love, and in all the essential elements of Christian character. Is, then, that progress arrested the moment it passes into the other world? Is the soul all at once "made perfect in holiness"? Does it reach in an instant the fulness of knowledge to which all mysteries are plain? Many are fain to think that even so everything is then immutably fixed in an absolute perfection to which no change can come, which would not be a change for the worse. But would not such a condition of fixedness be very undesirable for creatures constituted as we are—very unlike that which Christ might be expected to prepare for his people? To have no more anything to hope for, anything to reach forth to, anything to attain—to know all, to have all, to make no progress, to feel no growth of power or of knowledge, or of blessedness, would not an eternity of that kind be almost terrible to contemplate? Is it not infinitely more alluring than any monotonous uniformity to think of that other life as beginning just where the present life ended, and going on from stage to stage of blessedness, without the difficulties and hindrances which beset its career on earth, and with everything now to further the growth of the perfect life? As the wild flowers which, in the fields and hedgerows, blossom at best, amid many difficulties, into a feeble and short-lived beauty, when they are transferred into a fertile garden receive fresh powers and a richer sweetness, and a splendour and glory they never had before, so, also, it seems to me, shall the soul whose attainments here are so imperfect, when it is transplanted into the final garden of the Lord, be gladdened by fresh forces of spiritual life, and new provinces of thought shall unfold to it their treasures of wisdom, and there shall be no shadow of coming decay to suggest that its day is closing, but eternal life shall mean an eternal progress towards all the fulness of God. Is not that a vision of the future which commends itself to the human heart, and one of which our Lord would surely have said, "If it were not so I would have told you"?

Truly "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." The one thing certain about the future is that "when Christ shall appear" His people "shall be like Him, for they shall see Him as He is." We do not well, therefore, to dogmatise too freely about the things which "God hath prepared for them that love Him." But, on the other hand, neither is it well to cherish any idea of it which makes it less alluring to our hearts, or weakens its human interest, or takes from it the charm of human love and fellowship, or makes it hard and stiff and unreal.



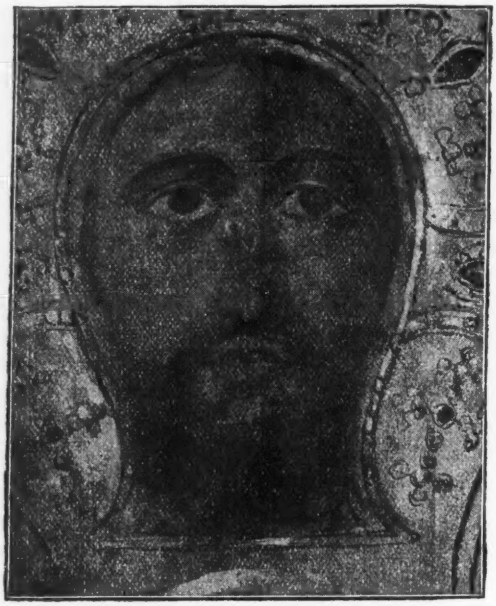
FROM HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

BY WILLIAM CANTON

IT is a question of profound interest, whether after the chances and changes, the ravage and ruin, of nearly nineteen centuries, the world is still in unrecognised possession of a true similitude of the earthly aspect of our Lord. It must be acknowledged that the mere fact that such possession is unrecognised by the millions who profess the Christian faith, furnishes an almost overwhelming presumption against the answer being in the affirmative. For though we may conceive that it might have been found necessary for rigorous precautions to be taken lest due reverence of such a picture should degenerate into the superstitious practices of a misguided devotion, who can suppose that at any time the Church deliberately suppressed or carelessly surrendered to oblivion a likeness which Christians, sinners scarcely less than saints, could not have failed to regard as a treasure beyond price or appraisement? Had such a portrait existed, whether on the one hand it perished by mischance, or on the other was destroyed through dread of an idolatrous corruption, in either case we might count on finding some legend explaining, and in all probability deploring, its disappearance. Nor is it even unlikely that an attempt would have been made to prove that the portraiture of the sacred lineaments had (more or less miraculously) escaped destruction.

In curious keeping with these *a priori* considerations is the oblivion which has fallen on the identity of the "holy places" of the Saviour's passion. One would have anticipated that of all the traditions of the human race, the most assured and unquestionable would have been those which fixed the locality of the garden of the agony, the hill of crucifixion, and the site of the tomb from which angels rolled back the stone in the early Easter dawn. And yet when we reflect on the subject, these lapses of Christian memory are not stranger than the omissions of the Evangelists and the other writers of the New Testament. Though they wrote for many believers who never saw the Saviour in the flesh, and though they must have been conscious that in a few years not one of all who had looked upon His humanity would survive to speak of it, they record nothing of His personal appearance. A hundred years after the Crucifixion, all tradition, verbal or written, as to the physical appearance of our Lord seems to have perished. Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian speak of Him as having been without beauty or comeliness, but as the Dean of Canterbury points out in his "Life of Christ in Art" "these views rested solely on subjective considerations, which seized on the passages of the Prophets which seemed to support them, and overlooked others." Since nothing was actually known, it was in unison with the religious feeling of the time to find a disparaging portraiture in such a text as that of Isaiah: "And when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him." On the other hand, it was in keeping with the natural impulses of devout and tender hearts that Origen should have contended for a mystical loveliness which depended on the fitness and sensibility of the beholder; that St. Jerome should have declared there was "something starry" (*sidereum quiddam*) in His face and eyes which compelled the Apostles to leave all and follow him; that, later still, St. John Damascene should have given a description which may well have passed for the authentic report of a contemporary:

> **Christ was tall and stately, had brows uniting over the nose, beautiful eyes, a large nose, curled hair, and a black beard. His hair was gold-brown,**



ATTRIBUTED TO ST. LUKE

(In the Museum of the Vatican)

like wheat, resembling that of His mother, and His head was bowed somewhat forward;

and that St. Anselm (1033–1109) should have included in his writings a more minute and attractive description, attributed to a fictitious Lentulus, "president of the people of Jerusalem" in the days of Pilate. And in perfect consonance with the view that all tradition was lost and that no material likeness survived, if any ever existed, is the fact that the most complete and precisely detailed of all the descriptions—that of Nicephorus Callistus—is as late as the early fourteenth century.

From these and other considerations, one is constrained to Dean Farrar's conclusion that "at the beginning of the fifth century there existed neither in the Catacombs nor anywhere else any likeness of Christ which was regarded as more than at the best conjectural." One is even disposed to go further and to accept the Dean's uncompromising statement, that "whatever may be written to the contrary, it is absolutely certain that the world and the Church have lost for ever all vestige of trustworthy tradition concerning the aspect of Jesus on earth."

Yet, it must be confessed, that in his beautiful and eloquent book "Rex Regum,"* Sir Wyke Bayliss sets out a curious and most interesting case in favour of a reversal of this judgment. To appreciate it at its due weight it is essential that one should follow the chain of argument from beginning to end, and that one should have constantly in view the series of photographs with which it is illustrated. At the same time it is worth while to attempt here a survey of some of the more striking points which he brings forward. And, is it not a singular fact that, apart from any particular portrait, and apart from all traditional stories of this or that supposed portrait, and apart from all questions of antiquity and origin, there does exist a Likeness, a sort of ideal conception of Christ common not only to the artists and sculptors of all ages but to every one of us—a Likeness which "enables us to recognise in any group of figures the face that is intended to represent the face of Christ"? Show us a picture of Paul, or Peter, or any other of the disciples, and we may find ourselves at a loss to identify the face, but even a child will not hesitate to say "That is our Saviour." And is it not a still more singular fact that through a long sequence of likenesses, varying in artistic qualities, marred by an uncouth rudeness, modified by attempted expression, this Likeness, which is identical with no one likeness and yet is related to them all, can be traced back into a remote antiquity—traced, according to Sir Wyke Bayliss, "to the knowledge of the contemporaries of the Apostles, and even to the knowledge of the Apostles themselves"? What was the prototype of this long line of portraits? Whence did this traditional conception come? "To show that it existed before the time of the great painters is to show that the great painters did not invent it. Similarly to show that it existed in the Roman period is to show that it was not a creation of the mediæval Church. To show finally that it existed in the time of the Apostles, and has never changed since then, is to show all that I desire. If it satisfied them it may well satisfy us."

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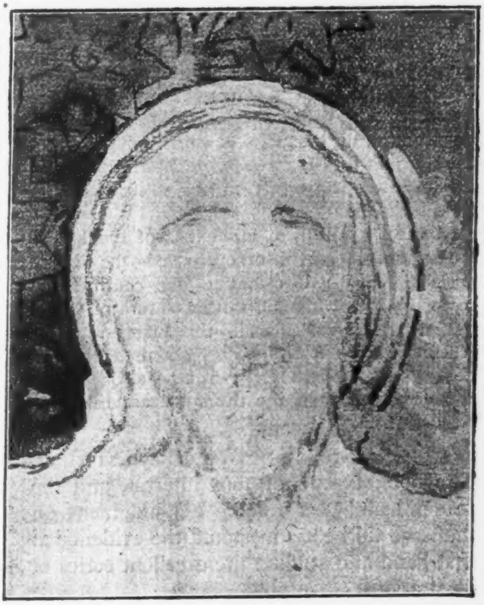
* "Rex Regum: A Painter's study of the Likeness of Christ from the time of the Apostles to the present day" By Sir Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A., President of the Royal Society of British Artists, author of "The Enchanted Island," &c. George Bell and Sons. 6*s.* net.

It is worth remembering here the warning that *likeness* must not be confounded with *expression*. Our Lord's face must have changed from time to time, but the *likeness* would remain recognisable. Now through an infinite variety of expression we perceive one Likeness of Christ everywhere—"in the statuary that adorns our cathedrals, in the painted glass of our parish churches, in our museums and picture galleries, in the coloured prints that hang in our schools"; and the history of that Likeness is carried back by the paintings of Correggio, Raphael, Da Vinci, Titian, Michael Angelo, to the period of the Renaissance. The long interval between the extinction of art in the fourth century and its re-awakening in the thirteenth is bridged by the Mosaics of the ancient basilicas of Rome, and the verisimilitude preserved in the Mosaics is due to the hard conventionality of the Byzantine artist, who dared not turn to Nature, but adhered to a mechanical reiteration of a fixed type. The Likeness, once chosen, became stereotyped, and that in a medium in which, "though there may be good or bad *workmanship*, there is little room for the difference between good and bad *art* so far as the worker is concerned." Whence, then, came the Likeness which we find in the Mosaics? Sir Wyke Bayliss points to the frescoes, bas-reliefs, mosaics, enamel pictures, the engraved chalices and glass *pateræ* of the Catacombs, and to the faint shadows on the linen probably laid as face-cloths upon the dead. In a most engrossing chapter he adduces evidence to prove that these relics take us to the very days of the Apostles themselves. Among them are medallions of engraved glass, on which, while the names of the Apostles are inscribed, the artist saw no need for inscribing the name of the Redeemer. On the base of one of the glass cups is preserved a representation of the miracle at Cana, in which the water-pots are seven in number. From this and from the association of this picture with others representing Christ and the woman of Samaria, Christ as the Good Shepherd, Christ as the True Vine, Christ raising Lazarus—all of them subjects mentioned in St. John's Gospel alone—the author argues that these paintings were the work of men who had a special regard for St. John's teaching, and that the picture of the Cana miracle was executed before the actual text of the fourth Gospel was known in Rome, otherwise there would have been six not seven water-pots of stone. And on this *patera* the Likeness occurs.

Another aspect of the case must not be overlooked. From Augustus to Diocletian it was an age of portrait painting. Paul was in Rome, and Sir Wyke Bayliss thinks it is inconceivable that none of the brethren he mentions should have had any authentic knowledge of the face of Christ. "It is still more inconceivable that they should have sanctioned the perpetuation of any representation of Him, knowing it to be untrue. The practice of portraiture was common amongst them. Christ had Himself pointed to the likeness of Cæsar and



LIKENESS ATTRIBUTED TO ST. PETER

(In the Basilica of St. Prassede, Rome)

based an argument upon it. Why should they have the likeness of Cæsar, and not that of the Master? The writings of the Apostles are absolutely silent upon the subject. Minute as are the instructions of Peter and Paul and James and John, in their Epistles, as to the management of the churches, there is not a word to be found in any one of them forbidding to the followers of Christ this natural desire to look upon His face." The argument that Jewish repugnance to any representation of the Divine Being influenced Christian art so much as to exclude any attempt to portray the Saviour he regards as an untenable assumption. The Dean of Canterbury's seven stages of the pictorial treatment of Our Lord, beginning with the ideographic and ending with the realistic, he sets aside as an "absolute inversion of the facts," and gives as the actual successive stages the following:

> i. First, the simple portraiture common to the time of the Apostles, without symbol, the Likeness being that of a face well-known to many witnesses, who needed no marks of identification.
>
> ii. Then the Likeness, together with some symbol, such as the sacred anagram, or an aureole, either as marking some divine attribute, or as indicating to those who should come after that it was the face of the Master.
>
> iii. Then the ascendency of symbolism. The face that none of them had ever seen seemed too far off to hold men's hearts. It was a dangerous possession, too, in times of persecution. Moreover it was regarded with suspicion—suspicion lest the insistence on the humanity of Christ might suggest questions as to His divinity, or lest it should be accounted the image of God, and so lead to idolatrous practices.
>
> iv. Finally, all these misgivings of timid souls having been removed or over-ruled—the Church made free under Constantine—the controversies respecting the divine and human nature of Christ settled by General Council—this Likeness, which had never been lost, but only obscured by symbolism, was brought forth from the Catacombs and emblazoned on the triumphal arches of the basilicas. . . ."

I need not follow Sir Wyke Bayliss further. The book is one of rare interest, and the reader had better reserve his judgment on the issue till he has mastered the evidence at first hand and studied the excellent series of illustrations.

When the Empress Constantia asked Eusebius of Cæsarea to send her a likeness of Christ, he referred her to the Gospel—"What better painter could we have than the Word of God Himself?" The story springs naturally to one's memory in taking up the "Fioretti," or "Little Flowers of St. Francis,"* a new translation of which has just been issued by Mr. Dent in the charming type and binding of his Temple Classics. In a singularly fine leader, entitled "The Print of the Nails," in a recent number of *The British Weekly*, an unknown writer regards it as "one welcome symptom of recent years that Protestant Churches have been stirred to a truer appreciation of St. Francis of Assisi." He is not concerned to explain the legend of the *Stigmata*, which Dr. Charcot's experiments and observations at the Salpetrière seem to have brought within the region of obscure pathology, but he points out that "the real marvel of Francis lay in that inward conformity to Christ, of which such outward marks could never be more than a shadow. Even M. Renan declared that since Jesus Himself, Francis of Assisi has been the one perfect Christian." A sympathetic outline of the Saint's life occurs in the October volume of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints,"† and for a full biography the reader may be referred to Canon Knox Little's "St. Francis of Assisi."‡ The little volume before me has long been a treasured classic of the religious life, to many not less so than even the "Imitation," and it is delightful to find it presented to English readers in a version marked by a quaint poetic simplicity, a verbal accuracy and a verbal felicity which are rarely found in translations. Only one who has attempted to render the naïve and exquisite Tuscan into our tongue of to-day can appreciate the innumerable difficulties that beset a translator's pen. Still I could have wished that Mr. Arnold had written plain "since" and "when" instead of "sith" and "whenas."

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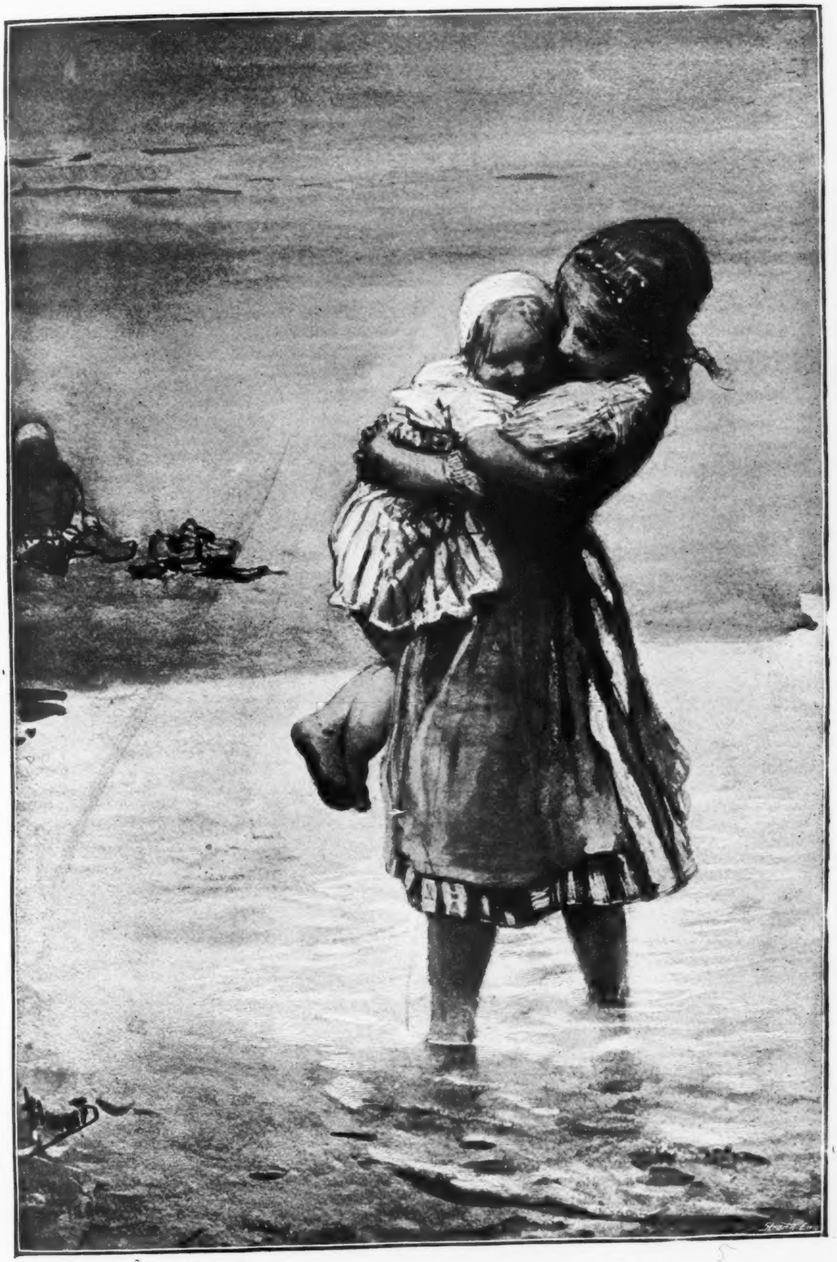
* "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," newly translated out of the Italian by T. W. Arnold (The Temple Classics). J. M. Dent & Co. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.

† The whole year has now been issued, and a supplementary volume containing the additional Lives and an index will shortly appear. John C. Nimmo. 5*s*. net.

‡ "St. Francis of Assisi: His Times, Life and Work." By Canon Knox Little. Isbister & Co., Limited. 10*s*. 6*d*.



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SISTERLY CARE

By BLOMMERS

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

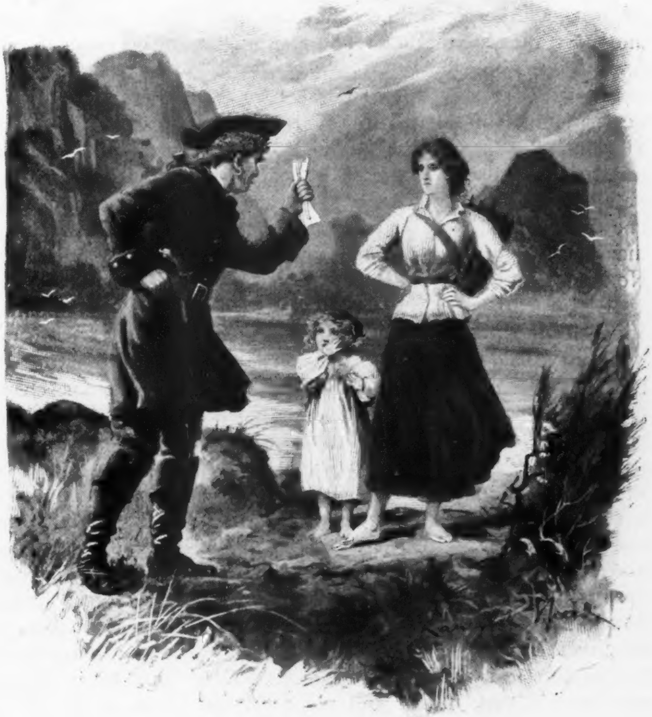
ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

CHAPTER XXIX

THE Isle of Jersey has the shape and form of a tiger on the prowl. The fore-claws of this tiger are the lacerating pinnacles of the Corbière and the impaling rocks of Portelet Bay and Noirmont; the hind-claws are the devastating diorite reefs of La Motte and the Banc des Violets. The head and neck, terrible and beautiful, are stretched out towards the west, as it were to scan the wild waste and jungle of the Atlantic seas. The nose is L'Etacq, the forehead is Grosnez, the ear is Plemont, the mouth is the dark cavern by L'Etacq, the teeth are the serried ledges of the Forêt de la Brequette. In truth, the sleek beast, with its feet planted in fearsome rocks and tides, and its ravening head set to defy the onslaught of the main, might but for its ensnaring beauty seem some monstrous footpad of the deep.

At a discreet distance from the head and the tail hover the jackals of La Manche: the Paternosters, the Dirouïlles, and the Ecréhos, themselves destroying where they may, or filching the remains of the tiger's feast of shipwreck and ruin. To this day the tiger's head is the lonely part of Jersey; a hundred years ago it was as distant from the Vier Marchi as is Penzance from Covent Garden. It would almost seem as if the people of Jersey, like the hangers-on of the king of the jungle, cared not to approach too near the devourer's head. Even now there is but a dwelling here and there upon the lofty plateau, and none at all on the dark and menacing headland. But the ancient Royal Court, determined to prove its sovereignty even over the tiger's head, had stretched out its arms from the Vier Marchi to the neck of the beast, putting upon it a belt of defensive war; at the nape, a martello tower and barracks; underneath, two other martello towers to be the teeth of the buckle.

If you had stood on one of the martello towers, at the junction of St. Peter's and



"The woman looked at him calmly and waited for him to speak"

St. Ouen's, looking to the other martello towers at the north, you would have seen a windmill like a vast semaphore set to tell whither went the vicious gaol-breakers of space, the escaping winds; then the antique manor-house of St. Ouen's, and on the height above Grève de Lecq a fulling-mill. The lonely seigneury of Vinchelez-le-Haut, the ruins of Grosnez castle, one or two farmhouses, the church of St. Ouen's, with a highway running from Grosnez to the Vier Marchi—these, and little else, relieved the grave majesty of that part of the island here called the tiger's head.

Jersey was bristling with armament. Tall platforms were erected at almost speaking distance from each other, where sentinels kept watch for the descent of French frigates or privateers. Redoubts and towers were within musket-shot of each other, with watch-houses between, and at intervals every able-bodied man in the country was obliged to leave his trade and act as sentinel, or go into camp or barracks with the militia for months at a time. British cruisers sailed the Channel; now a squadron under Barrington, again under Bridport, hovered upon the coast, hopeful that a French fleet might venture near.

But little of this was to be seen in the western limits of the parish of St. Ouen's. Plemont, Grosnez, L'Etacq—all that giant headland could well take care of itself. A watch-house here and there sufficed. No one lived at L'Etacq, no one at Grosnez; they were too bleak, too distant and solitary. No houses, no huts were there.

If you had approached Plemont from Vinchelez-le-Haut, making for the sea, you would have said that there also was no habitation. But when at last you came to a hillock near the point of Plemont, expecting to find nothing but sky and sea and distant islands, suddenly at your very feet you came upon a small stone dwelling. Its door faced the west, looking towards the Isles of Guernsey and Sark. Fronting the north was a window like an eye, ever watching the tireless Paternosters. To the east was another tiny window like a deep loop-hole or embrasure set towards the Dirouïlles and the Ecréhos.

The hut had but one room, of moderate size, with a vast hearth and chimney, the latter jutting out at the south end like a buttress. At one side, between it and the western wall, was a veille hung with curtains, which was both lounge and bed. The eastern chimney side was given over to a few well-polished kitchen utensils, a churn, and a bread-trough. The floor was of mother earth alone, but a strip of hand-made carpet was laid down before the fireplace, and there was another at the end opposite. There was also a table, a spinning-wheel, and a shelf of books.

It was not the hut of a fisherman, though upon the wall opposite the books there hung fishing-tackle, nets, and cords, while outside on staples driven in the chimney were some lobster-pots. Upon two shelves were arranged a carpenter's and a cooper's tools, polished and in good order. And yet you would have said that neither a cooper nor a carpenter kept them in use. Everywhere there were signs of man's handicraft as well as of woman's work, but over it all was the touch of a woman. Moreover, apart from the tools there was no sign of a man's presence in the hut. There was no coat hanging behind the door, no sabots for the fields and oilskins for the sands, no pipe laid upon a ledge, no shoemaker's awl or fisherman's needle fastening a calendar to the wall. The awl and the needle were there, but they were neatly put in their place upon the shelves. Whatever was the trade of the occupant, the tastes were above those of the ordinary dweller in the land. That was to be seen in a print of Raphael's "Madonna and Child" taking the place of the usual sampler upon the walls of Jersey houses; in the old clock nicely bestowed between a narrow cupboard and the tool shelves; in a few pieces of rare old china and a gold-handled sword hanging above a huge, well-carved oak chair. This chair relieved the room of anything like commonness, and somehow, in its rough carving, was in sympathy with the simple surroundings, making for dignity and sweet quiet. It was clear that only a woman could have arranged so perfectly this room and all therein. It was also clear that no man lived there.

Looking in at the doorway of this hut on a certain autumn day of the year 1796, the first thing to strike your attention was a dog lying asleep on the hearth; then a suit of child's clothes on a chair before the fire would have caught the eye. The only thing to distinguish this particular child's dress from that of a thousand others in the island was the fineness of the material. Every thread of it had been delicately and firmly knitted till it was like perfect cloth, gracious in texture and in colour a soft blue, relieved by a little red silk ribbon attached to the collar.

The hut contained as well a child's chair just so high that when placed by the windows commanding the Dirouïlles or the Paternosters its occupant might see the waves, like panthers, beating white paws against the ragged pinnacles of granite; the currents writhing below at the foot of the cliffs, or at half-tide, roaring and resounding, rush up and cover the sands of the Grève aux Lançons, and, like animals in pain, howl through the caverns in the cliffs; the great north-wester of November come breaking up the deep and battering the imperturbable cliffs of Grosnez and Plemont, to shriek to the witches who boiled their cauldrons by the ruins of Grosnez Castle that the hunt of the seas was up. Just high enough was the little chair that its owner might of a certain day in the year look out and see the mystic fires that burned round the Paternosters, lighting up all the sea with a strange and awful radiance.

Scarce a rock to be seen from the hut but had such a legend: the burning ship at the Paternosters, the horse and its rider at William's Rock in Boulay Bay, the fleet of boats with tall prows and long oars that drifted upon the Dirouïlles and went down to the cry of the Crusaders' *Dahin! dahin!* the Roche des Femmes at the Ecréhos, where still you may hear the cries of the women and children in terror of the engulfing sea.

On this particular day, if you had looked in the hut or waited by the fire of vraic burning so softly in the chimney hour after hour, no one would have welcomed you, neither woman nor child; but had you tired of waiting, and travelled along the coast, following its indentations for two miles or more from the hut, in a deep bay under tall cliffs, you would have seen a woman and a child coming quickly up the sands. Slung upon the woman's shoulders was a small fisherman's basket. The child ran before, eager to climb the hill and take the homeward path.

A man above was watching them. He had ridden up the cliff, had seen the woman in her boat making for the shore, had tethered his horse in the quarries near by, and now waited for her to come up. He chuckled to himself as she approached, for he had prepared a surprise for her. To make it more complete he hid himself behind some shrubs and boulders, and as she reached the top he sprang out before her with an ugly grin on his face.

The woman looked at him calmly and waited for him to speak. There was no fear on her face, not even surprise; nothing but steady inquiry and a disconcerting self-possession. Presently with an air of bluster the man said:

"Aha, my lady, I'm nearer than you thought—me!"

The child drew in to its mother's side and clasped her hand. There was no terror in the little fellow's eyes however, rather a shrinking from the man's brutal manner. He had something of the same self-possession as the woman, and his eyes were like hers—clear, unwavering, and with a frankness that consumed you. They were wells of sincerity—open-eyed, you would have called the child, wanting a more subtle description.

"I'm not to be fooled—me! Come now, let's have the count," said the man, as he whipped a greasy leather-covered book from his pocket and opened it. "Ah bah, I'm waiting. Stay yourself!" he added roughly as she moved on, and his greyish-yellow face had an evil joy at thought of the ambush he had laid for her.

"Who are you?" she asked, but taking her time to ask.

"*Sacré mâtin!* you know who I am."

"I know what you are," she answered quietly.

He did not quite grasp her meaning, but the tone sounded contemptuous, and contempt sorted little with his ideas of his own importance.

"I'm the Seigneur's bailiff—that's who I am. Gad'rabotin, don't you put on airs with me! I'm for the tribute, so off with your bag and let's see your catch!"

"I have never yet paid tribute to the Seigneur of this manor."

"Well, you'll begin now. I'm the new bailiff, and if you don't pay your tale, up you'll come to the court of the fief to-morrow."

She looked him steadily in the eyes. "If I were a man, I should not pay the tribute and should go to the court of the fief to-morrow, but being a woman——"

She clasped the hand of the child tightly to her for an instant, then with a sigh she took the basket from her shoulders and, opening it, added:

"But being a woman, the fish I caught in the sea which belongs to God and to all men I will divide with the Seigneur whose bailiff spies on poor fisher-folk."

The man growled an oath and made a motion as though he would catch her by the shoulder in anger, or maybe strike her, but the look in her eyes stopped him. Counting out the fish, dividing them and giving him three out of the eight she had caught, she said:

"It matters not so much to me, but there are others poorer than I—they suffer."

With a leer the fellow stooped, and, taking up the fish, put them in the pockets of his keminzolle, all slimy from the sea as they were.

"Bà sû, you haven't got much to take care of, have you? It don't take much to feed two mouths—not so much as it does three, *Ma'm'selle*."

Before he had finished speaking the woman, without a word in reply to the gross insult, took the child by the hand and walked along her homeward path towards Plemont.

"A bi'tôt, good-bye!" the bailiff laughed brutally; then, standing with his legs apart and his hands thrust down till they fastened on the fish in the pockets of his keminzolle, he called after her in sneering comment: "Ma fistre! your *pride* didn't fall—bà sû—" Then he turned on his heel.

"Eh ben, I've got mackerel for supper," he added as he mounted his horse.

The woman was Guida Landresse, the child was her child, and they lived in the little house upon the cliff at Plemont. They were hastening thither now.

CHAPTER XXX

A VISITOR was awaiting her: a man who first knocking at the door, then looking in and seeing the room empty, save for the dog lying asleep by the fire, had turned slowly away, and going to the cliff edge, looked out over the sea. His movements were deliberate, his body moved slowly; his whole appearance was that of great strength and nervous power. The face was preoccupied, the eyes were watchful, dark, penetrating. They seemed not only to watch but to weigh, to meditate, even to listen—as it were, to do the duty of all the senses at once. In them worked all the forces of his nature; they were crucibles in which every thought and emotion were consumed. The jaw was set and strong, yet it was not hard. The face contradicted itself. While not gloomy it had lines like scars telling of past wounds. It was not despairing, it was not morbid, and it was not resentful; it had the look of one both credulous and indomitable. Belief was stamped upon it; not expectation, or dreams, or ambition, but trust and fidelity. You would have said he was a man of one set idea, though the head had a breadth sorting little with narrowness of purpose. The body was too healthy to belong to a fanatic, too powerful to be that of a dreamer alone, too reposeful and firm for other than a man of action.

Several times he turned to look towards the house and up the pathway leading from the hillock to the door. Though he waited long he did not seem impatient; patience was part of him and not the least part. At last he sat down on a boulder between the house and the shore, and scarcely moved as minute after minute passed, and then an hour, and more, and no one came. Presently there was a soft footstep beside him, and he turned. A dog's nose thrust itself into his hand.

"Biribi, Biribi!" he said, patting its head with his big hand. "Watching and waiting, eh, Biribi?" The dog looked into his eyes as if he knew what was said and would speak—or, indeed, was speaking in his own language. "That's the way of life, Biribi—watching and waiting, and watching—always watching."

Suddenly the dog caught its head away from his hand, gave a short joyful bark, and darted up the hillock.

"Guida and the child," the man said aloud, moving towards the house—"Guida and the child."

He saw her and the little one before they saw him. Presently the child said, "See, maman!" and pointed.

Guida started. A swift flush passed over her face, then she smiled and made a step forward to meet her visitor.

"Maître Ranulph—Ranulph!" she said, holding out her hand. "It's a long time since we met."

"A year," he answered simply, "just a year." He looked down at the child, then suddenly stooped and caught him up in his arms and said, "He's grown. Es-tu gentiment?" he added to the child—"es-tu gentiment, M'sieu'?"

The child did not quite understand this. "Please?" it said in true Jersey fashion—at which the mother was troubled.

"Oh, oh, Guilbert, is that what you should say?"

The child looked up quaintly at her, and with the same whimsical smile which Guida had given to another so many years ago, he looked at Ranulph and said, "Pardon, Monsieur?"

"Coum est qu'on êtes, M'sieu'?" said Ranulph in another patois greeting.

Guida shook her head reprovingly. The child glanced swiftly at its mother as though for permission to reply as it wished, then back at Ranulph, and was about to speak when Guida said: "I have not taught him the Jersey patois, Ranulph; only English and French."

Her eyes met his clearly, meaningly. Her look said to him as plainly as words: "The child's destiny is not here." But as if he knew that in this she was blinding herself, and that no one can escape the influences of surroundings, he held the child back from him, and with a smile said: "Coum est-ce qu'on est, M'sieu'?"

Now the child with its own elfish sense of the situation replied in English, "Naicely, thenk you!"

"You see," said Ranulph to Guida, "there are things that are stronger than we are. There's a teaching deeper than anything we may show. The wind and earth and sea and people we live with, they make us sing their song one way or another. It's in our bones."

A look of pain passed over Guida's face, and she did not reply to his remark, but turned almost abruptly to the doorway and said, with just the slightest hesitation, "You will come in?"

There was no hesitation on his part. "Oui-gia!" he said, and stepped inside.

She hastily hung up the child's cap and her own, and as she gathered in the soft, waving hair, Ranulph noticed how the years had only burnished it more deeply and strengthened the beauty of the head. She had made the gesture unconsciously, but catching the look in his eye a sudden thrill of anxiety ran through her. Recovering herself, however, and with an air of bright friendliness and hospitality, she laid her hand upon the great armchair, above which hung the ancient sword of her ancestor, the Comte Guilbert Mauprat de Chambéry, and said: "Sit here, Ranulph."

Seating himself he gave a heavy sigh—one of those passing breaths of content which come to the hardest lives now and then: as though the spirit of life itself, in ironical apology for human existence, gave the instant of respite from which hope is born again. Not for four long years had Ranulph sat thus quietly in the presence of Guida. At first, when Maîtresse Aimable had told him that Guida was leaving the Place du Vier Prison to live in this lonely place with her new-born child, he had gone to entreat her to remain; but Maîtresse Aimable had been present then, and all that he could say—all that he might speak out of his friendship, out of the old love, now deep pitifulness and sorrow—was of no avail. It had been borne in upon him then that she was not morbid, but that her mind had a sane, fixed purpose which she was intent to fulfil. It was as though she had made some strange covenant with a little helpless life, with a little face that was all her face; and that covenant she would keep.

So he had left her, and so to do her service had been granted elsewhere. The Chevalier du Champsavoys, with a perfect wisdom and nobility, insisted on being to Guida what he had always been, and speaking as naturally of her and the child as though there had always been a Guida and the child. Thus it was that he counted himself her protector, though he sat far away in the upper room of Elie Mattingley's house in the Rue d'Egypte, thinking his own thoughts, biding the time when Guida should come back to the world, and mystery be over and peace and happiness come once more, hoping only that he might live to see it.

Under his directions, Jean Touzel had removed the few things that Guida took with her to Plemont; instructed by him, Elie Mattingley sold at auction the house and its furniture, and Guida invested the proceeds with the fishing company which already received the yearly income from her mother's small property.

Thus Guida had settled at Plemont, and there four years of her life had passed.

"Your father—how is he?" asked Guida presently.

"Feebler," replied Ranulph; "he goes abroad but little now."

"It was said that the Royal Court was to make him a gift in remembrance of the Battle of Jersey."

Ranulph turned his head away from her to the child, and beckoned him over. The child came instantly. As Ranulph lifted him on his knee he answered Guida:

"My father did not accept."

"Then they said you were to be Connétable—the grand monsieur!" She smiled at him in a friendly way.

"I did not accept," replied Ranulph.

"Most people would be glad of it," rejoined Guida. "My mother used to say you would be Bailly one day."

"Who knows—perhaps I might have been!"

She looked at him half sadly, half curiously. "You—you haven't any ambition now, Maître Ranulph?"

It suddenly struck her that perhaps she was responsible for the maiming of this man's life, for clearly it was maimed. More than once she had thought of it, but it came home to her to-day with great force. Years ago every one had spoken of Ranulph Delagarde as one who might do great things, for to the eyes of a Jerseyman to be Bailly was to be great, with six Jurats sitting on either side of him and more importance than any Judge in the kingdom. Looking back now, that day on the Ecréhos when she had met Philip d'Avranche and Ranulph's father had returned seemed to mark the great change in him. He had never been the same since then.

A great bitterness suddenly welled up in her. Without intention, without blame or sin, she had brought suffering upon others. The untoward happenings of her life had killed her grandfather, had bowed and aged the old Chevalier, had forced her to reject the friendship of Carterette Mattingley, for Carterette's own sake; had made the heart of one fat old woman heavy within her; and she felt now that it had taken hope and ambition from the life of this man before her. Love in itself is but a bitter pleasure: when it is given to the unworthy it becomes a torture; and so far as Ranulph and the world knew she was wholly unworthy. Of late she had sometimes wondered if, after all, she had had the right to do as she had done: as though indeed she had asked herself whether any one person, in serene independence of conscience, may stand quite free to live regardless of all others in the world: whether to act for one's own heart, feelings, and life alone, no matter how perfect the honesty, is not a sort of noble cruelty, or cruel nobility, an egotism which obeys but its own commandments, finding its own straight and narrow path by first disbarring the feelings and lives of others. It had now and again occurred to her, Had she done what was best for the child? Any moment's misgiving upon this point made her heart ache bitterly. Was life then a series of triste condonings at the best, of humiliating compromises at the worst?

She repeated her question to Ranulph now. "You haven't ambition any longer?"

"I'm busy building ships," he answered evasively. "I build good ships, they tell me, and I am strong and healthy. As for being Connétable, I would rather, I'm afraid help prisoners free than hale them before the Royal Court. For somehow when you get at the bottom of most crimes—the small ones leastways—you find that they weren't quite meant. I expect — I expect," he added gravely, "that half the crimes ought never to be punished at all, for it's strange that those things which hurt most can't be punished by law."

"Perhaps it evens up in the long end," answered Guida, turning away from him to the fire, and feeling her heart beat faster as she saw how the child nestled in Ranulph's arms—the child which had no father. "You see," she added, "if some are punished who oughtn't to be, there are others who ought to be that aren't. And the worst of it is we care so little for real justice that we wouldn't punish if we could—I have come to feel that. Sometimes if you do exactly what's right, you hurt someone you don't wish to hurt, and if you don't do exactly what's right perhaps that someone else hurts you. So, often, we would rather be hurt than hurt."

With the last words she turned from the fire and involuntarily faced him. Their eyes met. In hers were only the pity of life, the sadness, the cruelty of misfortune, and friendliness for him. In his eyes was purpose, definite, strong.

He went over and put the child in its high chair. Then coming a little nearer to Guida, he said:

"There's only one thing in life that really hurts—playing false."

Her heart suddenly stopped beating. What was Ranulph going to say? After all these years was he going to speak of Philip? But she did not reply according to her thought.

"Have people played false in your life—ever?" she asked.

"If you'll listen to me I'll tell you how," he answered.

"Wait, wait," she said in trepidation. "It—it has nothing to do with me?"

He shook his head. "It has only to do with my father and myself. When I've told you, then you must say whether you will have anything to do with it, or with me. . . . You remember," he continued, without waiting for her to speak, "you remember that day upon the Ecréhos—four years ago? Well, that day I had made up my mind to tell you in so many words what I hoped you had always known, Guida. I didn't—why? Not because of another man—no, no, I don't mean to hurt you, but I must tell you the truth now—not because of another man, for I should have bided my chance with him."

"Ranulph, Ranulph," she broke in, "you must not speak of this now! Do you not see it hurts me? It is not like you—it is not right of you——"

A sudden emotion seized him, and his voice shook.

"Not right? You should know that I would never say one word to hurt you, or do one thing to wrong you. But I must speak to-day—I must tell you everything. I've thought of it for four long years, and I know now that what I mean to do is right."

She sat down in the great armchair. A sudden weakness came upon her—she was being brought face to face with days of which she had never allowed herself to think, for she lived always in the future.

"Go on," she said helplessly. "Tell me what you have to say, Ranulph."

"I will tell you why I didn't speak of my love to you that day we went to the Ecréhos. My father came back that day."

"Yes, yes," she said; "of course you had to think of him."

"Yes, I had to think of him, but not in the way you mean. Be patient a little while," he added.

Then in a few words he told her the whole story of his father's treachery and crime, from the night before the Battle of Jersey up to their meeting again upon the Ecréhos.

Guida was amazed and moved. Her heart filled with pity. "Ranulph — poor Ranulph!" she said, half rising in her seat.

"No no—wait," he rejoined. "Sit just where you are till I tell you all. Guida, you don't know what a life it has been for me these four years. I used to be able to look every man in the face without caring whether he liked me or hated me, for then I had never lied, I had never done a mean thing to any man; I had never deceived—nannin-gia, never! But when my father came back, then I had to play a false game. He had lied, and to save him I either had to hold my peace or tell his story. Speaking was lying and being silent was lying. Mind you, I'm not complaining, I'm not saying it because I want any pity. No, I'm saying it because it's the truth, and I want you to know the truth. You understand what it means to feel right in your own mind—feeling that way, the rest of life is easy. Eh ben, what a thing it is to get up in the morning, build your fire, make your breakfast, and sit down facing a man whose whole life is a lie, and that man your own father! Some morning perhaps you forget and you go out into the sun, and it all seems good out there, and you take your tools and go to work, and the sea comes washing up the shingle, and you think that the ***shir-r-r-r*** of the water on the pebbles and the singing of the saw and the clanging of the hammer are the best music in the world. But all at once you remember!—And then you work harder, not because you love work now for its own sake, but because it uses up your misery and makes you tired—and being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget. Yet nearly all the time you're awake it fairly kills you, for you feel someone always at your elbow whispering, 'You'll never be happy again, you'll never be happy again.' And when you tell the truth about anything, that someone at your elbow laughs and says, 'Nobody believes—your whole life's a lie.' And if the worst man you know passes you by, that someone at your elbow says, 'You can wear a mask, but you're no better than he—no better, no——' "

While Ranulph spoke Guida's face showed a pity and a kindness as deep as the sorrow which had deepened her nature. She shook her head once or twice as though to say "Surely, what suffering!" and now this seemed to strike Ranulph, to convict him of selfishness, for he suddenly stopped. His face presently cleared, and smiling with a little of his old-time unburdened cheerfulness, he said:

"Yet one gets used to it, and one works on because one knows that it will all come right some time. I'm of the kind that waits."

She looked up at him with her old wide-eyed steadfastness and replied: "You are a good man, Ranulph."

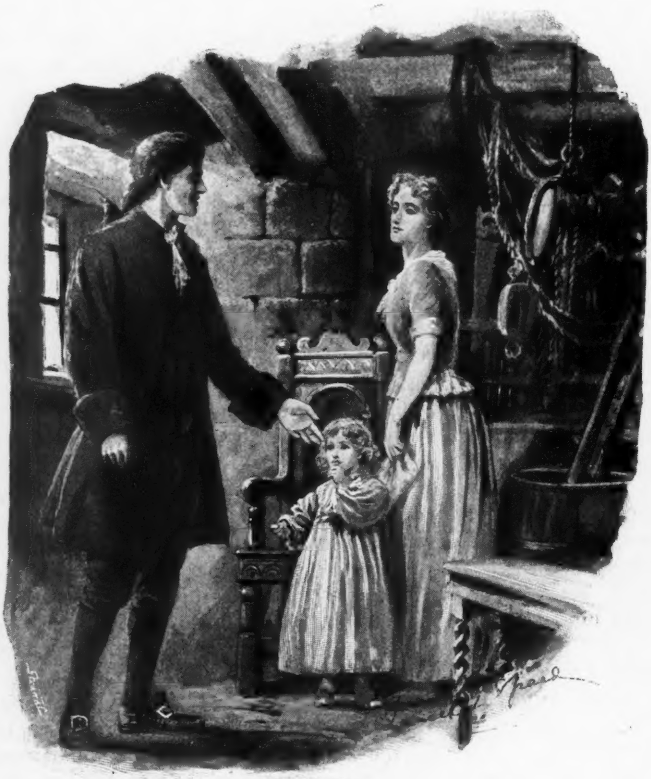
He stood gazing at her a moment without remark, then he said:

"No, but it's like you to say I am." Then he added suddenly, "I've told you the whole truth about myself and about my father. He did a bad thing and I've shielded him. At first, nursing my troubles and my shame, I used to think that I couldn't live it out, that I had no right to have any happiness. But I've changed my mind about that—ouigia! As I hammered away at my ships month in month out, year in year out, the truth came home to me at last. What right had I to sit down and brood over my miseries? I didn't love my father, but I've done wrong for him, and I've stood by him: well, I did love—and I do love—some one else, and I should only be doing right to tell her so, and to ask her to let me stand with her against the world."

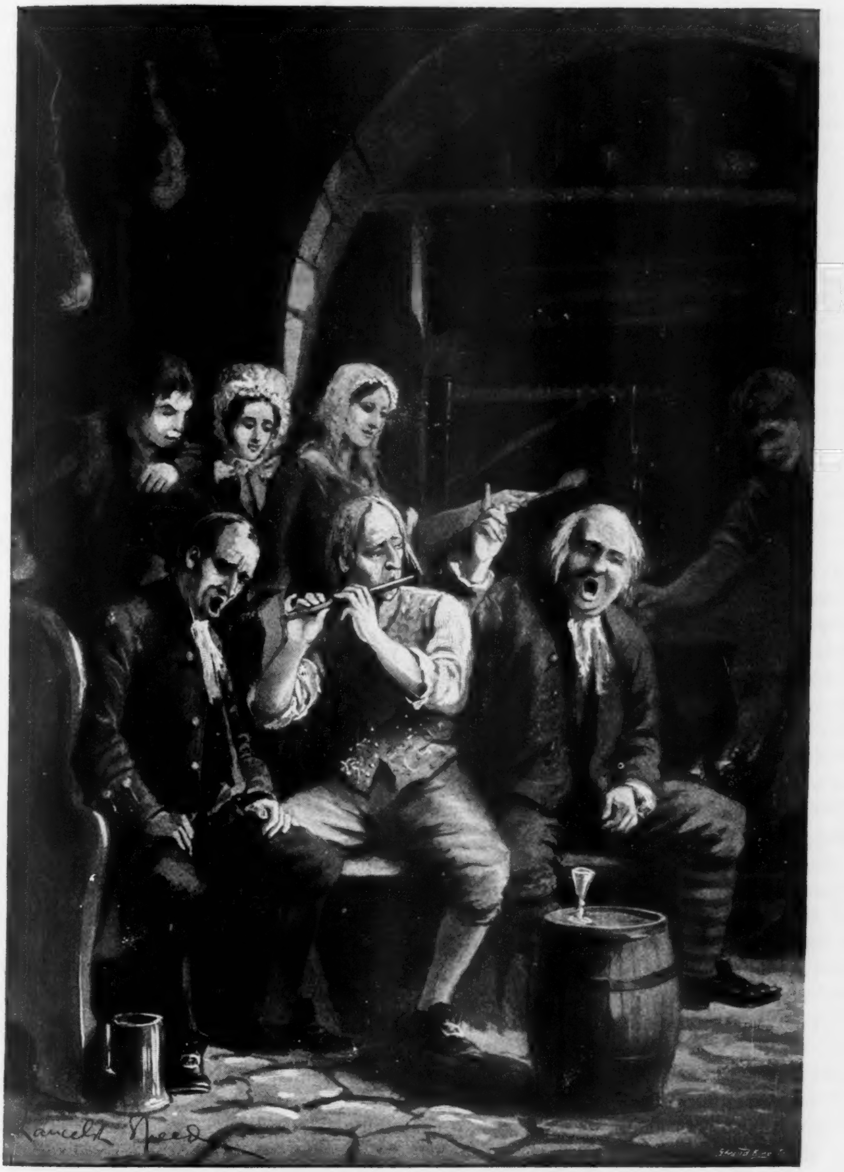
He was looking down at her with all his story in his face, and she put out her hand quickly as if in protest and said:

"Ranulph—ah no, Ranulph——"

"But yes, Guida," he replied with stubborn tenderness, "it is you I mean—it is you I have always meant. You have always been a hundred times more to me than my father, but I let you fight your fight alone. I've waked



"Sit here, Ranulph"



" From another doorway came fragments of song "

up now to my selfishness. But I tell you also that though I love you better than anything in the world, if things had gone well with you I'd never have come to you. I never have come, because of my father, and I'd never have come because you are too far above me always. I only come now because we're both apart from the world and lonely beyond telling, because we need each other. I come with just one thing to say, that we two should stand together. There's none that can be so near as those that have had hard troubles, that have had bitter wrongs. And when there's love too, what can break the bond! You and I, Guida, are apart from the world, each in a black loneliness that no one understands. Let us be lonely no longer. Let us live our lives together. What shall we care for the rest of the world if we know that we mean to do good and not wrong? So I've come to ask you to let me care for you and the child, to ask you to make my home your home. My father hasn't long to live, and when he is gone we could leave this island for ever. Will you come, Guida?"

She had never taken her eyes from his face, and as his story grew her face lighted with emotion—the glow of a moment's content, of a fleeting joy. In spite of all, this man loved her, he wanted to marry her—in spite of all. Glad to know that such men lived, and with how sombre memories contrasting with this bright experience!—she said to him once again, "You are a good man, Ranulph."

Coming near to her, he said in a voice husky with feeling, "You will be my wife, Guida?"

She stood up, one hand resting on the arm of the great chair, the other partly extended in pitying deprecation.

"No, Ranulph, no; I can never, never be your wife—never in this world."

For an instant he looked at her dumfounded, overwhelmed, then he turned away to the fireplace slowly and heavily. "I suppose it was too much to hope for," he said bitterly. He realised now how much she was above him—even in her sorrow and shame.

"You forget," she answered quietly, and her hand went out suddenly to the brown curls of the child, "you forget what the world says about me."

There was a kind of fierceness in his look as he turned to her again.

"Me—I have always forgotten—everything," he answered. "Have you thought that for all these years I've believed one word? *Secours d'la vie!* of what use is faith, what use to trust, if you thought I believed! I do not know the truth, for you have not told me; but I do know, as I know I have a heart in me—I do know that there never was any wrong in you. It is you who forget," he added quickly—"it is you who forget. I tried to tell you all this before—three years ago I tried to tell you. You stopped me, you would not listen. Perhaps you have thought I did not know what has happened to you every week, almost every day of your life. A hundred times I have walked here and you have not seen me—when you were asleep, when you were fishing, when you were working like a man in the fields and the garden—you who ought to be cared for by a man, working like a slave at man's work! But, no, no, you have not thought well of me, or you would have known that every day I cared, every day I watched, and waited, and hoped, and believed!"

She came to him slowly where he stood, his great frame trembling with his passion and the hurt she had given him, and laying her hand upon his arm, she said:

"Your faith was a blind one, Ro. I was either a girl who—who deserved nothing of the world, or I was a wife. I had no husband, had I? Then I must have been a girl who—who deserved nothing of the world, or of you. Your faith was blind, Ranulph, you see it was blind."

"What I know is this," he said with dogged persistence—"what I know is this: that whatever was wrong, there was no wrong in you. My life a hundred times on that!"

She smiled at him, the brightest smile that had been on her face these years past, and she answered softly:

"'I did not think there was so great faith —no, not in Israel!'" Then the happiness passed from her lips to her eyes. "Your faith has made me happy, Ro—I am selfish, you see. Your love in itself could not make me happy, for I have no right to listen to words of love, because——"

She paused. It seemed too hard to say: the door of her heart enclosing her secret opened so slowly—so slowly. A struggle was going on in her. Every fibre of her nature was alive. Once, twice, thrice she tried to speak and could not. At last with bursting soul and eyes swimming with tears she said solemnly:

"I can never marry you, Ranulph, and I have no right to listen to your words of love because—because I am a wife."

Then she gave a great sigh of relief; like some penitent who has for a lifetime hidden a sin or a sorrow and suddenly finds the joy of a confessional which relieves the sick heart, takes away the hand of loneliness that clamps it, and gives it freedom again; that lifts the poor slave from the rack of secrecy, the most cruel Inquisition of Life and Time. She repeated the words once more, a little louder, a little clearer. She had vindicated herself to God, now she had vindicated herself to man—though to but one man.

"I can never marry you because I am a wife," she said again. There was a slight pause, and then the final word was said: "I am the wife of Philip d'Avranche."

Ranulph did not speak. He stood still and rigid, looking with eyes that scarcely saw her; for a mist of conflicting emotions and numb impressions had clouded them.

"I had not intended telling any one until the time should come"—once more her hand reached out and tremblingly stroked the head of the child—"but your belief in me has forced it from me. I could not now let you go from me ignorant of the truth—you whose faith is beyond telling. Ranulph, I want you to know that I am at least no worse than you thought me."

The look in his face was one of triumph, mingled with despair, hatred, and purpose—hatred of Philip d'Avranche, and purpose concerning him. He gloried now in knowing that Guida might take her place among the honest women of this world—as the world terms honesty—but he had received the death-blow to his every hope. So he had lost her altogether—he who had watched and waited; who had served and followed, in season and out of season; who had been the faithful friend, keeping his eye fixed only upon her happiness; who had given all; who had poured out his heart like water, and his life like wine before her!

At first all he thought of was that Philip d'Avranche was the husband of the woman he loved, and that Philip had deserted her. Then a sudden remembrance stunned him: Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, had another wife. He remembered—it had been burned into his brain the day he saw it first in the *Gazette de Jersey*—that he had married the Comtesse Chantavoine, niece of the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, upon the very day, and but an hour before, the old Duc de Bercy suddenly died. It flashed across his mind now what he had felt then. He had always believed that Philip had wronged Guida; and long ago he would have gone in search of him—gone to try the strength of his arm against this cowardly marauder, as he held him—but his father's ill-health had kept him where he was, and Philip too was at sea upon the nation's business. So the years had gone on until now.

His brain soon cleared. All that he had ever thought upon the matter now crystallised itself into the very truth of the affair. Philip had married Guida secretly; but his new future had opened up to him all at once, and he had married again—a crime, but a crime which in high places sometimes goes unpunished. Yet how monstrous it was that such vile wickedness should be delivered against this woman before him, in whom beauty, goodness, power were commingled! She was the real Princess Philip d'Avranche, and this child of hers—ah, now he understood why she allowed the child to speak no patois!

They scarcely knew how long they stood silent, she with her hand stroking the child's golden hair, he white and dazed, looking—looking at her and the child, as the thing resolved itself to him. At last, in a voice which neither he nor she could quite recognise as his own, he said:

"Of course you live now only for the child."

How she thanked him in her heart for the things he had left unsaid—those things which clear-minded and great-minded folk, high or humble, always understand! There was no selfish lamenting upon his part, there were no reproaches, none of the futile banalities of the lover who fails to see that it is no crime for a woman not to love him. The thing he had said was the thing she most cared to hear.

"Only for that, Ranulph," she answered.

"When will you claim the child's rights?"

She shook her head sadly. "I do not know," she answered with hesitation. "I will tell you all about it," she added hastily.

Then she told him of the lost register of St. Michael's, and of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, but she said nothing as to why she had kept silence. She felt that, man though he was, he might divine something of the truth. In any case he knew that Philip had deserted her.

After a moment he said: "I'll find Mr. Dow if he is alive, and the register too. Then the boy shall have his rights at once."

"No, Ranulph," she answered firmly, "it shall be in my own time. I must keep the child with me. I know not when I shall speak—I am biding the day. Once I thought I never should speak, but then I did not see all—did not wholly realise my duty towards Guilbert. It is so hard to do what is wise and just."

"When the proofs are found your child shall have his rights," he said with grim insistence.

"I would never let him go from me," she answered, and, leaning over, she impulsively clasped the little Guilbert in her arms.

"There'll be no need for the child to go from you," he rejoined, "for when your rights come to you, Philip d'Avranche will not be living."

"Will not be living!" she said in amazement. She did not understand at first.

"I mean to kill him," he answered sternly.

She started violently, and the light of anger leaped into her eyes. "You mean to kill Philip d'Avranche—you, Maître Ranulph Delagarde!" she said. "Whom has he wronged? Myself and my child only—his wife and his child. Men have been killed for lesser wrongs, but the right to kill does not belong to you. You speak of killing Philip d'Avranche—and yet you dare to say you are my friend!"

In that moment Ranulph learned more than he had ever guessed of life's subtle distinctions and the workings of a woman's mind; and he also knew that she was right. Her father—her grandfather might have killed Philip d'Avranche—any one but himself—he the man who had but just declared his love for her. Clearly his selfishness had blinded him. Right was on his side, but not the formal codes by which men live. He could not avenge Guida's wrongs upon her husband, for all men knew that he had loved her for years.

"Forgive me," he said in a low tone, "you are right. But you will let me help you in those other things—to have justice for your child?"

"You see you can do that for me, Ranulph," she answered gently.

A new thought came to him. "Do you think your not speaking all these years was best for the child?" he asked.

Her lips trembled. "Oh, that thought," she said, "that thought has made me unhappy so often! It comes to me sometimes at night as I lie sleepless, and I wonder if my child will grow up and turn against me one day. Yet I did what I thought was right, Ranulph, I did the only thing I could do. I would rather have died than——"

She stopped short. No, not even to this man who knew all could she speak her whole mind, but sometimes the thought came to her with horrifying acuteness: was it possible that she ought to have sunk her own disillusions, misery, contempt, and hatred of Philip d'Avranche, for the child's sake? She shuddered even now as the reflection of that possibility came to her!

Of late she had felt that a crisis was near. She had had premonitions that her fate, whatever it was, was closing in upon her; that these days in this lonely spot with her child, with her love for it and its love for her, were numbered; that dreams must soon give way for action, and this devoted peace would be broken, she knew not how.

Stooping, she kissed the little fellow upon the forehead and upon the eyes, and his two hands came up and clasped both her cheeks.

"*Tu m'aimes*, maman?" the child asked; she had taught him the pretty question.

"*Comme la vie, comme la vie!*" she answered with a half sob, and drew the little one up from its chair to her bosom.

Now she looked towards the window. Ranulph followed the look, and saw that the shades of night were falling.

"I have far to walk," he said; "I must be going."

As he held out his hand to Guida the child leaned over and touched him on the shoulder. "What is your name, man?" he asked.

He smiled, and, taking the warm little hand in his own, he said: "My name is Ranulph, little gentleman. Ranulph's my name, but you shall call me Ro."

"Good-night, Ro—man," the child answered with the same mischievous smile as had once belonged to Guida.

The scene brought up another such scene in Guida's life so many years ago. Instinctively she drew back with the child, a look of pain crossing her face. But Ranulph did not see; he was going. At the doorway he turned and said:

"You may trust me."

She did not answer in words, but she nodded and smiled, saying more plainly than words could say:

"You are a good man, Ranulph."

CHAPTER XXXI

When Ranulph returned to his little house at St. Aubin's Bay night had fallen. Approaching it he saw that there was no light in the windows, that the blinds were not drawn, that there was no glimmer of a fire in the chimney. He hesitated at the door, for he instinctively felt that something must have happened to his father. He was just about to enter, however, when someone came hurriedly round the corner of the house.

"Whist, boy!" said a voice. "I've news for you." Ranulph recognised the voice as that of Dormy Jamais. Dormy plucked at his sleeve. "Come with me, boy," said he.

"No, no; come inside if you want to tell me something," answered Ranulph.

"Ah bah, not for me! Stone walls have ears. I'll tell you and the wind that hears and runs away."

"I must speak to my father first," answered Ranulph.

"Then come with me, I've got him safe!" Dormy chuckled to himself.

Ranulph's heavy hand dropped on his shoulder. "What's that you're saying—my father with you? What's the matter?"

As though oblivious of Ranulph's hand Dormy went on chuckling.

"Whoever burns me for a fool will lose their ashes. Des monz à fous—I have a head! Come with me."

Ranulph saw that he must humour the shrewd natural, so he said:

"Et ben, put your four shirts in five bundles and come along." He was a true Jerseyman at heart, and speaking to such as Dormy Jamais he used the homely patois phrases. He knew there was no use hurrying the little man, he would take his own time.

"There's been the devil to pay," said Dormy as he ran towards the shore, his sabots going *clac-clac, clac-clac.* "There's been the devil to pay in St. Helier's, boy!" He spoke scarcely above a whisper.

"Tchèche—what's that?" said Ranulph. But Dormy was not to uncover his pot of roses till his own time.

"That Connétable's got no more wit than a square-bladed knife!" he rattled on. "But gache-à-penn, I'm hungry!" And as he ran he began munching a lump of bread he took from his pocket.

For the next five minutes they went on in silence. It was quite dark, and as they passed up Market Hill—called Ghost Lane because of the Good Little People who made it their highway—Dormy caught hold of Ranulph's coat and trotted along beside him. As they went up the hill, tokens of the life within came out to them through doorway and window. Now it was the voice of a laughing young mother:

Si tu as faim
Manges ta main
Et gardes l'autre pour demain;
Et ta tête
Pour le jour de fête;
Et ton gros ortée
Pour le Jour Saint Norbé.

And again:

Let us pluck the bill of the lark,
The lark from head to tail—

He knew the voice. It was that of a young wife of the parish of St. Saviour: married happily, living simply, given a frugal board, simple clothing after the manner of her kind, and a comradeship for life. For the moment he felt little but sorrow for himself. The world seemed to be conspiring against him: the chorus of Fate was singing behind the scenes—singing of the happiness of others in sardonic comment on his own final unhappiness; yet despite the pain of finality he felt something also of the apathy of despair.

From another doorway came fragments of a song sung at a veille. The door was open, and he could see within the happy gathering of lads and lasses. There was the spacious kitchen, its beams and rafters dark with age, adorned with flitches of bacon, huge loaves resting in the racllyi beneath the centre beam, the broad open hearth, the flaming fire of logs, and the great brass pan shining like freshly-coined gold, on its iron tripod over the logs. There were the lasses in their short woollen petticoats, close caps, and bedgônes of blue and lilac, the lads stirring with all their might the contents of the vast bashin—many cabots of apples, together with sugar, lemon-peel and cider; the old ladies in mob-caps tied under the chin, measuring out the nutmeg and cinnamon by the light of the crasset to complete the making of the black butter—a jocund recreation for all, and at all times.

In a corner was a fiddler, and on the veille, flourished for the occasion with flowers and ferns, sat two centeniers and the prévôt, singing an old song of the veilles in the patois of three parishes.

Ranulph looked at the scene lingeringly. Here he was, with mystery and peril to hasten his steps, loitering at the spot where the light of home streamed out upon the roadway. But though he lingered, somehow he seemed withdrawn from all these things; they were to him now almost like a picture of a distant past.

Dormy plucked at his coat. "Come, come, lift your feet, lift your feet," said he; "it's no time to walk in slippers. The old man will be getting scared, oui-gia!"

Ranulph roused himself. Yes, yes, he must hurry on. He had not forgotten his father, but something had held him here a moment—as though Fate had whispered in his ear, "What does it matter now? While yet you may, feed on the sight of happiness." Just so the prisoner going to execution seizes one of the few moments left to him for prayer, to look lingeringly upon what he leaves, as though to carry into the dark a clear remembrance of it all.

Moving on quietly in a kind of dream, Ranulph was roused again by Dormy's voice: "On Sunday I saw three magpies, and there was a wedding that day. Tuesday I saw two—which is for joy, and that day fifty Jersey prisoners of the French comes back on Jersey. This morning one I saw. One magpie is for trouble, and trouble's here. One doesn't have eyes for nought—no, bidemme!"

Ranulph's patience was exhausted. He would no longer ask for Dormy's news—he would question if he had any.

"Bachouar!" he exclaimed roughly, "you make elephants out of fleas. You've got no more news than a conch-shell has music, and when I've got to the end of this you shall have a back-hander that'll put you to sleep, Maître Dormy!"

If he had been asked politely Dormy would have been still more cunningly reticent. To abuse him in his own *argot* was to make him loose his bag of mice in a flash.

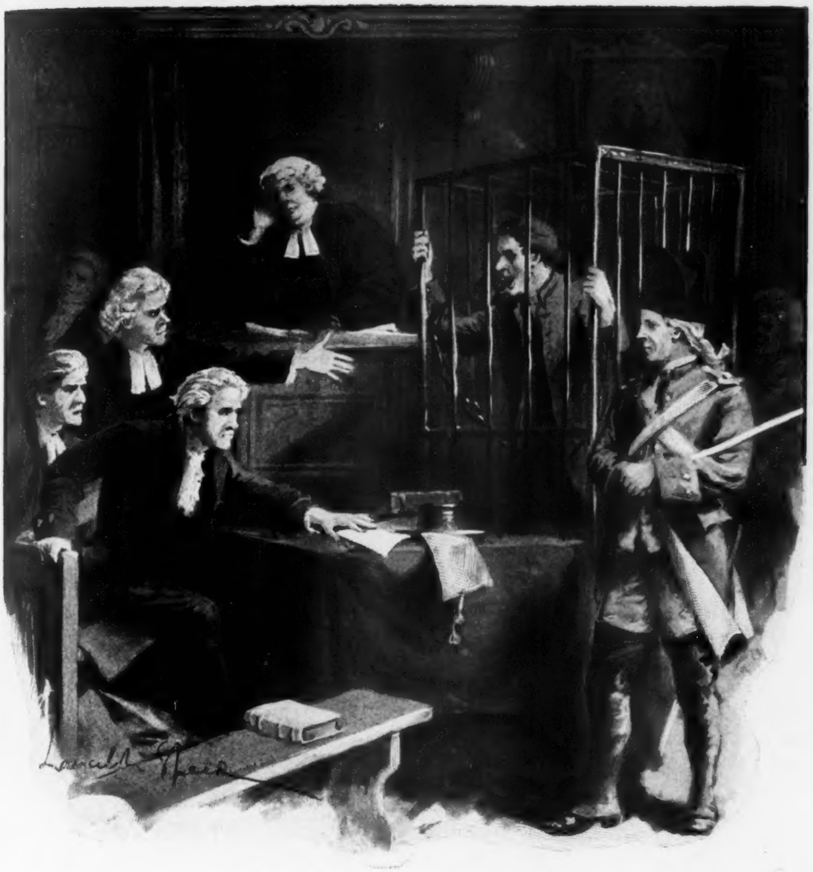
"Bachouar yourself, Maître Ranulph! You'll find out soon. No news—no trouble—eh! Par madé, Mattingley's gone to the Vier Prison—he! The baker's come back, and the Connétable's after Olivier Delagarde! No trouble, pardingue! if no trouble, Dormy Jamais's a batd'lagoule, and no need for father of you to hide in a place that only Dormy Jamais knows—my good!"

So at last the blow had fallen—after all these years of silence, sacrifice, and misery. The futility of all that he had done and suffered for his father's sake came home to Ranulph. Yet his brain was instantly alive. He questioned Dormy rapidly and adroitly, and got the story from him in patches.

The baker who had, with Olivier Delagarde, betrayed the country into the hands of Rullecour, had, with a French confederate of Mattingley's, been captured in attempting to steal Jean Touzel's boat, the *Hardi Biaou*. The confederate had been mortally wounded at the capture. Before he died he implicated Mattingley in several robberies, and in one well-known case of piracy of three months before, committed within gunshot of the men-of-war lying in the tide-way. The baker, seriously wounded, confessed to his crime, having been promised his life on condition that he disclosed the name of the ringleader in the treason which enabled Rullecour to land. He had straightway named Olivier Delagarde. After the capture, the prisoner had been carried to the court-house and examined in private.

Hidden behind the great chair of the Lieutenant-Bailly himself, Dormy Jamais had heard the whole business. This had brought him hot-foot to St. Aubin's Bay, whence he had hurried Olivier Delagarde to a hiding-place in the hills above the Bay of St. Brelade. The fool had travelled more swiftly than Jersey justice, whose feet are heavy. Elie Mattingley and the baker were now in the Vier Prison. There was the whole story.

For fifteen years and more Ranulph Delagarde had been called a hero, his father a hero and a patriot, a figure of ancient loyalty that more than all else recalled the



"Awaiting his doom in the iron cage"

time when Peirson defeated Rullecour. It was but yesterday, as it were, that they had offered to make Ranulph connétable of St. Helier's. The mask had fallen, the game was up. Well, at least there would be no more hiding, no more lying, no more inward shame greater than outward obloquy. All at once it appeared to him madness that he had not taken his father away from Jersey long ago, that he should have thus awaited here this inevitable hour.

Well, little good could come of repining or lamenting. Nothing now was left but action. He must save his father—it was his duty and it was his right. Some men had yielded up their sons to the sword of justice, but what son could so yield up his father—as though it were that he who begot might destroy but he who was begotten must only save!

Walking fiercely on, thinking only of how he might save his father, he was conscious that the bŭzard beside him was munching bread and apples with idle enjoyment. There came to his mind suddenly the scene of fifteen years before, when, locked and barred in the baker's shop, he had heard the *clac-clac, clac-clac* of Dormy's sabots go by the doorway.

He must get his father clear of the island and that soon. But how? and where should they go? He had a boat in St. Aubin's Bay: getting there under cover of darkness he might embark with his father and set sail—whither? To Sark—there was no safety there. To Guernsey—that was no better. To England? He might join the English Navy, of course—he had been three years a gunner at Elizabeth Castle. No, not that, for in the Navy he should meet with Philip d'Avranche, and if they two met he might forget the promise he had made to Guida. To France? That was it, to the war of the Vendée, to join Détricand, Comte Détricand de Tournay. No need to find the scrap of paper Détricand had given him once in the Vier Marchi. Wherever he might be, his great fame would be the highway to him. All France knew of the companion of de la Rochejaquelein, the fearless Détricand de Tournay. Since in Jersey there was no longer a place for himself, shamed and dishonoured, convicted of complicity in hiding his father's crime, fighting now in that holy war he would find something to kill thought, to take him out of life without disgrace. France—his fate awaited him in France. But there was his father still! Well, he would take his father with him to France, and bide his fate.

By the time his mind was thus made up, they had reached the rocky point dividing Portelet Bay from St. Brelade's—a lonely headland, not unlike that of Plemont at the north. Dark things were said of this spot, and the folk of the island were wont to avoid it. It had its ghostly lights, its pirates' caves, and all the mise-en-scène of criminal privacy. That strange lights were seen was undoubted. Beneath the cliffs in the sea was a rocky islet called Janvrin's Tomb. Here one Janvrin, ill of a fell disease, and with his fellows forbidden by the Royal Court to land, had taken refuge, and there died wholly neglected and without burial. Afterwards his body had lain exposed till the ravens and vultures picked his bones and at last a great storm swept them off into the sea. Strange lights were to be seen by this rock, and though wise men guessed them mortal glimmerings, easily explained, they sufficed to give the headland immunity from invasion.

Here it was that Dormy Jamais had brought the trembling Olivier Delagarde, whimpering and senile, unrepenting and peevish, but with a craven fear of the Royal Court and a furious populace quickening his footsteps. Ranulph reached the cave which was his father's hiding-place, through the seemingly impossible entrance of another and larger cave. It was like a little vaulted chapel floored with sand and shingle. A crevice through rock and earth to the world above let in the light and let out the smoke. Only the highest tide in the year entered this retreat.

Here Olivier Delegarde sat crouched over a tiny fire, with some bread and a jar of water at his hand, gesticulating and talking to himself. The long white hair and beard, with the benevolent forehead, gave him the look of some latter-day Saint Helier, grieving for the sins and praying for the sorrows of mankind; but from the hateful mouth came infamous profanity fit only for the dreadful communion of a Witches' Sabbath.

When he heard Ranulph and Dormy entering the cave, he cowered and shivered in terror, but Ranulph, who knew too well his disgusting cowardice, called to him reassuringly. He quieted a little but went on muttering to himself. As Ranulph approached he stretched out his talon-like fingers in a gesture of entreaty.

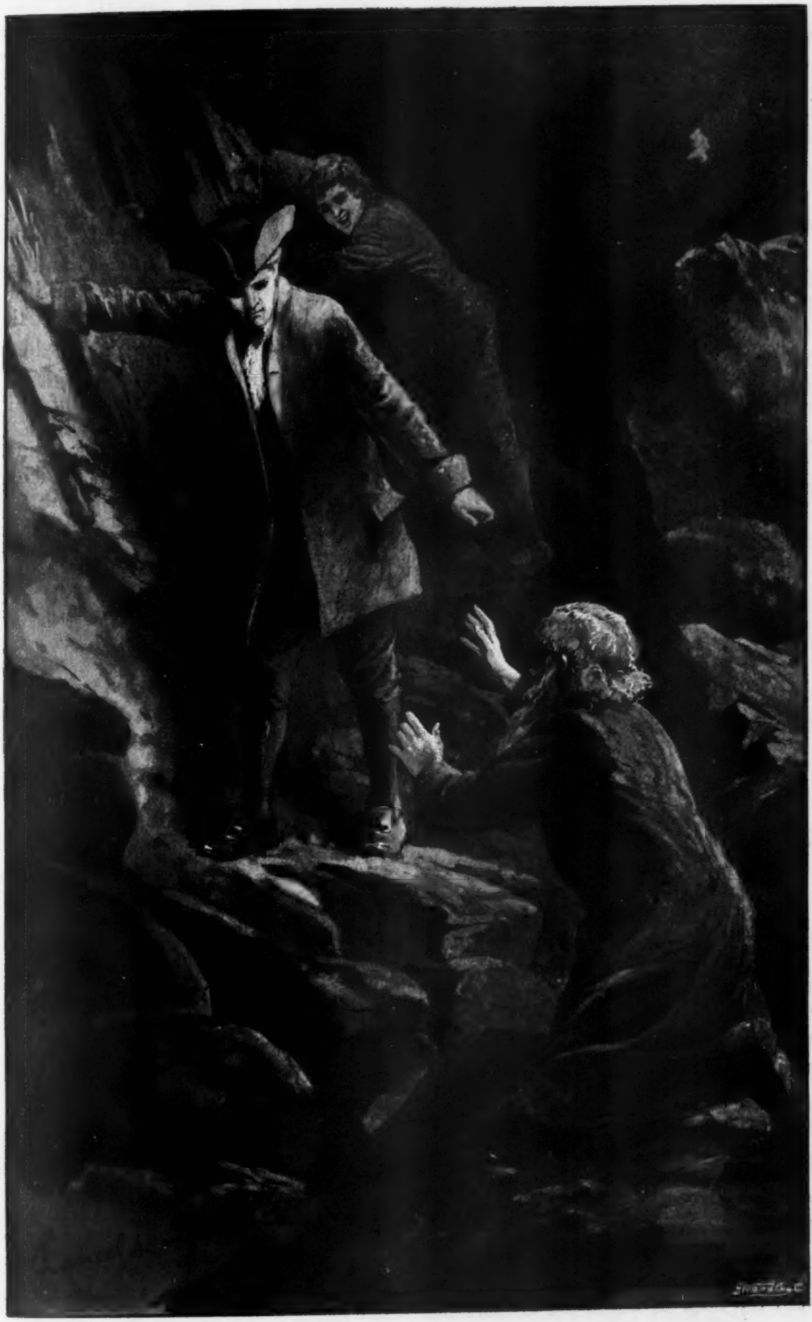
"You'll not let them hang me, Ranulph, you'll save me!" he said.

"Don't be afraid, they shall not hang you," Ranulph replied quietly, and began warming his hands at the fire, for though it was but early autumn, the cave was cold.

"You'll—you'll swear it, Ranulph?"

"I've told you they shall not hang you. You ought to know by this time whether I mean what I say," his son answered more sharply.

Assuredly Ranulph meant that his father should not be hanged. Whatever the law was, whatever wrong the old man had done, it had been atoned for; the price had been paid by both. He himself had drunk the cup of shame to the dregs, but now he would not swallow the dregs. An iron determination entered into him. He had endured all that he would endure from man. He had set out to defend Olivier Delagarde from the worst that might happen, and he was ready now to do so to the bitter end. His scheme of justice might not be that of the Royal Court, but he would defend it with his life. He had suddenly grown hard—and dangerous.



"'You'll not let them hang me'"

CHAPTER XXXII

THE Royal Court was sitting late. Candles had been brought to light the long desk or daïs where sat the Lieutenant-Bailly in his great chair, with six scarlet-robed Jurats on either side of him. The Attorney-General stood at his desk, mechanically scanning the indictment read against prisoners charged with capital crimes. His work was over, and according to his lights he had done it well. Not even the Undertaker's Apprentice could have been less sensitive to the struggles of humanity under the heel of fate and death. A little plaintive complacency joined to a righteous austerity and an agreeable expression of hunger made the Attorney-General a figure in godly contrast to the prisoner awaiting his doom in the iron cage opposite.

There was a singular stillness in this sombre Royal Court, where only a tallow candle or two and a dim lanthorn near the door filled the room with flickering shadows—great heads upon the wall drawing close together, and vast lips murmuring awful secrets. Low whisperings came through the dusk like mournful night-winds carrying tales of awe through a heavy forest. Once in the long silence a figure rose up silently, and stealing across the room to a door near the jury-box, tapped upon it with a pencil. A moment's pause, and the door opened slightly, and another shadowy figure appeared, whispered, and vanished. Then the first figure closed the door again silently, and came and spoke softly up to the Lieutenant-Bailly, who yawned in his hand, then sat back in his chair and drummed his fingers upon the arm. Thereupon the other—the greffier of the court—settled down at his desk beneath the Jurats, and peered into an open book before him, his eyes close to the page, reading silently by the meagre light of a candle from the Jurats' desk behind him.

Now a fat and ponderous avocat rose up and was about to speak, but the Lieutenant-Bailly, with a peevish gesture, waved him down, and he settled heavily into place again.

At last the door at which the Greffier had tapped opened, and a gaunt figure in a red robe came out, and standing in the middle of the room motioned to the great pew opposite the Attorney-General. Slowly the twenty-five men of the Grand Jury following him filed into place and sat themselves down in the shadows. Then the gaunt figure, bowing to the Lieutenant-Bailly and the Jurats, went over and took his seat beside the Attorney-General. Whereupon the Bailly leaned forward and droned a question to the Grand Enquête in the shadow. Then one rose up from among the twenty-five, and out of the dusk there came a piping voice in reply to the Judge.

"*We find the Prisoner at the Bar more Guilty than Innocent.*"

A shudder ran through the court. But some one not in the room shuddered still more violently, for, from the gable window of a house in the Rue des Très Pigeons, a girl had sat the livelong day, looking—looking into the Court Room. She had watched the day decline, the evening come, and the lighting of the crasset, and had waited to hear the words that meant more to her than her own life. At last the great moment came, and she could hear the voice of the foreman of the Grand Enquête whining the fateful words, "*More Guilty than Innocent.*"

It was Carterette Mattingley, and the prisoner at the bar was her father. Not far from Mattingley sat the chief witness against him, Carcaud the baker who, with Olivier Delagarde, had betrayed his country, and had now turned King's evidence.

Carterette did not wait to see the figure issue from the barbarous iron cage grimly recalling the days of Bernal Diaz del Castillo; nor to see the twelve Jurats put on their hats to hear the Lieutenant-Bailly pass sentence of death upon her father. She had other work to do. Even as Ranulph had declared that his father should not be hanged, in like manner she had made a vow. He had so far kept his word, and she would keep hers. She knew more concerning the Vier Prison than did the Judges of the Royal Court—and she had laid her plans.

THE WELLS OF PEACE

By FIONA MACLEOD

WHEN Ian Mòr, of whom I have spoken so often, was a man in the midway of life, he sought the Wells of Peace.

All his life long he had desired other things. But when a man has lived deeply he comes at last to long for rest. Beauty may be his rainbow, joy may be his sunshine, and life his passion; but soon or late he will seek the Wells of Peace.

I speak of a man such as Ian Mòr was. There is too vast a concourse of those who herd ignobly among the low levels of desire: of these I do not speak, knowing little of them, for there are stars in my inner life that guide my stumbling feet elsewhere and otherwise.

He has quiet now. There is sleep upon his brain that was so tired; there is balm upon his spirit: he has peace, there, where he lies in deep unheeding rest, under a rowan on a green hillside.

When he was ill with the death-weariness, though none saw signs of that, for it was within, I asked him once what was the thing he remembered best out of life—he who had lived so deeply, and was a poet and dreamer, and had loved with the great love.

He answered me in the Gaelic he loved. It is a saying of the people; but to me never common now, who see in the words the colour of his deep enduring loneliness.

"*Deireadh gach comuinn, sgaoileadh; deireadh gach cogaidh, sith*"—the end of all meetings, parting: the end of all striving, peace. The end of all striving, peace. *Deireadh gach cogaidh, sith:* I have slept often to the quiet music of that.

When he was in the midway of life, Ian Mòr went deep and far into the dark valley of weariness. The beauty of the world, the mystery of the human soul, the abiding ecstasy of his dream: these sustained him. And when, at last, the radiance was without mystery, and the mystery without vista; when the loveliness of light and shadow over all the green earth and ancient hills and ever-changeful unchanging sea, was a mere idle pageant for tired eyes—then was he sustained only by the star of his love. Far away she was. God knows in what unplumbed fathomless depths of loneliness the following love pursues its quest. Afar off, he loved. Fair star of his redemption: he could always discern that light through the darkness of his homeless heart.

She was of the old heroic mould. "Joy and deep love:" he said to her once, "these will be our stars." She smiled gravely in whispering back: "And Strength and Endurance."

Through how many strange gulfs he had sailed, through what hazardous straits, against what adverse winds and tides, before he set his course for the one haven he had never found: that port which each mariner on the sea of life has heard of, which many have descried across the running wave, which ever and again a few have found and entered. Ah, blue quietudes of the Haven of Peace: would God I might hear the low sigh, the glad pulsation, of your living waters.

I do not remember when it was that Ian Mòr went forth upon his quest. He was in the midway of life, that I know; and he arose one day from where he lay upon the hillside, dreaming an old sweet impossible dream. It is enough.

He went down the hillside of Ben Maiseach, through the still purpled heather and the goldening bracken. Behind him the slopes rose pale blue, with isles of deeper azure where a few drifting clouds trailed their shadows across the upland moors. Beneath him, and just beyond the Glen of the Willows, the Gorromalt Water made a few shimmering curves of light among the green of hazel-thickets and fern; farther, the low hills broke into a serrated crest, as of a spent and broken billow. Beyond, inclined a single long suspensive wave, immutable, pale as turquoise, ethereal as blue smoke. It was the sea.

A quiet region, for sure. Few crofts lightened the hillsides. Scanty pastures twisted this way and that among the granite boulders and endless green surf of fern.

On the road that day, from the end of Monanair to where the path of the Glen of the Willows diverges, Ian Mòr met no one.

In the Glen itself he passed a woman, a tinker's wife, dishevelled, with sullen eyes and ignoble mien, carrying wearily a sleeping child. He spoke, but she gave no other answer than a dull stare.

He passed her, dreaming his dream. A redbreast, who had found his fall-o'-the-leaf song, flew before him awhile, fluting brief cries of song.

"Ah, birdeen, birdeen," he cried, "be the bird of the rainbow and lead me to my love."

But the redbreast fluttered idly into a thicket of red-brown bramble, and Ian walked slowly on. Something lay upon his heart. "Lead me to my love," he muttered over and over.

Suddenly he turned, and moved swiftly back. When he came upon the woman he smiled, and said again in the sweet homely Gaelic, "God be with you, and a quiet night." The sullen eyes wandered idly over him.

"Let me help you," he asked.

She held out her hand, the hollow palm upward. But when he said simply that he had no money, she cursed him.

"You are weary, poor woman," he added, taking no notice of her bitter words. "Let me carry the child for you a bit. Sure, 'tis a heavy weight at the end o' the day, but not so heavy as the burden o' want and the hand of sorrow."

The woman looked at Ian suspiciously, but at last she relinquished the child.

For a time they walked in silence, side by side.

"Is the child a lass or boy?" Ian asked after a while.

"A lassie, worse luck."

His heart yearned. He looked into the little one's eyes, for she had wakened, and the last light of day was deepening in those deep-blue pools, so fathomless and quiet.

Ian remembered a song he had made, years and years before, when his life was green as June, and his heart glad as May, and his thought light as April. The memory came running like a freshet over a barren course. Tears welled from his heart into his eyes. And so, remembering, he sang in a low, murmuring voice:

Ah Eily, Eily, Eily, dear to me, dear and sweet,
In dreams I am hearing the sound of your little running feet;
The sound of your running feet that like the sea-hoofs beat
A music by day and night, Eily, on the sands of my heart, my sweet.

Eily, Eily, Eily, put off your wee hands from the heart o' me;
It is pain they are making there, where no more pain should be;
For little running feet, an' wee white hands, an' croodlin' as of the sea.
Bring tears to my eyes . . . tears, tears, out o' the heart o' me,
Mo lennav-a-chree,
Mo lennav-a-chree!

While he sang, low as it was, the woman trudged on seemingly unhearing. When he ceased, she spoke, with choking words and a gasp in her throat.

"Sing those last lines over again."

Ian glanced at her. Putting the child over into the hollow of his right arm, he slipped his hand into that of the tattered, dishevelled woman, as she tramped wearily on, her sullen eyes now red. He sang low:

For little running feet, an' wee white hands, an' croodlin' as of the sea,
Bring tears to my eyes . . . tears, tears, out o' the heart o' me,
Mo lennav-a-chree,
Mo lennav-a-chree!

"Why is there weeping upon you, poor woman?" he asked of her, in the kindly idiom of those who have the Gaelic.

Suddenly she stopped, and leaned against a birch; her breast shook with sobs.

For long she sobbed, with bitter tears. Gently Ian soothed her, out of the deep warm pity that was ever in his heart for poor sorrowful women. Soon she told him. The child he carried was not hers, but that of the woman her tinker-husband had taken to himself when she, his wife, proved barren.

"An' I've only one hope," she cried, "an' only one dream, an' that's to feel the wee white hands, an' to hear the running feet, an' to hear the croodlin' as of the sea, of my own, own bairn."

Looking upon the poor vagrant, Ian's heart melted in pity. Deep, wonderful love of the mother, that could court hunger and privation and misery and all else as dross only for the kiss of little lips, the light in little eyes, the mothering touch. The poor, uncomely wench, he thought: for sure, for sure, Mary, the Mother of all, called to her from afar off, with sister-sweet whispering and deep compassionate love.

They talked no more till they came to the little inn at the far end of the Glen of the Willows. The man there knew Ian Mòr, and so promised readily to give the woman shelter and food for that day, and the morrow, which was the Sabbath.

At the rising of the moon Ian left her. She had no speech, but she stammered piteous ungracious words. Peradventure, he understood right well. When he kissed the child, she put her little arms round his neck, and clung to him like a white butterfly against a dark bole of pine.

As he left the last birches of the Glen of the Willows, and heard the vague inland rumour of the sea echoing through a gully in the shoreward hills, another wayfarer joined him. It was Art, the son of Mary Gilchrist, he who as a little lad had been found, weary, in that very place, by a stranger who had taken him to a forest booth and shown him the mystery of the Twelve Weavers, who every day of the days meet at the Last Supper—for with them, who are immortal, there is no last or first.

For a brief while they spoke of one another. Then Ian told Art his friend that his weariness had become a burden too great to be borne; and that, tired of all things—tired of living most of all, tired even of hope—he had come forth to seek the Wells of Peace.

"And, Art," he added, "if you will tell me where I may find these, you will have all the healing love that is in my heart."

"There are seven Wells of Peace, Ian Mòr. Four you found long since, blind dreamer; and of one you had the sweet cool water a brief while ago; and the other is awaiting you, where your Hour sits dreaming her dream; and the seventh is bubbling sweet and wonderful under the Rainbow in the West."

Ian Mòr turned his eager weary eyes upon the speaker. "The Wells of Peace," he muttered, "which I have dreamed of—which I have dreamed of through tears and longing, and old familiar pain, and sorrow too deep for words."

"Even so, Ian. Poet and dreamer, you too have been blind, for all your seeing eyes and wonder-woven brain and passionate dream."

"Tell me! What are the four Wells of Peace I have already passed and drunken of and not known?"

"They are called, 'Love,' 'Beauty,' 'Dream,' and 'Endurance.'"

Ian bowed his head. Tears dimmed his eyes.

"Art," he whispered, "Art, bitter, bitter waters were those that I drank in that fourth Well of Peace. For I knew not the waters were sweet, then. And even now, even now, my heart faints at that shadowy well."

"It is the Well of Strength, Ian, and its waters rise out of that of Love, which you found so passing sweet."

"And what is that of which I drank a brief while ago?"

"It was in the Glen of the Willows. You felt its cool breath when you turned and went back to that poor outcast woman, and saw her sorrow, and looked into the eyes of the little one. And you drank of it when you gave the woman peace. It is the Well where the Son of God sits for ever, dreaming His dream. It is called 'Compassion.'"

And so, Ian thought, he had been at the Well of Peace that is called Compassion, and not known it.

"Tell me, Art, what are the sixth and seventh?"

"The sixth is where your Hour waits. It is the Well of Rest; deep, deep sleep; deep, deep rest; balm for the weary brain, the weary heart, the spirit that hath had weariness for comrade and loneliness as a bride. It is a small well that, and shunned of men, for its portals are those of the grave, and the soft breath of it steals up through brown earth and the ancient dreadful quiet of the underworld."

"And the seventh? That which bubbles sweet and wonderful under the Rainbow in the West?"

"Ian, you know the old ancient tales. Once, long syne, I heard you tell that of Ulad the Lonely. Do you remember what was the word on the lips of his Dream when, after long years, he saw her again when both met at last under the Rainbow?"

"Ay, for sure. It was the word of triumph, of joy, the whisper of peace: '*There is but one love.*'"

"When you hear that, Ian, and from the lips of her whom you have loved and shall love till your heart aches to death, then, then, you shall be standing by the seventh well."

They spoke no more, but moved slowly onward through the dusk. The sound of the sea deepened. The inland breath rose, as on a vast spiral wing, but waned, and passed like perishing smoke against the starry legions in the quiet gulfs above.

When the moon sank behind the uplifted pines of Benallan, and darkness oozed out of every thicket and shadowy place, and involved the black-green boughs and branches into a massed obscurity, Ian turned.

His quest was over. Not beyond those crested hills, nor by the running wave on the shore whose voice filled the night as though it were the dark whorl of a mighty shell, not there, or in this or that far place, were the Wells of Peace.

Love, Beauty, Dream, Endurance, Compassion, Rest, Love-Fulfilled; for sure the Wells of Peace were not far from home.

So Ian Mòr went back to his loneliness and his pain and his longing.

THE STORY OF THE MAKING OF A DOCK

By JAMES DEAS, C.E., Engineer-in-Chief Clyde Navigation

THE dock here referred to is the Princes Dock, situated on the south side of the harbour of Glasgow, lately named by the Duchess of York. It is 73 acres in area, 15¾ acres being water space in an outer or canting basin, 6 acres in a north basin, 6 acres in a centre basin, and 7 acres in a south basin—together 34¾ acres; while 38¼ acres are in quayage and roadways, with a lineal quayage of 2⅛ miles.

The dock is tidal, and vessels can enter or leave it at all states of the tide, dependent only on their draft. The depth at low-water ranges from 22 feet to 28 feet, and the rise of tide is 11 feet.

Before proceeding with the story, it may be advisable, on behalf of the numerous readers of Good Words who are unacquainted with Glasgow, to give a short history of the improvement of the river Clyde and the development of the harbour of Glasgow, which has made the Clyde the greatest shipbuilding river in the world.

Thomas Tucker, one of Cromwell's Commissioners, thus described Glasgow and the river Clyde in a report, dated November 20, 1656:

"The situation of this towne in a plentiful land and the mercantile genius of the people are strong signs of her increase and growth were she not chequed and kept under by the shallowness of her river, every day increasing and filling up, soe that no vessels of any burden can come nearer up than within fourteene miles, where they must unlade and send up theyr timber and Norway trade in rafts or floates, and all other commodityes by three or four tonnes at a time in small cobles or boates, in three, four, five, and none above six tonnes a boat."

But for the forethought, wisdom, unswerving faith, and indomitable perseverance of the civic authorities of Glasgow, who instituted the good work, and their successors in office, the Clyde Trustees, Glasgow would have ever remained, as it was in 1656, only the tenth among the towns of Scotland in point of wealth, Edinburgh being the first, and St. Andrews the fourth, and its river, with its numerous swamps and lagoons haunted by sea-fowl, heron, and wild-duck, would have remained, fitted only for boats and barges of the shallowest draft.

The opening up to Scotland of the English colonies in virtue of the Treaty of Union of 1707, gave the commerce of Glasgow its first great impulse; but it was not till sixty years after that, at the instance of the civic authorities of Glasgow, the first effective steps were taken, on the recommendation of Mr. Golborne, of Chester, a Welsh engineer, to deepen the river by the

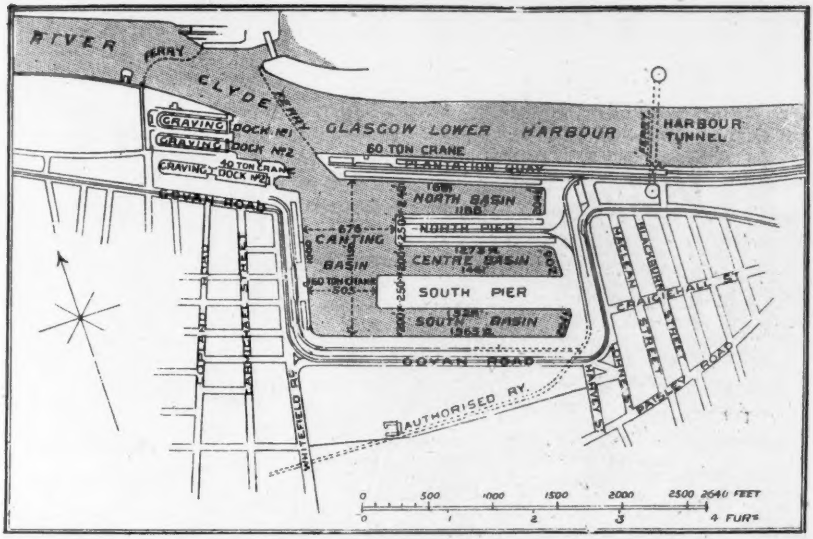

RIVER
FERRY
CLYDE
FERRY
GRAVING DOCK No 1
GRAVING DOCK No 2
GRAVING
40 TON CRANE
DOCK No 2
GLASGOW LOWER HARBOUR
FERRY
HARBOUR TUNNEL
60 TON CRANE
PLANTATION QUAY
GOVAN ROAD
NORTH BASIN
NORTH PIER
676
CANTING BASIN
CENTRE BASIN
160 TON CRANE
505
SOUTH PIER
SOUTH BASIN
GOVAN ROAD
WHITEFIELD RD
AUTHORISED RY.
HARVEY ST
MACLEAN STREET
BLACKBURN STREET
CRAIGIEHALL ST
PAISLEY ROAD
0 500 1000 1500 2000 2500 2640 FEET
0 1 2 3 4 FURs

FIG. 1. PLAN OF DOCK

construction of jetties where the river had expanded in width and had lost in depth, and the connecting of the outer ends of the same by training dykes, so as to cause Nature to assist itself by scour.

Yet even so recently as 1812, the *Comet*, the humble pioneer of the great steam shipping of the present day, drawing only four feet, frequently grounded at low-water at points over which H.M.S. *Terrible*, with a length of 538 feet, a breadth of 71 feet, a load draft of 27 feet, and a displacement of 14,250 tons, steamed over a few months ago.

In 1801 the quayage of the harbour of Glasgow was only 382 yards in length, the water area 4 acres, the revenue from the harbour and river £3400, and the population of the city 77,000. To-day the length of quayage is 8⅓ miles, the water area 205½ acres, the revenue £410,084, the population 791,355.

Until 1865 the sides of the river afforded sufficient ground for the extension of the quayage. The first dock, called Kingston Dock, was opened in 1867, the second, the Queen's Dock, in 1880.

Space will not permit to give further details connected with the city and its industries, so we will now proceed to describe the making of the dock which, as explained at the beginning, is the object of this article.

Docks are simply artificial areas of water surrounded by either walls or wharfs where vessels can berth to load or discharge cargo. In the case of this dock, its water spaces are surrounded by walls, the character and mode of construction of which will be shortly described.

The problem presented may be thus briefly stated. Given an area of 73 acres occupied by half a mile of highway with double line of tramways, by mansion houses and their grounds, numerous villas, market gardens, marine engine works, a shipbuilding yard, &c., the natural level of the ground ranging from 4 feet to 29 feet above the intended level of the proposed roadways and quays—how to construct a dock therein, with quays fully two miles in length, enclosing nearly 35 acres of water, embracing a canting basin of an area ample to enable the largest vessel of her Majesty's navy or of the mercantile marine to turn and remain afloat at the lowest state of the tide, and three inner basins, lined with quays, roadways, and lines of rails in direct communication with the railways of the kingdom, where the largest vessels may load and discharge, these quays to be equipped with double storey sheds capable of holding the

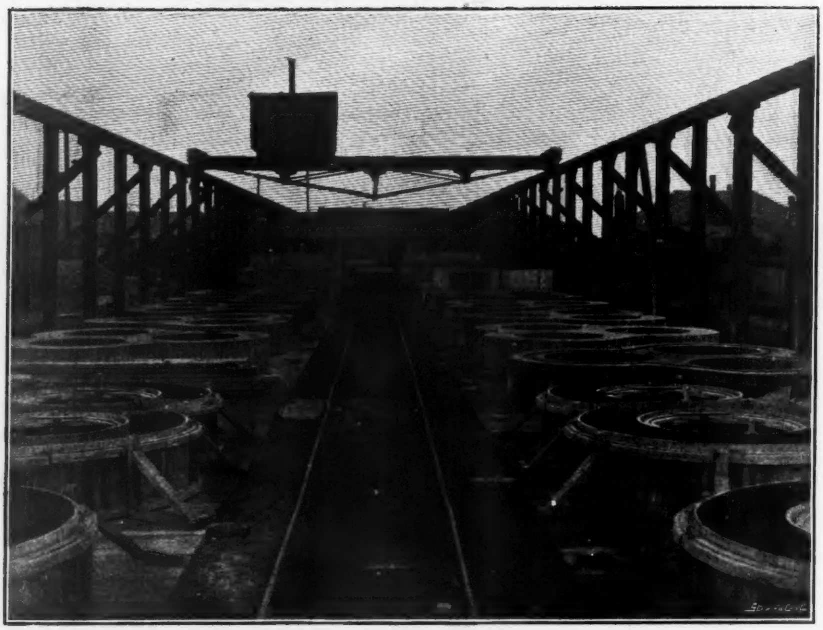


FIG. 2. VIEW OF MOULDING PLATFORM

largest cargo in any vessel's own length, with power cranes to discharge and load with unequalled dispatch, and to provide one crane of sufficient power, sweep and height to put machinery on board the largest steam vessel that will likely ever be built.

The first step being to ascertain the strata in which the quay walls would fall to be erected, bores, forty-nine in number, were put down on the lines it was proposed these walls should occupy, some of them to the rock, which was reached at depths varying from 84 feet to 117 feet below the surface. It was found that the stratum on which the walls would be founded from 50 feet to 58 feet below the quay level was chiefly quicksand, a very suitable formation on which to rest the weightiest of structures provided it is kept from "running."

With the knowledge acquired from the bores, it was resolved that the substructure of all the walls should consist of concrete cylinders, successfully adopted for the first time upwards of twenty-five years ago in the construction of the Queen's Dock and Stobcross Quay, thereby dispensing with costly cofferdams and expensive pumping. These cylinders were to reach a depth of from 50 feet to 58 feet, and consisted of a series of rings laid consecutively on one another, so that when the lowest ring was sunk each series formed a deep "well."

In consequence of a serious depression in trade the commencement of the construction of the dock was delayed until 1886, when trade, showing signs of improvement, the requisite steam stone breakers, concrete mixers, staging, steam travellers, and steam cranes were provided, and moulding of concrete rings was commenced, so as to have a stock always on hand ready for use.

The rings were, with a few exceptions, triple in figure, 9 feet 7½ inches in external and 5 feet 9½ inches in internal diameter, 2 feet 6 inches deep by 1 foot 11 inches thick, made in movable wooden moulds on carefully levelled platforms (fig. 2).

The concrete of which they were made consisted of five parts of gravel, or broken stones, or old hard burned brick, and sharp sand, to one part of Portland cement of the strongest description, mixed together by steam power in mixers designed for the purpose, water being added to bring the mixture into a homogeneous and plastic state. To facilitate lifting, and to "break bond" when built, the rings were divided into three and four segments alternately. The division was effected in a very simple manner by malleable iron plates, ⅜ths of an inch thick, placed radially across the empty moulds in the positions required. The concrete was then filled in and well "punned" by 25-pound rammers, both the inside and outside of the rings being made smooth by thin steel slices wrought up and down between the liquid concrete and the mould. Twenty-four hours after filling the dividing plates were withdrawn; two days, thereafter, the moulds themselves were removed, and in periods varying from nine days in dry summer weather to three weeks in the rains of winter, the rings were ready for building.

The lowest ring of each cylinder is less in thickness at the bottom than the others, in order to rest on a shelf formed in a cast-iron "shoe" of the same external size and shape as the cylinders on which each group of rings forming a cylinder sits, and is tapered inward and upward to the full thickness of 23 inches. The top ring of each cylinder differs from the others in having a straight face in front, so as to work in with the bottom course of the quay wall (fig. 3).

The volume of one triple concrete ring was 10½ cubic yards, and the weight 18 tons, the heaviest segment weighing 6 tons.

The shoes are each 2 feet deep, of cast-iron 1 inch thick, and the shelf already referred to is formed by an inner ring of cast-iron 1 inch thick projecting at the top 12 inches inward from the outside rim of shoe, and tapering outward to the bottom of shoe, thus forming a blunt cutting edge to the bottom of the ring. The shoes are under the outside circumference only of the bottom course of concrete rings. The shoes, which weigh 4½ tons, were each in six parts, for facility of handling, and were bolted together before being put in position (fig. 4).

Before proceeding to sink the cylinders trenches were cut by labourers, 21 feet wide and 2 feet below low-water level, and following the lines on which the quay walls were to be erected. The excavated material was loaded by steam cranes into waggons, which were removed by locomotive engines on numerous lines of rails, and emptied on to the future water areas of the basins, to be subsequently removed by dredging and

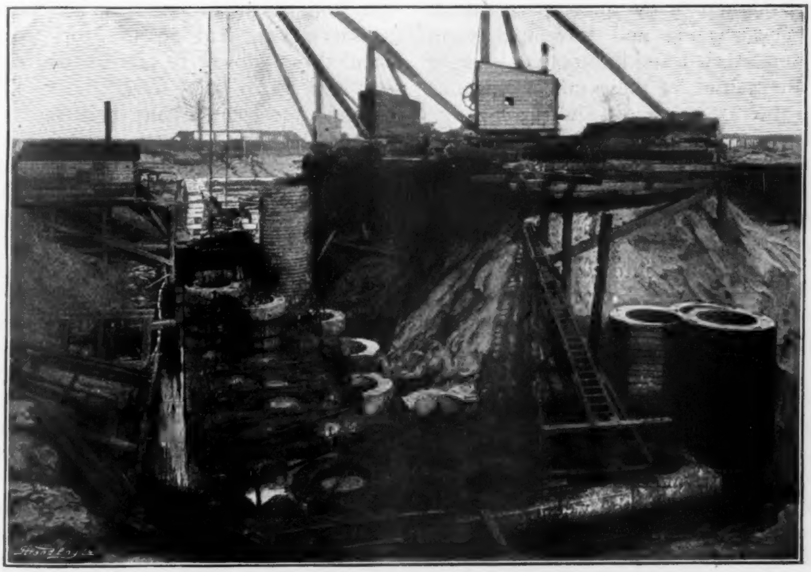


FIG. 3. VIEW SHOWING TOPS OF CYLINDERS

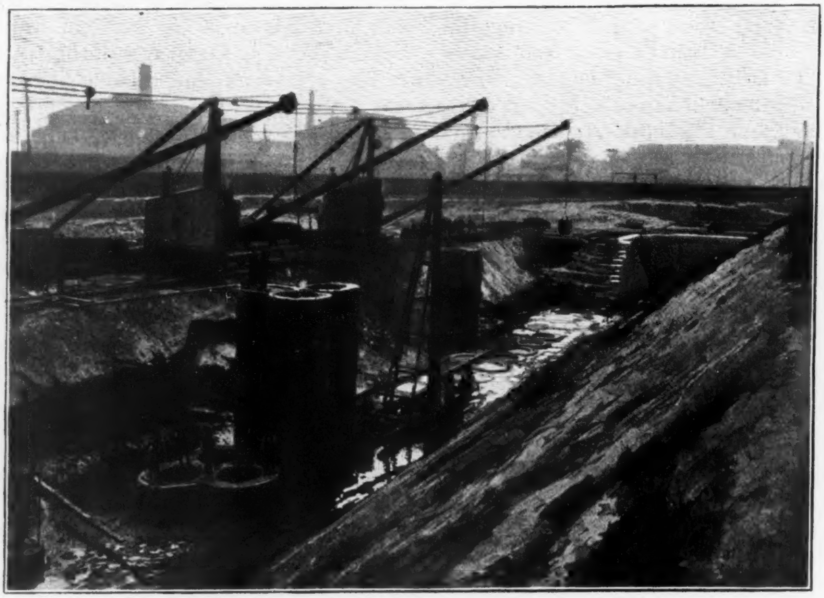


FIG. 4. VIEW SHOWING SHOE AND BOTTOM COURSE OF CONCRETE RINGS THEREON

deposited in Loch Long by steam hopper barges.

11,776 lineal feet of trenches, averaging 51 feet wide by 20 feet deep, were thus formed.

Along the top of the quay space side of the trenches staging and travelling steam cranes were erected, and locomotives brought within the radius of these cranes waggons carrying the cast-iron shoes and the concrete rings.

Everything having been thus prepared, the process followed may be generally described. The iron shoe, with its bevelled edge intended to cut into the sandy sub-soil, was placed on the ground into which the cylinder was to sink. Into this shoe the lowest ring of the cylinder was placed and secured by bolts. Then ring after ring was built on the lower one till there were thirteen rings piled up, and jointed with cement. In the three wells thus formed by the rings a mechanical digger was set to work from a crane, and by this ingenious contrivance the material was excavated from within the wells, and it was thus made easier for the whole cylinder to sink down, the iron shoe making way for the superincumbent mass until a depth had been reached of 55 feet below the level of the cope of the quay, while the top ring was 19 feet under the same level. In addition to the digging out of the sand from the interior, weights of from 400 to 500 tons of cast iron, of the same shape as the triple cylinders, were laid on the top so as to force these down to the required level (fig. 5).

When the cylinder had been sunk to its full depth, each well was cleaned out by means of the digger to the level of the bottom of the shoe and then filled to the top with concrete. On this foundation the quay wall was built.

The tops of the cylinders were tied to one another by old railway rails 80 lbs. per yard, sunk into the upper surface of top rings and bent down at ends about 12 inches into the wells, and to close up the apertures between the cylinders a timber chock pile, 25 feet long by 10 inches square, was driven behind angleways, so that a sharp corner bears against each of the adjoining cylinders (fig. 3).

The quay walls are of concrete and rubble, many of the stones weighing from two to three tons, and are faced with granolithic ashlar, except at the corners, which are of granite.

so as to stand unscathed vessels rubbing against them.

The walls generally are 16 feet thick at bottom on the top of the cylinders and 6½ feet at top.

To increase the stability of the walls they are tied back, at 64 feet intervals, by rods 2½ inches diameter and 60 feet long to blocks of concrete masonry 12 feet long by 6 feet broad by 8 feet deep. Where 28 feet at low water was required, the tie rods are 3½ inches diameter and 70 feet long.

The equipment of docks with sheds, cranes, &c., vary according to local necessities, and the only reference in this connection that need be made is to the seat of the 130 ton steam crane, provided on the West Quay for placing on board the machinery of the largest class of steamers built on the Clyde or elsewhere (fig. 6).

The reader may imagine the stability required for a foundation which has to bear not only the enormous weight of the huge crane and its engines, but the additional pressure when the crane carries 130 tons swinging from its arm in the air. The external dimensions of the seat on which the crane rests are 40 feet square, and it rises 20 feet above the quay level. The triple concrete cylinders and row of twin cylinders behind, which support the quay wall, with the addition of three triple cylinders behind the twin cylinders, together form the substructure of the seat; all these cylinders are 9 feet 7½ inches diameter outside, and 49 feet in length; they terminate 7 inches above low water level and above them the superstructure rises to a height of 38 feet 10 inches. The total weight of masonry above the cylinders is 4300 tons.

To give some idea of the magnitude of the work executed in the construction of the dock, suffice it to mention that the excavation to quay level and from the trenches amounted to 1,625,000 cubic yards, and from the sinking of cylinders 250,000 cubic yards, the quantity of rubble built was 94,500 cubic yards, granite ashlar 19,000 cubic feet, concrete ashlar 475,500 cubic feet, and granite cope 57,000 cubic feet, and the total length of cylinders sunk was nearly seven miles.

The making of the concrete rings of cylinders, the granolithic ashlar for face of quay walls, and the actual construction of

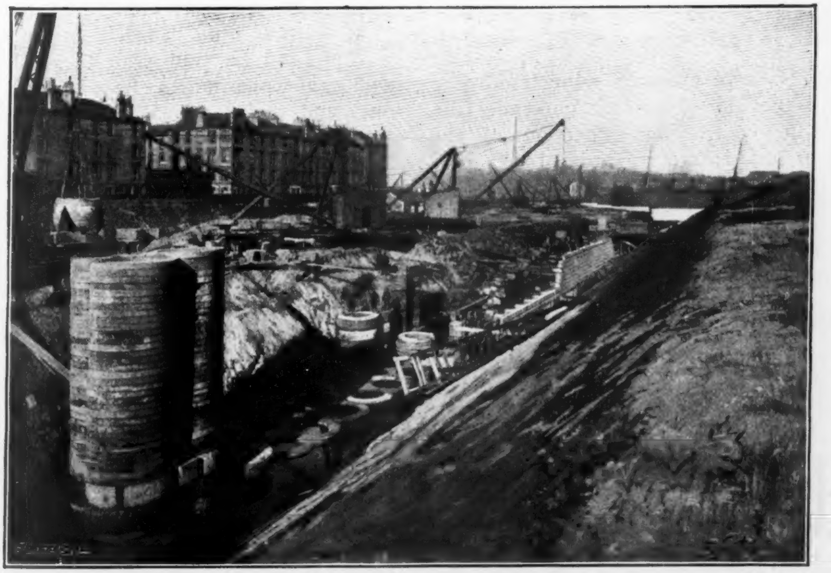


FIG. 5. VIEW OF WEST WALL OF DOCK, SHOWING PORTION OF WALL BEING BUILT, CYLINDERS SUNK AND BEING BUILT AND SUNK, AND DIGGER

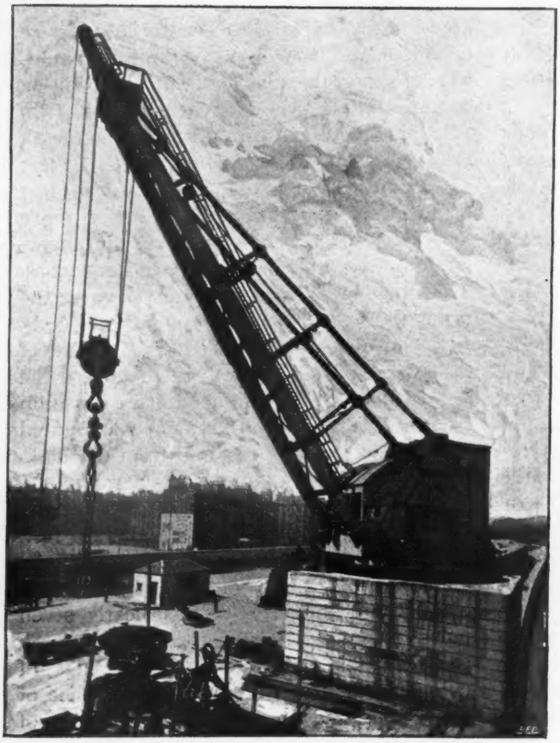


FIG. 6. VIEW OF 130-TON STEAM CRANE ON WEST QUAY OF DOCK

the works, were executed administratively, without the aid of contractors, under the immediate control and direction of the engineer and his staff, upwards of 600 men being engaged at the busiest stage of progress.

Portland cement alone was used for all concrete work and jointing, and the silt of the Thames and Medway combined with the chalk cliffs and chalk hills of Albion in furnishing the 64,000 tons of cement used in the work. The hardy fishermen of the West Highlands and Islands made a comfortable living for some years in bringing, in their stout built smacks of from 50 to 80 tons burden, many thousands of tons of gravel from the shores of the Western Isles of Scotland and of the mainlands adjoining, for the making of the concrete, and these supplies were supplemented by gravel from the bottom of the Thames, from India's "coral strand," and from Australia's Pacific-washed shores.

It remains only to add that the dredging out of the dock was executed by the trustees, who increased, in 1892–93, their dredging plant at an outlay of £114,350 by one of the most powerful dredgers afloat, capable of lifting 600 tons per hour from 40 feet depth of water, and six twin-screw barges having hopper capacities ranging from 1000 to 1200 tons; and that the total quantity dredged in the formation of the dock up to June 30, 1897, was 6,500,000 cubic yards.

THE TRAPPER OF SILVER CREEK

By EDWARD S. BOND

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES EWAN

HUGH STEWART was no fool, at least from the social and educational point of view. He had done well at Harrow and Oxford, was a good tennis player, and first-rate oarsman. The only thing against him was that his achievements in the realm of thought had been theoretical. His father, a clergyman on the usual narrow stipend, had given him a University education as a kind of finishing touch to his manners, and without any fixed notion as to what he would do with it. Parental suggestions concerning the Church had never been enthusiastically received, and at twenty-two, the sudden death of the classic ecclesiastic left Hugh fatherless, and face to face with necessity. Confinement in class-rooms, doling out scholastic tit-bits to budding youths, was peculiarly distasteful to him. To be constantly under the surveillance of some headmaster with opinions as pliable as his cravat, to have set hours for everything with no freedom to govern his own time or guide his own life was to Hugh the abomination of desolation.

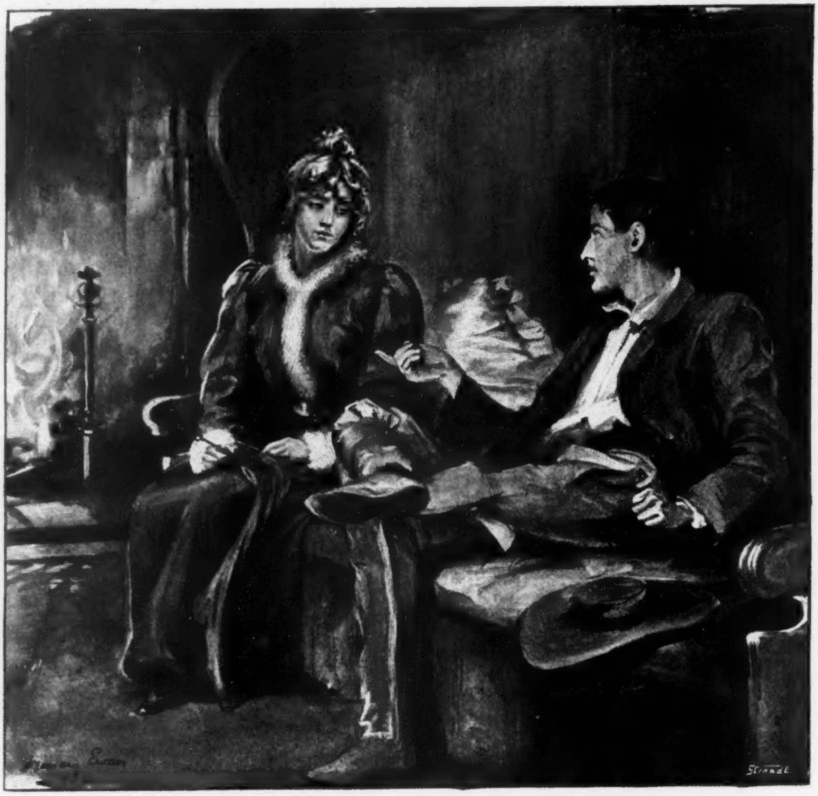
He had read much of the expansion of the Empire, and thought he would expand. Canada seemed to him more attractive than torrid zones, and the glowing pamphlets of the great North West, which, in response to his inquiries, he received one morning from an overladen postman, convinced him he was right. Here at last was a splendid field to be developed. Here (for did not the pamphlet say so?) the soil was so rich as to repay the efforts of the most untutored agriculturist. Here he would find fish in sparkling lakelets, waiting eagerly to be caught. Here, oxen, ploughs, harrows, all the paraphernalia of agriculture, could be acquired at a moderate outlay, and all that were really needful to insure success were intelligence, industry, sobriety and endurance. And then the game to be had, no licence to shoot requisite, no miserable boards outside tempting copses with the awful words "trespassers will be prosecuted" upon them. And last, but not least, a free grant of 160 acres. What a noble Government was that at Ottawa! How philanthropic, how statesmanlike to recognise the good of the State in the welfare of the individual! The peopling of these vast rich regions with the destitute and starving poor of London in the East, how intrinsically meritorious an idea, how worthy of support, how promising of fruition!

Such reflections as these passing through Stewart's mind made him almost crazy to be off. Even discounting a good deal as mere vapourings arising from the highly heated imagination of an emigration agent, there must remain a sediment of truth, in however unsettled a condition the agent's brains might have been.

In three weeks' time, the old lawyer, who had acted for his father, having arranged the advowson and collected the assets, Stewart set sail from Liverpool for Quebec. Of his voyage little need be said. It was accompanied by the usual upheavals, fogs and icebergs, which attend the North Atlantic passage. It struck him on his arrival in Manitoba that it would be a good thing to become a hired man before homesteading on his own account, and he accordingly hired himself to a Nova Scotian farmer. His duties in this capacity were varied: to chop wood, clean stables, water cattle at creek, cut down trees and haul them for firewood. Such duties had not been mentioned in the pamphlet, perhaps because allusion to them would have spoiled the general effect. Stewart found that the axe called into play a totally different set of muscles to the oar or the racquet, and that feeding swine was quite divorced from reading Plato. He noted with pain, too, that the mind of the Nova Scotian wanted weeding, and could not help thinking it a pity that he had not manured his brains as well as his fields.

Having acquired a rough acquaintance with farm management, Stewart decided to start on 160 acres of his own, and had a log-house and stables built. But winter was now approaching, a season which the pamphlet had alluded to as being cold, but so dry that you did not feel it. Stewart, however, must have been of a damp constitution, as he did feel it, and to counteract the feeling as far as possible, he promptly encased his legs in three pairs of pants, preferring circulation to appearance. All agricultural operations had now to be suspended. The ground became as hard as nails; the geese and ducks had long ago flown south; the slews were coated with ice; and Stewart found his own house so cold that even with the stove going in full swing, his sole mode of preservation from frost bite consisted in chopping wood energetically and dancing continually on the floor.

Under these frigid circumstances, it occurred to him that the house of Monsieur La Riche, his French-Canadian neighbour, was warmer than his own, and that it would be pleasant to renew over his stove the acquaintance which, in the harvest field, he had struck up with Toinette La Riche. Now Toinette was a petite brunette, slim-waisted, graceful and demure, and performed her duties at the wash-tub, the churn and the dough pan, in such a way that they appeared accomplishments rather than tasks.



"For hours the large Arctic sock . . . would lie idle in her lap"

Moreover, Toinette had a well attuned voice, and often in the gloaming she would sing the old French-Canadian songs fraught with sad memories of Fundy Bay and Acadia, Evangeline's home, so that Toinette was both useful and ornamental, and a very pleasant addition to the settlement of Silver Creek. She was considerably interested in what Hugh Stewart had to tell her of his English life, of his contests on tennis-court and river, so much so indeed, that for hours the large Arctic sock she was knitting for her brawny sire would lie idle in her lap, and she would forget all about such uninteresting things as churns and boilers and mangles.

And when Hugh's fund of reminiscence was exhausted, Pierre Dubois, the famous trapper of the settlement, who was almost a daily guest, would explain for Hugh's edification, his special dispositions of baits for the marten and mink, his method of building traps, and the remarkable instances of cunning evinced by the wolverine or carcajou, which he described as a long animal, stoutly and compactly made on very short legs of enormous strength, his broad feet armed with powerful claws, and his track in the snow like the print of a man's fist. Graphically would he explain the "dead fall" or wooden trap, the door of which the wolverine avoids, but tears open an entrance at the back, and with impunity seizes the bait, and such was his diabolical cunning, and so wanton his destruction of traps, that the Indians called him Kekwaharkess, or "The Evil One."

These reunions at La Riche's house became frequent during the winter, and materially helped to kill its monotony.

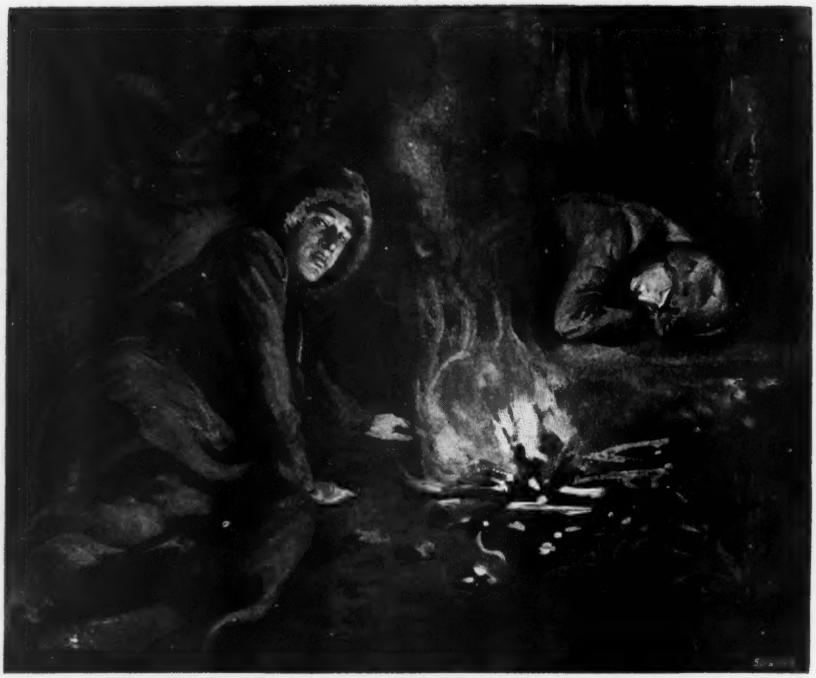
Dubois had long loved Toinette, and indeed there was an understanding between them that they were to wed some day, when the trapper's affairs prospered. But with the arrival of Hugh Stewart upon the scene, everything looked different. Toinette began to mentally compare the two men, and always to the disadvantage of the trapper. Stewart, in recounting to her his English reminiscences, had unfolded to her a new life, as remote from her present daily round and log house environment as anything could possibly be. She saw, too (though her Canadian independence would never allow her to betray it) that Hugh was of a different caste to herself and Dubois, and that only the Englishman's athletic side had anything in common with him.

At the same time, she could not conceal from herself that she had grown to like Hugh in a very different way from what she had ever cared for Pierre. He and she had been companions from childhood. She had accompanied him in most of his trapping expeditions, except when the weather was too severe. She had taken a personal interest in his life, had baked and churned for him, mended his clothes when torn in the rough undergrowth, and often in summer, when her own work was done, she had been in the habit of going over to his bachelor shanty to polish his stove and tidy up generally. It was with a feeling akin to pain that she now questioned the real feelings which had instigated the doing of these things.

Of the different capacities of the two men to gain her a livelihood and make her happy, she never thought, or if ever the thought did flash across her, it was smothered by the mournfully mistaken idea that education commands comfort. The fact was that Stewart had unwittingly dazzled her. It was not that he was really so clever, amusing or resourceful; it was the contrast between his knowledge and Pierre's ignorance which governed her choice. And yet, reflection might have shown her that theory in that life was valueless, when matched with practical sagacity. Familiarity with Horace or Plato, though an excellent thing in itself, never set a trap or coaxed a reluctant udder. But it was precisely her vagueness of what Hugh knew which made him appear to know so much. The effect of all these feelings was that she grew miserable. Her duties became irksome, her father appeared exacting, and Pierre and she were estranged. Pierre saw the change, but could not understand it. Frankness had been succeeded by constraint, and silence usurped their laughing conversations. She withdrew herself more and more from the common eating room, and sat alone for hours, brooding by the kitchen stove.

As for Stewart, he had been blameless throughout. Anything beyond friendship in connection with Toinette had never crossed his mind; to him she was nothing more than an appropriate feminine figure in domestic life, and the idea of supplanting the trapper never occurred to him once. Nor was Toinette slow to perceive Hugh's real feelings towards her, but just as a little cold water revivifies fire, so Hugh's indifference inflamed her love. The crisis came when Pierre one day, no longer able to retain his patience, asked her the cause of her changed manner. "Why is it, Toinette, that you avoid me so, and never stay in the room when I come in? Never, all these fifteen years I have known you, have you been so cold to me. You know, Toinette, we were to be wedded soon, and in my trunk lies all the linen ready with lavender sprigs between the folds, just as my dear, dead mother left them, waiting for us when we set up house, and a week ago, when I was down in Brandon I bought for your pretty finger this silver ring," drawing it from its dainty satin lined case. But as he looked at her, his heart misgave him. Her face was white, and black circles lay under her eyes which had a strange hunted look like that of a stricken deer.

"Pierre," she said gently, "it was very good of you, and oh, Pierre, I am so sorry, but there can be no wedding between you and me. Don't be angry, dear, because it cannot be, for things are different, so different from what they were." And Pierre, looking upon the anguish expressed in her face, felt that a great cloud of sorrow had come between him and his love; and like a ship after a long voyage, nearing the harbour, from whom the fog conceals the land, kind faces and cheery welcome, and fearing disaster in the gloom, puts again seaward, so Pierre turned and left her without a word. As he walked through the lonely woods, he



"He heard . . . the deep baying of the timber wolf"

asked himself why this thing had happened, which had gradually changed the light-hearted girl into a sorrowing woman. Even in the first keen cut of bitter disappointment, he felt no anger against Toinette; his own personal sorrow was swallowed up in his anxiety for her. His one thought was how he could help her to regain her buoyant spirits and bring back the smiles to her face. Living as he had done for years face to face with the perils of nature, he had caught something of nature's grandeur, and in an uneducated way had a dim idea that personal happiness was not the true end of life. Still there was a mystery here which ought to be solved both for Toinette's sake and his own.

That evening he sought out the Englishman, who, the weather having moderated, was actually sitting still in his shanty trying to manufacture a pair of mocassins out of raw hide. Whatever Stewart guessed, he would say nothing in answer to the trapper's inquiries but this: "Some caprice probably, or perhaps one of the settlers has maligned you to the girl; let things blow over for a while. Absence is said to make the heart grow fond. I am going to try my green hand at trapping, Pierre; suppose you accompany me, I intend being away two days at least and shall be glad of your help and advice." In his heart, Stewart had known for some time how the land lay, and had gone much less frequently to La Riche's house, dreading the worst for Dubois, of whose deep attachment to Toinette he was well aware. Pierre, sick at heart, willingly acquiesced, and they parted to prepare their packs in readiness for the start next day. The road home led Dubois past La Riche's house, which was the Post Office for the settlement of Silver Creek, and he stepped in to tell the old man that he would be away trapping with Stewart for a couple of days and to hold any letters which might come for him in his absence. On reaching home, he found a note from Toinette which she had slipped under his shanty door. It read as follows:

"I cannot wed you Pierre for I love Hugh Stewart, but of this I swear he knows nothing. Please forgive and forget.

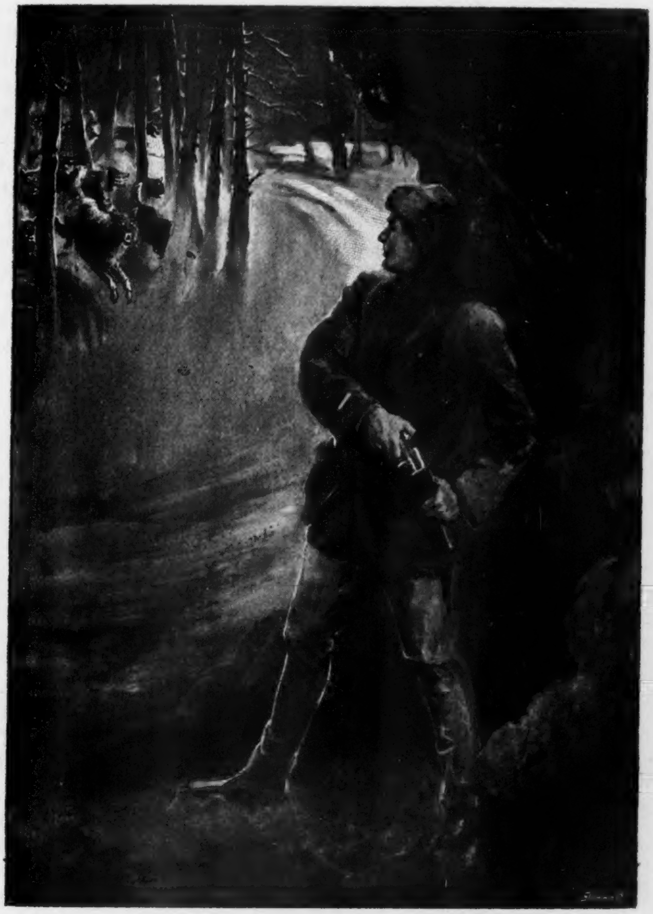
"Your friend,

"TOINETTE."

He knew the worst now that could befall him; that note rang the death knell of all his cherished hopes. The blow was a heavy one. He had waited for eight years, in constant struggle with poverty; eight years during which he had sacrificed all extra comforts that he might save a little dowry for Toinette. And now it was all over. The ring and the linen, the little knicknacks dear to a woman's heart were needless and in vain. In the strength of his manhood he choked the sob that rose in his throat as he thought of these things. Henceforth for him life stretched out a sunless vale down which he must grope his lonely way to the grave. He felt that he was illiterate, and no match for the Englishman, that his love was but of the woods and the streams among which he had passed his life, but the vastness of nature had taught him more surely than any books the littleness of the ego, and it was not in him to hate what she loved. Even in that bitter hour he honoured her for the courage to tell him the truth. His love for Toinette, like all true love, was based on sacrifice and rose above mere consideration of self. What was in his power, that he was resolved to do. He would utter no reproach, make no complaint; the shadow of his sorrow should never chequer the sunshine of her young life.

On the following morning when Stewart rode up ready for their journey, he placed Toinette's note in his hand and said simply: "I have lost and you have won, let that be all the difference between us." Stewart glanced at the note, and gripping the trapper's hand, told him the truth: that he had never sought Toinette, never loved her; that suspecting the unfortunate trend of matters, he had kept away from La Riche's house, and that he was sure it was only a passing fancy on Toinette's part, which she would soon forget.

For all answer the trapper smiled wearily, and pressing his hand, mounted his horse and rode on slowly ahead under the arches of snow-wreathed pines to his old haunt, where



"Prepared to sell his life"

the traps had been carefully laid in anticipation of a rich take, concerning which he seemed now to have lost all interest. Silence reigned between the two men, broken only by the occasional chirrup of a squirrel or the explosions of trees cracking with the keen frost. But after a while, the instinct of the trapper to some extent reasserted itself, and he became interested in the results of his setting. He had caught a magnificent silver fox of a beautiful grey, the predominating white hairs of which were tipped with black, mingled with others of pure black. The fur was a prize worth at least $200 (£40), and he was soon busy helping Stewart to skin it.

After they had spent three days setting fresh traps and going the round of the old ones, they penetrated farther into the Riding Mountains in search of bear, intending to leave their horses at a small shelter five miles up, where was an open space among the trees, and forsaking the bridle-path, strike off up the heavily-timbered mountain slopes on snow-shoes. The path being steep and very uneven, it was nightfall before they arrived at the shelter. Having tethered and fed the horses from the fodder bags, they heaped together an enormous pile of pine logs and set it ablaze. Their supper of marten was soon cooked, and both men lay down in front of the fire, watching the column of steam as it rose from the melted snow, the chequered shadows of the tall pines as they swayed in the night wind and the efforts of the little blue and white magpie—invariable appendage of a trapper's camp—as he balanced himself on the edge of the pot and made furtive dips at the game; whilst over the calm forest gleamed and scintillated in the frosty sky the amber and roseate shafts of the Northern Lights.

At early dawn, the intense cold awakened the trapper. The fire had sunk to a low ash, and he was about to rekindle it, when he heard far up the bridle-path a sound he could not mistake—the deep baying of the timber wolf. The wind was blowing fresh from the valley, and the pack had caught their scent. Rousing Stewart roughly, and telling him to ride for his life, Pierre quickly untethered the horses and galloped down the mountain path, Stewart following. It was risky work; the incline was steep, and strewn with boulders half concealed by the snow. The wind, moreover, was against them, and the wolves steadily gained. Stewart's pony, not so powerfully built as the trapper's broncho, fell behind, as the pace began to tell, and Dubois was obliged to slacken his own speed. The pack was now in sight. On they came, some hundred and fifty of them, grey-coated brutes with sweeping tails and snapping jaws, leaping over one another in their headlong rush down the narrow path. Stewart turned in his saddle and emptied his revolver at the leader. Over he tumbled, and was instantly set upon by the pack. But the advantage to the pursued was soon lost; the carcase was not sufficient.

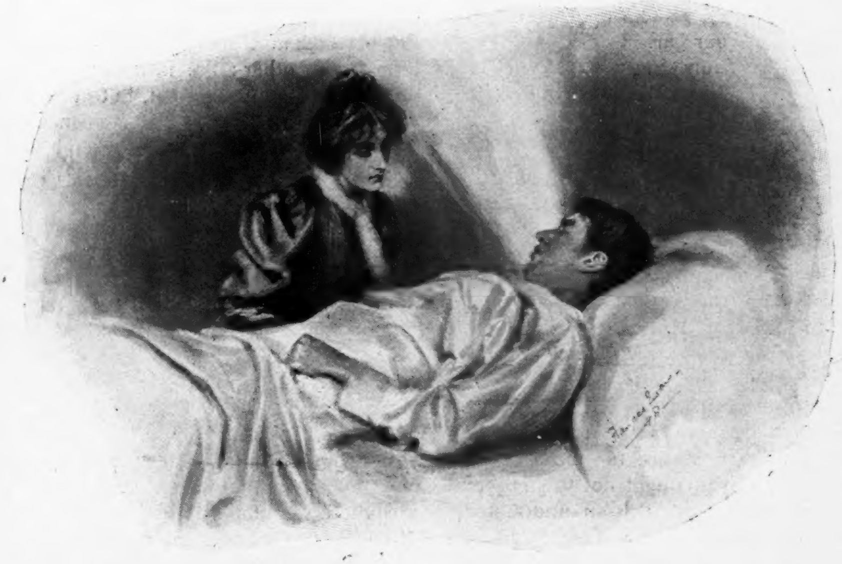
At this critical moment Stewart's pony stumbled and fell heavily, rider and ridden rolling over together. Before the Englishman could rise to defend himself, two of the wolves were upon him, mangling him terribly. Dubois, who had seen the fall, now showed splendid nerve. Turning his horse, he charged the pack, shot the two leaders dead, lifted Stewart to the saddle and away. The two wolves and the pony checked his pursuers, giving Dubois a mile's clear lead, but he was still four miles from La Riche's house, and his broncho, although it had stamina, was rapidly becoming exhausted with the double burden. Pierre, therefore, seeing the end was near, did not spare his animal, and in less than a mile farther on he dropped. The trapper, carrying the wounded man one hundred yards down the slope to a hollow trunk he knew well, gently laid him within, and standing in front with back to the tree, prepared to sell his life.

As they came on, his horse diverted the main rush, but the rest, some fifty in number, cleared it at a bound. Four times he emptied his revolver with telling effect, but the odds were too great. They closed in now, and he knew his hour had come; he thought of Toinette and the defenceless man behind him, and resolved to die game to the last. Three he stunned with the butt-end of his revolver, then throwing the now useless weapon away, closed with a powerful brute in the death struggle. His head swam, a red mist floated before his eyes, but his fury deadened all pain. He heard as in a dream the muffled thunder of hoofs on the snow, the crack of rifles and a ringing cheer; then all was blank.

A rescue party of some twenty settlers headed by La Riche, who was alarmed at their long absence, had come in search of them, and had scattered the pack like sheep. But the rescue was vain, for Stewart was dead and the trapper dying. Slowly down the mountain path they carried the two inanimate forms.

At La Riche's house, Pierre recovered consciousness, and asked for Toinette. She came to his side, her face pinched and drawn. "How is Stewart?" he asked, and when she told him, he shuddered, remembering that awful ride. Then he said: "I am leaving you too, dear, will you not give me one kiss?" Tears filled Toinette's eyes and choked all utterance; but she bent her head and reverently kissed the trapper's tanned forehead, on which the dews of death were rapidly gathering. She had heard how the two men had been found, and knowing all, his nobility appeared to her very great.

The sun was setting, and he asked that the blind be lifted and the window opened, that he might see it sink behind the woods he loved so well. She did as he wished, thinking with a keen pang that this was the last poor service she would ever render him in return for his great love. Her heart went out to him in a wave of passionate yearning. She truly felt then that she could have done anything he asked. The tide of enduring love had turned at last and was flowing full, but it was too late. "Pierre, Pierre," she wailed, "forgive, forgive!" He moved restlessly, for his pain was great. At length with an effort he spoke, "Toinette dear, there is nought to forgive, do not grieve. I would for your sake that Hugh had lived, but it was not to be. Thank God I did what I could." The trial of his failing strength was too great, and he sank back breathing heavily. For some time after this he lay quite still, watching the western glory. Then he rallied again, and groped for her hand, and she placed it in his brown one stained with many toils. A smile of great content beautified his rugged face; it was as though Death's angel had shattered the fetters of pain, and he spoke once again but indistinctly: "It is growing dark, Toinette, darker—so—that is better—rest." The last word was but a whisper; it mingled with the evening breeze as it played among the trees outside the dead



"'Pierre, Pierre,' she wailed, 'forgive, forgive!'"

man's casement, and was lost. At the same moment the sun dipped and twilight fell,

* * * * *

In the churchyard of Silver Creek, carefully enclosed from the wild prairie land, are two grassy mounds adorned with rough wooden crosses, one of which has this inscription carved on it by Toinette's own hand: "In loving memory of a friend, who died for his friend."

MR. GLADSTONE ON A FAMOUS HYMN

SHORTLY after Mr. Gladstone's final retirement from office, he was talking with a friend about hymnology. The friend expressed a strong admiration for "Jesu, Lover of my Soul." Mr. Gladstone as strongly dissented. A few days afterwards the friend received the following letter and enclosure, written immediately before Mr. Gladstone underwent his operation for cataract.

DOLLIS HILL, N.W.,
May 21, 1894.

MY DEAR ——

I felt that my *diatribe* against the (too) famous hymn was rather in the nature of a railing accusation, and that equity required me to put my objections on paper and in form, so as to apply a test to them. I do not quite know whether the same equity requires me to inflict them upon you. But I now plead at your bar.

Yours sincerely,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

I cannot assign a high rank to this extremely popular hymn. It has no unity, no cohesion, no procession, and no special force. A number of ideas are jumbled together rather than interwoven. The paths of the metaphor cross one another, not always on the same level. A hymn ought to be what Horace demands in a play—"*simplex duntaxat et unum.*" This is not a whole, for the parts seem to have no relation to one another.

The first petition is "Let me to Thy bosom fly." It seems to me that the familiarity of a hymn ought not to go beyond that of Scripture. Saint John undoubtedly lay on the bosom of his Lord. But he alone; and we are not all Saint Johns. And further he does not thus describe himself; he is simply the disciple whom Jesus loved (xxi. 7–24).

The next prayer is that the bosom may be a refuge from the storm at sea. Surely the more appropriate refuge from a tempest is not a bosom, but a haven or a shore. With another shock the figure of "flying to the bosom" is displaced, and the prayer is "Safe into the haven guide;" a different idea and a different process.

But we have not yet done. The prayer that follows is another incongruity: "O receive my soul at last."

But the preceding course of thought is not on escape from the final ordeal of the judgment, it is on vindicated rescue and repose.

Next comes,

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

But here again I feel jolted from the one term to the other; the idea of hanging on the Saviour is in itself just, but it is in no unity with that of refuge, dependence being one thing and shelter another, and such a suite ought not to be in a hymn purporting to be continuous.

The next prayer is, "Leave, ah, leave me not." This is not emphasis but tautology: the idea that our Saviour can leave us is not a prevalent one in a Christian's mind, or one on which he should or could lay emphasis. Were the point our leaving Him, the case would be reversed and any amount of stress might be laid. On the contrary, "not alone, not alone," would be against the writer, but it would be legitimate emphasis, and not mere tautology. And almost immediately we come across another novelty of metaphor: "Cover my defenceless head." I do not say that transitions of metaphor are in themselves illegitimate, but surely they should be sparingly used and not so collocated as to give the idea of incongruity. A step ought to cover the distance between them, but this hymn continually demands a leap. But this metaphor is again immediately broken in upon: a shadow in poetry is hardly to be treated as a cover against attacking forces. Next we have water in a new character. Very good, if there be a bridge to effect the transition. Here there is none; but we must jump to it: the element which at the opening of the hymn was the great enemy and the great danger is now presented as the source of hope and life. "Healing streams" are to abound. Then healing streams are not mere fountains, but the fountain of life, and we are to drink of them although they are already within us. They are then invited to spring though they have already sprung, and to "rise to all eternity" with an ambiguity, for it does not appear whether rising means increase or only continuity.

The central thought of the hymn is without doubt evangelical and good; but it is clothed, as it seems to me, in a pieced and uncomely garment. Every hymn should surely have a movement calm, solemn, and continuous. These zigzags are out of keeping with the nature of the composition. They jar the mind of a reader and set him questioning where he is and where he is going. It is the mass of transitions unsoftened, not the enormity of any single one, that supplies the gravamen of the charge. I know no other hymn, certainly no other hymn of such reputation, against which these objections lie.

May 21, 1894.

GLANCES AT SOUTH AFRICA

By the Rev. JOHN MACKENZIE

CONCLUDING PAPER

THE Cape Colony presents us with a gratifying instance in which a community has, under the British Government, been led forward, stage by stage, from the rudimentary, or "paternal" form of government, and by way of different stages of Crown Colony government, till the self-government of a colony with responsible administration is reached. This last form of government has been enjoyed by the Cape Colony for nearly thirty years. The affairs of the Colony are managed by the chosen representatives of the people, and Ministries are formed, after the pattern of the "Mother of Parliaments," the Colonial Governor representing her Majesty the Queen.

There are two Chambers in the Legislature of the Cape Colony—the Legislative Council, or Higher House, and the Legislative Assembly, or House of Commons. "M.L.C." and "M.L.A." are our Colonial abbreviations used after a man's name to indicate to which branch of the Parliament he belongs. Members of both Houses are paid for their services—those living within fifteen miles of Cape Town at the rate of a guinea per day; while those whose homes are beyond fifteen miles from Cape Town receive also fifteen shillings each per day for personal expenses. Each parliamentary session is limited to ninety days. If, therefore, members of the Cape Parliament sit beyond this length of time, it must be at their own charges. Our Colonial members of Parliament, however, are free to travel on the Cape railways, at any time, for any distance, and in any direction.

Two languages may be used in the Cape Parliament—the English and the Dutch, or, rather, the old Flemish: for I am assured that the language in ordinary use by the people among themselves in and around Brussels is nearer to what is spoken in South Africa than anything heard in Holland itself. A friend of mine told me that a good while ago one of our States Presidents was visiting in his house. A good many people were present, and the conversation was in our local Dutch. A Hollander, not long out

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, CAPE TOWN

from Europe, had occasion to join in the talk, and addressed himself to the President. The latter, after listening with attention, turned to my friend and inquired, "Hoe zeg by?" "What does he say?"

The language of the Dutch Bible may be said to be the standard of the read and written Dutch language among us; but in ordinary conversation every one uses words and phrases which are not found in grammar and dictionary. The attitude of your public men is, or ought to be, to be able to use both languages as occasion may require. The children of English Colonists pick up the Dutch as children in Scotland of all ranks get to know and to love the Scottish dialect. In the same way all Dutch-speaking children in the Cape Colony learn the English language at school; and it would be quite an injustice to any child to let him grow up in ignorance of it. Sir Alfred Milner, our present able and energetic Colonial Governor, is said to be learning the Dutch language, along with his private secretary; and not long ago the Colonial papers told us that the Governor had already got so far as to be able to address in the Dutch language, on one of his tours, some farmers who were drawn up on the roadside to present him with an address.

The history of Cape railways is one long recital of prosperity and success. There are three main lines, each seeking the interior of the country as its goal. The Cape Colony has its own Great Western Railway, beginning at Cape Town; its Midland Railway, beginning at Port Elizabeth; and its Eastern Railway, beginning at East London—all leading northward to Kimberley, Mafeking, and Buluwayo; also connected with Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Delagoa Bay; and again, from Johannesburg to Maritzburg and Durban in Natal. Railways were patriotically advocated at first for the purpose of developing the country; but they have since turned out to be besides a first-class investment for the Cape Government, which has constructed and manages all its own railways: and takes part also in carrying railway communication northwards beyond its own borders. Having thus successfully tapped the centres of industry and production in the North, the Cape Government is now beginning to direct practical attention to internal railway communication within the Colony. There are many people who hold that it is upon these internal railways that the future and enduring prosperity of the Cape Colony will depend. There are as yet no cross-country railways, whose work would be to open up the producing districts of the Colony to the rest of the Colony and to the outside world. In explanation of this backwardness, it has to be remembered that the Colonial country people, in many cases, questioned the advantage of having a railway, just as certain people did in our own country long ago. But now well-nigh every one sees the advantage of a railway, or rather its necessity, more especially in the carriage of fruit and other perishable products. The ox-waggon, people recognise, has had its day. The world is moving at a greater speed than when, some forty years ago, we spanned in our ox-waggon in

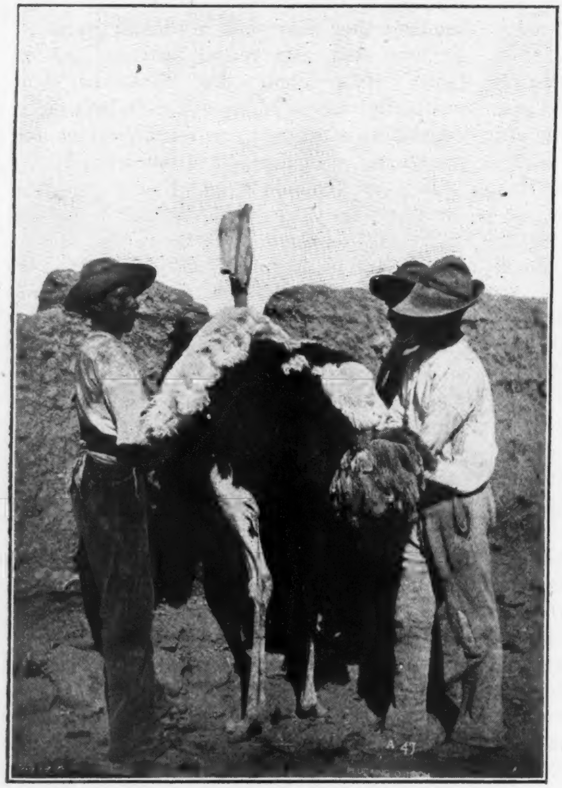
Cape Town, bound for the region of the Zambesi at the rate of less than three miles an hour!

The question which is now occupying attention with reference to the internal Cape Colony railways is one of detail. Should these "developing railways" be built on the usual gauge as to breadth, or should they be erected more cheaply on a narrow gauge? The reasons for and against are being at present freely canvassed in the Colonial papers: but the views of the country people themselves were recently given to Government in terms which show how important the question of railways has become to them. "We consent," said their spokesman, "to a gauge as narrow, a gradient as steep, and a curve as abrupt as the Commissioner of Public Works will consider safe for her Majesty's subjects to use"! People do not hesitate to urge the Government to press forward those internal Cape Colony railways, as a matter of fairness to the various districts; and also because there could be no better investment of the present gratifying profits of the carrying trade into the interior of the Cape Government railways. People point to the map, and warn the Cape Government that when a community of enterprising Europeans find themselves settled in Matabeleland they may seek a shorter route to England than that round by the Cape of Good Hope; and that thus the true prosperity of the Colony will more and more depend upon what it can itself produce for the market of Africa and of the world.

It is not generally known that so long ago as 1866 the gold of Mashonaland and of Tati was discovered, or rather re-discovered. I had the pleasure of knowing Messrs. Mauch, Hartley, and Gifford, and of receiving from them at Shoshong specimens of gold in the quartz, quite visible to the naked eye, which I had the rare pleasure of showing in Cape Town and in London. This gold sank into distant obscurity in view of the discovery of diamonds that was made on the Vaal River in 1867. The banks of the Vaal and surrounding countries were soon crowded with "diggers," many of whom were very successful; and if so successful with diamonds at the Vaal, why go farther north for gold? Thus the northern gold-fields, although the first to be re-discovered over thirty years ago, are only now about to be worked.

In 1871 I was on my way through the diamond district to my station at Shoshong. We met several friends and acquaintances at

MONTAGU PASS, CAPE COLONY



OSTRICH PLUCKING

"the diggings" as we passed through with our waggons. We saw the people busy at what was then the "dry diggings." A "claim" marked off, the digging was commenced in a corner of the claim, the sorting-table was set up, at which sat often a whole Colonial family; the parents with their glasses on, supported by children with younger eyes; and usually a match-box lay on the table, into which were gathered the diamonds whensoever detected in the stones and earth. This was a time of hardship and effort, but it was also a time of great prosperity for many. Mortgages on farms, almost overwhelming to the struggling farmer, were cleared off in the experience of many a successful digger, who was content to return to his home and farm free from debt, and with some capital besides.

At the time in question—1871—labourers were very much in request at the Diamond Fields, and diggers were not at all particular as to the methods which they used in getting servants. I had been repeatedly warned by friends to take care lest I should lose my "boys," who had been engaged to accompany me to Shoshong. One evening my waggon was drawn up alongside the house of a friend near the Diamond Fields. On coming out to look round the waggon before "turning in" for the night I heard an animated conversation going on in my friend's kitchen, and the voices were those of my own servants. It was evident that my boy David had not bought a knife with all the money he had got from me. He had indulged in something liquid also. I could hear that the boys were quarrelling. Willem had declared he was going to leave me; the offers were so good, etc.; otherwise he would not do it.

David sprang to his feet. "Look here, Willem," he exclaimed; "let us settle this matter at once. I say you are not going to leave the Baas (master). We must go together and take him to his home as we promised. But if you are determined to leave, fight me first—fight me now; for I won't let you go!" David certainly looked very formidable, as I could see from the outside in the darkness, as he stood at the fire in fighting attitude. Willem did not accept the challenge, but quietly proceeded to undress; and, as a matter of fact, they proceeded some hundreds of miles with me after leaving the Diamond Fields. They did not know they had been overheard; but I fully realised what I owed to David—a rough customer, but very warm-hearted. As a matter of fact I was quite at their mercy.

It was just then that people heard of what was called the "Colesberg Kopje," or the "New Rush," and afterwards known as Kimberley. It was some distance from the waggon-road which we were pursuing; but the Kopje, or small hill, was clearly pointed out to us as we passed. That hill was soon worked away and became a hollow, which was known as the Kimberley mine. It was for years worked like an open quarry—the miners hauling all the blue stuff to the surface, and then carting it away to some distance to the "exposure floors," where the hard rocky matrix of the diamonds mouldered away from the joint action of rain and sunshine and wind.

The story of the amalgamation of the diamond mines is already well known—how that people were "bought out" or "bought in," but somehow brought to become shareholders of one great diamond concern, which practically put the diamond trade into their hands. Kimberley is still a prosperous Colonial town, but its greatest days hitherto were those prior to the amalgamation of the diamond mines. The "compound system" among the native labourers employed in the mines is one of the features of the industry. For three months these labourers are not permitted to leave the compound. They are not supplied with strong drink. They have medical attendance and medicines supplied by the company. And, strangest of all, I.D.B. (Illicit Diamond Buying) goes on in these compounds: the agents of the company, *i.e.*, of the employers, being the purchasers, the labourers the people who have secreted the diamonds!

There is also a peculiar and steady supply of labour to the diamond mines from the Colonial Government by letting out a certain number of long-sentence criminals to De Beers Company—some of them, no doubt, in confinement for I.D.B. It seems, on the whole, a feasible arrangement. Would it not answer in the coal and iron mines in Britain? Mining would seem to be one of the least desirable of all forms of labour: could it not be utilised as a punishment?

Soon after the amalgamation of the diamond mines, the old "quarry-system" of mining was entirely given up: shafts were sunk, and mining was conducted with the skill of Cornish and other skilled miners.

Most people know that the wool-sheep is not a native of Africa, north or south. The old traveller's joke is remembered—that in Africa the people carry the wool on their heads while the sheep have the hair on their backs! Thus our South African native sheep is like that of Syria and India, with its hairy back and its very large and heavy tail—an article, I believe, highly valued by all housewives for culinary purposes. The

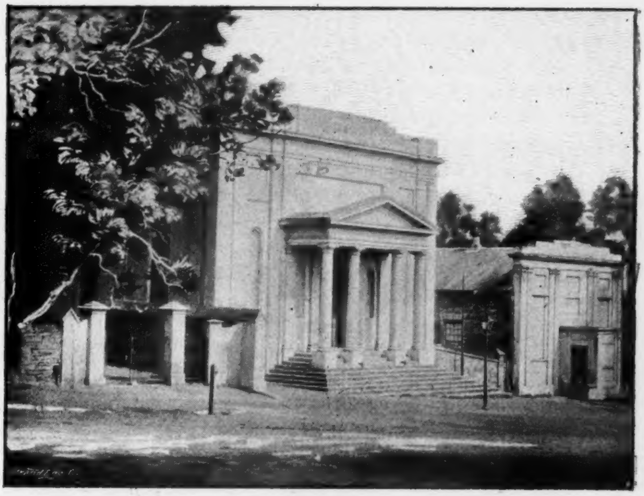
OSTRICHES AND NEST

wool-sheep may be said to have been introduced into the Colony at the commencement of the century. Other articles of commerce, such as ivory and ostrich feathers, were those of a new and wild country, and were obtained by hunting; but wool-sheep led to a civilised industry, which was earnestly followed by the most enterprising farmers. The wool-sheep soon became more numerous than the native sheep. In 1895 there were 13,726,841 wool-sheep in the Colony, while of the old native hairy sheep there were still 1,761,383.

Like Australia, the Cape Colony at one time exported wool more than anything else, and it still exports per annum wool to the value of £1,700,000. Sheep are well diffused over the whole Colony—especially in that dreary-looking Karroo, which seems of so little value to the traveller as he passes through it. Only recently "angora hair" or "mohair wool" has been introduced into the Cape Colony, especially into the Karroo districts. It has evidently come to stay: both climate and pasturage seem to be eminently suitable; and already in 1895 over 11,000,000 lbs. weight of angora hair were exported, at a value of £710,869. The export of ostrich feathers for the same year was 353,426 lbs.; and the money value of the feathers was £527,742. Thus both ostrich feathers and angora hair supplement the Colonial export of wool. All these, however, are far outdistanced by the Colonial export of diamonds, which in 1894 was some £4,775,016 in value: and nearly the whole of this huge annual revenue belongs to the De Beers Consolidated Mines.

HIGH STREET, GRAHAMSTOWN

Ostrich-farming is now one of the staple industries of the Cape Colony. I can remember well before the commencement of this industry—when the ostrich was always shot before its feathers were secured, and when there seemed no other prospect for the birds than extermination. Some forty years ago the process of domestication commenced with ostrich chicks captured by farmers while still small, and reared on their farms and plucked. In 1865 we find the whole Colony possessed only eighty tamed ostriches. An incubator was invented and patented by



SCOTCH CHURCH, GRAHAMSTOWN

Mr. A. Douglass, living near Grahamstown, who succeeded in rearing ostriches in large numbers. In 1880 the export of feathers was 163,065 lbs., valued at £883,632. About this time a pair of breeding birds readily realised £200, and even more —£1000 was given more than once for a pair of specially well-known birds of superior plumage, and £10 was the standing price for chicks a few days old.

There arose for a time a mania for ostrich-farming, and all who could embark in it did so. In a short time the demand, although increasingly great, was far exceeded by the supply of feathers, and the prices suddenly fell, causing very severe losses to many who had rushed recklessly into the feather industry. In 1882 the declared value of the ostrich-feather exports was as much as £1,093,989. In 1886 there came a great fall in the value of feathers, the declared value being only £546,230, a fall of fifty per cent. within four years. From 1890 the value of feathers has again risen, but not so as to warrant another "rush" being made.

Ostrich-farming, and especially ostrich-plucking, are not unattended with excitement and even with danger, although these are constantly decreasing with the more complete domestication of the birds. A long forked stick is used in self-defence against a quarrelsome bird by placing the neck within the fork of the stick; or, safer still, a light thorn branch is carried when passing close to those who may attack you, especially at the breeding season. Suppose an ostrich came on you unawares and found you undefended, you are recommended to lie down on the ground as flat as you can. The ostrich may then trample on you, but not seriously hurt you, as he can readily do if you remain standing when he approaches you.

In plucking ostriches, all the birds in a certain camp or enclosure are collected together so closely that they cannot resist with any freedom. The master or overseer and two trained boys act in concert. The bird to be plucked has its head suddenly covered with a small bag or cap, and is at the same time laid hold of by the two "boys," who stand at the sides of the bird and not in front, as the ostrich strikes out in front and "chops" somewhat like the giraffe, and, worse still, tears badly with its formidable toe. Plucking an ostrich thus caught and held is not a lengthy process. Only the smaller feathers are plucked or pulled out, the larger ones are cut near the root, and afterwards the roots drop out or are removed. I have heard of a farmer's widow so strong and so fearless that she did not fail herself to attend to the plucking of her ostriches, and I was assured she could do whatever a man could in the management of her birds.

Here let me copy two sentences from a most interesting book on Cape farming:* "Two hens and a cock can be kept during summer in a lucerne camp of less than half an acre, and are not able to consume the whole produce. . . . There ought to be no muddy dams in an ostrich camp, as the

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* "Farming Industries of Cape Colony." By Professor Wallace. (King & Son.)

THE JETTY, PORT ELIZABETH

birds get into them in hot weather to roll, and thus destroy their feathers." Shockingly careless birds, to delight in the cool water even when it becomes muddy!

The district of Oudtshoorn is out of sight the best-farmed ostrich district of the Cape Colony. As a "division," or county, it possesses more than three times the number of birds held by any other division in the Colony. Oudtshoorn carries 54,663 ostriches, while Albany (Grahamstown), next in importance, carries 17,190. Apparently the success of Oudtshoorn is one that can be emulated elsewhere. It depends chiefly, if not entirely, on the feeding of the birds in camps or enclosed parks, and on the cultivation and use of lucerne as a forage for the birds. Lucerne itself is a new thing in South Africa. The idea of irrigating land, and then turning ostriches or other stock on to it, is still a novelty among our farmers, and the wonder always has been whether it would pay. The experience of Oudtshoorn is something for all Cape Colony to learn by. We believe the value of lucerne was discovered in Australia by certain farmers who are now well-off burghers near the town of Oudtshoorn. "Prickly pear" (*Opuntia*) is prepared and used as food for ostriches, especially in times of drought and scarcity. This plant spreads rapidly, and has become a serious nuisance in some parts of the Colony through the carelessness of the landowners. When its growth is regulated it is a valuable possession on a farm, and with little preparation is a good forage for cattle as well as for ostriches. In some parts of the States of America this "prickly pear" is really the chief means of subsistence to people as well as to live stock, and is therefore highly valued by those who practically live by it, while in the Cape Colony the Government has been asked to help the farmer to eradicate it.

It is a good many years since I first became acquainted with Grahamstown, the Capital of the Eastern Province. This expression was once full of meaning when some politicians were agitating for the separation of the Eastern from the Western Province of the Colony. I believe on one single occasion the Parliament of the Cape Colony sat in Grahamstown. At all other times it has sat in Cape Town.

Instead of a Dutch Reformed Church in the centre of Grahamstown, we have the Episcopal Cathedral and the Wesleyan Church in the most prominent places, with the Scottish Church, massive and unadorned, not far away, while our Roman Catholic fellow-colonists have not been inattentive to their ecclesiastical and educational buildings in the Capital of the East.

The majority of passengers land at Cape Town, and proceed by rail through the Karroo, but most of the heavy goods land at Port Elizabeth, whose jetty is always crowded and whose warehouses and public buildings in the town, and whose merchants' residences on "The Hill," form a mighty contrast to what the place was when the emigrants first landed on it.

Grahamstown is the capital of a country which was colonised by English emigrants over seventy years ago. It is mentioned as a joke against some of those simple people that as soon as they landed at what is now the prosperous town of Port Elizabeth they formed a party which proceeded to look for oranges in neighbouring groves. These people got the oranges and ate them—but it was after they had planted them for themselves. Between Grahamstown and the sea the growing of pine-apples has been recently pursued with energy. When one considers the very important and satisfactory results of this solitary emigration scheme, conducted directly by the British Government, one wonders why there has been no repetition. There are vast regions without exaggeration suitable for "country people" from the old countries. Why should not suitable arrangements be made and these people be brought out by Government and forwarded to their place of abode, and "looked after" there by skilled and reliable persons till their first harvest is reaped?

MORNING MARKET, PORT ELIZABETH

CHARLIE

THE STORY OF A TAME SHAG

By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

IT was on May-day that Charlie and I first met, the place of meeting being the steep summit of a high island rock off the Cornish coast. Three of us had sailed out in order to see the nests of gulls, guillemots, razorbills and shags with which its slopes and ledges abounded. Our boat lay at anchor far below us, and the crew, after climbing well-nigh every peak and slope, was taking lunch on the topmost ridge. Then F. disappeared over the edge, and worked down to a terrace on the landward side. As the remaining two—V. and I—sat there watching the evolutions of the sea-birds all around our rock, a voice came faintly up from the side where F. had vanished. V. hung half over the edge, and shouted to him, "What's the trouble?" and then informed me the reply was, "Caught a shag!" Thinking he was referring to an adult bird, and that "caught a shag" was of similar import to "caught a Tartar," I told him to bring it up, just as I should have done had he reported the capture of a mermaid, and I expected to hear in reply the time-honoured "But he won't come," or "He won't let me." But after a brief interval F. appeared up a chimney-like gully with a mass of sooty down in his arms from which a head and long neck soon extricated themselves. It was a very young shag—too young to exhibit any fear of its captor.

"Whatever are you going to do with that?" I demanded.

"Don't know; you told me to bring it up," was the reply.

"But I did not know it was so young a bird. Take it back to its nest."

"Not I. You told me to bring it up, and here it is at your service. Besides, it would be impossible to put it back in the nest, unless I did it from a balloon."

"But what is to be done with it?" I asked.

"Put it in your bag and take it home—tame it!"

"Are you aware," I inquired, "that there is a Sea Birds Protection Act, in which, if my memory is not at fault, the shag is scheduled? This is close-time, and a penalty attaches to all who now take the birds."

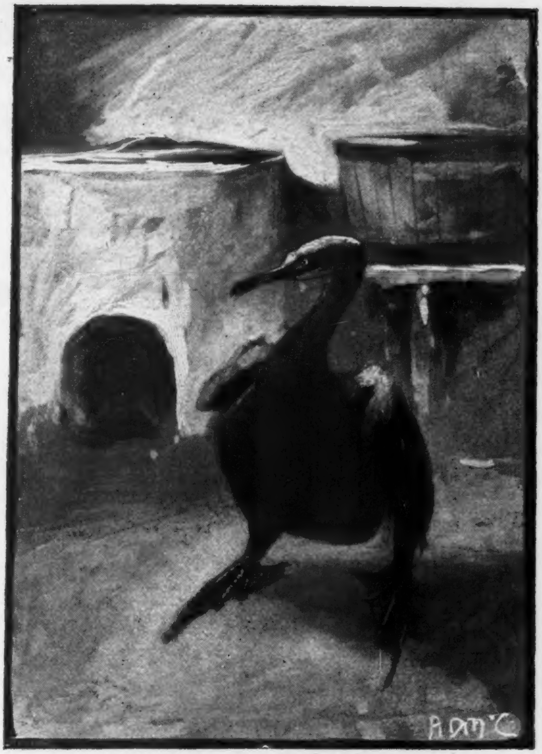
"That's all right," replied my tempter; "but I believe that you are exempted from the pains and penalties when you break the law in the interests of science. Do you not want to study the habits of young shags and obtain particulars of the rate of growth, the change from fur to feather, and so forth?"

"But, my dear fellow, he will want food; and, so far as I have observed the habits of the species, I am inclined to believe he will require a prodigious quantity of living or very fresh fish. How is it to be done?"

"Oh, I will see that he has enough to eat. I'll put out a trammel specially to catch fish for him."

It seemed useless to continue the discussion. My deprecatory arguments had not sufficient force, and I somewhat weakly put the uncomplaining shaglet into my empty lunch-bag. Embarked upon the boat again, I opened the bag to give him air, and kept it open, but he made no effort to get out. I thought this a bad sign—that he was already suffering from the absence of parental care. Yet he looked up at me in an apparently intelligent manner, and uttered a low whistling note, which sounded much like, "Be *care*ful, be *care*ful."

Arrived at home I placed him, *pro tem.*, in a lidless box. He rebelled against the too strict confinement of his prison, and forced his way out, flopping about the cement floor of the "back kitchen" in a quite ludicrous manner. But there are certain points in the economy of the cormorants which made it improbable that he could maintain both his liberty and the favourable opinion of the head of the house. Anxious that he should continue in the good graces of this all-powerful lady, I took care to declare my intention of raising a house of stone for him in the garden as soon as the Sabbath should be passed, and meanwhile



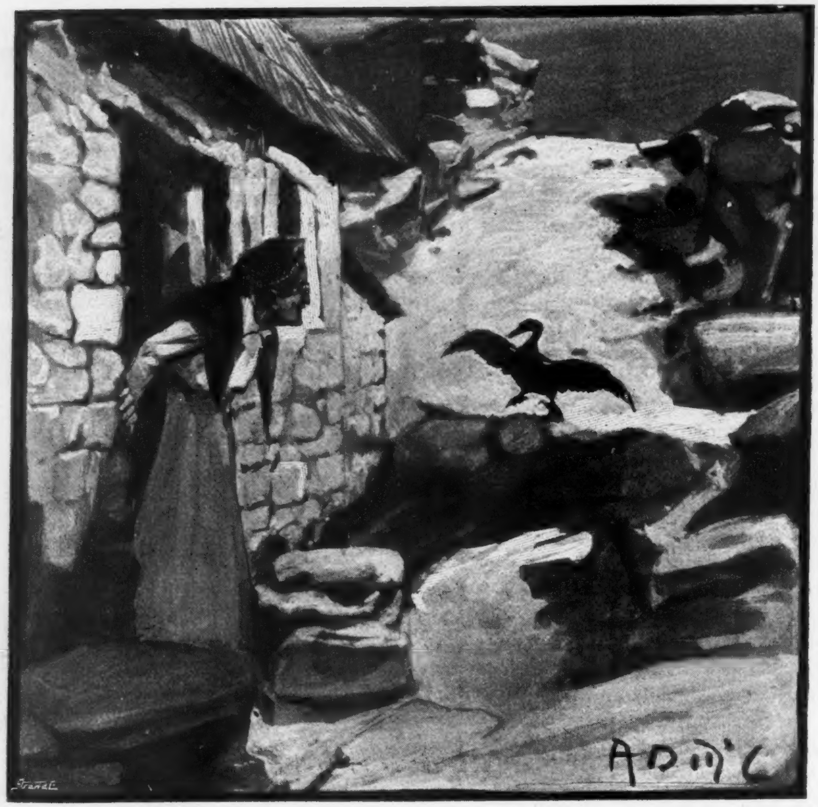
"Flopping about the cement floor"

fenced off a liberal space in the back kitchen, where I hoped he could remain until the house was erected. Candour compels me to admit that the house was not built on Monday, owing to some unforeseen circumstance, and on Tuesday I was reminded that Wednesday was washing-day, when no one would be answerable for the fate of the shag were he still left in the back kitchen.

So on Tuesday I bestirred myself, and erected three unmortared stone walls against the high boundary hedge at the top of the garden, enclosing sufficient space for six shags, laying large rough masses of rock on its floor for roosting purposes, and roofing in with some old sash-frames, from which nearly all the glass had been broken. Here he had room to flap his plumeless wings and waddle around. At feeding-times he was allowed to come outside and walk about the grassy terrace, whence he could see his native Gull Rock, and the inviting cliffs of the crescent bay. He would stretch out his long neck in all directions, as though scanning the blue waters and the purple rocks for a sight of his own kindred. I very soon found that he had become personally attached to me, for on leaving him at one end of this terrace and going to the other extremity, he would come sailing along after me in an ungainly way, with his wings spread widely. He would step upon my feet and rub against my legs whilst he looked up to my face and repeated his "Be careful" song. I wondered whether he would follow any distance, so left him in front of his house and walked down the steep garden slope. When half-way down I called, "Charlie, Charlie!" and he ceased his marine surveying, put on all his available force, and sailed down very rapidly. I continued my course and passed by the family dwelling to the cliff-road, Charlie trotting like a very active goose behind me. I then turned round, having a suspicion that his following was due to the fact that I was walking seawards and away from his prison; but he was equally ready to return, and walked behind or beside me all the way back to his house.

We fed him upon such fish as was procurable, but chiefly pollack, mackerel, pilchards and wrasse. He was very fond of the viscera of fish cleaned for the table, and would gorge upon the liver and roe of a skate to such an extent that he would be unable to touch any more food for a day and a half. A pollack of about eight inches we would cut into four pieces, making the cuts diagonally, and leaving the bones, fins, &c. *in situ*, these offering no impediment to digestion, which, in the shag, is of the most thorough description.

One day Charlie explained in a very striking manner that we were wasting time in the preparation of his meals. F. and I were scaling wrasse and cutting up pollack when Charlie sprang up on the cutting-board and seized a whole pollack by the middle. Throwing up his own head, he jerked the



"A-comin' straight down to my door"

fish round, so that it entered his bill head first, and in less time than it takes to record the fact, the pollack had disappeared from sight, though its shape could be seen distorting the neck as it passed down. That was an object lesson intended to convince us he no longer needed his meals cut up for him; and thereafter we gave him ordinary-sized fishes whole.

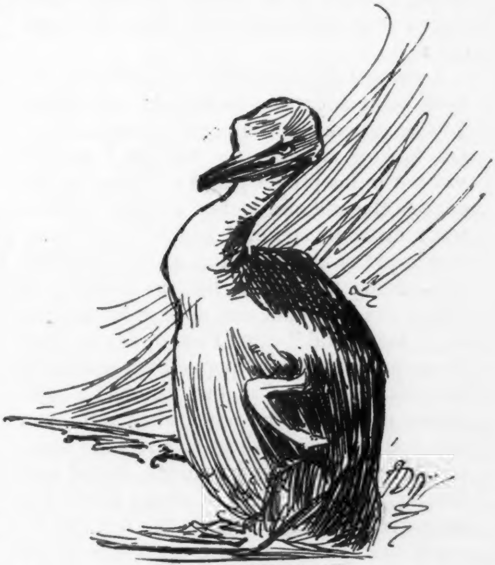
Charlie was fond of company, and if he heard my voice in the garden would immediately put his head between the bars of his house and set up his song. Sometimes it happened that, owing to the exigencies of work or social engagements, he had to be left unnoticed for a longer period than usual, when he would express his resentment by contriving to escape from his house somehow. He was most clever at discovering weak places in the masonry, and sometimes I had difficulty in detecting where he broke through. That part of the garden where stood his house was at an elevation more than twice the height of our dwelling-house, and the steep slope was ascended by a zigzag path. This path also served for the Independent Sunday school which stood half-way up.

One Sunday Charlie was on short commons. The previous day had been so rough that the boats could not go out, and there was only sufficient in Charlie's larder to supply him with breakfast. In the afternoon the children began to gather for Sunday-school, and whilst they were waiting for the teachers Charlie broke out of his house, sailed down the upper path and leaped on a low wall beside them, from which with outstretched neck he gravely admonished them to "Be careful!" The children huddled together away from him and screamed. Others newly coming up rushed back, and several came to our door to inform me of the danger of their companions above. I went up and remonstrated with the bird and persuaded him to return to his house with me, but failed to see how he had got out. Charlie remembered, however, for before I had reached the bottom again he was in full pursuit. This time I detected an opening near the top, from which he had pushed out a piece of stone and to which he had climbed by using his hooked beak as a lever.

By this time Charlie had got his wings fully plumed, his back was covered with feathers, and the tail was well formed. Then I was advised on all hands to clip his wing-feathers or to pinion him, and so prevent his departure to the cliff-ledges. To this I replied that I had strong objections to the maiming of any animal, and that if he chose to seek the companionship of his kind he was entirely free to do so.

On the afternoon of Diamond Jubilee day the village was deserted by all but the old and feeble, the others having ascended the hill to the sports-field and the high tea. Charlie was left alone, and not liking the quiet broke out, and came down to find out what was wrong. But this part of his story had better be told in the words of the old lady who had most of his company that afternoon.

"Iss, sir; I'll tell-ee just how 'twere. I was a-setting down a-taking of it easy-like, 'cause being Jubilee I didn't reckon to do no work. I couldn't get up to the tea and sports, so I thought I'd keep Jubilee at home to myself. Well, my dear, I was a-setting down, quiet-like, when all on a suddent I heard a pretty old confloption outside, so I got up as quick as I could and went forth; and what should I see but old Mr. H—— a trying to heave your bird over the wall into your garden. 'Oh, you old silly!' I thought; 'what's a-good a-doin' that? Afore you know it he'll be out again. Why didn't ye put him in a barrel or something?' Sure 'nough, my dear, as soon as he was in he was out again, and if he wasn't a-comin' straight down to my door as fast as his wings and great feet could bring him! And, the worst of it was, I hadn't got my stick, and I didn't altogether like the looks of him. He was flapping his wings and screeching a pretty lot. I was going back to get my stick when in the porch I knocked agin an old flasket. All on a sudden I thought, perhaps, I could get him in there. I did at last, but he give me a pretty hard bite on my finger. Now I had him in, but how was I going to keep him there without a lid to the flasket? I didn't know what to do till I thought of an old chair to put over it. But, to make sure he didn't jump out and bite me again, I thought I'd tie his legs together. And after a bit I managed to, though I couldn't tell-ee how I did it, for he was just a-pecking at me all the time with his long beak and flapping his wings so's I couldn't see what I was doing. Now I felt safe, and went to find something to cover right over the flasket, chair and all, when I saw him flying out of the door, and he got right on the edge of the cliff, and I was afeared for my life the poor bird would fall over. But a dog came along and frightened him on the path again, so I hobbled out and caught him and put him back in the flasket, and when I'd put the chair over him I covered all with a sack. Now, thinks I, you're safe this time, my dear, sure 'nough; so I went and sat down again as I was doing afore he came along. Then an awful thought struck me: the poor bird had got his legs tied.



A YOUNG SHAG

Suppose he tried to get out, and was flapping his wings against the flasket. I must untie him. So I fumbled about and found a hole in the flasket, and got my hand through, and when I found his legs he kept pecking my fingers, he did, my dear. But I thought I must put up with it all till I'd set him free, poor thing. And then he was quieter like, and there he stayed under the flasket till you fetched him home."

The dear old soul had really acted bravely, for she regarded the shag as a savage beast, and was only impelled to do what she did from the feeling that I should feel annoyed if he flew away or came to harm.

After this event Charlie was allowed more freedom. In front of our house was a wall about two feet high, with broad stone cap, and within this enclosure Charlie was permitted to strut up and down on the gravel and spread his wings in the sun, as well as enjoy the closer proximity to human associates. Owing to the slope of the cliff, the end of the wall nearest the sea was higher than at the other end, and Charlie knew the difference. One end was too high for him to leap to the top, but at the other, by flapping his wings and taking a spring, he could catch his hooked beak on the top, and using this as a lever flap his way up. One day, when he was supposed to be sitting in this walled space, I heard some person saying: "Oh, there's your old friend down there; he's got out again."

I guessed this referred to Charlie, the remark being addressed to the old lady whose Jubilee experience has been narrated above. On looking through the window I saw he was not in his proper place, so I went to the edge of the cliff and looked around. There was a matronly speckled hen with an extensive brood of chicks feeding at the top of the cliff among the weeds, but no Charlie. I called him by name, and at once an answering "Be careful" came from under my feet. In an instant the bird popped up, scattering the chickens with fear, but they had a competent protector, who now rushed with open bill and spreading wings at the poor shag, and he, fearful of her intentions, leaped into the air and at a height of about seven feet appeared suddenly to realise the fact that he could fly. Acting at once upon this knowledge, he turned his head to sea and flew straight out. "Ah!" said I, "he has really gone this time." But he halted upon a rock encircled by water, and by climbing over the intervening rocks for some distance I was able to come within a few yards of him. "Charlie," I called, and immediately he quitted his rock and swam to mine. Pleased with this fresh instance of his attachment, I suggested he should have a swim, and gently threw him into the water with his head away from me. Evidently understanding the suggestion he paddled out to a considerable distance and swam around in big circles, occasionally indulging in a dive. This was by no means his first swimming effort. I had on several previous occasions taken him to the shore and set him adrift in the largest and deepest of the rock pools. He now performed admirably, but he appeared to have no idea of fishing. After a time I called him in and he followed me up over the rocks to the front of the house. This was in partial shade, and he could not find a good place for drying his wet plumage, so he came into the house and made his way into the dining-room, where he could see a broad patch of sunlight which came through the back window and fell upon the carpet. His presence was objected to and he was driven out of doors, but he returned again and again, until at last the prohibition was removed and he was allowed to utilise the sunshine fully.

Occasionally I took him down to the Porth, where he would swim out and dive, always with the certainty of a considerable audience, and on every occasion he duly returned to my call and perched upon my feet. But this attachment became a source of anxiety to me, who had hoped that with the attainment of full powers Charlie would be seeking his own kindred and be leaving me. It was not an easy matter to keep him supplied with plenty of fresh fish. F., who had kept his promise well so far, was soon to go to college, and then the winter would be coming on, when for days in succession the boats might be prevented from putting out on the stormy sea. With no market near it would be difficult to keep him in food, for he would now take nothing but fish, and the common shannies and father-lashers which one could easily catch in the pools he declined to look at. Carefully weighing these points, I decided to offer him to the Zoological Society to be placed in their gardens, and in due course received an intimation that the society would be pleased to accept him. I therefore placed him in a roomy, well-ventilated box, and sent him off. Whilst I was instructing Messrs. Pickford's representatives to take care of him, Charlie recognised my voice and broke into a series of "Be carefuls," which he presumably continued at intervals, the railway officials, no doubt, attending to his requests, for he reached the Zoo in safety, where my readers may extend their acquaintance with him, if they choose to look for him in the fish-house.

LIFE

By the Rev. Prebendary HARRY JONES, M.A.

ACCORDING to Scripture, in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and every living creature that moveth. But we know no more of life than he of old who said, "It is a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." Wise men, armed with microscope and telescope, travel peering back looking up and down, and try to find, in their own way, what it is and how it began. But the wisest are stopped at last. They are left to face an unseen Almighty Power, the Author of every living thing, great and small. The name of such a countless creation is Infinite, and we stand ignorant before this mighty herd. Nevertheless above it rises man, having a peculiar relationship to the Maker who gave him dominion over all the earth and its manifold inhabitants. We Christians have learnt Him to be, in a sense shared by no other, "Our Father which art in heaven," in the knowledge or knowing of whom standeth our eternal life.

But along with this greatest mystery of all there are some things common to the highest and lowest of His creatures here. Their bodies alike return to the earth of which they are made, and share the heat of the sun without which mortal life is inconceivable.

And yet neither of these great powers gives us life. They only support it for a while, one by light and warmth, the other by material products, till we die. Thus between them, successive generations, animate and inanimate, appear and retire. The bud is unfolded in the summer air, and then the leaf falls to feed the hidden root of the trunk whose twig has brought its yearly food of sap. The long-grown forest tree bows to the clay upon which it has looked proudly for a thousand years, and from which it rose, only to lie down at last. So with all moving creatures upon the earth which claims the warm-blooded eagle floating in the sunlit air, and the cold worm creeping in the soil.

And it is appointed unto man to die. "Dust thou art," says the Almighty Voice, "and unto dust shalt thou return." Nevertheless, though he shares the passing life of animate creation he claims part in that which is eternal, according to the vital sentence, "in the image of God made He man." He holds fast to this. His soul is kin to his Creator, though he leaves others to do their will with the familiar house in which it has lived since he was born. Thus the mourner is met by the words, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But though the believer is assured that there is a spiritual body which he will receive in exchange for that of our humiliation (mis-rendered "vile"), there are incessant signs of his passage through the mortal life which he shares with others, and which he does not always interpret as he might and should. They tell him of the subtle process always going on in our earthly house of this tabernacle which shall be dissolved, whatever care we take of it, for however long the physician may stretch the span of our days and put back the clock of dissolution. And, without any sinking of heart, it is possible for a man to note the significant tokens of his mortality. As I have said, we are here subject to the earth and sun which attract and revive us, however wisely or unwisely we use the material sustenance of the one or admit the mysterious operation of the other. We are in the presence of Him to whom all things are naked and open. And Nature is His sentinel, to whom darkness and light are both alike. She knows no rest or sleep, but ever waits by night and day to draw us to the ground. She watches the drowsy eyelid till it droops, and then gently lays its wearied owner down. She never takes her hand off us whom she owns, but though its pressure may be long unfelt, she leaps upon the lightest-footed body if it should slip, and throws it to expectant earth, which, however often baulked, knows that a day will come when its final claim is due.

So with the other power which suns us directly from above; or from below through blazing logs upon the hearth which shed back flame imbibed from on high before the axe laid them on the ground, or through light and heat stored in coal once fed with vital shine upon primeval trees. For a little while it warms the moving dust of which a man is made, till he is left as stiff and cold as the clay in which he is laid at last. There is not a waking hour without some perceivable token of the powers which attend and support our present life. We may not feel them unless when we are tired or chilled, but every now and then their touch is felt, and may be a flash of thought whispers what they mean to do when the pulse has stopped.

So far much is plain. We are daily dealing with what we can touch and taste. And it is unwise to resent the lessons which it sets. We need not, indeed, nurse a melancholy mind by counting the steps which lead to dissolution, for though death comes to all in time we are moved by God to drag its wheels. He is the Saviour of the body and has honoured it by the Incarnation of Himself. And He has permitted the great teacher "Pain" to warn us against that misuse of life which cuts it short. But we do not believe in annihilation—nothing is destructible, however changed. And thus, though now we know not what another life may be, our chief aim in the conduct of this should be to lead it so that we may not fear to die. A man may follow the best-known rules of health till then, but the most constant and successful sanitary caution is but a short ignoble thing. He has to reckon with the Spirit, and this is found through Christ, who saw beneath the letter which killeth—*i.e.*, not below mere words alone, but under all such outer signs of life as mark our course and point to mortal death. And true communion with Him who suffered that He might bring us to God cannot be severed from that keeping of His commandment which follows, but does not create it. And what are they? No dry catalogue of regulations possible of observance by a pedant in Christianity, but laws of life. And the greatest of them, that by Himself called "new," is "Love," the spiritual power which never faileth, leading us onwards into another world where those powers which rule the natural body cease to operate, where no sun warms us nor are we claimed by a hungry watchful earth. But love is the secret of immortality, which is no period measurable by the calendar and clock, but is sent to vitalise us even here, while we are subject to those conditions of mortality which depress or shed only a fading cheer. The law of charity or love alone rules the rise into another life, and casteth out fear, especially that of death.

Love, indeed, has been interpreted in manifold ways: as covering a multitude of sins with sweeping good-natured ignorance of what they may be, or it is limited, as that which for a while protects helpless offspring with intensity of concern. This is shown by a hen that gathers her chickens under her wings. Yet this love begins to fade as her young approach full growth, and finally evaporates when they have reached the cares of parentage themselves. Love is, however, chiefly and popularly apprehended in that which culminates in marriage. But this "mortal" affinity is assumed, in accordance with the language of our Church, to expire when a man or his mate is laid in the grave. Each promises love to the other "till death do us part." And yet we say that "holy" matrimony signifies the mystical union that is between Christ and his Church, which is undying, and He Himself said when pressed by questions about material relationships between man and wife, that (though realised by "the children of this world") such as were accounted worthy to obtain the resurrection from the dead neither married nor were given in marriage. This might help us to apprehend the love that rules another life, and is the leaven of all that works here, for it excludes the tangible, and knows no tie of "flesh and blood"—which "cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven." It is seen in that mingling of spirits which know no divorcing coolness, inasmuch as it can exist only in communion with Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It has its growing forecast and flashes of reality in that understanding between souls, which sanctifies all human relationships, though these are sometimes shadowed here by passing clouds of ignorance. In this love is the secret of that vitality which is subject to no such influences as affect the flesh-made body. It ripens, grows to full stature and operation in the loving of God—*i.e.*, in such apprehension of His power who ordereth all things in heaven and earth as makes us look for ultimate satisfaction in nothing which we can touch, taste, or handle. This perfect love quickens us here. It carries us over the borders of mortality, casting out the fear of death or of that which is felt in drinking some mysterious cup of sorrow. There can be no greater love than such acceptance of divine law as we adore with supreme devotion in Him whose last words in doing the will of God were, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS

He walked in glory on the hills:
  We dalesmen envied from afar
The heights and rose-lit pinnacles
  Which placed him nigh the evening star.

Upon the peaks they found him dead;
  And now we wonder if he sighed
For our low grass beneath his head,
  For our rude huts, before he died.

VIDA BRISS.

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL

By the Worshipful R. S. FERGUSON, F.S.A., Chancellor of Carlisle

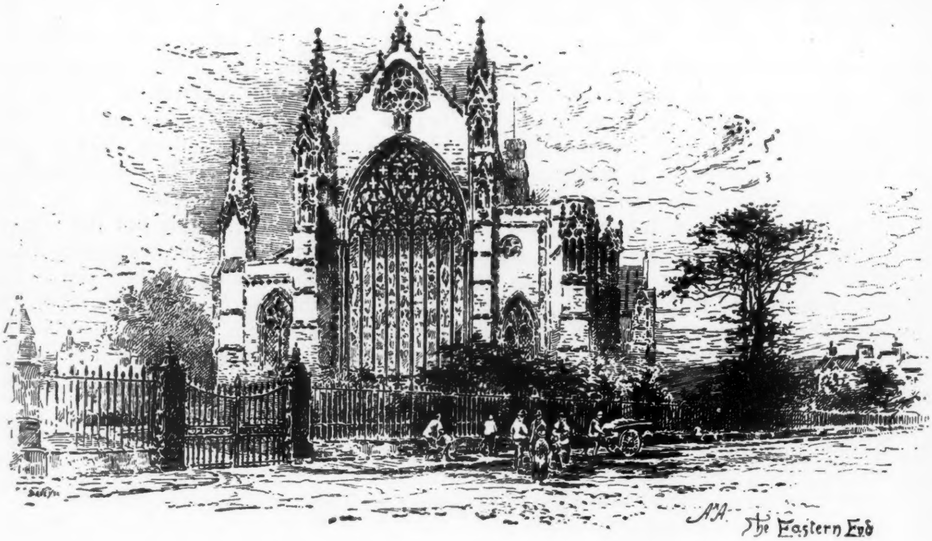
ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER ANSTED

SECOND PAPER

On the outside of the nave, the dark grey rectangular blocks of stone, of which it is largely built, from their tooling and general appearance, are supposed, and rightly so, to have come from that ready quarry, the Roman wall; of its wealth of dressed stone, the mediæval masons who built Carlisle Castle and Cathedral freely availed themselves, putting their own masons' marks upon the Roman tooling. The transept and the north aisle of the nave have the usual flat Norman pilaster buttresses, dying into the cornice, which in the aisle is carried upon a series of plain corbels. The clerestories of the nave have no buttresses, but the cornice runs in an unbroken line here and in the transept, supported by grotesque heads. The windows display the characteristic Norman ornaments—the zigzag, chevron, billet, &c. The lower part of the south transept is much plainer than any other portion of the building, and the buttresses are omitted along the south aisle wall, as that wall would be covered by the conventual buildings.

Entering by the great modern door, where no door was of old, the spectator's eye is at once attracted by the distorted condition of the arches which carry the central tower. This distortion is due to the piers of the tower, unequal to the superimposed weight, having shortly after their erection telescoped into the earth about a foot. Near the door in the south transept a glass covers a Runic scribble, which means, "Dolfin wrote these runes"—a scribble by some workman, which formerly would be concealed by paint, plaster, or tapestry.

No fabric rolls exist for Carlisle Cathedral



The Eastern End

from which we can derive information: we must gather what we can from the building itself. But as the Church in England grew wealthier, so its ritual grew more sumptuous and demanded for its display a larger area than afforded by the somewhat small and cramped Norman choirs; these were generally rebuilt, in the then prevalent style of architecture, to suit the new requirements. At Carlisle this seems to have been commenced, judging from the details of the choir, in the bishopric of Silvester de Everdon, 1245 to 1255. The work was continued by Everdon's successors, Bishops Vipont, De Chauncy, and De Irton. The last named, who died on March 1, 1292, converted his visitations into the means of extorting large sums of money from his clergy for the purpose of the work at the Cathedral; the writer of the "Chronicle of Lanercost" waxes very indignant about this and calls the bishop "*admodum cupidus*," "*prædo, non præsul*," "*improbus exactor*," and suchlike bad names. John de Halucton, or de Haloghton (best known as Bishop Halton) was elected to the vacant See on St. George's Day (April 23) following. On the 30th of the next month a dire misfortune befell his Cathedral and Cathedral city. A tremendous gale, evidently from the west, blew for twenty-four hours, parching up the vegetation, forcing men and horses off the roads, and driving the sea over Burgh and Rockcliff marshes, higher than had ever been known before, to the destruction of large numbers of cattle and sheep. In the midst of this terrible storm an incendiary set fire to his father's house, which was just outside the city, near the west end of the Cathedral; the flames spread, and the whole city and suburbs were destroyed, with the exception of a few houses and the church of the Black Friars. Graphic accounts, both in prose and verse, of this catastrophe are contained in the "Chronicle of Lanercost." From the special mention made of the destruction of the bells and organs in the Cathedral, we judge they must have been such as the canons might well be proud of.

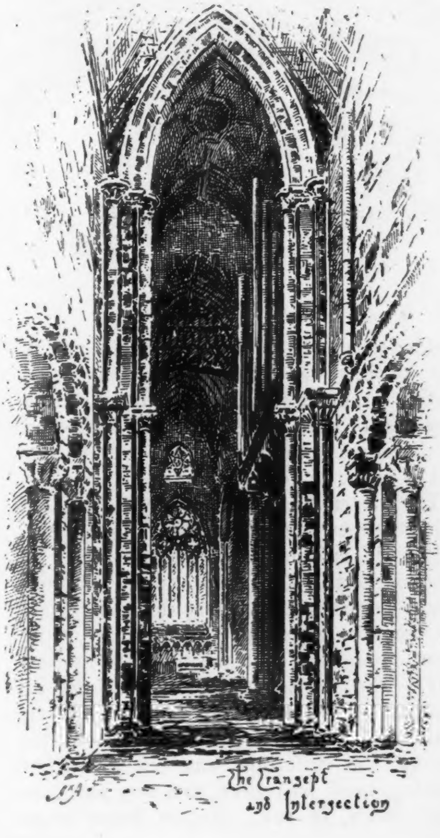
Mr. Purday, clerk of the works during the restoration in Dean Tait's time, in an able but now rare tract on Carlisle Cathedral, gives it as his opinion that the remains of the new choir left by the fire are the outside walls of the north and south aisles (with the exception of the eastern bay on each side), the whole of St. Catherine's Chapel, and the arch at the west end of the north aisle opening into the transept. In fact, the grand new choir was completely wrecked, except the side aisle walls, which Mr. Purday conjectures were protected by their stone vaultings.

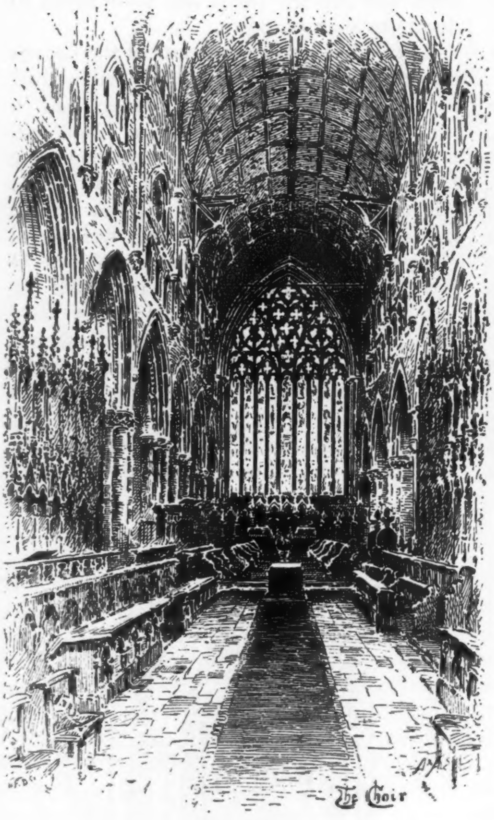
Of Athelwold's work the nave escaped, but the fire destroyed the north transept, injured the south transept walls, and almost annihilated the conventual buildings. The central tower was also much damaged.

A question has been raised whether at the date of this fire the rebuilding of the choir, started by De Everdon, had so far progressed as that the roof was on. Mr. Purday thinks that it must have been, "as the almost total ruin which succeeded that event could scarcely have been brought about unless the building had contained a large quantity of combustible materials such as a roof of this extent would supply." The Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton), in "Carlisle," Historic Towns series, suggests that the work had only been carried up to the tops of the main arches and that a temporary wooden roof had been thrown over the unfinished building at that level. Dr. Creighton evidently thinks that had the permanent roof been in place it would have been of stone; but Mr. Freeman told the Archæological Institute at Carlisle, in 1882, that the choir was from the very first designed for a wooden roof.

De Everdon's choir, longer and broader than the Norman choir, was not symmetrically placed with regard to the Norman nave, its central line being removed to the northwards of that of the nave—a displacement rendered necessary by the existence on the south side of the conventual buildings. Internally this was a matter of no moment, as the screens, dividing the building into two churches, concealed it; externally the eccentricity of nave and choir is cleverly disguised by a subsidiary turret alongside of the great tower for part of its height, and by a pepper-box turret on its summit. Whether it was intended to rebuild the whole Cathedral in accordance with the new choir is uncertain. Preparations were made for rebuilding the north transept, as shown by the pillar at the west end of the north aisle and the fragment of wall on the outside in that vicinity. But it may well be that those who rebuilt on so magnificent a scale the canons' church in the architectural choir of the building cared nothing about the parochial church in the nave, and that the parish had scant funds to devote to such purposes.

Low indeed must the hearts of the canons of Carlisle have sunk within them: their beautiful choir, which had taken half a century to rear, had become a black and ghastly wreck, and that too just as they were nearing its completion: they were burnt out, roofless and homeless. It was all the harder upon them because they had aimed at having the very best of work, boldness of style, and the utmost beauty of detail. It was all thrown away. Could they have looked into the future and seen the dismal vista before them of about a century and a half of Scottish wars, of their bishops turned to soldiers, and of plundered and ruined churches, they must have despaired. But the future, its misery and poverty, they





could not foresee; but ever, though misery and poverty befell them, they struggled bravely on, determined to still insist on the very best of work, on boldness of style, and on the utmost beauty of design, even if they had to wait a hundred years.

The rebuilding was, however, long in doing: times were troublous, and Scottish wars little favourable for the collection of subscriptions. The conventual buildings would be first rebuilt as rapidly as possible, for the sake of shelter, and nothing more spent upon them than was absolutely necessary. The transept followed, but the rebuilding of the choir extended over many years, and a long stop was made after the cill of the triforium was reached. The building must have been in a very sad condition when, in 1297, Robert Bruce swore fealty to Edward I. on the sword of St. Thomas before Bishop Halton in Carlisle Cathedral. Nor can it have been far advanced in the rebuilding in January 1306–7, when the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of York, nineteen bishops, thrice that number of mitred abbots, a large number of the most powerful barons of the realm, and the great officers of State attended the Parliament of Carlisle. To Carlisle also came Cardinal Petrus Hispanus (Peter l'Espagnol), the papal legate. He preached in the Cathedral at Carlisle, and "revested himselfe and the other bishops which were present, and then, with candels light and causing the bels to be roong, they accursed, in terrible wise, Robert Bruce, the vsurper of the crowne of Scotland, with all his partakers, aiders and mainteiners."—Holinshed, ii. 523. About midsummer another stately ceremony took place in Carlisle Cathedral. Edward I. made there a solemn offering of the horse litter in which he had travelled to the north, and of the horses belonging to it.

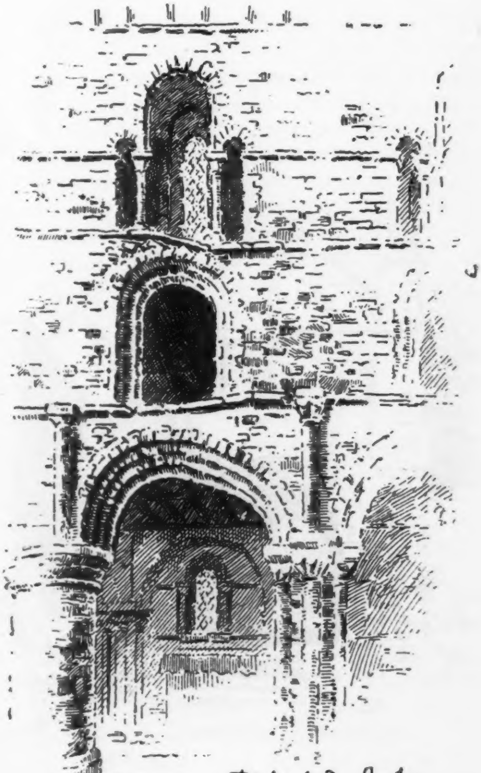
Building was resumed under Bishops Welton (1352–62) and Appleby (1362–95), who made strenuous efforts to raise funds; to these Edward III. and many of the nobility contributed, and the work was brought to a successful conclusion before the death of Edward III. in 1377. To these two bishops may be attributed the whole of the east end above the aisle roofs, and also the triforium, clerestory, and roof of the choir, which was waggon-shaped of panelled wood, with great hammer beams, from which it is probable large lamps were suspended. It was curiously painted, and adorned with bosses, on which were painted the arms of the noble families who had subscribed to the rebuilding. A list of them is preserved in the College of Arms.

Dr. Creighton considers the absence of a stone vaulted roof a sign of enforced economy, but Mr. Freeman considers that the roof was always intended to be of wood, and points out that "the English tradition of making a wooden roof an ornamental feature was here to be seen on the greatest scale." In support of Mr. Freeman, it may be pointed out that no provision was made for taking the thrust of a vaulted roof, either by flying buttresses or otherwise. Mr. Freeman also said the east window of Carlisle "was the grandest of its kind in England, and he supposed in the world. There was as big a window in one of the churches in Perugia, which in some points reminded him of this; but here they had the finest piece of tracery to be seen anywhere."

The active misfortunes of the Cathedral did not end with the fire of 1292: it suffered from a second fire in 1392, which destroyed the front of the north transept. Little written record remains of this fire, but the front tells its own story—the story of damage by fire, repaired with the utmost economy, the old materials being re-used, and broken stones being patched, instead of being replaced. This was probably the work of Bishop Strickland (bishop, 1400–19); he also built the tower upon the distorted Norman piers. Foundations so ticklish necessitated caution as to the weights to be put upon them, and hence the tower, built in short stages, is somewhat stunted. It had originally a short spire of wood, covered with lead, but this was taken down in the last century.

Bishop Strickland placed in the tower four bells, of which one now remains there. The stalls in the choir are also the work of this bishop, but the tabernacle work over them is attributed to Prior Haithwaite, *circa* 1433 or later. The armorial bearings and the images which once adorned them have all disappeared. To Bishop Strickland the completion of the fabric, if ever it may be considered to have been complete, may be attributed.

The internal decoration of the building was largely due to two priors: Thomas Gondibour, who was appointed in 1484, and Lancelot Salkeld, the last prior and first dean. To the first are due the curious paintings at the back of the stalls, representing the legends of St. Augustine, St. Anthony, and St. Cuthbert, and the figures of the twelve Apostles. For long these were covered with whitewash. Both Gondibour and Salkeld put into the church some beautiful wooden screens; the remains of Gondibour's screens enclose St. Catherine's Chapel. Salkeld's screens, of beautiful Renaissance work, are between the chancel and the north aisle. The building was probably at its best just before the Reformation; the interior was gorgeously gilt and painted, the walls, capitals, and tabernacle work enriched with colour, and the windows glorious with stained glass, of which little now remains. Much was probably taken out at the Reformation, when also the images from the tabernacle work would disappear and the paintings at the back of the stalls be whitewashed. Little wanton mischief would be done: the change at Carlisle was a peaceable one. The prior and canons of the Augustinian house became the dean and canons of a cathedral of the new foundation,



Distorted Arches in the Nave

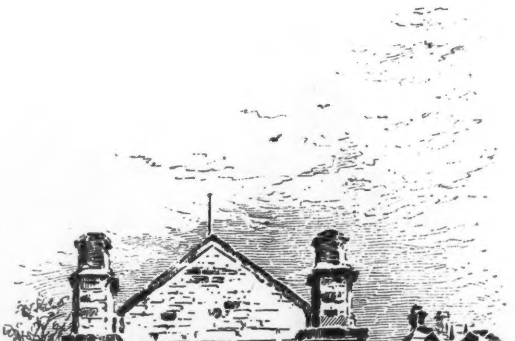
but they were poor. Succeeding deans, two at least, were non-resident laymen, and the place was neglected and let run down. From the oft-quoted journal of three officers from Norwich, who were upon a tour through northern England, we get a melancholy picture of the Cathedral in 1634: "The next day we repaired to their cathedral, which is nothing near so fair and stately as those we have seen, but more like a great wild country church; and as it appeared outwardly so was it inwardly, ne'er beautiful nor adorned one whit. The organ and voices did well agree, the one being like a shrill bagpipe, the other like a Scottish tune. The sermon in the like accent was such as we could hardly bring away, though it was delivered by a neat young scholar, sent that morning from Rose Castle, the bishop's mansion, which lies upon Rose and Caldew rivers—one of the bishop's chaplains—to supply his place that day. The Communion was also administered and received in a wild unreverent manner."

The destruction at Carlisle was wrought after the surrender of the city to General Lesley in 1646, when the chapter-house, and other conventual buildings, and several bays of the nave were pulled down. During the Commonwealth the building was the scene of much rioting: the "terrible man with the leather breeches," George Fox, preached there, and the church had to be cleared of a riotous mob by files of musketeers. In 1746 the Cathedral was degraded into a prison for the captured Highlanders, and was left in a filthy condition. Then followed a destructive restoration under Bishop Lyttleton. During this a plaster ceiling was inserted below the oak one, exquisite wooden screens were torn out, and the space between the stalls was filled up with pews.

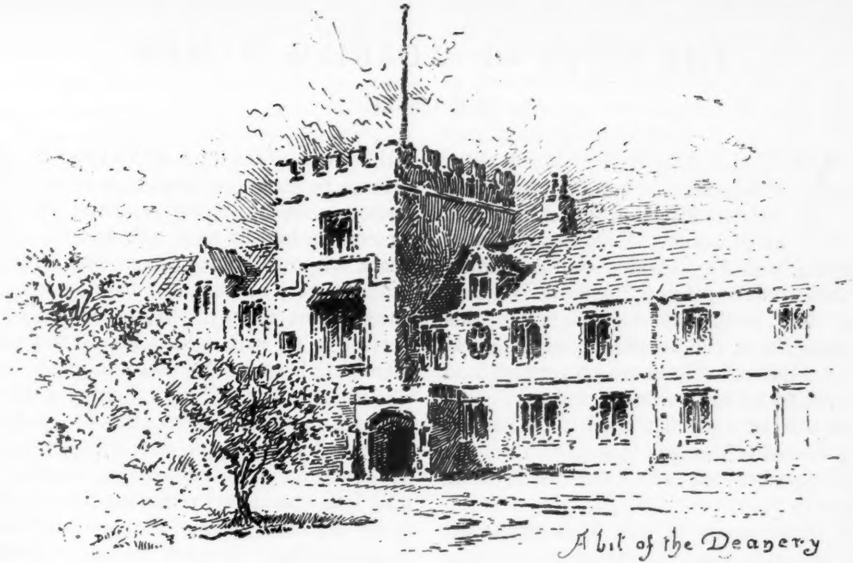
In 1853 extensive restoration was commenced under Mr. Christian; and later still, in 1871, under Mr. Street, the pews were pulled out, and the fragment of the nave thrown open to the rest of the church.

The only old glass in the church is that in the upper part of the glorious east window. This represents a doom, that is—our Lord sitting in judgment; the procession of the blessed to the palace of heaven; the place of punishment of the wicked and the general resurrection. In one of the quatrefoils of the tracery, just above the mullions, is a figure surrounded by an heraldic border, golden castles and leopards' faces alternately —a border of Castile and Leon. This points to John of Gaunt, who was Governor of Carlisle from 1380 to 1384, and who impaled Castile and Leon in right of his wife; this is probably his portrait. It also gives the date of the glass as between 1380 and 1384.

Of modern glass in the building, by far the best is that over the door in the south transept, representing the Seven Days of the Creation; each symbolised by an angel holding a roundel, on which are depicted the events of the day.



Prior Slee's Gateway



A bit of the Deanery

We have almost forgotten to call attention to what never fails to interest. The capitals of the columns in the choir have been "wrought with a grace," says Dr. Creighton, "that makes them exquisite examples of ornamentation. Twelve of them take for their motive the representation of the months of the year: a motive common enough, but nowhere wrought out with so much luxuriance of fancy. The groundwork of the figures is foliage clustering round the tops of the pillars; oaks extend their branches and vines send forth their shoots. These are peopled by birds and beasts, by men and grotesque creatures in every attitude, but always full of life and movement. On the spaces facing the choir are placed the representations of the months, showing the various occupations of the different seasons—now a peasant pulling off his wet boots and warming his bare feet at the fire; now a lord riding out with his hand full of roses and a hawk upon his fist; now a reaper and again a sower—the whole presenting a picture of rural England of the time." The series begins with the second column from the east on the south side; a figure with three faces under one hood, two of which are busy drinking, represents January.

Twenty bishops of Carlisle lie buried in their Cathedral, from De Everdon, who died *circa* 1255, to Law, who died in 1787. To only seven of these do any monuments remain, namely, two effigies doubtfully assigned to Irton (d. 1292) and to Barrow (d. 1429): the last is by St. Catherine's Chapel, opposite to Thornycroft's fine effigy of Bishop Goodwin, and is evidently a portrait. Bishop Bell (d. 1496) has a fine brass in the centre of the choir, and Bishop Robinson (d. 1616) a curious one, now in the north aisle. The other monuments are on the walls or in the floor. Archdeacon Paley lies in the north aisle, and forgotten deans, chancellors, and prebendaries are frequent. Two of the Lords Dacre of the North were buried in Carlisle Cathedral—Lord William on December 14, 1563, and Lord Thomas on July 25, 1566; but neither monument nor tradition records their graves.

Of the conventual buildings but little remains. The great gatehouse to the west was the work of Prior Christopher Slee in 1528. The Prior's lodging is now the deanery and contains a curiously painted ceiling, the work of Prior Simon Senos (Senhouse). The fratry or refectory completes the list of conventual buildings that remain: the cloisters, dormitories, chapter-house and other accessories of a house of canons are all gone, barely leaving sufficient fragments to indicate their positions.

THE LIVES OF WORKING WOMEN

By ONE OF THEM

"POOR Mrs. John Smith," says Robert Blatchford in his popular book "Merrie England;" "her life is one long slavery. Cooking, cleaning, managing, mending, washing clothes, waiting on husband and children, her work is never done. And amid it all she suffers the pains and anxieties of child-bearing, and the suckling of children. There are no servants and few workers so hard-wrought and so ill-paid as the wife of a British artisan. What are her hours of labour, my trade-union friend? What pleasure has she, what rest, what prospect?"

In these words of Mr. Blatchford's we have shown a true picture of the lives of working women; but it should be noticed, however, that the "poor Mrs. John Smith" referred to is represented as being the wife of an artisan, not an ordinary labourer. Most of us estimate things by comparison, and among the working classes the woman who marries a man of the rank of artisan, that is, a skilled workman with his twenty-eight, thirty, or thirty-three shillings per week, is very lucky compared with the woman whose husband is a member of the great army of unskilled labourers. The earnings of those unfortunates who are called unskilled workmen do not get beyond twenty-four shillings per week, and very often only reaches the level of a pound or even eighteen shillings per week.

If the life of Mrs. John Smith with her mechanic, painter, joiner, plumber, or mason, is slavery, what is the life of a woman who is compelled to help her husband to bring in the living by going out to work, besides attending to household duties? The fact is, that the life of a woman thus situated is often nothing more nor less than one continual round of drudgery. The early marriages, still very common among working people, make life very hard for the woman. Fancy a girl of seventeen or eighteen taking on herself the solemn duties and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood, in company with a lad of twenty who possesses the hazy idea that "love in a cottage" is the one needful thing for this world. The girl-wife never knows what it is to be a free, careless, healthy young woman; she only remembers herself as a girl, and then as a weary, toil-worn woman, the mother of unruly children, very much given to wondering, in a vague sort of way, whether it will ever be her lot to sit with folded hands and watch other people work. No doubt there are those who will consider that the colouring of the picture is too sombre to be real, that the hardships are overdrawn; but if they will just glance at the life of a typical working woman, and take into consideration the fact that this form of life is lived by tens of thousands of women to-day, perhaps they will realise the truth of the saying that fact is stranger than fiction.

As has been already stated, brief courtships and early marriages are still sadly too common among working people in this country. Little or no provision is made beforehand, and so the furniture for the new home, when the couple decide to set up for themselves, is got on the "hire" system—that is, so much money is paid weekly or monthly until the debt is discharged. The wives of working men, nowadays, have a weakness for fine homes never dreamt of in the days of their grandmothers, and so this system of paying for the furniture by weekly instalments takes a considerable time, even if it can be done without any interruptions, which is not often the case.

To come from mere generalities to particulars, just imagine that a young fellow elects to get married on a pound a week. There is the rent, coal, food, clothes, payment for furniture, and generally a sum is claimed as pocket money by the husband, and all this is to come out of the weekly sovereign. It does not need an arithmetician of extraordinary talent to show that the most careful housewife would hardly be able to make both ends meet on such an allowance. Under the circumstances, the one remedy is for the wife to go to work, and bring in a regular weekly wage like the husband. If the wife happens to have been a weaver or a factory worker of any kind before her marriage, so much the better for her; she can at once begin her old routine by returning to her work. If she has been a general servant, factory work does not come so easily or pleasantly to her, and then she either takes in children to nurse, goes out charing, or washes clothes for others. When a wife is thus compelled to go out to work, the various household duties have to be done when she returns home at night. As regards meals, breakfast and dinner are carried to the factory or workshop in baskets or tin boxes. Tea is the only meal eaten at home, and it is a matter of small surprise to find that tasty dishes are often fancied for the one comfortable meal of the day. After tea there is washing or baking, mending or cleaning, and any amount of trifling duties in between these necessary operations. If the husband is a fairly decent sort of a man, he does help with the rougher kind of work, such as blackleading the grate, fetching coals in, or cleaning windows—more particularly just after the wedding, and of course the husband who is worthy of the name continues to help as long as his wife is compelled to go out to work; but it is much to be feared that the majority of husbands very seldom think that their wives need any help with household duties, even when they have been working all day. The husband's programme for the evening is very simple. He returns home from his work, gets his tea, washes himself, and then goes off to the nearest public-house or club, or else goes for a long walk in company with a friend, leaving the unfortunate wife to battle with the work as best she can. "Yes," some fair critic may say, "it is all very true, but the wives of working men are used to this kind of life, and so do not mind it."

Used to it! Of course they are used to it, as eels are said to be used to skinning, but it is doubtful whether either wives or eels get so used to the process as not to feel it. George Eliot has said: "A woman, let her be as good as she may, has to put up with the life her husband makes for her." How true a quotation! And do men realise it? What a world of misery they have the power to make for their wives by carelessness, neglect, and continual fault-finding! The anecdote told some time ago in one of the magazines well illustrates the manner in which working men still treat their wives. A lady had called to see a poor woman whose husband had died suddenly, and he was reported to have behaved very badly to his wife when living. Asked by the lady if her husband had always been unkind to her, the woman burst into tears and sobbed out: "He was kind enough sometimes. Only last week my man took me out shopping, and when we were climbing the hill coming home he looked back and said, 'Come on, old draggletail.'" The answer, though not without its humorous side, was still terribly pathetic, as showing the poor woman's only idea of the kindness received from her husband.

To get back again to the original subject. When the young people are beginning to feel settled in the married state, children generally arrive on the scene; long before the furniture has been paid off, sickness comes, the wife is compelled to stay at home, and the usual result of increased debt follows. When the little ones are about a month old, they are put out to nurse. Should there happen to be no neighbours near at hand who make a practice of nursing young children, they are taken farther afield. The poor little mites are pulled from their warm beds every morning before six o'clock, summer and winter alike. They are then led or carried through the streets in all kinds of weather, and often only half awake. Being mainly brought up away from home, it is only natural that the children do not display any alarming signs of fear or respect for their parents. The mother, for her part, is much too tired and worn to trouble herself about exacting obedience, and after a while, when the children begin to show strong wills of their own, she soon gives up the unequal fight, and lets them "gang their ain gait," apparently careless as to where it may lead them.

The years go on, and the children grow into youths and maidens. Of training in the true sense of the word they have had little or none. They have been knocked about from pillar to post, put out to nurse when they were young, sent to school and factory as soon as the required age was reached, and generally allowed to look after themselves, and follow their own inclinations, whether for good or ill. The girls may fall into trouble or they may not; it mostly depends on the kind of associates they are thrown amongst; the boys may turn into gamblers or drunkards, or into respectable citizens; their careers, like those of their sisters, depend largely on their surroundings.

Some people profess to feel shocked at the working classes being so bad as they are; but, to those who live amongst them, the greater wonder is that they are as good as they are. Of course the custom of early marriages falls very hard on the parents, and more particularly on the mother. Just as her family is reaching the age at which some benefit is expected from them, they in their turn get married, and start life on their own account. And so it goes on, generation after generation. Sunday, the one day in the week which is looked upon as an entire day of rest by more fortunate individuals, is to the average working man's wife nearly as hard as any day in the week. And for this reason. The wife must of necessity rise almost as early on Sunday mornings as on any other day, to get breakfast ready for husband and children. Then the youngsters have to be made ready by washing and dressing, in time for the Sunday school. After this, dinner must be prepared and cooked, and Sunday's dinner, to those who are accustomed to eat their week-day meals in factories and workshops, is oftener than not the most elaborate meal of the week. After dinner comes the tidying-up process, and getting the children ready for afternoon school. By the time these duties are finished, the afternoon is nearly over, and if the jaded mother can snatch a few minutes for a nap before tea-time, she may consider herself a lucky woman. In summer time on a Sunday evening, she does often contrive to get a short ramble in the fields or parks. In the winter evenings she reads or sleeps before the fire, and generally ends the day by going to bed early, on purpose to get ready for another week of toil. To make a practice of attending chapel or church is out of the question for these overworked women. They lack the inclination even if they did not lack the clothes. We women have been taught from time immemorial that the making or marring of the married state depends entirely on us. However, it is refreshing to find that all men do not endorse this theory. Lord Tennyson in "Locksley Hall" says, "As the husband is, the wife is," thus placing the responsibility by way of a change on the husband's shoulders; and the common opinion, held by a large number of men to-day, that if there were better wives there would be better husbands, can be applied in just the reverse way. It is, one would suppose, quite within the range of possibility that if there were better husbands there might in time be better wives. Anyhow, the experiment is worth the trying, from a woman's point of view at least.

Another thing that has a tendency to try the patience of working men's wives is this: It seems a general rule among the married men to keep a stated sum out of their wages every week, whether they are working full time or not. In doing this, they never consider the possible wants of wives or families, and when a man will insist on keeping so much out of his weekly earnings for the sole purpose of spending it in self-indulgence, he should not be surprised if his long-suffering wife does occasionally fail to possess her soul in patience, when she finds it more than usually difficult to make both ends meet. Perhaps there is not quite that amount of brutality displayed by working men towards their wives that there was, say, fifty years ago; but our newspapers still frequently record cases of inhuman cruelty to wives and children, and surely the ordinary existence of a working man's wife is hard enough without the additional burden of wanton cruelty.

The wives of the men who are now agitating for an eight hours' day would be only too glad if some kind friend would get them a fourteen hours' day, for at present their working day is nearer sixteen hours than eight, with but few holidays to break the monotony. Again, in working-class circles when unpleasant duties have to be performed, they invariably fall to the lot of the wife. Is the rent due and money scarce? The wife must tell the landlord, and appease his wrath. Should the weekly or monthly payment for the furniture be discontinued for a while through stress of circumstances, the wife must go and explain matters, and beg for grace. If credit has been obtained at the grocer's or draper's, and cannot be paid off, the wife must take the abuse. And when the holidays come round and it is a question of a day's trip to the seaside or into the country, who has to stand aside? Not the husband. Besides, what pleasure can a woman have in going away from home with three or more young children dragging at her? The remedy is as bad, or worse, than the disease.

And so the poor woman goes on year after year, until she comes to regard her confinements as a welcome break in the monotony of her life, and as the only chance of a few weeks' rest. Of course there may be found women of grit and spirit, those with plenty of bounce and push in their nature, who will insist on going to places of amusement in company with their husbands; but even then the home and children must suffer, for, however capable a woman may be, she cannot do two things at once. To thinking people it causes no surprise when they find that working women are given to gossip and scandal; human nature will have relaxation of some kind, and the shortcomings of gossiping and slandering are not confined to the ranks of working women. Nor are they surprised to find a certain amount of immorality amongst them; the wonder is that there is not more. It speaks volumes for the integrity of the wives of working men that, in spite of the absence of all those things which are supposed to make life worth living, they should still plod on day after day, trying to do their duty as well as they know how. Many a fine lady could learn some useful lessons from the wives of working men. This world is full of glaring contrasts. As Tom Hood says:

> What different lots our stars accord!
> This babe to be hailed and wooed as a lord,
> And that to be shunned like a leper!
> One to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
> Another, like Colchester natives, born
> To its vinegar only, and pepper.

Ouida, and another popular novelist, Marie Corelli, are fond of portraying ladies who seem to plunge into vice from sheer idleness. At the other end of the scale are women who yield to various tempations mainly through the hardships of their lives. Ladies who spend their lives in pleasure and frivolity, who have never done a real hard day's work in all their existence, cannot possibly imagine life as it is lived by the wives of working men. They can see the vices, the vulgarity, the drudgery, quickly enough, but they cannot understand how such a life can be made beautiful in the truest sense of the word, by self-sacrifice and a devotion to duty. When facts are being continually brought to light in regard to the narrow groove in which the majority of working women are compelled to move, the absence of refinement, appreciation, love, congenial work, and pleasant surroundings—when we take all this into consideration the charges of selfishness and indifference which are so readily thrown at working women by their more fortunate sisters fall harmless to the ground. What energy or time have working women to trouble their brains about such things as religion, politics, education, hygiene? It taxes all their energies to be able to perform their tasks day by day.

It would not be fair to give the impression that the lives of working women are all sorrow and shade. The truth is that the gleams of sunshine are few and fitful, while the mist and rain, the drudgery and weary monotony, are almost continuous. A story is told of a certain lady who had experienced a goodly share of this world's storm and stress, that on being asked by a friend what her idea of heaven was, she replied, "I always think of heaven as being a place where I can sit still and do nothing." Very likely the majority of toil-worn women in this work-a-day world of ours will be able to sincerely echo the same sentiment. Unlike ladies in general, however, when working women get "run down" or out of "tone," they have not the pleasure of being ordered away to the seaside, or to go on the Continent for change of air and scene; they have just to go on as usual. When we consider the different aspects of life under different conditions, when we try "to see life steadily, and to see it whole," we are compelled to admit the truth of Longfellow's words:

> This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
> And under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

P. E. MOULDER.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR SEPTEMBER

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.—1 Peter i. 14

FIRST SUNDAY

PETER wrote this Epistle to the "children of the dispersion" scattered among the different peoples that inhabited Asia Minor. Originally Hebrews, men of Israel, they had been carried away captive, and planted in these strange lands most likely by the Greek, Antiochus, at any rate by some one who thought thus to break the stubborn tenacity of the Jews. Thus diffused among the heathen for several generations, they had naturally forgotten not a little of their once cherished customs and traditions, and received a Gentile taint from those among whom they dwelt. Doubtless their fathers, in the earlier years of their sojourn, had striven to keep alive the inspiring history of their past, and the faith which had been fed by high prophetic visions, while their mothers had sung to the children the sweet songs of Zion in that foreign land. Jewish nationality is not easily shaken, and the further they were from Jerusalem the hotter would their patriotic feelings burn and glow. Yet, girt about as they were by alien habits of thought and worship, which met them on all sides and were with them from their earliest days, it was inevitable that they should be not a little influenced by their surroundings in spite of all their efforts to retain their ancient character as "the peculiar people." Very likely they kept fragments of their sacred books, and read them in their synagogues, but it is not probable that a perfect copy could have been found among them all. Memory is treacherous, and the treasures once confided to it would, in course of time, grow dim and uncertain, if they did not altogether fade away. So they learnt to think very much as their neighbours did, and to practise many of their customs, and their nationality became little other than the pride of an overmastering prejudice. Heathenism had worked its way into their hearts, and tainted their religious service. They still claimed to be God's people, but their character, as suggested to us by the kind of sins and vices which the Apostle exhorts them to put away, is all unlike that which the prophets had laboured to stamp on the hearts of their fathers. Therefore Peter exhorts them here to fashion themselves anew on other principles, and after another pattern, since the children of the Holy One ought also to be holy.

I note then:

First, that we have to be the artificers of our own character. The Apostle assumes here that it belongs to us, "to fashion ourselves," that we are essentially what we make ourselves. We do not create ourselves: the material is provided for us; but it depends on us largely what shape it is to take. So the sculptor or modeller gets his block of marble rough-hewn from the quarry, or his lump of unshapely clay from its bed in the earth. Both are rude enough when they come into his hands, but they have properties which fit them for his purpose, while they have also tendencies which have to be carefully watched ere he can shape them to his mind. Certainly they will need thoughtful handling; yet as he looks at them he sees endless possibilities of passion or power or beauty in them—forms of the noblest kind, waiting there for the touch of his genius, and the skill of his cunning hand. Doubtless these possibilities are first of all in himself: they depend on his fine imagination and on his power to realise the thought that is in him. But the material also has properties fitting it to embody the thought in his mind. So he fashions his statue carefully, patiently, a touch here, another there, according to the ideal he has formed, and he knows that if it is to be a work that shall abide "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever" it must be fashioned with a clear understanding of what is pure and true and lovely, for all else will, sooner or later, perish and pass away.

Of course there is a difference, and a very vital one, between the work of the sculptor and that which we have to do in fashioning ourselves. In our case the maker is the same as the material on which he works.

Moreover, there is a vital force in us, which will, of itself, without effort on our part, grow up into a character of some sort, whether good or bad. All life has in it a power of self-development, according to its own inner law, and the most we can do is to guide it in right directions that it may attain its perfect fulness, nor can we do even that without help from a higher power, as we shall see by-and-by. Still that allows great scope for the work of fashioning ourselves, so that it may be fairly enough likened to the task of the sculptor. Like him we have ideals floating in our minds—conceptions of more or less excellence, which it is our business to realise, and we have a model of perfect beauty by which to correct our ideals. Like the clay or the marble, too, the material on which we work, if it has its defects to be carefully watched, has also properties which fit it for the noblest purposes, for human nature with all its frailties has yet in it the grandest possibilities. And if the energy of life within, and forces, too, from without, have already done something to mould it all awry, that, indeed, may well make our task all the harder, for it is easier to model a thing from the beginning than to put that right which is already wrong. But easy or hard, the work has to be done, and we have to do it, "fashioning ourselves, not after the former lusts of our ignorance," but after the pattern of Him who hath called us.

SECOND SUNDAY

But some will tell you that it is all a mistake to suppose that any one can fashion his own character, let him take what pains with it he may. That is not a task which is laid on any of us. We are the mere creatures of circumstances, the result of our environment. For we are born, without our own consent, into conditions over which we have no control, and we are surrounded from infancy by manifold influences which unconsciously fashion us, whether we will or no. These forces are so varied and so multitudinous that we cannot even calculate what their effect in the end will be, only we may be certain that no one ever is what he chooses to make himself, but rather what he is made by his surroundings. Our homes, and the moral atmosphere we breathe there, the social laws that environ us, the ideas and customs that have come down from former times, the hereditary tendencies we inherit, the examples we see, the talk we hear, these, and how much besides, go to fashion our character long before we have any idea what character is. By the time we begin to think what sort of men we wish to be the question is already settled for us. We are, in fact, run into a mould prepared for us, and come out hard and fixed in the form it has given to us. It is idle, then, to talk of fashioning ourselves. That is settled before-hand by the stern conditions of our life.

No doubt there is a certain amount of truth in this view of the matter. Partly, at least, we are all the result of those conditions amid which we have grown up, as the plant is affected by the soil in which it grows and the atmosphere which lies around it. To some these conditions are exceedingly hard, so hard that we can scarcely wonder if they turn out ill, for they almost seem to get no chance of doing anything else. In the homes of the drunkard, the unclean, the dishonest, the worldly, how many young human souls are biased on the side of evil from their mother's womb, and hardly even know what it is to do right! Others, again, more happily circumstanced, are, from the outset, encompassed with almost every kind of help to further the development of any goodness that is in them. Oh see to it, then, that the young soul entrusted to your care is, from its infancy, surrounded with influences that will aid, and not hinder, its better growth; with prayers and wise instructions, and faithful examples, so that it may get fair play in the formation of a true and noble character. To some extent, then, none of us can either take credit for all the good, nor yet bear the blame of all the ill, that is in us; for neither the one nor the other is wholly due to ourselves. We have grown up in conditions which helped, more or less, to make us what we are. For some of them we should be thankful, at others we may grieve, but in any case they have done their work upon us.

Making all due allowance, however, for those influences which are beyond our control, it still remains true that every man has the fashioning of his own character essentially in his own hands. We are none of us merely the result of our circumstances, and there comes a time to every man when he knows this, and feels that he has in him the power of mastering them, and choosing what he will assimilate as beneficial, and what should be rejected as pernicious. I do not enter into the metaphysics of this question. One may do a little wholesome Sunday thinking without discussing problems of philosophy. All I care to say here is that we are conscious of having in ourselves a power to will what is good, and to refuse what is evil, to choose the right and eschew the wrong. We give up our very manhood when we part with this conviction. The battle of human life differs from the struggle of mere animal existence just in virtue of this fact—that he who will play the man is able to evolve a noble nature even out of the most adverse circumstances. Think for a moment what a hard lot fell to Jesus of Nazareth. Born in a home of extreme poverty, sweetened, no doubt, by an exquisite piety, growing up without education, for the Jews wondered how He had ever learned His letters, getting no religious instruction except the poor chaff which some rural scribe could give Him, and seeing always about Him the loose ways of a half-heathen people; yet what a grand and unique character He fashioned in spite of all these adverse circumstances! You will say, perhaps, that He could do that in virtue of the divine element in Him: which is true in a sense. But He had submitted to all the conditions of human life that He might be in all things our example, and enable us to do as He did, and be as He was. I withhold not my sympathy, then, from those who are so hardly circumstanced as some are, and who have to contend with temptations which might have mastered me as they have mastered them. Yet I cannot give up what I feel to be in me, and am sure is also in them, for it is the very essence of our common manhood—even this inward force, in spite of all hindrances, to fashion ourselves, and to be noble or base, just or unjust, Christ-like or world-like, as we determine to be. We are not mere results: rather, we are creators, and I think shame of any one who lets himself be juggled out of his manhood, and consents to drift with the tide of circumstances, which it is his business to control.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE same objection to the idea of "fashioning ourselves" may be heard from quite another quarter and for a very different reason. This work, it is pleaded, does not belong to us at all, but to God. We are as mere clay in the hands of the potter. We are "His workmanship, created by Him unto good works." Coming into the world with a nature already tainted, with a wrong moral bias from our birth, we are no more able to set that right than "the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots." This evil is inborn, and affects the whole race of man, and every individual member of the race, ever since Adam fell from his first estate. In some it may be more marked than in others, but it is there in us all, and no effort of ours can get rid of it. "It is not in man to direct his steps aright." Let no one dream, then, of undertaking this task, for he who tries to fashion himself is very certain to fashion himself all wrong. What we need, therefore, is "to be born again," "to be made new creatures," not by the will of the flesh, but of God. In this matter we are quite passive. It is only the divine power that can change and renew the character which has been so degraded by the indwelling of sinful desire. That is the view which commends itself to many devout and earnest souls.

And, beyond a doubt, there is an element of truth in it—truth which should be faithfully laid to heart. A radical change has to take place in each of us ere we can do anything effectually to the right fashioning of ourselves. Nothing less than that can possibly explain our Lord's saying, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." That radical change clearly demands a divine worker to bring it about. Nor is it only at that stage that this higher power is needed. All along our whole course we require the same inspiration and guidance if we are ever to reach the mark which the Apostle sets before us here. Let no man think to become godlike without God's help, which no one ever was, or ever can be.

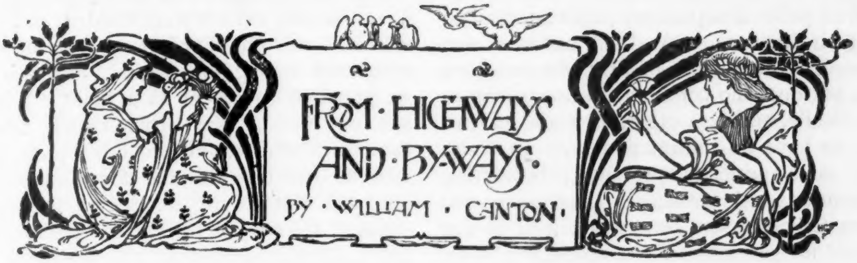
Yet, allowing all that, the new creation of a human being is not exactly like his first creation—a business in which he had no part except just to be born. We are apt to be run away with by a pregnant figure of speech, and, as a man has no choice in the matter when he comes into the world, we are fain to think that his new-birth must be also and equally an involuntary thing in which he has no part. But that is far from being the true state of the case. On the contrary, this change cannot take place without our own consent—rarely is it even without our earnest prayer that "God would create a clean heart in us." However essential His work is—and it is supremely essential—yet character can never be fashioned aright without our strenuous efforts. If nature does not treat us as mere machines, still less does grace. We are not simply as clay in the hands of the potter, but we have to be fellow workers with Him, and have a great deal to do in the shaping of ourselves. Doubtless it is God's work, and can never be done without Him; but it is ours, too, for He works through us and with our full consent, not in spite of us, and not apart from us, and if we do not unite with Him to bring about His design, in that case, too, it will never be done at all. That is a very solemn thought, which ought to impress us with the grave responsibility of our position. To get rid of that responsibility some are fain, as we have seen, to affirm that we are mere creatures of our circumstances, and others will have it that the whole business belongs, not at all to us, but only to God. Yet we cannot thus throw off our burden. Circumstances have much to do with our character: God has still more to do in fashioning it aright. But there is an awful power lodged in our weak human hands, and it rests with ourselves to choose what manner of men we will be—good or bad, noble or ignoble, Christ-like men or children of the Evil One.

What I understand, then, by that new-birth, which is properly the work of God, is that by it the lines are laid for our work, so that our desires and our labours shall tend to bring about His gracious designs. Before that radical change takes place it is mainly "the lusts of our ignorance" that go to fashion our character. We are swayed by them, we yield to them, and what we try to build up is dictated by their cravings. There may be a more or less ineffectual effort to get the better of them. Under favourable circumstances a character may be formed, not without its beauties and amiabilities. None are altogether evil; in some the better instincts of moral nature prevail over the worse and the baser. There was one to whom Jesus said that he was not far from the kingdom of God, and another whom He looked on and could not help loving him for the good that was in him. These, of course, were exceptional cases. The instincts of the flesh—"the lusts of our ignorance"—do not as a rule produce men of that type. Yet all alike need to be born again, to be put on the right lines for fashioning themselves according to the mind of God. And what I wish to say, in conclusion, is that this is not only what we need, but what our Heavenly Father is above all anxious to do for us. He desires to deliver us from "the lusts of our ignorance." "He is working in us to will and to do in His good will to us." The help we require He is fain to give us, and if we are not fashioning ourselves after the true pattern it is not because He withholds His grace, but only because we refuse His aid. So Jesus said, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." But He has come to us, and that is a pledge that He will give us whatever grace we need for fashioning ourselves according to the will of the Father.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THOSE Jews of the dispersion, touching on all sides the heathen world around them, before they knew Christ, were almost inevitably under the influence of those lusts, desires, cravings which generally prevailed among their neighbours. The Greeks at home were never a very moral people, and the Greek colonists were even less moral than those of the mother country. We may be pretty sure, therefore, that the Jews who dwelt among them were not improved by contact with their manifold corruptions. Yet, while they yielded to the prevailing customs, and were degraded by them, it should be remembered that both Jews and Greeks had in their minds a higher ideal which they acknowledged, and which some of them at least tried more or less to realise. The Hebrew had great memories of Moses and Samuel and David and the Prophets, and he admitted that these were models whose example he ought to follow. They were by no means perfect men, and their errors and frailties had been faithfully set forth in the record of their lives. But take them for all in all, they were noble and God-fearing souls, and it would have been well for Israel if all her sons had honestly striven to be such as they were. On the other hand, the Greeks, too, had also a conception of what a lofty and noble character should be. They, too, had their heroes, who possessed many great qualities, and were brave and magnanimous, and despised a life of mere ease, and were ready to sacrifice themselves for the public good. It is true that they were also haughty and proud and revengeful, and had no lack of scorn, and no meek and quiet spirit, and knew nothing of the charity that thinketh no evil. Still they were men of a finer spirit than those who were merely fashioned by "the lusts of their ignorance." It would have been well for the Greeks also if they had generally tried to copy the men whom they exalted as their heroes. Yet neither of these was the pattern after which the Apostle would have men "to fashion themselves."

Altogether different was the ideal which he held up for our example. He would have us "to be holy, as He which hath called us is holy." That is to say, the one model for us to imitate is the perfect example of Christ, and that was grander far than that of the Gentile hero or the Hebrew saint. It would have been a vain and fruitless counsel to bid us fashion our characters anew without giving us an exemplar at once to inspire our hopes, and to direct our aims. That would have left us without guidance, to flounder about in confusion and end in failure at last. But while Christ is more, infinitely more, than a model to us—for He is truly a Saviour who has redeemed us—yet should we also steadfastly look to Him as the pattern after whose likeness we are to fashion ourselves, and in whose character we shall find at once the inspiration and the guidance that we need. Consider then what manner of man He was, for that is what we have to strive earnestly to be. How full, how large, how balanced His lofty nature was, and yet what a transparent simplicity characterised it throughout! What reverence He had for God, and what sympathy also with man! What a supreme regard He had for things spiritual, and at the same time what a tender consideration for the wants and sufferings of the flesh! How little He thought about Himself! how busy He was in doing good to others! How stern His sense of duty, how great His compassion for sinners! How meekly He endured wrong! how bravely He withstood wrong! How constant His faithfulness! how large His charity! how long His patience! how unfailing His love! How vast and penetrating His thoughts! How rigid His integrity, how strict His truth, how pure and holy He was! How heavenly-minded and yet how full, too, of all human interests! Ponder that wonderful picture of the Divine Man, given with such artless simplicity in the Gospels, so much grander than the kings and heroes and sages of this world, or, indeed, than aught that had hitherto entered the heart of man to conceive—an ideal which it is inconceivable that any simple fisher lads could have imagined had they not seen it plainly before their eyes. One cannot give a critical summary of its holy beauties, can at best only, by repeated ejaculations, suggest the feelings of wonder and admiration which it calls forth. He was so humble in His greatness, so unpretentious in His humility, so gentle to all, so manly in His meekness, so full of an abounding life, charged with light and sweetness and grace, and then so ready to lay down that life that we might live through His dying. Ponder what He was, and take Him into your heart, that He may dwell there and fashion you after His likeness. This, and not the magnanimous heathen; this, and not the exclusive, self-satisfied Hebrew; this meek, lowly, fearless, self-forgetting Spirit, so ill understood, yet never thereby discouraged, so sinless, and yet with such a feeling of our infirmities—this is the type of man after whose example we are to fashion ourselves. As He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of living. It is not a mere mechanical copy we have to make, but a Character that shall breathe the same spirit which was in Him. It does not lie in adopting a homeless life of poverty and virginity, but simply in having the same mind in us which was also in Him. Nothing else than Christ, nothing less than Christ, let that be your supreme desire and constant effort. It will need patience and watchfulness and prayer, and you may have your times of disquietude and depression because of your frequent failures. Yet hold on to your task of fashioning yourselves after His example; God will be with you. The Good Spirit will help you. There is nothing lies so near His heart as to help His people to become Christ-like men.



FROM · HIGHWAYS AND · BYWAYS ·

BY · WILLIAM · CANTON ·

MR. BARING-GOULD, that most versatile and indefatigable of authors, has brought to a conclusion the revised and illustrated edition of his "Lives of the Saints" with a new volume—the sixteenth*—which in some respects is even more valuable and curious than any of the fifteen which have preceded. To begin with, it contains two excellent indices—one of names, the other of subjects—which not only facilitate casual reference, but place at one's finger-ends the details of long research in unfamiliar and, broadly speaking, forsaken fields. Another feature is the Kalendar of Saints proper to the Welsh, Cornish, Scottish, Irish, Breton, and English people, and this contains much suggestive matter. Then there is a novel and extremely curious series of Pedigrees of Saintly Families. The most important portion of the volume, however, is that in which Mr. Baring-Gould describes the peculiarities of the Celtic Church, the colonisation of Armorica from Britain, and the relations of the princes and saints of Brittany with Wales and Cornwall in the fifth and sixth centuries. The two chapters in which these matters are treated shed a helpful light on some of the perplexing problems of our early history as a Christian people, on the obscure condition of the country during and after the Anglo-Saxon conquest, and on our literary and religious connection with the Lesser Britain on the other side of the Channel. I do not purpose to dwell on any of these subjects here; but does it not open a fresh and interesting vista into the past to understand something of the effect of the tribal organisation of our Celtic ancestors? "No tribesman could profess Christianity without the permission of his chief, whom he was bound to obey in religious matters as in military. Consequently the first missionaries at once applied to the chiefs of the tribes, and if they did not convert them, they induced them to surrender to them a patch of land on which to settle." The chiefs were naturally unwilling to provoke the hostility of these new-comers, whom they regarded as sorcerers and medicine-men, and preferred to purchase their supernatural aid; so the missionary obtained his plot of land, cattle, and slaves; cast up an oval or circular embankment about his belongings, planted a stockade on the top, and erected within it his huts of stone or of wood and wattle. "Thus originated the Tribe of the Saint, a population subject to the missionary as chieftain, but also owing military service to the head of the secular tribe."

Gradually as the Druids fell into disrepute the missionaries occupied their places, and when the religious settlements became overcrowded they swarmed off in the same way as the families of the Tribe of the Land. "Consequently we hear of the early saints wandering about in an apparently aimless manner, but always seeking to found fresh colonies, usurp lands that had been granted to discredited medicine-men, found new churches, and extort fresh grants." Singularly enough, just as the secular tribes quarrelled and fought, the Tribes of the Saints came into collision, and rival monasteries cut each other to pieces. In 816 no fewer than 400 men were slain in one of these battles in Ireland. Obviously the meaning of the word "saint" was much less restricted than it is in these days. The secular chiefs soon became alive to the expediency of placing their sons over the religious settlements, so that ecclesiastical as well as political supremacy might be retained in their families. "At Iona, out of eleven immediate successors of St. Columba, there was but one who certainly did not belong to the family, and one other, of whose parentage we have no information . . . In Wales the same principle prevailed; bishoprics, canonries, and parochial benefices passed from father to son, or were retained in one family for generations." A peculiar survival of this ancient condition of things, when the secular and the saintly tribes each occupied its own stronghold, is traceable in the distance between the parish churches and towns in Cornwall. "The Saxon thane liked to have his church by his house and his priest as his chaplain; but in Celtic lands each was largely independent of the other, and the glebe is at this day the relic of the ecclesiastical territory about the *llan*, in which lived the tribesmen of the saint." Here manifestly we have an unfamiliar and deeply interesting page of ancient Church history, the understanding of which is not without its practical value even at the present day.

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* "The Lives of the Saints." By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. New edition in 16 volumes. Illustrated by over 400 engravings. Vol. xvi. Appendix, five maps, and four illustrations. John C. Nimmo. 5s. net.

Incidentally Mr. Baring-Gould in writing of the abuses of the past enables us to understand how Wales came to occupy its present condition in regard to the Church and to Nonconformity, but this is a matter to which I can do no more than to refer; and similarly I must refrain from glancing at the British migrations which so completely transformed the Armoric peninsula that from the sixth century it ceased to be called other than Little Britain or Brittany, "and that the ancient tongue, of which monuments remain, belonging to the Gallo-Roman domination, disappeared completely, and was replaced by the British tongue as spoken in Cornwall and Wales." I shall only briefly touch on one or two of the British Saints whose names are familiar to all of us, but whom we have not hitherto been in the habit of regarding as saints. We all know the exquisite Idyll of "Geraint and Enid," but although the Prince of Devon crowned

> "A happy life with a fair death, and fell
> Against the heathen of the Northern Sea
> In battle, fighting for the blameless King,"

we have never thought of him as a Saint and Martyr, whose feast falls on August 10, who lost his life at the battle of Llongborth, "doubtless Langport in Somersetshire," in 522, and who left five sons, children of Enid, "Yniol's only child," of whom four are also numbered among the Saints. Still less are we prepared to accept as a Saint "Edyrn, son of Nudd," the Sparrowhawk, whom Geraint overthrew, and broke his pride, and sent to Caerleon to sue for Guinevere's pardon. But Edyrn, or Edeyrn the Bard, devoted the part of his life to religion, and he is commemorated in the Kalendar on November 11. "A church, Llanedern, in the diocese of Léon in Brittany, is dedicated to him, and there his tomb is shown with his figure carved upon it." Let me not, however, do injustice to Geraint: to *him* a church in Hereford is dedicated, and another in the diocese of Nantes, and he founded that of Gerrans, in Cornwall. I wonder how much of all this was within Lord Tennyson's knowledge when he wrote the "Idylls of the King."

Of these sixteen volumes of Mr. Baring-Gould's I should like to say something, but the task is too large to be undertaken offhand. This much at least I may venture to indicate, that if any reader will undertake to work his way through them *chronologically*—not in the order of the Kalendar in which they now very properly appear—he will find that he has acquired a mass of information regarding the manners, customs, and inner life of various periods which he will search for in vain elsewhere. Take one trifling fact. Twice in the volume before me—in the life of Abbot Brynach (*circa* A.D. 450) and in that of Bishop Ismael, a century later—I find the lighting of a fire by wanderers regarded as an assertion of a right of occupation, and, on the sight of the smoke, the intrusion is promptly resented by the local chieftain. The fact that the right of hearth implied right of home may be well known to historians, but I have never seen it recorded elsewhere. Numerous other suggestions of ancient rights and customs, and innumerable hints and glimpses of old habits, ways of life, beliefs, superstitions and so forth may be gleaned from these volumes. The reader need wish for no more erudite or trustworthy guide that Mr. Baring-Gould. Occasionally I find him a little hard and unsympathetic, but on the other hand occasionally I am surprised to find him so sympathetic and appreciative

—witness, at haphazard, his account of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Elizabeth of Hungary (in which last, by the way, if I remember rightly, the first date is inaccurate and has not been corrected in the "Errata"). These sixteen volumes form in themselves a little library, in which are recorded not solely much curious ancient and modern history, but some of the fiercest struggles, purest ideals, grossest perversions, wildest superstitions, most ardent prayers, and noblest instances of self-sacrifice of which the world has preserved the memory. And in their own way the four hundred illustrations form a unique picture-gallery.

As I write, good fortune brings me a copy of "The Irish Liber Hymnorum,"* a work which no student of the history of the Celtic Church can overlook. I have not had time to do more than glance over the two volumes, which consist of a new recension of the Latin and Irish texts from the MSS., with translations, notes, and glossary. Even a hurried glance, however, suffices to suggest the great labour and scholarship expended on the enterprise; and the notes seem crowded with information which will be heartily welcomed by all who have any wish to win some fresh light on the life, religion, and literature of Ancient Ireland. Something of the character of the work may be gathered when I say that it bears a superficial resemblance to the "Silva Gadelica." Another opportunity may offer itself of recurring to this Old Irish Hymn-book.

Those who are interested in hagiology on account of the curious illumination it casts on the humanity of bygone ages will also find furtherance in such a book as "The High History of the Holy Graal,"† which Mr. Dent has added to his admirable Temple Classics. The history of the book is one of the "curiosities of literature." The name of the author is not recorded, and the date of its composition is assigned to the first quarter of the thirteenth century. The most complete MS., written early in the sixteenth century, is defective in the eighth and ninth sections of the twenty-first chapter; but, singularly enough, a fifteenth-century MS. of a Welsh translation (in itself extremely defective) contains practically the whole of the missing sections. "By an unlucky accident, before the hiatus in the French is fully filled up, the Welsh version itself becomes defective, though the gap thus left can hardly extend beyond a very few words." In the second half of the thirteenth century numerous romances of the Holy Grail had been written, but the book before us is not only the most coherent and poetic, but it was the first; although, indeed, the unknown author refers to a still earlier work, "so ancient that only with great pains may one make out the letter." Dr. Evans's translation is admirable; it breathes the very spirit and phrase of Sir Thomas Malory, and the characteristic frontispieces and title-pages are from the hand of Sir E. Burne-Jones.

To those who know how the Lives of the Saints abound in stories of the wild creatures of the moor and forest, the transition from hagiology to wild birds is the most natural in the world, and I take advantage of the fact to slip in a few words which lack of space in a previous number compelled me to postpone.

I was under the impression that Darwin's celebrated illustration of the connection between cats and clover had been abandoned as unsound; at any rate, that it was not as tenable as the connection between rooks and Liberalism in the West Highlands and Islands, which works out thus: free trade and the importation of foreign cattle have led to the abandonment of the rearing of the black cattle; sheep have taken the place of cattle, and with the sheep have come the rooks. In his volume on "Lost and Vanishing Birds,"* however, I find Mr. Dixon citing it with the authority of a classical instance. In any case that is a very trifling detail in a work of deep interest to all lovers of the feathered peoples. It seems to me that Mr. Dixon has several temperate and sensible remarks to make on the killing of birds—a subject in regard to which we are apt to be carried away by an indiscriminate sentimentality. So far as one great division of birds is concerned, it cannot be too vividly borne in mind that "no bird of strictly migratory habits that has been exterminated"—or that we shall hereafter exterminate—"in the British Islands, will ever return to them again, notwithstanding any and every effort that man may make to reinstate the species." While this is a strong argument for jealous care in safeguarding the species whose extermination appears to be threatened, it is a valid excuse for the shooting of stray visitors blown far from their proper area of distribution, at least when their capture is of service to ornithology. These flotsam and jetsam of hunger and storm are doomed by nature the moment they have reached our shores; it appears to be merely a question of how they shall die—by lead or by cold and starvation. At the same time, as Mr. Dixon points out, birds easily mistaken for chance visitors may not be hopeless waifs and strays. The hoopoe, for instance, reaches our southern shores so frequently in spring that there is a possibility of its visits being normal.

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* "The Irish Liber Hymnorum." Edited from the MSS., with translations, notes, and glossary, by J. H. Bernard D.D., Archbishop King's Lecturer in Divinity in the University of Dublin, and R. Atkinson, LL.D., Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Dublin. 2 vols. Issued by the Henry Bradshaw Society, founded in 1890 for the editing of rare liturgical texts.

† "The High History of the Holy Graal." Translated from the French by Sebastian Evans. 2 vols. 2s. each net.

* "Lost and Vanishing Birds: Being a Record of some Remarkable Extinct Species, and a Plea for some Threatened Forms." By Charles Dixon, author of "The Migration of Birds," &c. &c. With ten plates by Charles Whymper. John Macqueen.

Besides giving an interesting account of the nine British birds we have lost—and these include the great auk, which disappeared about 1844–45; the crane, which visited us in considerable numbers nearly to the end of the seventeenth century; and the spoonbill, which once housed in the old trees about the bishop's palace at Fulham, or Fowlenham, the homestead of birds—Mr. Dixon describes eighteen which are vanishing (and here be it noticed it is the collector who is exterminating the St. Kilda wren), and gives a list of several others which are threatened. The second part of the volume takes us far afield among exotic birds, lost, vanishing, and threatened. The survey is accordingly extensive, and the work, with its fine plates by Mr. Charles Whymper, will be a welcome popular addition to the library of the bird-lover.

To return to the Saints, I wish Mr. Ruskin had set himself the task of telling many more of their legends. In the most recent volumes of the "small form" edition of his works—"The Art and the Pleasures of England" and "Our Fathers Have Told Us"*—one perceives with delight what beautiful, sympathetic, inspiring work a man of genius can produce out of the legends of the cloister. Take, for instance, the stories of St. Martin or St. Genevieve in "Our Fathers Have Told Us." I know of nothing in hagiology to compare with the sweetness and limpidity and poetic grace of these sketches; and behind these qualities of a great prose writer, there are the sincerity and spiritual insight without which the real and enduring veracity of so many legends slips past undetected in the quaint or grotesque masks of marvel and miracle. Of course these sketches are merely incidental; both books deal chiefly with very different themes. For those who take an interest in history viewed from the spiritual, and indeed the only significant, side, "Our Fathers Have Told Us" is a book which should never be far out of reach.

I am glad also to notice that "The Stones of Venice"† is being included in this "small-form" edition; but to this masterpiece, which many of us have so long regretted to find beyond our means, I hope to return some day soon.

A helpful little book which many parents will be glad to place in the hands of their children when they reach the years of discretion is Lord Selborne's "Letters to his Son on Religion" (Macmillan & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*), written in 1880–1. They set forth in lucid statement the earnest convictions of one of the most distinguished of our Lord Chancellors; and a careful reading of them may go far to dispel the doubt and uneasiness that are so often the result of a too ready acceptance of theories and conjectures which are taken for certainties because they are announced as the conclusions of science.

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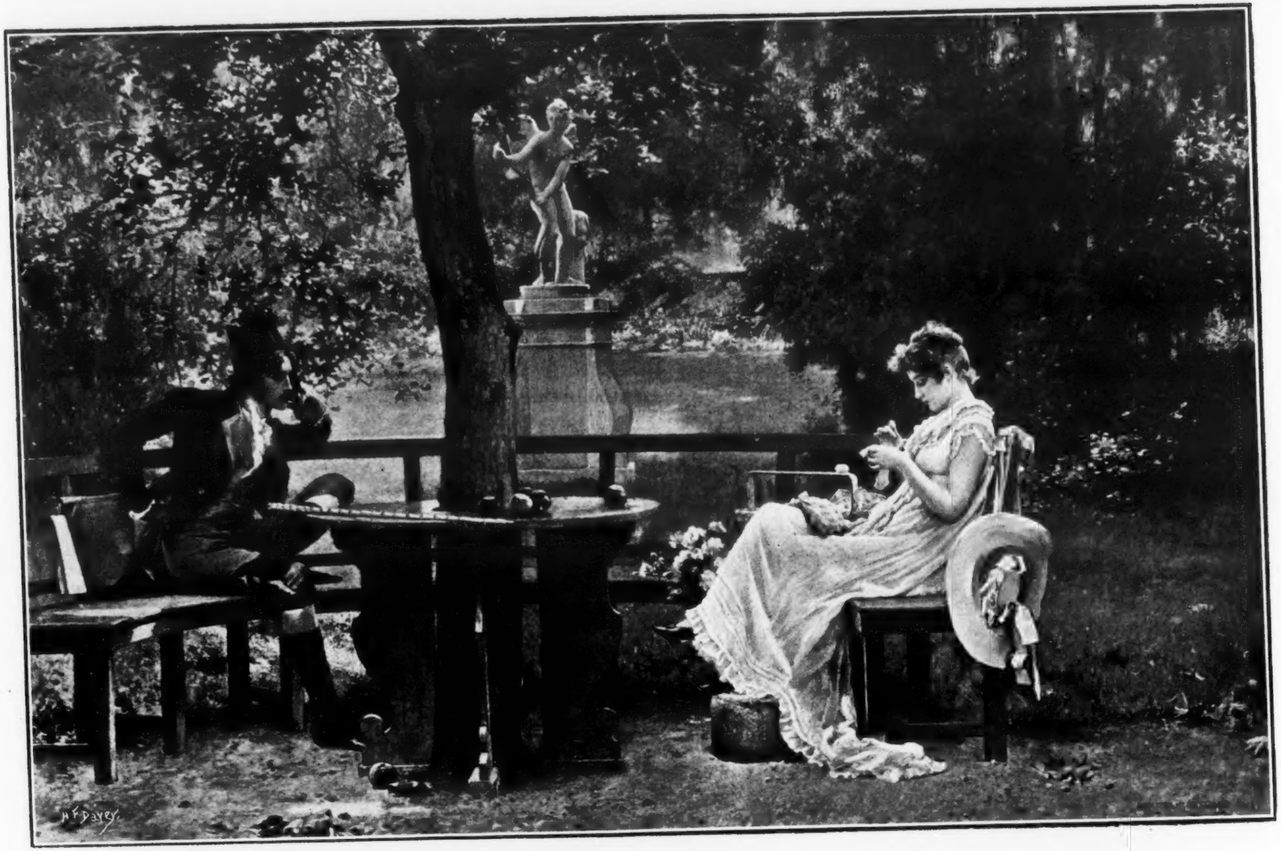
* "The Art of England and the Pleasures of England: Lectures given in Oxford in 1883–1885." By John Ruskin. "Our Fathers Have Told Us": Sketches of the History of Christendom for Boys and Girls who have been held at its Fonts (The Bible of Amiens). By John Ruskin. George Allen, 5*s.* net. each volume.

† "The Stones of Venice. Vol. I.: The Foundations." By John Ruskin. With illustrations drawn by the author. George Allen. 10*s.* net.



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IN LOVE

By MARCUS STONE, R.A.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

By GILBERT PARKER

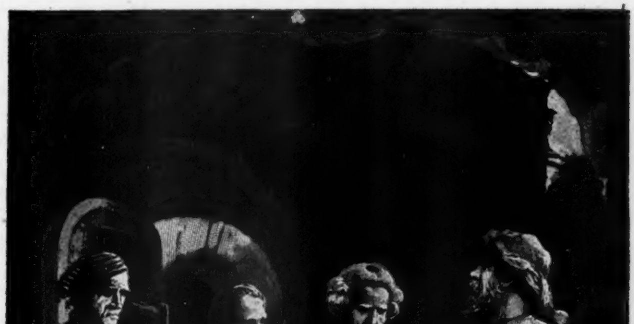
ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

CHAPTER XXXIII

MATTINGLEY'S dungeon was infested with rats and other vermin, he had only straw for his bed, and his food and drink were bread and water. The walls were damp with moisture from the Fauxbie which ran beneath, and little more than a glimmer of light came through a small barred window. Superstition had surrounded the Vier Prison with horrors. As carts passed under the great archway, its depth multiplied the sounds so powerfully, the echoes were so fantastic, that folk believed them the roarings of fiendish spirits. If a mounted guard hurried through, the reverberations of the drum-beats and the clatter of hoofs were so uncouth that children stopped their ears and fled in terror. To the ignorant populace the Vier Prison was the home of noisome serpents and the rendezvous of the Devil and his witches of Rocbert.

When therefore the seafaring merchant of the Vier Marchi, whose massive, brass-studded bahue had been as a gay bazaar where the gentry of Jersey refreshed their wardrobes with one eye closed—when he was transferred to the Vier Prison, little wonder that he should become a dreadful being round whom played the lightnings of dark fancy and sombre terror! Elie Mattingley the popular sinner, with insolent gold rings in his ears and unquestioned as to how he came by his merchandise, was one person; Elie Mattingley prepared as a torch for the burning and housed amid the terrors of the Vier Prison was another.

Few people in Jersey slept during the night before his execution. Here and there compassionate women or unimportant men lay awake through pity, and a few through a vague sense of loss—for, henceforth, the Vier Marchi would lack a familiar interest; but mostly the people of Mattingley's world



"'So you're going to do it—you!'"

were kept awake through curiosity. Morbid expectation of the coming event had for them a touch of gruesome diversion; it would relieve the monotony of existence and provide hushed gossip for vraic-gatherings and veilles for a long time to come. Thus Elie Mattingley's death would not be in vain.

Many things had come at once. Mattingley was one sensation, but there was still another. Olivier Delagarde had been unmasked as a traitor and the whole Island had gone tracking him down. No aged toothless tiger was ever sported through the jungle by an army of shikarris with hungrier malice than was the broken, helpless, and evil Olivier Delagarde by the people he had betrayed. Ensued, therefore, a commingling of devout patriotism and lust of man-hunting with a comely content in the expected sacrifice of the morrow.

Nothing of his neighbours' excitement disturbed Mattingley. He did not sleep, but that was because he was still watching and waiting for a means of escape. He felt his chances diminish, however, when about midnight an extra guard was put round the prison—not so much to prevent escape as to further confirm the dignity of the Royal Court. Something had gone amiss in the matter of his rescue.

Three things had been planned. First, Mattingley was to try escape by the small window of the dungeon.

Secondly, Carterette was to bring Sebastian Alixandre to the Vier Prison disguised as a sorrowing aunt of the condemned man known to live in Guernsey. Alixandre was suddenly to overpower the jailer, Mattingley was to make a rush for freedom, and a few bold spirits without would second his efforts and smuggle him to the sea. The directing mind and hand in the business were Ranulph Delagarde's. He was to have his boat waiting in the harbour of St. Helier's to respond to a signal from the shore, to pilot them clear of the harbour, and make sail for France, where he and his father were to be landed. There he would give Mattingley, Alixandre, and Carterette his own boat to fare across the seas to the great fishing-ground of Gaspé in Canada.

Lastly, if these plans failed, the executioner was to be drugged with liquor, his besetting weakness, on the eve of the hanging.

The first of these plans had been found impossible, the window being too small for even Mattingley's head to get through. The second failed because the Royal Court had forbade Carterette further admittance to the prison, intent that she should no longer be contaminated by so vile a wretch. This Christian solicitude had looked down from the windows of the Cohue Royale upon this same criminal in the Vier Marchi, with one blind eye for himself the sinner and an open one for his merchandise; but now, suddenly restored to full sight by that oculist called accident, it had straightway righteously done what so long it had amiably left undone.

As the night wore on, Mattingley could hear the hollow sound of the sentinels' steps under the archway of the Vier Prison. He was stoical. If he had to die, then he had to die. Death could only be a little minute of agony; and for what came after—well, he had not thought fearfully of that, and he had no wish to think of it at all. The clergyman who had visited him had talked, and he had not listened. He had his own ideas about life, and death, and the beyond, and they were not ungenerous. The clergyman had found him patient but impossible, kindly but unresponsive, sometimes even curious, but without remorse.

"You should repent with sorrow and a contrite heart," said the clergyman. "You have done many evil things in your life, Mattingley."

Mattingley had replied: "Ah bah, I can't remember them! I know I never done them, for I never done anything but good all my life—so much for so much."

He had argued it out with himself and he believed he was a good man. He had been openhanded, fair in a bargain, had stood by his friends, and, up to a few days ago, had been outwardly counted a good citizen, for many had come to profit through him. His trades—a little smuggling, a little piracy? Was not the former hallowed by distinguished patronage and had it not existed from time immemorial? The latter was fair fight for gain—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. If he hadn't robbed others on the high seas, they would probably have robbed him—and sometimes they did. His spirit was that of the Elizabethan buccaneers who defeated the invincible Armada; he belonged to a century not his own. As for the crime for which he was to suffer death, it had been the work of a confederate, and very bad work it was—to try and steal Jean Touzel's *Hardi Biaou*, and then bungle it! He had had nothing to do with it, for he and Jean Touzel were the best of friends, as was proved by the fact that while he lay in his dungeon awaiting death, Jean wandered the shore distracted, and sorrowing for Mattingley's fate.

Thinking now of the whole business and of his past life, Mattingley suddenly had a pang. Yes, remorse smote him at last. There was one thing on his conscience, only one. He had a profound reverence for the feelings of others, and where the Church was concerned this was mingled with a droll sort of pity, as of the greater for the lesser, the wise for the helpless. For clergymen he had a half-affectionate contempt. He remembered now that his confederate who had turned out so badly—he had trusted him, too!—when, four years ago, he wickedly robbed the church of St. Michael's and carried off the great chest with Communion plate, offertories, and rent, had piously left behind in Mattingley's house the vestry-books and register—a nice definition in rogues' etiquette and ethics. Awaiting his end, it smote Mattingley's soul that these stolen books had not been returned to St. Michael's. His sense of reverence was shocked. Next morning he must send word to Carterette to restore these records. Then his conscience would be clear once more. With this intention quieting his mind, he turned over on his straw and went peacefully to sleep.

Hours afterwards he waked with a yawn. There was no start, no terror, but the appearance of the jailer with the devoted clergyman roused in him a sense of disgust for the approaching function at the Mont ès Pendus—disgust was his chief feeling. This was no way for a man to die! With a choice of evils he should have preferred walking the plank, or even dying quietly in his bed, to being stifled by a rope. To dangle from a crosstree like a half-filled bag offended every instinct of picturesqueness, and always and above all he had been picturesque.

He asked at once for pencil and paper. His wishes were instantly obeyed, and with deference. On the whole, he realised by the attentions paid him—the brandy offered by the jailer, the fluttering grave tenderness of the clergyman—that in the life of a criminal there was one moment when he commanded the situation. He refused the brandy, for he was strongly against spirituous liquors in the early morning, but he ordered coffee, for he was thirsty. Eating seemed superfluous—besides, he thought a man might die more gaily on an empty stomach. He assured the clergyman that he had come to terms with his conscience and was now about to perform the last act of a well-intentioned life.

There and then he wrote to Carterette, telling her about the vestry-books of St. Michael's, and making his last request that she should restore them. There were no affecting messages between him and the girl—they understood each other. He knew that when it was possible she would never fail to come to the mark where he was concerned, and she had equal faith in him. So the letter was sealed, addressed with flourishes—he was proud of his handwriting—and handed to the clergyman for Carterette.

He had scarcely finished his coffee when there was a roll of drums outside. Mattingley knew that his hour was come, and yet to his own surprise he had no extraordinary sensations. He had a shock presently, however, for on the jailer announcing the executioner, who should be standing there before him but the Undertaker's Apprentice! In politeness to the clergyman Mattingley forbore profanity — a gracious self-denial. This was the one Jerseyman for whom he had a profound hatred, this youth with the slow, cold, watery blue eye, a face that never wrinkled either with mirth or misery, the teeth set square in the jaw always showing a little, making an involuntary grimace of cruelty. Here was insult.

"Help of Heaven, so you're going to do it—you!" broke out Mattingley.

"The other man was drunk," said the undertaker's apprentice; "he's been full as a jug three days. He got drunk too soon." The grimace seemed to widen.

"O my good!" said Mattingley, and he would say no more. To him words were like nails—of no use unless they were to be driven home by acts.

To Mattingley the procession to the Mont ès Pendus was stupidly slow. As it issued from the archway of the Vier Prison between mounted guards, and passed through the lane made by the moving mass of spectators, he looked round coolly. One or two bold spirits cried out, "Head up to the wind, Maître Elie!"

"Oui-gia," he replied; "devil a topsail in!" and turned with a look of contempt on those who hooted him. He realised now that there was no chance of rescue. The Island militia and the town guard were in ominous force, and although his respect for the militia was not devout, a bullet from the musket of a fool was as effective as one from Bonapend's—as Napoleon Bonaparte was disdainfully called in Jersey. Yet he could not but wonder why all the plans of Alixandre, Carterette, and Ranulph had gone for nothing—even the hangman had been got drunk too soon! He had a high opinion of Ranulph, and that he should fail him was a blow to his judgment of humanity.

He was thoroughly disgusted. Also they had compelled him to put on a white shirt—he who had never worn linen in his life. He was ill at ease in it. It made him conspicuous; it looked as though he were aping the gentleman at the last. He tried to resign himself, but resignation was not to be learned so late in life. Somehow he could not feel that this was really the day of his death. Yet how could it be otherwise? There was the Vicomte in his red robe, there was the sinister undertaker's apprentice, proud of his importance, ready to do his hangman's duty with no twinge of sentiment. There, as they crossed the mielles, while the sea droned its sing-song on his left, was the parson droning his sing-song on the right—"In the midst of life we are in death," &c. There were the red-coated militia, the unkempt mounted guard, the grumbling drums, and the crowd morbidly enjoying their Roman holiday; and there, looming up before him, were the four stone pillars on the Mont ès Pendus from which he was to swing. His disgust deepened. He was not dying like a seafarer who had fairly earned his reputation.

His feelings found vent even as he came to the foot of the platform where he was to make his last stand, and the guards formed a square about the great pillars, glooming like Druidic altars awaiting their victim. He burst forth in one phrase expressive of his feelings.

"Sacré matin, so damned paltry!" he said, in equal tribute to two races.

The undertaker's apprentice, mistaking his meaning and thinking it a reflection upon his arrangements, said, with a wave of the hand to the rope:

"Ch'est très ship-shape, Maître!"

The undertaker's apprentice was wrong. He had made everything ship-shape, as he thought, but two obscure dishonoured folk, one a wise man and the other a fool, had set a gin for him. The rope to be used at the hanging had been prepared, examined by the Vicomte, approved, and the undertaker's apprentice had carried it to his room at the top of the Cohue Royale. In the dead of night, however, Dormy Jamais drew it from under the mattress whereon the undertaker's apprentice slept, and substituted another which was too long. This had been Ranulph's idea as a last resort, for he had a grim satisfaction in trying to foil the law even at the twelfth hour!

The great moment had come. The shouts and hootings ceased. Out of the silence there rose only the champing of a horse's bit or the hysterical giggle of a woman. The high painful drone of the parson's voice was heard.

Then came the fatal "*Maintenant!*" from the Vicomte—the platform fell, and Elie Mattingley dropped the length of the rope.

What was the consternation of the Vicomte and the hangman, and the horror of the crowd, to see that Mattingley's toes just touched the ground! The body shook and twisted. The man was being slowly strangled, not hanged.

The undertaker's apprentice was the only person who kept a cool head. The solution of the problem of the rope for afterwards, but he had been sent there to hang a man, and a man he would hang somehow. Without more ado he jumped upon Mattingley's shoulders and began to drag him down.

The next instant some one burst through the mounted guard and the militia. It was Ranulph Delagarde. Rushing to the Vicomte, he exclaimed:

"Shame! The man was to be hung, not strangled. This is murder! Stop it, or I'll cut the rope!" He looked round on the crowd. "Cowards—cowards!" he cried, "will you see him murdered?"

He started forward to drag away the executioner, but the Vicomte, now thoroughly terrified at Ranulph's onset, himself seized the undertaker's apprentice, who drew off with unruffled malice, and with steely eyes watched what followed.

Dragged down by the weight of the apprentice, Mattingley's feet were now firmly on the ground. While the excited crowd tried to break through the cordon of militia and mounted guards, Mattingley by a twist and a jerk freed his corded hands. Loosing the rope at his neck he opened his eyes and looked around him, dazed and dumb.

The undertaker's apprentice came forward. "I'll shorten the rope, oui-gia! Then you shall see him swing!" he grumbled viciously to the Vicomte.

The gaunt Vicomte was trembling with excitement. This was an unexpected situation. He looked helplessly around him.

The apprentice caught hold of the rope to tie knots in it and so shorten it, but Ranulph again appealed to the Vicomte, though in his voice there was more command than appeal.

"You've hung the man," said he; "you've strangled him, and you did not kill him. You've got no right to put that rope round his neck again!"

Two Jurats who had waited on the outskirts of the crowd, furtively watching the effect of their sentence, burst in, as excited and nervous as the Vicomte.

"Hang the man again and the whole world will laugh at you," Ranulph said. "If you're not worse than fools or Turks you'll let him go. He has suffered death already. Take him back to the prison if you're afraid to free him!" He turned round to the crowd fiercely. "Have you nothing to say to this butchery?" he cried. "For the love of God, haven't you anything to say?"

Half the crowd shouted "Let him go free!" and the other half, disappointed in the working out of the gruesome melodrama, groaned and hooted.

Meanwhile Mattingley stood as still as ever he had stood by his bahue in the Vier Marchi, watching—waiting.

The Vicomte and the Jurats conferred nervously for a moment, and then turned to the guard.

"Escort the prisoner to the Vier Prison," he said.

Mattingley had been slowly solving the problem of his salvation. His eye, like a gimlet, had screwed its way through Ranulph's words into what lay behind, and at last he understood the whole beautiful scheme. It pleased him — Carterette had been worthy of herself, and of him. Ranulph had played his game well too. Sebastian Alixandre, whom now he saw peering over the shoulders of a militiaman—he was entirely proud of him also. He only failed to do justice to one, even to the poor béganne, Dormy Jamais. But then the virtue of fools is its own reward.

As the procession started back with the undertaker's apprentice now following after Mattingley, not going before, Mattingley turned to him, and with a smile of malice said: "Ch'est très ship-shape, Maître—eh!" and he jerked his head back towards the inadequate rope.

He was not greatly troubled about the rest of this grisly farce. He was now ready for breakfast, and his appetite grew as he heard how the crowd hooted and snarled *yah!* at the undertaker's apprentice. He was quite easy about the future. What had been so well done thus far could not fail in the end.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Events proved Mattingley right. It is more than probable that the fury of the Royal Court when they heard he had broken prison was not quite sincere, for it was notable that the night of his escape, suave and uncrestfallen, they dined in the Rue des Très Pigeons, in the sanctuary provided for them by mine host Maître Lys. The escape of Mattingley gave them a happy issue from their quandary.

No one in Jersey knew how it was that Mattingley broke gaol, nor who connived at it, but the Vicomte officially explained that he had escaped by the dungeon window. People came to see the window, and there, "bà su," the bars were gone! But that did not prove the case, and the mystery was deepened by the fact that Jean Touzel, whose head was too small for Elie Mattingley's hat, could not get that same head through the dungeon window. Having proved so much, Jean left the mystery there, and returned to the *Hardi Biaou*.

This happened on the morning after the dark night when Mattingley, Carterette, and Alixandre hurried from the Vier Prison, through the Rue des Sablons to the sea, and there boarded Ranulph's boat, wherein was Olivier Delagarde the traitor.

Accompanying Carterette to the shore was a little figure that moved along beside them like a shadow—a little grey figure that carried a gold-headed cane given to him by the late Monarch of France. At the shore this same little grey figure bade Mattingley good-bye with a quavering voice. Whereupon Carterette with her face all wet with tears kissed him upon both cheeks, and sobbed so that she could scarcely speak. For now when it was all over—all the horrible ordeal over—the woman in her broke down before the little old gentleman who had been so kind to her, who had been like a benediction in the house where the ten commandments were imperfectly upheld. But she choked down her sobs, and thinking of another woman more than of herself, said:

"Dear Chevalier, do not forget that book I gave you to-night. Read it—read the last writing in it, and then you will know—ah bidemme!—but you will know that her we love—ah, but you must read it and tell nobody till—till you see her. She hasn't held her tongue for naught, and it's only fair to do as she's done all along. Pardingue, but my heart hurts me!" she added suddenly, and she caught the hand that held the little gold cane and kissed it with impulsive ardour. "You have been so good to me—oui-gia!" she said, and then she dropped the hand and turned and fled to the boat rocking in the surf.

The little Chevalier watched the boat glide out into the gloom of night, and waited till he knew that they must all be aboard Ranulph's schooner and making for the sea. Then he turned and went back to the empty house in the Rue d'Egypte.

Opening the book Carterette had placed in his hands before they left the house, he turned up and scanned closely the last written page. A moment after he started violently, his eyes dilated, first with wonder, then with a bewildered joy; and then, Protestant though he was, with the instinct of his long-gone forefathers, he made the sacred gesture and said:

"Now I have not lived and loved in vain, thanks be to God!"

Even as joy opened the eyes of this wan old man who had been sorely smitten through the friends of his heart, out at sea night and death were closing the eyes of another wan old man who had been a traitor to his country.

For indeed the boat of the fugitives had scarcely cleared reefs and rocks, and reached the open Channel, when Olivier Delagarde, uttering the same cry as when Ranulph and the soldiers had found him wounded in the Grouville Road fifteen years before, suddenly started up from where he had lain mumbling, and whispering hoarsely, "Ranulph—they've killed me!" fell back dead.

True to the instinct which had kept him faithful to one idea for fifteen years, and in spite of the protests of Mattingley and Carterette—of the despairing Carterette who felt the last thread of her hopes snap with his going—Ranulph made ready to leave them, and bade them good-bye. Placing his father's body in the row-boat, he drew back to the shore of St. Aubin's Bay with his pale freight, and carried it on his shoulders up to the little house where he had lived so many years.

There he kept the death-watch alone.

CHAPTER XXXV

GUIDA knew nothing of the arrest and trial of Mattingley until he had been condemned to death. Nor until then had she known anything of what had happened to Olivier Delagarde, for soon after her interview with Ranulph she had gone a-marketing to the Island of Sark, with the results of half a year's knitting. Several times a year she made this journey, landing at the Eperquérie Rocks as she had done one day long ago, and selling her beautiful wool caps and jackets to the farmers and fisherfolk, getting in kind for what she sold.

This time she had remained at Sark beyond her intention, for ugly gales from the south-east came on, and then a slight accident happened to her child—the little Guilbert. Thus a month and over passed, and by the time she was ready to return to Plemont Mattingley had been condemned.

When Guida made these excursions to Sark, Dormy Jamais had always remained at the little house, milking her cow, feeding her fowls, and keeping all in order—as perfect a sentinel as Biribi, and as faithful. For the first time in his life, however, Dormy Jamais had been unfaithful. On the day that Carcaud the baker and Mattingley were arrested, he deserted the hut at Plemont to exploit the adventure which was at last to save Olivier Delagarde and Mattingley from death. But he had been unfaithful only in the letter of his bond. He had gone to the house of Jean Touzel, through whose *Hardi Biaou* the disaster had come, had told Maîtresse Aimable that she must go to Plemont in his stead—for a fool must keep his faith whate'er the worldly wise may do. So the poor simpleton, and the fat Femme de Ballast puffing with every step, trudged across the Island to Plemont. There the fool installed the cumbrous figure in her place as keeper of the house, and, tireless, sleepless, trudged back again in the dark night to his fugitives from justice.

That very day Maîtresse Aimable's quiet had been invaded by two signalmen who kept watch, not far from Guida's home, for all sail, friend or foe, bearing in sight. They were now awaiting the new Admiral of the Jersey station and his fleet, and they brought Maîtresse Aimable strange news. With churlish insolence they had entered the hut before she could prevent it. Looking round, they laughed meaningly, and then told her that the commander presently coming to lie with his fleet in Grouville Bay was none other than the sometime Jersey midshipman, now Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy. Maîtresse Aimable then understood the meaning of their laughter, and the insult they implied concerning Guida; and again her voice came ravaging out of the silence where it lay hid so often and so long, and the signalmen went their ways.

Maîtresse Aimable could not make head or tail of her thoughts now; they were a mixture altogether. She could not see an inch before her nose; all she could feel was an aching heart for Guida. She had heard strange tales of how Philip had become Prince Philip d'Avranche; how the old Duke had died on the very day that Philip had married the Comtesse Chantavoine; how the imbecile Prince Leopold John succeeded; how he had died suddenly; and how Prince Philip had become the Duc de Bercy. Also she had heard how Philip just before he became the Duc de Bercy had fought his ship against a French vessel off Ushant, and, though she had heavier armament than his own, had destroyed her. For this he had been made an Admiral. Only the other day her Jean had brought the *Gazette de Jersey* in which all these things were related, and had spelled them out for her. And now this same Philip d'Avranche with his new name and fame was on his way to defend the Isle of Jersey.

Maîtresse Aimable's muddled mind could not get hold of this new Philip. For years she had thought him a monster, and here he was, a great and valiant gentleman to the world. He had done a thing that Jean would rather have cut off his hand—both hands—than do, and yet here he was, an Admiral, a Prince, and a sovereign Duke, and men like Jean were as dust beneath his feet! The real Philip she had known, and he was the man who had spoiled the life of a woman; this other Philip—she could read about him, she could think about him, just as she could think about William and his Horse in Boulay Bay, or the Little Bad Folk of Rocbert; but she could not realise him as a thing of flesh and blood and actual being. The more she tried to realise him the more mixed she became.

As in her mental maze she sat panting her way to enlightenment, she saw Guida's boat entering the little harbour. Now the truth must be told—but how?

After her first exclamation of welcome to mother and child, she struggled painfully for her voice. She tried to find words in which to tell Guida the truth, but stopping in despair, she suddenly began rocking the child back and forth, saying only, "Prince Admiral he—and now! Oh my good, oh my good!"

At this point of hesitation, Guida's sharp intuition found the truth.

"Philip d'Avranche!" she said to herself. Then aloud, in a shaking voice—"Philip d'Avranche!"

Her heart suddenly leaped within her, not with emotion at thought of him or of anything that he had been to her, but because she felt a crisis near. She could not think clearly for a moment. It was as if her brain had received a blow, and all her head had a numb singing sensation which obscured eyesight, hearing, speech.

When she had recovered a little she took the child from Maîtresse Aimable, and pressing him to her bosom placed him in the Sieur de Mauprat's great armchair. Never before had the little Guilbert sat there. The outward action, ordinary as it was, seemed significant of what was in her mind. The child himself realised something unusual, and he sat perfectly still, two small hands spread out on the big arms.

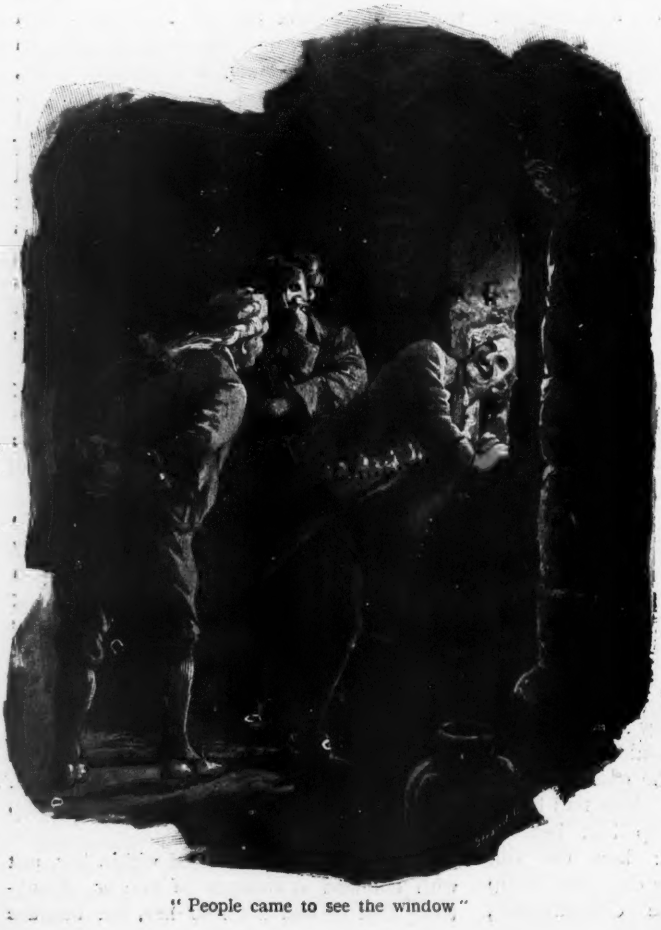
"You always believed in me, 'tresse Aimable," Guida said at last in a low voice.

"Oui-gia, what else?" was the quick reply. The instant responsiveness of her own voice seemed to confound the Femme de Ballast, and her face suffused.

Guida stooped quickly and kissed her on the cheek.

"You'll never regret that. And you will have to go on believing still, but you'll not be sorry at the end, 'tresse Aimable," she said, and turned away to the fireplace.

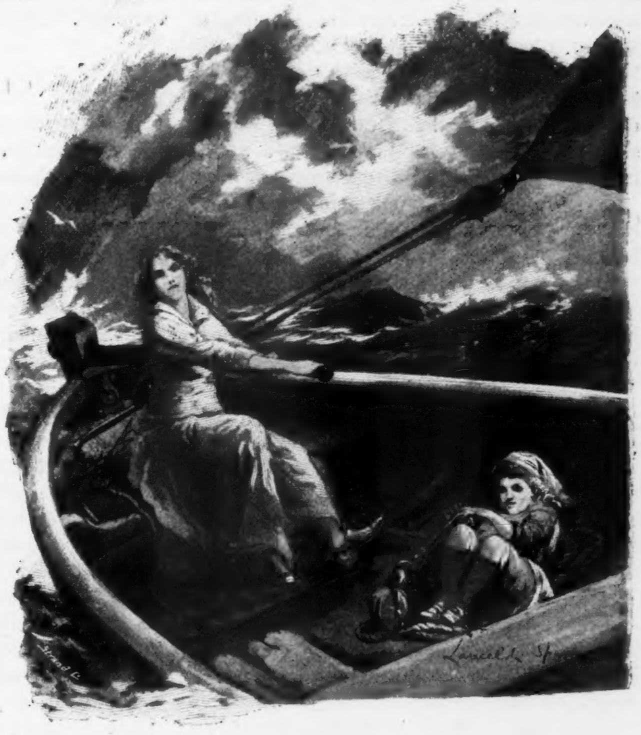
An hour afterwards Maîtresse Aimable was upon her way to St. Helier's, but now she carried her weight more easily and panted less. No doubt this was because it was all downhill, added to the remembrance that Guida had kissed her. Moreover, twice within a month Jean had given her ear a friendly pinch—surely she had reason to carry her weight more lightly.


"People came to see the window"

That afternoon and evening Guida struggled with herself. At first all her thoughts were in conflict; the woman in her shrinking from the ordeal that soon must come, almost preferring the peace of this isolation from her own world, in the knowledge of her own uprightness. But the mother in her pleaded, asserted, commanded, ruled confused ideas and emotions to quiet and definite purpose. Finality of purpose once achieved, a kind of peace came over her sick spirit, for with finality there is quiescence if not peace.

When she looked at the little Guilbert, refined and strong, curiously observant and sensitive in temperament, so like herself, her courage suddenly leaped to a higher point than it had ever known. This innocent had suffered enough. What belonged to him he had not had. He had been wronged in much by his father, and maybe—and this was the cruel part of it—had been unwittingly wronged—alas! how unwittingly—by her! If she gave her own life many times, it still could be no more than was the child's due.

Gazing at him now seated in the great armchair, his look carrying the consciousness of some new dignity to which he must conform, her heart swelled with pride of him. How well they understood each other, and how wise was the child! He seemed always to feel what was going on in his mother's mind. It was almost uncanny, his interpretation of her thoughts. Often she had glanced up from her work to find his eyes fixed upon her, just as her own mother's gaze was wont to rest upon her, though the looks had been so different—this later tie was so close, so vital, so intimate.



"She saw Guida's boat entering the harbour"

A sudden impulse seized her now, and with a quick explosion of feeling she dropped on her knees in front of the armchair, and looking into his eyes as though hungering for the word she so often yearned to hear, she said:

"You love your mother, Guilbert? You love her, little son?"

With a pretty smile and eyes brimming with affectionate fun, but without a word, the child put out a tiny hand and drew the fingers softly down his mother's face.

"Speak, little son, tell your mother that you love her."

The tiny hand pressed itself over her eyes, and a gay little laugh came from the sensitive lips, then both arms ran round her neck. The child drew her head to him impulsively, and kissing her, a little upon the hair and a little upon the forehead, so indefinite was the embrace, he said:

"Si, maman, I loves you best of all!" Then, preoccupied with his new dignity, he sat back, put both hands upon the chair-arm as before, and as she looked at him entranced, added: "Maman, can't I have the sword now?"

By what strange primitive instinct did he interpret meanings, and by his infant logic come into line with her own thoughts and purposes?

"You shall have the sword, too, some day," she answered, her eyes flashing.

"But, maman, can't I touch it now?"

Without a word she took down the sheathed gold-handled sword and laid it across the chair-arms in front of the child.

"I can't take the sword out, can I, maman?" he asked.

She could not help smiling. "Not yet, my son, not yet."

"I has to be growed up so the blade doesn't hurt me, hasn't I, maman?"

She nodded and smiled again. Presently

she said to him: "Guilbert, if I let you have the sword, will you stay here alone with Biribi till I come back?"

He nodded his head sagely. "Maman—" he said, as she was about to go. She turned to him; the little figure was erect with a sweet importance. "Maman, what am I now?" he asked, with wide-open, amazed eyes.

A strange look passed across her face. She went over to him, and stooping, kissed his curly hair.

"You are my prince," she said.

He did not reply to that, but his eyes blinked as though he were trying to work it out in his own mind.

A little later Guida was standing on that point of land called Grosnez—the brow of the Jersey tiger. Not far from her was the signal-staff which telegraphed to another signal-staff inland. Upon the staff now was hoisted a red flag. She knew the signals well—the red flag meant men-of-war in sight. Then bags were hoisted that told of the number of vessels: one, two, three, four, five, six, then one next the upright meaning seven. Last of all came the signal for a flagship among them.

This was a fleet in command of an admiral. There, far out, between Guernsey and Jersey, was the squadron itself. She watched it for a little while, her heart hardening; then turning, she went back to the hut, for she saw that the men by the signal-staff were watching her. But presently she came out again with the child, and, in a spot where she was shielded from any eyes on the land or ships at sea, she watched the fleet draw nearer and nearer.

The vessels passed almost within a stone's throw of her. She could see the flag, the St. George's Cross, flying at the main of the largest ship. That was the admiral's flag, that was the flag of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy!

She felt her heart stand still suddenly, and with a tremor, as of fear, she gathered her child close to her.

"What is all those ships, maman?" asked the child.

"They are ships to defend the Island of Jersey," she said, watching the *Imperturbable* and its flotilla range on.

"Will they affend us, maman?"

"Perhaps—in the end," she said; but still the answer was not wholly intended for the child.

CHAPTER XXXVI

OFF Grouville Bay, between the Castle of Mont Orgueil and the beautiful, malignant Banc des Violets, lay the squadron of the Jersey station. The St. George's Cross was flying at the main of the *Imperturbable*, and on every ship of the fleet the white ensign flapped in the morning wind. The wooden-walled three-decked *Imperturbable*, with her one 68-pounder, seventy-four 32-pounders, and six hundred men, was not less picturesque and was much more important than the Castle of Mont Orgueil, standing over two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and flying the flag of a vice-admiral. It had become the home of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, and the Comtesse Chantavoine, now known to the world as the Duchesse de Bercy.

The Comtesse Chantavoine had arrived in the Island almost simultaneously with Philip, although he had urged her to remain at the Château of Bercy. But the duchy of Bercy was in hard case. When the imbecile Duke Leopold John died and Philip succeeded, the neutrality of Bercy had been proclaimed, but this neutrality had since been violated, and the duchy was in danger at once from the incursions of the Austrians and the ravages of the Republican troops. In Philip's absence the valiant Governor-General of the duchy, aided by the influence and courage of the Comtesse Chantavoine, had thus far saved it from dismemberment, in spite of attempted betrayals by the Intendant Comte Carignan Damour, who remained Philip's implacable enemy. But when the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, the uncle of the Comtesse, died, her cousin, General Grandjon-Larisse—whose word with Dalbarade had secured Philip's release years before—for her own protection, first urged and then commanded her temporary absence from the duchy. So far he had been able to protect it from the fury of the Republican Government and the secret treachery of the Jacobins; but a time of real peril was now at hand. Under these anxieties and the lack of other inspiration than duty, her health had failed, and at last she obeyed her cousin, joining Philip at the Castle of Mont Orgueil.

More than a year had passed since she had seen him, but there was no emotion, no ardour in their present greeting. From the first there was nothing to link them together. She had married, hoping that she might love thereafter; he had married in choler and bitterness, and in the stress of a desperate ambition. He had avoided the marriage so long as he might in the hope of preventing it until the Duke should die, but with the irony of fate the expected death had come two hours after the marriage. Then, within another eighteen months, came the death of the imbecile Leopold John; and Philip found himself the Duke of Bercy, and within a month, by reason of a splendid victory for the *Imperturbable*, an English admiral.

In this battle he had fought for victory for his ship and a fall for himself. Death, with the burial of private dishonour under the roses of public victory—that had been his desire, all other ambitions being now achieved. But he had found that Death is wilful and chooseth her own time; that she may be lured, but will not come with shouting. So he had stoically accepted his fate, and could even smile with a bitter cynicism when ordered to proceed to the coast of Jersey, where it was deemed certain collision with a French squadron would occur. From Mont Orgueil he could, by signals, have communication with the leaders of the Vendée, among whose most famous chieftains was now Comte Détricand de Tournay. The high place he had striven for, sold his honour for, had been granted him, and now with sinister amusement Fate threw him into alliance with the man he hated, the heir by blood and descent to the duchy he ruled.

Thus, too, he was brought face to face with his past—with the imminent memory of Guida Landresse de Landresse. Looking out from the windows of Mont Orgueil Castle, or from the deck of the *Imperturbable*, he could see—and he could scarce choose but see—the lonely Ecréhos. There, with a wild eloquence, he had made a girl believe he loved her, and had taken the first step in the path which should have led to true happiness and honour. From this good path he had violently swerved—and now?

From all that could be seen, however, the world went very well with him. Almost any morning one might have seen a boat shoot out from below the Castle wall, carrying a flag with the blue ball of a Vice-Admiral of the White in the canton, and as the Admiral himself stepped upon the deck of the *Imperturbable*, the guard under arms offered the ceremony of respect, while across the water came a gay march played in his honour.

Jersey was elate, eager to welcome one of her own sons risen to such high estate, and when, the day after his arrival, he passed through the Vier Marchi on his way to visit the Lieutenant-Governor, the Jurats in their red robes impulsively turned out to greet him. They were ready to prove that memory is a matter of will and cultivation. There is no curtain so opaque as that which drops between the mind of man and the thing which it is to his disadvantage to remember. But how closely does the ear of advantage listen for the footfall of a most distant memory, when to do so is to share even a reflected glory!

A week had gone since Philip had landed on the Island. There was scarce an hour of that time when memory had not pursued him, scarce a step he took but reminded him of Guida. If he came along the shore of St. Clement's Bay he saw the spot where he had stood with her the evening he married her, and she said to him: "*Philip, I wonder what we will think of this day a year from now? To-day is everything to you, but to-morrow is very much to me.*" He remembered Shoreham sitting upon the cromlech above singing the legend of the gui-l'année—and Shoreham was lying now a hundred fathoms deep!

As he walked through the Vier Marchi with his officers, there flashed before his eyes the scene of sixteen years ago, when through the grime and havoc of battle he had run to save Guida from the scimitar of the garish Turk. Walking through the Place du Vier Prison, he recalled the morning when with his few sailors he had rescued Ranulph from the hands of the mob, and Guida's face at the window had set his pulses beating faster. How many years ago was this, then? Only five, and yet it seemed twenty.

He was a boy then; now his hair was streaked with grey. He had been light-hearted then, and he was still buoyant with his fellows, still alert and vigorous, quick of speech and keen of humour—but only before the world. In his own home he was fitful of mood, impatient of the still, meditative look of his wife, of her resolute tenacity of thought and purpose, of her unvarying evenness of mood through which no warmth played. If she had only defied him—given him petulance for petulance, impatience for impatience, it would have been easier to bear. If—if he could only read behind those still, passionless eyes, that clear, unvarying, unwrinkled forehead! But he knew her no better now than he did the day he married her. Unwittingly she chilled him, and he knew that he had no right to complain. He knew that he had done her the greatest wrong which can be done a woman, for, whatever chanced, Guida was still his wife. There was in him yet the strain of Calvinistic morality of the Island race that bred him. He had shrunk from coming here, but it had been far worse than he had looked for.

One day, in a nervous bitter moment, after an impatient hour with the Comtesse, he had said, "Can you—can you not speak? Can you not tell me what you think of this?"—and she had answered quietly, "It would do no good, you would not understand. I know you in some ways better than you know yourself, but you do not know me at all. I cannot tell what it is, but there is something wrong in your nature, something that has poisoned your life. And not myself only has felt that. I never told you—but you remember the day the old Duke died—the day we were married? You had gone from the room an instant. The Duke beckoned me to him, and whispered, 'Don't be afraid—don't be afraid—' and then he died. That meant that he was afraid, that death had cleared his sight as to you, in some way. He was afraid—of what? And I have been afraid—of what? I do not know. Things have not gone well somehow. You are strong, you are brave, and I come of a race that have been strong and brave: yet, yet we are lonely and far apart, and we shall never be nearer or less lonely. That I know."

To this he had made no reply. His anger vanished. Something in her words had ruled him to her own calmness, and at that moment he had the first flash of understanding of her nature and its relation to his own. He simply said that time would probably give them better knowledge, and with that he had left her.

Passing through the Rue d'Egypte one day he met, in front of the house of Elie Mattingley the smuggler, Dormy Jamais. Forgetful of everything save that this quaint foolish figure had interested him when a boy, he called him by name; but Dormy Jamais swerved away, eyeing him askance.

Immediately afterwards, chancing to look up at the windows of Mattingley's house, he suddenly felt a cold shiver run through him. There were the faces of the two men whom he least cared to see in this world—Ranulph Delagarde and the Chevalier du Champsavoys. Ranulph was looking down at him with an infinite scorn and loathing, yet with something of triumph too; and there was a disconcerting look of triumph also in the Chevalier's face. The triumph in both faces was due to the fact that, but a few minutes before, the Chevalier had shown to Ranulph a certain page in a certain book, long lost, which Carterette Mattingley had placed in his hands.

From this page Ranulph knew that Guida would henceforth have stronger champions than himself; that he might now seek his own fate with one burden the less on his mind; that he was free to go forth and lose himself in the storm of war in the Vendée.

Something in Ranulph's eye quickened Philip's footsteps, drove him on, angry and confused. He bitterly reflected that there was none of these men but was happier than he. He would willingly have changed places with Mattingley the fugitive, who had had the hangman's rope round his neck; with Ranulph Delagarde, the son of a traitor, the poor shipwright with a broken life, whom the people of the Island now held in such ill repute. A wave of remorse rushed over him. If he could only turn back—even now, and throw up all!—go to Guida, beg her to come with him to a new life, and begin the world again. Every word of the letter she had written to him at Bercy renouncing him he knew only too well. They would not be erased from his brain, but, like some deadly rust ate away his pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy. Where would it all end?

Even at that instant he saw Jean Touzel standing in the doorway of his house.

Since his return Philip had not dared to ask about Guida, and no one had said one word concerning her—whether she was dead or living. He felt now that he must know, and Jean Touzel or Maîtresse Aimable could tell him. He instantly bethought him of an excuse for the visit. His squadron needed another pilot; he would approach Jean Touzel in the matter.

Bidding his flag-lieutenant go on to Elizabeth Castle whither they were bound, and await him there, he crossed over to Jean. By the time he reached the doorway, however, Jean had retreated to the veille by the chimney behind Maîtresse Aimable, who sat in a great stave-chair mending a net.

Philip knocked and stepped inside. When Maîtresse Aimable saw who it was, she was so startled that she dropped her work, and made vague clutches to recover it. Stooping, however, was a great effort for her. Philip instantly stepped forward and picked up the net. Politely handing it to her, he said:

"Ah, Maîtresse Aimable, it is as if you had never stirred all these years!" Then turning to her husband—"I have come looking for a good pilot, Jean."

Maîtresse Aimable had at first flushed to a purple, had afterwards gone pale, then recovered herself, and now returned Philip's look with a downright steadiness. Like Jean, she knew well enough he had not come for a pilot—that was not the business of a Prince Admiral—that could easily be a quartermaster's work. Maîtresse Aimable did not even rise. Philip might be whatever the world chose to call him, but her house was her own, and he had come uninvited, and he was unwelcome.

She kept her seat, but her fat head inclined once in greeting, and she waited for him to speak again. She knew why he had come; and somehow the steady look in these slow brown eyes, and the blinking glance behind Jean's brass-rimmed spectacles, disconcerted Philip. Here were people who knew the truth about him, knew the sort of man he really was. These poor folk who had had nothing of the world but what they earned, they would never hang on any prince's favours.

He read the situation rightly. The penalties of his life had taught him a discernment which could never have come to him through place and good fortune. Having at last discovered his real self a little, he was in the way of knowing others.

"May I shut the door?" he asked quietly. Jean nodded. Closing it he turned to them again. "Since my return I have heard naught concerning Mademoiselle Landresse," he said. "I want to ask you about her now. Does she still live in the Place du Vier Prison?"

Both Jean and Aimable shook their heads. They had spoken no word since his entrance.

"She—she is not dead?" he asked, and he paled. They shook their heads again. "Her grandfather"—he paused—"is he living?" Once more they shook their heads in negation. "Where is Mademoiselle?" he asked, his heart sick.

Jean looked at his wife; neither moved nor answered. "Where does she live?" urged Philip. Still there was no motion, no reply. "You might as well tell me," he added, in a tone half pleading, half angry—little like a sovereign duke, very like a man in trouble. "You must know I shall find out from some one else, then," he continued. "But it were better for you to tell me. I mean her no harm, and I would rather know about her from her friends."

He took off his hat now. Something in the dignity of these two honest folk rebuked the pride of place and spirit in him. As plainly as though heralds had proclaimed it, he understood that these two knew that upon the shield of his honour there were abatements—argent, a plain point tenne, due to him "that tells lyes to his Prince or General," and argent, a gore sinister tenne, due for flying from his colours.

Maîtresse Aimable turned and looked towards Jean, but Jean turned away his head. Then she did not hesitate. The voice so often eluding her will responded readily now. Anger—plain primitive rage—possessed her. She had had no child, but as the years had passed all the love that might have been given to her own was bestowed upon Guida, and she spoke in that mind.

"O my grief, to think you have come here—you! You steal the best heart in the world—there is none like her, nannin-gia. You promise her, you break her life, you spoil her, and then you fly away—ah coward

—you! Mon pèthe benin, was there ever such a man like you! If my Jean there had done a thing as that I would sink him in the sea. Ah, bah! he would sink himself, *je me crais.* But you come back here, O my Mother of God, you come back here with your sword, with your crown—ugh, it is like a black cat in heaven—you!"

She got to her feet more nimbly than she had ever done in her life, and the floor seemed to heave as she came towards Philip. "You come to speak to me with soft words," she said harshly. "You shall have the hard truth from me—*moi.* You want to know now where she is—I ask where you have been these five years! Your voice it grow soft and tremble when you speak of her now. Oh ho! it has been nice and quiet these five years. The grandpèthe of her drop dead in his chair when he know. The world turn against her, make light of her, when they know. All alone—she is all alone, but for one fat old fool like me. She bear all the shame, all the pain, for the crime of you. All alone she take her child and go on to the rock of Plemont to live these five years. But you, you go and get a crown and be Amiral and marry a grande Comtesse—marry, oh, *je crais ben!* This is no world for such men like you. You come to my house, to the house of Jean Touzel, well, you have the truth of God, ba sû! No good will come to you in the end, nannin-gia. When you come to die, you will think and think and think of the beautiful Guida Landresse; you will think and think of the heart and life you kill, and you will call, and she will not come. You will call till your throat rattle, but she will not come, and the child of sorrow you gave her will not come—no, bidemme! E'fin, the door you shut you can open now, and you can go from the house of Jean Touzel. It belong to the wife of an honest man—maint'nant!"

In the moment's silence that ensued, Jean took a step forward. "Ma femme, ma bonne femme!" he said with a shaking voice. Then he pointed to the door.

Humiliated, overwhelmed by the words of the woman, Philip turned mechanically towards the door without a word, and his fingers fumbled for the latch, for a mist was before his eyes. With a great effort he recovered himself. The door opened now, and he passed slowly out into the Rue d'Egypte.

"A child—a child!" he said aloud brokenly. "Guida's child—my God! And I—have never—known. Plemont—Plemont, she is at Plemont!" He shuddered. "Guida's child—and mine!" he kept on saying to himself, as in a painful dream he passed on to the shore.

In the little fisherman's cottage he had left, a fat old woman sat sobbing in the great chair made of barrel-staves, and a man, stooping, kissed her twice on the cheek—the first time in fifteen years. And then she both laughed and cried.

CHAPTER XXXVII

GUIDA sat by the fire sewing, Biribi the dog at her feet. At a little distance away, to the right of the chimney, lay Guilbert asleep. Twice Guida lowered the work to her lap and looked at the child on the bed, the reflected light of the fire playing on his face. Stretching out her hand, she touched him, and then she smiled. Hers was an all-devouring love; the child was everything in life to her; her own present or future was as nothing; she was but fuel for the fire of his existence.

A storm was raging outside. The sea roared in upon Plemont and Grosnez, and battered the rocks in a futile agony. A hoarse nor'easter ranged across the tiger's head in helpless fury: a night of awe to inland folk, and of danger to seafarers. To Guida, who was both of the sea and of the land, fearless as to either, it was neither terrible nor desolate to be alone with the storm. Storm was but power unshackled, and power she loved and understood. She had lived so long in close commerce with storm and sea that something of their wild force had entered into her, and she was kin with them. Each wind to her was intimate as a friend, each rock and cave familiar as her hearthstone; and the ungovernable ocean spoke in terms intelligible. So heavy was the surf that now and then the spray of some foiled wave broke on the roof, but she only nodded at that, as though the sea were calling her to come forth, were tapping upon her rooftree in joyous greeting.

But suddenly she started and bent her head as though listening to other sounds. It seemed as if her whole body were hearkening. Now she rose quickly to her feet, dropped her work upon the table near by, and rested herself against it, still listening. She was sure she heard a horse's hoofs. Turning swiftly, she drew the curtain of the bed before her sleeping child, and then stood still, waiting, waiting. Her hand went to her heart once as though its fierce throbbing hurt her. Plainly as though she could look through these stone walls into clear sunlight, she saw some one dismount, and she heard a voice.

The door of the hut was unlocked and unbarred. If she feared, it was easy to shoot the bolt and lock the door, to drop the bar across the little window, and be safe and secure. But no bodily fear possessed her; only that terror of the spirit when its great trial comes suddenly and it shrinks back, though the brain be of faultless courage.

She waited. There came a knocking at the door. She did not move from where she stood.

"Come in," she said in a clear voice. She was composed and resolute now.

As the latch clicked the door opened, and a cloaked figure entered, the shriek of the storm behind. The door closed. The intruder took a step forward, his hat came off, the cloak was loosed and dropped upon the floor. Guida's premonition had been right: it was Philip.

She did not speak. A stone could have been no colder as she stood in the light of the fire and the crasset, her wonderful hair burnished by the flames, her face still and strong, the eyes darkling, luminous. There was on her the dignity of the fearless, the pure in heart.

"Guida!" Philip said, and took a step nearer, and paused.

He was haggard, he had the look of one who had come upon a desperate errand. When she did not answer he said pleadingly:

"Guida, won't you speak to me?"

"Prince Philip d'Avranche chooses a strange hour for his visit," she said quietly.

"But see," he answered hurriedly, "what I have to say to you—" he paused, as though to choose the thing he should say first.

"You can say nothing I need hear," she answered, looking him steadily in the eyes.

"Ah, Guida," he cried, disconcerted by her cold composure, "for God's sake listen to me. To-night we have to face our fate. To-night you have to say——"

"Fate was faced long ago. I have nothing to say."

"Guida, I have repented of all. I have come now only to speak honestly of the wrong I did you. I have come to——"

Scorn sharpened her words, though she spoke calmly:

"You have forced yourself upon a woman's presence—and at this hour!"

"I chose the only hour possible," he answered quickly. "Ah, Guida, the past cannot be changed, but we have the present and the future still. I have not come to justify myself, but to find a way to atone——"

"No atonement is possible."

"You cannot deny me the right to confess to you that——"

"To you denial should not seem hard usage," she answered slowly, "and confession should have witnesses if——"

She paused suggestively. The imputation that of all men he had the least right to resent denial; that his present course was dishonest; that he was willing to justify her privately though not publicly; that repentance should have been open to the world—it all stung him.

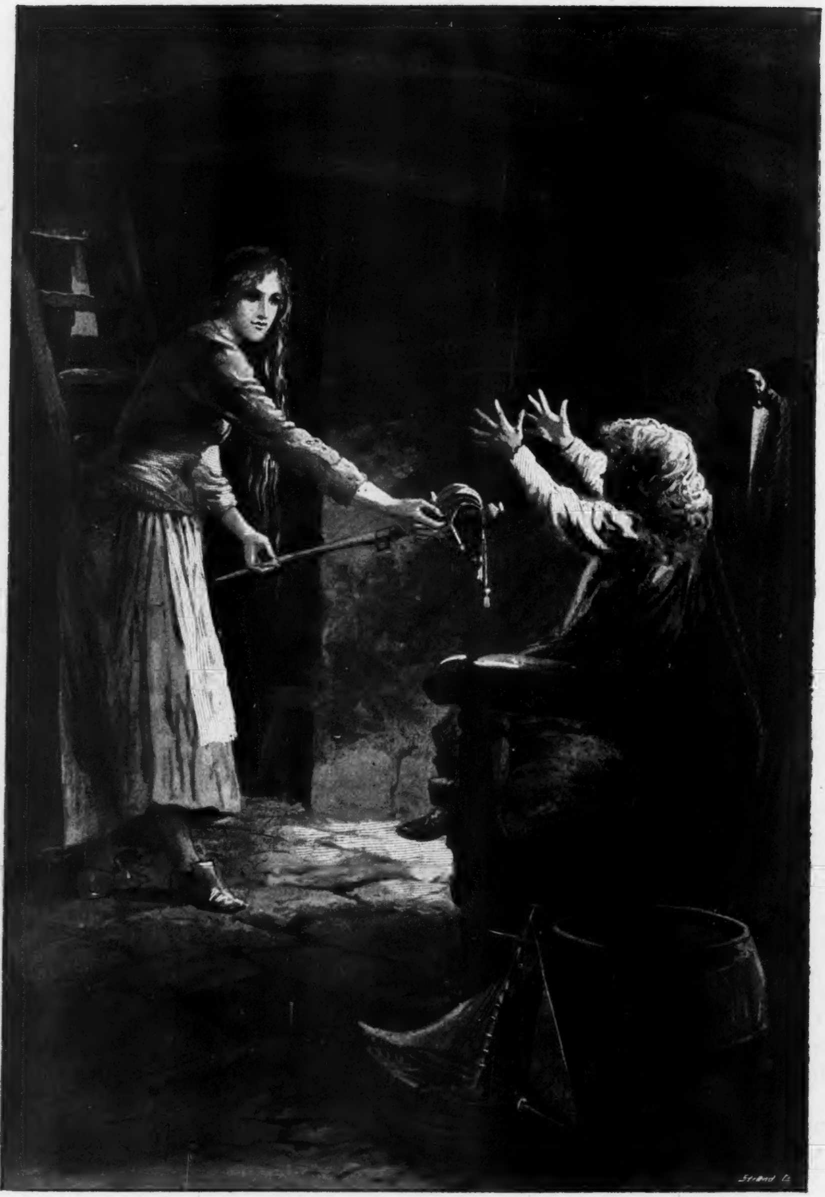
He threw out his hands in a gesture of protest and pleading. "As many witnesses as you will, but not now, not this hour, after all these years. Will you not at least listen to me, and then judge and act? Will you not hear me, Guida?"

She had not yet even stirred. Now that it had come, this scene was all so different from what she had ever imagined. But she spoke out of a merciless understanding, an unchangeable honesty. Her words came clear and pitiless:

"If you will speak to the point and without a useless emotion, I will try to listen. Common kindness should have prevented this intrusion—by you!"

Every word she said was like a whip-lash across his face. A devilish light leapt into his eye, but it faded as quickly as it came.

"After to-night, to the public what you will," he repeated with dogged persistence, "but it was right we should speak alone to each other at least this once—before the open end. I did you wrong, yet I did not mean to ruin your life, and you should know that. I ought not to have married you



"I can't take the sword out, can I, maman?"

secretly; I acknowledge that. But I loved you!"

She shook her head, and with a smile of pitying disdain—he could so little see the real truth, his real misdemeanour—she said:

"Oh no, never—never! You were not capable of love; you never knew what it meant. From the first you were too untrue ever to love a woman. There was a great fire of emotion, you saw shadows on the wall, and you fell in love with them. That was all."

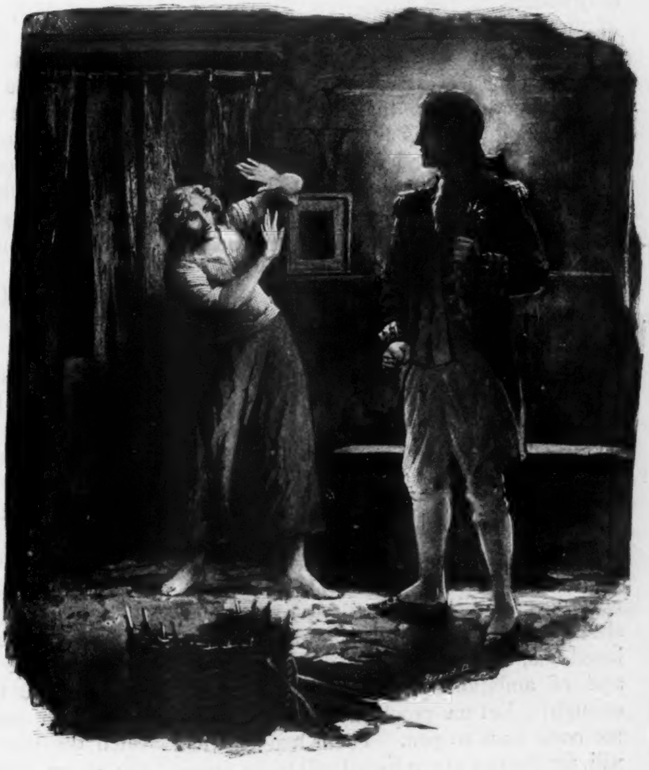
"I tell you that I loved you," he answered with passionate energy. "But as you will. Let it be that it was not real love: at least it was all there was in me to give. I never meant to desert you. I never meant to disavow our marriage. I denied you, you will say. I did. In the light of what came after it was dishonourable—I grant that; but I did it at a crisis and for the fulfilment of a great ambition—and as much for you as for me."

"Oh, how little you know what true people think or feel!" she answered with a kind of pain in her voice, and as much scorn, for she felt that such a nature could never quite realise its own enormities. Well, since it had gone so far she would speak openly, though it hurt her sense of self-respect. She had hoped never to speak with him upon the past.

"Do you think that I or any good woman would have had place or power, been princess or duchess, at the price? What sort of mind have you?" She looked him straight in the eyes. "Put it in the clear light of right and wrong, it was knavery. You—you talk of not meaning to do me harm, Monsieur le Prince! You were never capable of doing me good. It was not in you. From first to last you are untrue. Were it otherwise—were you not from first to last unworthy—would you have made a mock marriage—it is no more—with the Comtesse Chantavoine? No matter what I said or what I did in anger, or contempt of you, had you been an honest man you would not have made this mock marriage, and ruined another life. Marriage, alas! You have wronged the Comtesse worse than you have wronged me. One day I shall be righted, but what can you say or do to right her wrongs?" Her voice had now a piercing indignation and force. "Yes, Philip d'Avranche, it is as I say. The world turned against me because of you; I have been shamed and disgraced. For years I have suffered in silence. But I have waited without fear for the end. God is with me. He is stronger than fate or fortune. He has brought you to Jersey once more, to right my wrongs—mine and my child's."

She saw his eyes flash to the little curtained bed. They both stood silent and still. He could hear the child breathing. His blood quickened. An impulse seized him. He took a step towards the bed as though to draw the curtain, but she quickly moved between.

"Never!" she said in a low stern tone; "no touch of yours for my Guilbert—for my son! Every minute of his life has been



"'No atonement is possible'"

mine. He is mine—all mine—and so he shall remain."

It was as if the outward action of life was suspended in them for a moment, and then came the battle of two strong spirits: the struggle of fretful and indulged egotism, the impulse of a vigorous temperament, against a deep moral force, a high purity of mind and conscience, and the invincible love of the mother for the child. Time, bitterness, and power had hardened Philip's mind, and his long-restrained emotions, breaking loose now, made him a passionate and wilful figure. His force lay in the very unruliness of his spirits, hers in the perfect command of her moods and emotions. Well equipped by the thoughts and sufferings of five long years, her spirit was trained to meet this onset with wisdom and understanding. She understood him, his nature, if not his deeds. They were like two armies watching each other across a narrow stream, between one conflict and another.

For a minute they stood at gaze. The only sounds in the room were the whirring of the fire in the chimney and the child's breathing. At last Philip's intemperate self-will gave way. There was no withstanding that cold, still face, that unwavering eye. Only brutality could go further. The nobility of her nature, her inflexible straightforwardness came upon him with such force that his mood changed. It seemed to him once again as if all his world lay here before him. Dressed in molleton, with no adornment save the glow of a perfect health, she seemed at this moment the one being on earth worth living and caring for. What had he got for all the wrong he had done her? Nothing. Come what might, there was one thing that he could yet do, and even as the thought possessed him he spoke.

"Guida," he said with rushing emotion, "it is not too late. Forgive the past—the wrong of it, the shame of it. You are my wife, nothing can undo that. The other woman—she is not my wife. If we part and never meet again she will suffer no more than she suffers to go on with me. She has never loved me, nor I her. Ambition did it all, and of ambition God knows I have had enough! Let me proclaim our marriage, let me come back to you. Then, happen what will, for the rest of our lives I will try to atone for the wrong I did you. I want you—I want our child. I want to win your love again. I can't wipe out what I have done, but I can put you right before the world, I can prove to you that I set you above place and ambition. If you shrink from doing it for me, do it"—he glanced towards the bed—"do it for our child. To-morrow—to-morrow it shall be, if you will forgive. To-morrow let us start again."

She did not answer at once; but at last, unmoved, she said:

"Giving up place and ambition would prove nothing now. It is easy to repent when our pleasures have palled. I told you in a letter four years ago that your protests came too late. They are always too late. With a nature like yours nothing is sure or lasting. Everything changes with the mood. It is different with me: I only speak what I truly mean. Believe me, for I tell you the truth, you are a man that a woman could forget but could never forgive. As a Prince you are much better than as a plain man, for Princes may do what other men may not. It is their way to take all and give nothing. You should have been born a Prince, then all your actions would have seemed natural. Yet now you must remain a Prince, for what you got at such a price to others you must pay for. You say you would come down from your high place, you would give up your worldly honours, for me. What madness! You are not the kind of man with whom a woman could trust herself in the troubles and changes of life. If I would have naught of your honours and your duchy long ago, do you think I would now share a disgrace from which you could never rise? For in my heart I feel that this remorse is but caprice. It is to-day; it may not—will not—be to-morrow."

"You are wrong, you are wrong. I am honest with you now," he broke in.

"No, Philip d'Avranche," she answered coldly, "it is not in you to be honest. Your words have no ring of truth in my ears, for the note is the same as I heard once upon the Ecréhos. I was a young girl then and I believed; I am a woman now, and I should still disbelieve though all the world were on your side to tell me I was wrong. I tell you"—her voice rose again, it seemed to catch the note of freedom and strength of the storm without—"I tell you, I will still live as my heart and conscience prompt me. The course I have set for myself I will follow; the life I entered upon when my child was born I will not leave. No word you have said has made my heart beat faster. You and I can never have anything to say to each other in this life, beyond"—her voice changed, she paused—"beyond one thing——"

Going to the bed where the child lay, she drew the curtain softly, and pointing, she said:

"There is my child. I have set my life to the one task, to keep him to myself, and yet to win for him the heritage of the dukedom of Bercy. You shall yet pay to *him* the price of your wrongdoing."

She drew back slightly so that he could see the child lying with its rosy face half buried in its pillow, the little hand lying like a flower upon the coverlet.

Once more with a passionate exclamation he made a step nearer to the child.

"No farther!" she said in a voice of command, stepping between.

When she saw the wild impulse in his face to thrust her aside, she added, "It is only the shameless coward that strikes the dead! You had a wife—Guida d'Avranche, but Guida d'Avranche is dead. There only lives the mother of this child, Guida Landresse de Landresse." She drew herself up and looked at him with scorn, almost with hatred. Had he touched her—but she would rather pity than loathe!

Her words roused all the devilry in him. The face of the child had sent him mad.

"By Heaven, I will have the child, I will have the child!" he said harshly. "You shall not treat me like a dog. You know well I would have kept you as my wife, but your narrow pride, your unjust anger threw me over. You have wronged me. I tell you you have wronged me, for you kept the secret of the child from me all these years!"

"The whole world knew!" she cried indignantly.

"I will break your pride!" he said, incensed and unable to command himself. "Mark you, I will break your pride. And I will have my child too!"

"Establish to the world your right to him," she answered keenly. "You shall have the right, but the possession shall be mine."

He was the picture of impotent anger and despair. It was the irony of penalty that the one person in the world who could really sting him was this unacknowledged, almost unknown woman. She was the only human being that had power over him, that could shatter his egotism and resolve him into the common elements of a base manhood. Of little avail his eloquence now! He had cajoled a sovereign dukedom out of an aged and fatuous Prince; he had cajoled a wife, who yet was no wife, from among the highest of a royal Court; he had cajoled success from Fate by a valour informed with vanity and ambition; years ago, with eloquent arts he had cajoled a young girl into a secret marriage—— But he could no longer cajole the woman who was his one true wife. She knew him through and through.

He was so wild with rage he could almost have killed her as she stood there, one hand stretched out as though to protect the child, the other pointing to the door.

He seized his hat and cloak and laid his hand upon the latch, then suddenly turned to her. A dark project came to him. He himself could not prevail with her; but he would reach her yet through the child! If the child were his, Guida would come to him.

"Remember, I will have the child!" he said, his face black with evil purpose.

She did not deign reply, but stood fearless and still, as, throwing open the door, he rushed out into the night.

She listened until she heard his horse's hoofs upon the rocky road of the upland. Then she went to the door, locked it, and barred it. Turning, she ran with a cry as of hungry love to the little bed. Crushing the child to her bosom, she buried her face in his brown curls.

"My son, my own darling son!" she said.

A RUSSIAN ENIGMA

By the Hon. Mrs. ATHOLL FORBES

WHEN Catherine II. of Russia made her bold stroke for the throne, in 1762, her chief advisers and abettors were the Counts Gregory and Alexis Orlov, who consequently became equal participants of her favours. Gregory, the elder, was empty-headed but exceedingly handsome; Alexis was masterful, sensual, and of an energetic restless temperament, which was evidently inherited from their forefather, a Strelitz named Ivan, surnamed Orel, which signifies an eagle. He, with hundreds of others, had been condemned to death by Peter the Great after the rebellion at Moscow in 1698, and owed his life to the perfect *sangfroid* he exhibited when, finding the portion of the beam which served as a block for whole ranks encumbered with the head of one of his companions, he kicked it away, saying, "This is my place; it must be clear." This act, which was witnessed by the Emperor, roused his admiration; he granted him a pardon forthwith and placed him in a regiment of the line, where he so distinguished himself that he acquired the rank of officer, and consequently the title of noble, which remained in the family.

The ambition to divest Russia of its Oriental character and to introduce European men and manners, initiated by Peter, was carried out to the letter by Catherine, who taught her courtiers to feel and enjoy the fascinations of French life, while at the same time she had the wit to make her subjects forget her German extraction by selecting her Ministers entirely from the people.

The principal of these were Gregory Orlov, Galatzin, Potemkin, Romantzov, and Panin.

Her loves and lovers were so far kept in the background as never to interfere with the magnitude of her schemes and general projects of government, which she carried out by her great strength of character, succeeding so admirably that she was free to live her own life much as she wished, though naturally the inevitable consequences ensued.

Adventurers and adventuresses sprang up like mushrooms. One of these was a lady who claimed to be the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth and therefore the rightful heir to the throne.

Her career, not entirely an unblemished one, and the manner in which she was entrapped by Count Alexis Orlov, was one of the sensations of the day.

Before relating her story, however, it is necessary to record the positions held by the two brothers at Court. Gregory remained at Catherine's right hand, invested with the title of Prince, having apartments in the royal palace, with communication to Catherine's private rooms by means of sliding panels in the walls; while it fell to Alexis to guard her half-foolish husband Peter III., and, in concert with his fellow-officers, Teplov and Prince Foëdor Bariatinski, to put an end to his life, which is said to have been done in a most barbarous manner in the castle of Ropcha, though whether or not with the Empress's sanction has never transpired.

Count Alexis was then about twenty-six years of age, and is described as being remarkable for his "immense height, athletic form, muscular power, and surprising agility. An enormous gash which he had received in the face during a quarrel had not completely effaced the primitive beauty of his features." Such a man, then, was the second favourite, who was given the rank of Lieutenant-General, with the Order of St. Andrew, the highest in the Empire, and in addition to this the key as Chamberlain, with right of entry to the Empress's rooms at any hour of the day or night.

The war with Turkey, which then broke out, furnished him with an opportunity of justifying this extraordinary promotion, and of which he promptly availed himself by submitting a plan for a naval expedition in the Archipelago, and obtaining the command, with Admiral John Elphinstone and Captain Greig as chief officers; the latter afterwards becoming Admiral in his place.

By an arrangement with the Archduke of Tuscany, Leghorn was made the headquarters of the fleet, and at the desire of the Empress the British Consul there, Sir

John Dick, with the permission of King George III., was appointed Russian agent, but in a private capacity, receiving in 1770, as an acknowledgment of his services, the Order of St. Anne set round with diamonds, with a letter from Count Panin conveying the thanks of her Imperial Majesty and her Ministers.

When Count Alexis had occasion to be at Leghorn he resided chiefly with Sir John, but he had also a residence at Pisa where he spent the intervals in the campaign, during one of which he signalised himself, to the horror and disgust of the inhabitants, by his seduction of the poetess, Madelaine Morelli, soon after she had been crowned with laurel at the Capitol in 1771. It was shortly after this event that the mysterious lady already alluded to first appeared on the scenes.

Although the bearer of many names, to the end she remained nameless. Born no one knows where, educated no one knows how, yet the mistress of several languages, she first became known to the public in London, where she lived in great style in company with a certain Van Toers, the son of a Dutch merchant at Ghent, from which place he had fled, leaving wife, children, and creditors.

Madame de Tremouille, as she was then called, had lived previously in Ghent under the name of Schöll, and prior to that in Berlin under that of Frank. She remained in London until forced by creditors to move on, but only to reappear in Paris. Here it was as the Princess Vlodomir that she set up house, with a numerous suite, among which were two German Barons. The Barons, needless to relate, were as enigmatical as the Princess, one of whom on being arrested for debt proved to be Van Toers, the prodigal son of the Dutchman.

Waliszewski describes the lady at this period of her life as "young and fair, gracious of aspect, with blonde hair like the Empress Elizabeth, eyes changing colour like hers, now blue, now black, which gave to her face that air of strangeness and dreaminess which has always clung about her person and her destiny."

A consummate actress, never commonplace, always maintaining the dignity of a high position, yet disappearing and reappearing in a fresh character with a story to suit the latest rôle. At Frankfort, still bearing the last name and living in a regal manner, she attracted a Polish noble, the Duke of Limburg, who threw himself at her feet. Money again being scarce, she accepted his offer of shelter in his castle of Oberstein, where, though always keeping him at arms' length, she remained for some time, waiting for expected subsidies from her Principality. These failing to arrive, she finally yielded to his entreaties to become his wife. The Duke, however, was himself in difficulties and soon became very hard pressed, while the mythical funds of the fair one remained like ships in the offing, causing the relations to become strained. But Madame had not spent her time at Oberstein for nothing: there was another Polish noble living at Mannheim, a still greater catch; and while playing fast and loose with the Duke, had matured her plans; she at once took advantage of the straits in which the Duke found himself to arrange a separation.

The next citadel to attack was one requiring more than ordinary acumen. Prince Radziwill was of a suspicious and eccentric character and a woman-hater to boot; but her knowledge of the weakness of men stood her in good stead: she had ascertained that his object in life was to attempt to recover the liberty of his country, and laid her plans accordingly. This necessitated the creation of a new rôle of a more daring nature, one that immediately brought her into prominent public notice as an intriguer against the State and a rival to Catherine. She made known that she was in possession of the will of the Empress Elizabeth, who had bequeathed to her as her only daughter the crown of Russia. A bold stroke, but it achieved the object in view, and caught Prince Radziwill, who saw in her an invaluable aid to his schemes, and made her such advances that she agreed to follow him to Venice, where he was to mature his plan of action. It also raised the jealousy of the Duke of Limburg, over whom her charms still held sway; and though realising then that her position was such as entirely to prevent any idea of marriage, he found means to obtain funds to enable her to travel in a style consistent with her position and to set up a little Court at Venice, where she assumed the name of the Countess Pimburg. Here she had an English visitor, Mr. Edward Wortley Montague, of whom she also made use, an unfortunate mistake, and one that proved to be the first step on her road to misfortune.

While at Venice she persuaded the Sultan of Turkey to support her claim to the throne and actually to embark her in one of his ships with all her suite for Constantinople, but owing to a storm the vessel was obliged to take refuge in the harbour of Ragusa. Here they landed, and accommodation was provided for her by the French Consul placing his house at her disposal.

While under his roof she addressed a letter to Count Alexis Orlov, then with the fleet at Leghorn, enclosing a copy of the Empress Elizabeth's will and claiming her right to the Russian throne; which document she entrusted to Mr. Wortley Montague to deliver.

The Count forwarded the letter straight to Catherine, who sent immediate instructions to secure her person at all risks, and if the authorities of the town refused to give her up, to bombard it at once.

This gives colour to the idea that there was some sort of foundation to her claim.

But while waiting her reply an unfortunate circumstance occurred. The guard on duty round her house at night discovered a man entering her apartments by means of the garden wall, and fired: instead of a robber it turned out to be a gentleman in Prince Radziwill's suite, a gay Lothario who had found favour in her eyes. This created a coolness with the Prince and a sudden desire on Madame's part to visit Italy.

Before Count Orlov could reach Ragusa the bird had flown; peace also had been signed meanwhile, and the whole outlook changed.

The next scene took place at Naples, where Sir William Hamilton fell a victim to her fascinations. Without disclosing her identity, she impressed him with her high position and induced him to make arrangements for her journey to Rome as well as to secure a residence there. It was not until money was again scarce that, in the hope of obtaining what she required, she wrote a letter to Sir William stating her claims, which alarmed him not a little. In his dilemma he wrote to Sir John Dick, who, without *malice prepense*, handed on the letter to Count Alexis.

Here was the chance he wanted: a little diplomacy and the game was his. He at once sent his aid-de-camp to Rome with orders to pay the pseudo-Princess every attention, to proffer his services, and at the same time to convince her of the Count's belief in the rectitude of her claims. An English banker, Jenkins, was also told to offer her unlimited credit on Orlov's authority, under the pretext that he had been recommended to him by Sir John Dick, a friend of Sir William Hamilton.

This was almost too good to be true: her suspicions were roused, and the offer at first refused; but want is a devil to drive, and in the end the loan was accepted.

Meanwhile Catherine, tired of Gregory Orlov, whose good looks were his only recommendation, had appointed a fresh favourite, Vassiltshikov.

This formed a pretext for a grievance and a reason for Alexis to break his allegiance to the Empress: he offered his services to the Princess, begging her at the same time to come to Pisa.

Eventually she agreed to his request in spite of the warnings of a faithful follower.

Orlov met her with every show of respect and installed her at Pisa, where she passed as the Countess Silinska. After paying her most assiduous attention, he threw himself at her feet with a declaration of love, imploring her hand in marriage. So well was his passion simulated that she not only believed but returned it, and a few days after went through the form of the marriage ceremony. Some blissful days were passed and all seemed well, when a letter from Sir John Dick arrived, requiring Count Orlov's immediate presence at Leghorn on account of a brawl among the Russian sailors. She implored him to remain, but finding this was impossible, announced her attention of accompanying him. Orlov wished for nothing better, and wrote to warn Sir John of their advent.

They were received at dinner by the Consul and Lady Dick along with other guests, the lady being treated with every respect, and was the centre of attraction that night at the opera. They breakfasted at Sir John's house the following morning, and the princess *par excellence* expressing a desire to visit the Russian ships, the Admiral's barge was sent for to convey her across. The yards were manned, a salute fired, and the ships began to manœuvre; while watching their movements, another had silently been effected on deck: when she turned round it was to find that Orlov and Admiral Greig had disappeared while in their place stood a line of soldiers. Her heart must have sunk as she inquired the meaning of this display, and the shock of the abrupt announcement, "You are arrested by the order of the Empress," was too great: she fainted away.

On recovering she was told that Orlov was also under arrest, but the ring she had so shortly before given to her supposed husband was returned to her in the course of a day or two, when it must at once have dawned upon her that the last act of the play was drawing to a conclusion.

To Admiral Greig was assigned the unpleasant duty of conveying her by sea to Cronstadt and thence as secretly as possible to St. Petersburg, which he is said to have done in the most humane and considerate manner possible; but it was from the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul that she first looked out upon the capital she had so gaily set out to conquer.

How much or how little could she see of the waters of that superb river, which were at once the cause of the city's existence, and destruction by its disastrous floods of so many of its inhabitants; or of the charming summer gardens which line its banks, the Cathedral with its Dutch clock and gilded spire, or the grand façade of the Winter Palace, where Catherine turned a deaf ear to all her supplications?

At first she demanded attention as a right, but harsh treatment soon broke her health and her almost indomitable spirit, and finally she implored Catherine to pardon, to hear her personally, and to judge. Her prayer was coldly refused, and the unfortunate woman, after the birth of a child, died of rapid consumption on December 4, 1775.

Although Catherine failed to elicit her real identity during her life, some discovery must have been made after her death, for a curious fact came to light some years later. The French Minister at St. Petersburg had a demand put before him by a French subject for a sum of fifty-two thousand livres, being a debt of the Princess Vlodomir during her stay in Paris in 1772. The Marquis de Vérac, never having heard of such a person, proceeded to make inquiries. These were abruptly stopped: the Princess, he was informed, was dead and all her debts had been paid, but if the claim in question was sent in a settlement would be made.

On reviewing the whole evidence it would appear that the unfortunate woman was herself unaware of the identity of her parents: in her youth she had been taken from place to place, her high birth spoken of in ambiguous terms, and finally had received the will of the Empress Elizabeth anonymously during her stay at Mannheim. But whether she was of royal birth or not, it was manifestly necessary for Catherine, who had plumped herself upon the throne, to silence any possible pretensions.

While the unknown was languishing within the prison walls, her captors were being fêted on all sides for their naval achievements, one incident of which is worthy of relation, redounding as it does to the credit of our countrymen.

Two Russian squadrons had been sent to the Archipelago, one under Admiral Spiridoff and the other under Rear-Admiral John Elphinstone, with whom were Captain Greig and a Mr. Dugdale.

The Turkish squadron was in the narrow Strait of Tchesmé, and Dugdale had the courage to conduct a fire-ship into their very midst, completely destroying the whole fleet.

This was an achievement entirely unheard of in Russian annals, and created an immense sensation; therefore, when Orlov and Greig arrived at St. Petersburg honours of every description were showered upon them. Admiral Greig had been granted the rank of Grand Admiral, Governor of Cronstadt, and Knight of the Orders of St. Andrew, St. George, St. Vladimir, and St. Anne, and the Empress further honoured him by paying him a State visit on board his flag-ship in July 1776, dined in his cabin, reviewed the fleet, and finally placed the star of St. Alexander Newski on his breast. He died on board his ship in 1788, when a general mourning was ordered, and he was accorded a State funeral in the Cathedral at Reval, where a magnificent monument was afterwards erected to his memory.

When the Grand Duke heard of the abduction of the mysterious beauty from Leghorn, he protested vigorously at the out-rage committed within his realms. To these protestations Catherine paid not the smallest attention: there are times when even a woman understands that silence is golden.

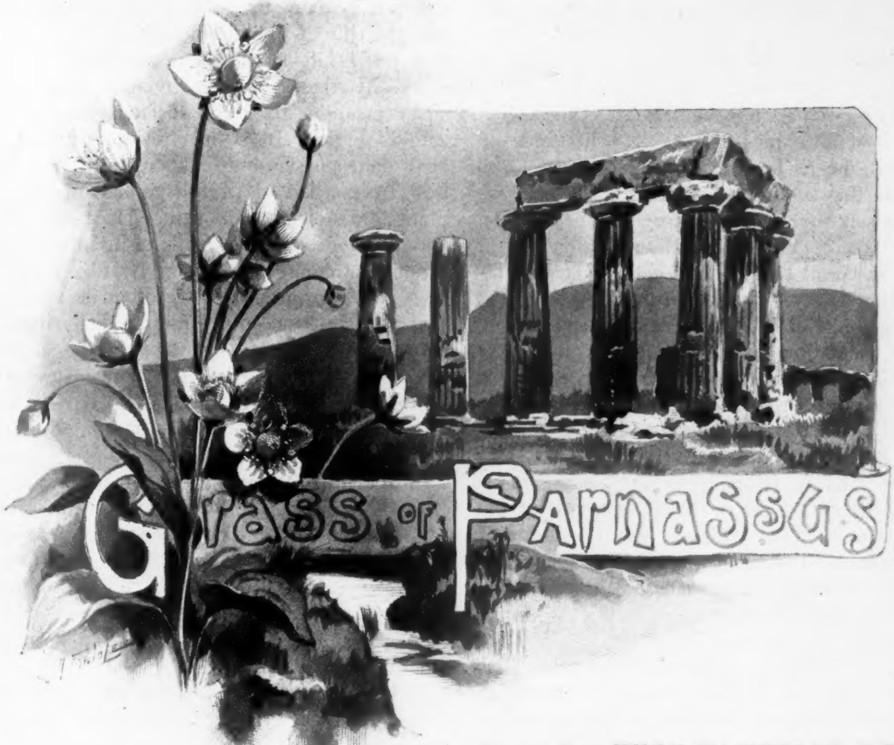
Had Sir John Dick been implicated beyond the accident of the lady being brought to his house by Count Orlov, as some authorities assert, his character must also have suffered, and the friendly intercourse with which he was honoured by the Grand Duke have ceased; on the contrary, in a private letter dated January 1776 he says: "To-morrow we are to have the Great Duke, his sister the Arch Dutchess Christina, with her husband, Prince Albert of Saxony. You will have heard that the Dutchess of Gloucester has brought forth a prince at Rome.... Their Royal Highness' have been so gracious as to invite us to Rome, but Business has prevented our being able to pay our Duty to them there." In August of that year he announces the King had accepted his resignation of his post at Leghorn, from which he had for some time been anxious to retire as his health had suffered from the climate; but before returning home they spent the winter at Rome, "the Duke of Gloucester has been so good as to press our going there." These are facts which speak for themselves.

After his return to England Lord North was anxious to secure his services, and future honours were held out to him, but being in need of rest he declined them. Four years later he was appointed Comptroller of Army Accounts by King George III., which post he held until shortly before his death in 1804.

What a contrast there must have been between this dapper little gentleman and the swashbuckling Count, with his great height, scarred face, and commanding presence!

A certain carefulness and precision marked alike Sir John's character as well as his dress, which was the cutaway coat of the period, dainty lace ruffles, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes. On his left side glittered the star of St. Anne, and across his breast the broad ribbon of the Order; round his neck he wore the ribbon and Order of the Baronets of Nova Scotia; and a low-crowned three-cornered hat completed his attire.

Count Alexis Orlov, finding he was being superseded at Court by new favourites, retired to his house near Moscow, where he lived in great style until the Empress's death in 1796, when he was suddenly recalled by the new Emperor, who had decided to have the remains of his predecessor, Peter III., removed from the Convent of St. Alexander Nevski to the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, and that Prince Bariatinski and Count Alexis, the two remaining of his murderers, should figure in the expiatory ceremony. Each had to hold a corner of the pall that covered the body of their victim, and their faces are said to have borne witness to the feelings such terrible recollections must inevitably have raised. The Count was forbidden to remain at home, and obtaining permission to travel, went to Germany until the death of the Emperor Paul, when he returned to his palace on the hill outside Moscow, where he died in 1808, leaving an enormous fortune to his only daughter. All traces are lost of a son, said to be by the Empress Catherine, who bore the name Tchesmenski, and in whom she took some interest, though according to Danielevski this son was the child of the unknown, born in prison a few days before her death, christened Alexander Alexeef, and registered Chismenski. The remaining Orlov brothers all died without legitimate issue, and thus with them, in 1815, ended the race of Ivan the Eagle.



Grass of Parnassus

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

WHO can ever forget his first sight of the sacred mountain of the poets? Sailing over the calm blue waters of the Gulf of Corinth, with the memorial pillar of Byron's death at Missolonghi on the left, and the traditional grave of St. Andrew at Patras on the right, you see far up on the north-eastern horizon the famous range with its pure snowy summit, clear-cut against the violet sky, like a gigantic cameo, rose-tinted with the level rays of the afternoon sun. That vision glorifies the whole landscape, rivets the gaze, and fills the soul with yearnings too deep for utterance. It makes you feel young again, and brings back the bracing atmosphere of schoolboy life, when with slow and painful steps you climbed the mental mount, and plucked but few blossoms to solace you by the way.

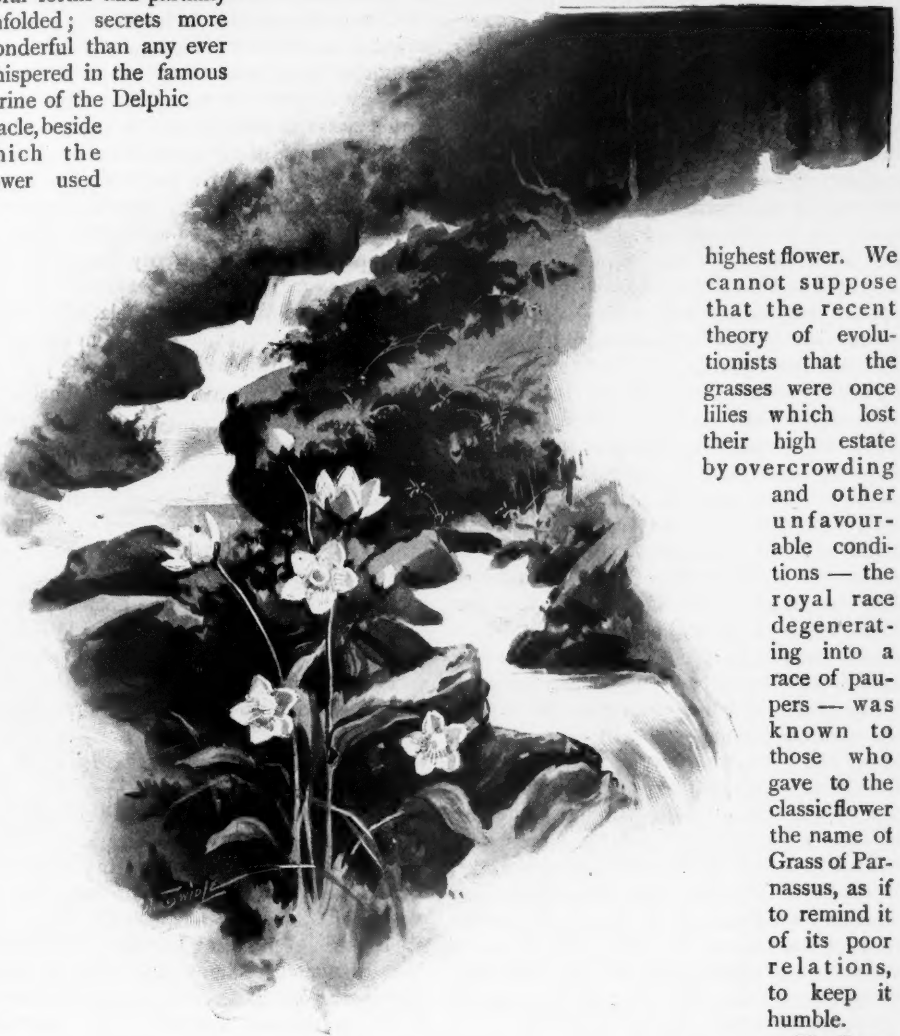
In the background of the charming little wildflower that has received its august classical name from this source, you seem to see in fancy's eye this wonderful vision. But no more does the Grass of Parnassus grow on the banks of the Castalian spring, below the shrine of Apollo, where it was first noticed, and where it used to flourish luxuriantly. Owing to the extreme desiccation of the country from the loss of its woods in recent years, the sacred spring has dwindled into a mere dribble of water which can hardly nourish the faintest line of green among the sterile crags. With the departure of the Naiad of the spring has vanished its floral favourite. But this "glory that was Greece" is now given to our own misty northern moors, where the flower seems still conscious of its association with "summits old in story," dreaming of the haunts of the gods of old. It serves as a silver link to connect in our imaginations the hills of

Greece with our own, and the times of romance, when the sands of life ran gold, with our own prosaic days when life is shadowed by the leaden skies that hang over it.

It is strange how similar are the productions of all climes and ages. On the table before me as I write are lichens and mosses from the summit of Hymettus, which are precisely the same as those which grow on the top of Ben Lomond or Skiddaw. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, in his recent book, "Notes from a Diary," says about the summit of the long range of Ida, which he had just climbed, the vegetation of the Phalacra is amusingly unlike that which Homer describes as having sprung up at the command of Zeus, in the locality. The Phalacra is as bare as the top of Ben Nevis, and not very unlike it. One flower has a strong general resemblance to the Silene acaulis or Moss campion of our own mountains. We are prone to locate remarkable incidents in remarkable scenes. But what strikes us most in the localities of the grandest associations, is not the strange but the familiar look of the landscape. The mystic incidents of classic story took place not amid new forms and strange appearances of plant life, but amid the homely verdure of our own scenery. The Grass of Parnassus tells us that Apollo still lingers on our common hills, and may be seen in every sunbeam that extracts a smile from their reluctant gloom; and the poetic eye may recognise the Castalian spring in every little rill that makes the solitude musical with its murmur and bright with its sparkle. It tells us that the present moment is rich with the treasures of the past, and will become in its turn the golden age, when gilded with the sunset light of memory.

The Grass of Parnassus is a living poem. One would need a deep draught of the Pierian Spring—Apollo's own gift of second sight—to reveal its open secrets of loveliness. It resembles a buttercup in size and shape, only its colour is white as Parian marble, more delicately veined than any agate or alabaster. The buttercup embodies the sunshine of the meadows; the Grass of Parnassus has received, like Endymion asleep on the mountain top, the kisses of the moon till it has become blanched to a kindred whiteness. The dews are not more transparent than its crystalline texture; the snow of the highest peak of Parnassus is not purer than the colour of its petals; and the rills of Castalia do not glisten down the green hill slopes of early April more ethereally than the tiny rivulets of living silver meander over the surface of its delicate blossom. It is all flower and stem. It disdains to climb to its crown of perfection by the ladder of foliage like ordinary plants. Only two or three heart-shaped leaves—the swaddling-bands of its infancy—remain clinging to its stem far down near the root. It grows in a season so short, and in a situation so precarious, that nature, more careful of the type than of the single life, hastens to produce the part necessary to preserve the life of the species, having no time nor material to waste upon the foliage which belongs to the individual. Hence the skill that in other plants is spread over the various parts is in this plant concentrated in the blossom, until it has become a perfect miracle of beauty. There is thus an affinity between it and the stately Ionic column which rises up straight and unadorned, until at the summit it breaks out into its richly sculptured capital.

There is something about the Grass of Parnassus which irresistibly reminds one of the snowdrop. It looks indeed like a snowdrop born out of due season. It differs widely, of course, in its proud, erect, wide-eyed aspect from the modest, downcast eye, the drooping, shrinking attitude of the first-born blossom of the year; but it has, nevertheless, many suggestions that recall it. Its leafless stem, its snow-white purity, its delicate veins and green nectaries, all resemble similar features in the snowdrop. In these respects it seems constructed upon the type of the snowdrop, which is a lily. There is something about it, too, which reminds one of a strawberry blossom, having the same number and shape and colour of petals, although the resemblance is in this case even more superficial. And as the strawberry belongs to the rose-type, it may be said that this late-born child of the year combines the types of the rose and lily, whose numberless representatives have faded away in succession before its appearance. It sums up in itself the perfection of these two most prominent types of plant life. It is a postscript of Nature that tells us on its snowy page the secrets which the previous



floral forms had partially unfolded; secrets more wonderful than any ever whispered in the famous shrine of the Delphic oracle, beside which the flower used to bloom. It is the ghost of all the flowers of the previous season revisiting the glimpses of the harvest-moon—a "Psyche from the regions which are holy-land."

Why it should be called a grass is not self-evident, for it has no affinity in structure or appearance with that lowly tribe; unless, indeed, it shares in the exaltation of its classic growing place, and what is elsewhere mere grass, on the sacred height of Parnassus—where the light is sevenfold as the light of seven days—becomes a radiant blossom, and the humblest weed is transfigured into the highest flower. We cannot suppose that the recent theory of evolutionists that the grasses were once lilies which lost their high estate by overcrowding and other unfavourable conditions — the royal race degenerating into a race of paupers — was known to those who gave to the classic flower the name of Grass of Parnassus, as if to remind it of its poor relations, to keep it humble.

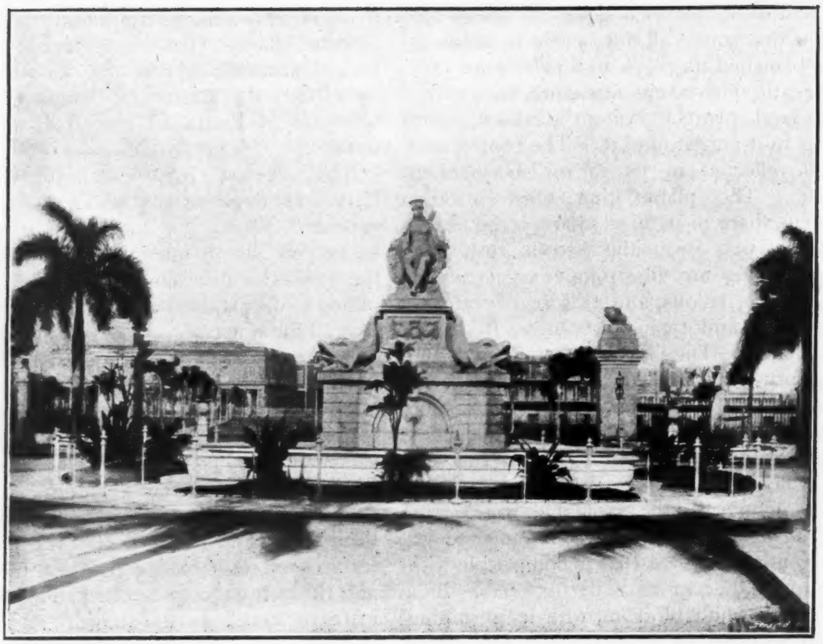
The Grass of Parnassus belongs to the curious Sundew family, with which Darwin's observations and experiments have made us familiar in late years. The common sundew grows in great abundance on our moors in the same kind of situation which the Grass of Parnassus affects. But the latter plant does not possess the extraordinary insectivorous habits of the former. There is a remarkable contrast between the stealthy, crafty appearance of the sundew—hiding among the red moss-tufts like a vegetable spider, with its flowers that hardly ever open to the sun, as if ashamed to be seen, and hating the light—and the bold, frank, guileless look of the Grass of Parnassus, with its large conspicuous white flowers fully expanded, shining in the light and seen afar off. It seems as if this member had separated itself as widely as possible from the habits of its kindred, and assumed a more respectable position in the vegetable scale of morals. The murderous contrivance which forms the peculiarity of the leaf of the sundew has become in the case of the Grass of Parnassus an innocent feature of the blossom. Every one on first seeing this beautiful flower is struck with the fairy trellis-work of glistening yellowish-green beads, like ornaments of crysolite, around the inside of the border between the petals and the stamens. These gland-like bodies are sterile stamens converted into nectaries. They should have secreted honey instead of pollen; but in reality they are dry, and the true honey is found a little lower down. But it is so scanty that it would not of itself have been sufficient to allure insects; and therefore the flower has been obliged as it were to add to its attractions by producing this ingenious imitation of nectaries. Insects are deceived by the glistening honey-like balls; and though the same individuals learn by experience to avoid the plant, yet there are fresh ignorant broods every year that repeat the experiment, and they furnish a sufficient number to effect cross-fertilisation. In this way the staminodes, by failing to fulfil their original purpose, help more effectually the cause of fertilisation; and they are placed in such a position as to compel the insects to settle upon them in the way most suitable for this most important purpose. It is a beautiful contrivance in itself, greatly enhancing the attractiveness of the flower; and it is even more beautiful because of the wonderful far-reaching thoughts which it suggests of Nature's compensations. The greenish hue of these nectaries indicates a tendency to retrogade a step further into a cluster of green leaves. These green marks on its vestal glory are traces of its lowly origin. They tell the secret that the snowy blossom is only a transformation of the common green leaf; that it carries into its highest development, into the very heart of its transfiguration, its humble birth-mark. It is this feature alone that brings the flower into association with the great families of the sedges and grasses which, it is said, are the green degenerate descendants of showy petaliferous blossoms. It is the only ground on which we can call it a grass.

Another very interesting peculiarity will be observed by the careful eye in the blossom of the Grass of Parnassus. It possesses in part the power of spontaneous movement. The stamens, of which there are five, are irritable like those of the barberry and the rock-rose, and move towards the conical pistil in the centre in orderly succession to discharge their contents. At first they all crouch at the foot of the relatively huge pistil. But by-and-by one of them becomes mature, its anther enlarges with ripe pollen, and its filament lengthens so as to enable it to shed the pollen on the pistil, when it retires and allows the one next to it in due time to repeat the process, and so with the third. But the last two rise nearly simultaneously to fulfil their important design, and ultimately the whole five, discarding their empty anthers, now effete and useless, lie back horizontally among the petals, forming a five-rayed star. The petals then lose their brilliancy, become rusty and discoloured with autumn's breath, and drop off one by one, leaving on the forlorn stem the large purple ovule to ripen its immense quantity of minute yellow seeds, forming the secure harvest of next year's growth.

The Grass of Parnassus derives a special charm from the haunts where it is found. It does not grow on the heights or in the valleys, but in the intermediate region where the mountain slopes down to the plain. It affects the uplands, the foreshore, as it were, between man's changeable haunts, where year after year the face of Nature is altered by his cultivation, and the waste moorland where nature reigns supreme, and which, like the ocean, knows no change. There we see it whitening the marshy places, or crowding beside a well-eye, in little fairy nooks which the common wildflowers may not enter, growing with masses of the golden saxifrage and the bog asphodel, the only things fair enough to stand by its side. There is a soberness of hue about all this region with which the brilliant whiteness of the flower strikingly contrasts. It gleams like a lone star in a twilight sky. Its feeble flicker is almost quenched by the universal brown shade. The dim pathetic mistiness of the immemorial solitude seems to impart to it a sympathetic touch of sadness; and the wail of the plover and the scream of the curlew that sound all day beside it, seem to have blanched its cheek to a paler hue.

Aquatic plants are far more interesting than land plants. Water idealises every object in it and around it. The commonest scene reflected in its mirror becomes a picture. The plants that grow in this element share in its ideal charm; the water-lily, the iris, even the brown rush and sedge. They are all strongly suggestive in their shape, colour, and texture of water—the source and type of coolness, freshness and vitality. The Grass of Parnassus is the very form and substance which we should expect water to take should it assume organic shape and blossom. The glaucous green of its leaves and stem is just the very tint which water possesses characteristically in common with the vegetable world, and has the advantage of being cool and shadowy to the utmost degree that is compatible with the appearance of an active vegetable life; while the white blossom, with its glistening green nectaries, is an apotheosis of the spirit of the water, like Venus born of the foam. Leading an amphibious life; never growing in water altogether, like the little lilac Lobelia of the Highland loch, which loves to stand with the tiny waves rippling shorewards around its feet; never growing on the dry land, like the purple fine-leaved heath on the knolls around, which is impatient of water; it needs to have its roots wrapped in those great spongy tufts of mosses of vivid red and green hues that line the beds of moorland rills, and its delicate blossom protected from the too ardent sun by a fringe of tall rushes. It must have the misty spray of the upland waterfall always upon it, and the low sound of many waters gurgling through tangled quaking beds of reeds and sedges always in its ear, to keep it cool and fresh like a blossom of the snow. In such romantic situations it recalls the naiads of old—the fairest dreams of men. It seems easy to believe in such quiet far-off scenes, where the presence of a solitary coot or a heron is an interruption to the solitude, and where the link that binds us to the busy common earth is broken and lost, that the nymphs are still gazing upon their own reflected beauty in the limpid stream. White-limbed shapes might at any moment glide away from the springs, to whose sides the blossoms of Parnassus give their wealth of beauty!

The sweetest charm of all the Grass of Parnassus owes to the season in which it appears. When the magic voice of the cuckoo is silent, and the great festival of the flowers is over, and the swallow is preparing to depart, it comes to point the moral that all life must begin to perish at its height, and all work when it is finished bring forth death. It comes at a time of brilliant colouring, when the fire of life that is slowly consuming every green thing bursts into vivid radiance in garden and field. A deeper scarlet burns in the geranium, a richer yellow in the golden rod, a deeper purple in the scabious and bluebell. But the numerous features of resemblance between the spring and the autumn have another added to them in the whiteness of the snowdrop and Grass of Parnassus. Side by side with flowers, the last matured products of the year, representing the latest and most highly developed lines of descent, whose ancestors had passed successively through all the intermediate stages, wearing the purple which is Nature's imperial hue, the mark of the highest birth and latest and most perfect form—appears this "pale watcher by the unburied dead"—clothed in vestal whiteness, the colour which belongs to the oldest and simplest flowers, to the flowers that bloom at night and in winter, in dark times and places, where they require to make themselves more than usually conspicuous to attract the attention of insects. Nature ends, as she began the year, with a white flower. She goes back to her youthful simplicity, to her original virginal purity; and amid shortening days and lowering skies and fading landscapes, and all the sadness which the autumnal sights and sounds produce, reminding us that we too are fast hastening away, speaks of hopes that survive decay, and flowers that bloom immortal where the white-robed dwell.



INDIAN PARK, HAVANA

HOW I LANDED IN CUBA

By PHIL ROBINSON

On the 9th May I started for Cuba *viâ* Key West, stopping *en route* at Washington to obtain my passport from Sir Julian Pauncefote and introductions to the Fleet from Mr. Secretary Long, and to buy some cheap outfit—thinking it discreet, in case either Spaniard or insurgent made prize-of-war of me, to give my captors as worthless loot as possible. I reached Tampa on the 15th, where I found every officer grumbling, as it is the duty of every officer at the commencement of a campaign to do, at the "miserable muddle" that headquarters were making of everything by not giving everybody all they wanted at once and a free hand; and next day left by the *Mascotte* for Key West, my objective point being Havana, which was "about to be bombarded" at once.

Immediately on arrival at Key West I presented to Commodore Dewey, chief at the naval base, the letters of introduction which Mr. Secretary Long, of the Navy Department, had most courteously given me both to the Commodore and to Admiral Sampson. In these the Secretary said "the bearer, Mr. Phil Robinson, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, wishes to be landed in Cuba, and this Department will be pleased if you can give him any assistance to enable him to attain his end." But Commodore Dewey declared that these instructions did not *authorise* him to assist me, "but only said the Naval Department would be pleased if he did," and that therefore he could not take any responsibility, and not only refused me any sort of help whatsoever, but let it be so plainly understood that I was not to be allowed to go to Cuba that the local paper spoke of me jocularly as a "prisoner." Of the Commodore's peculiar style of evasion of "responsibility," as ingenious as it was obstinate, I cannot give better illustration than this: A fellow-correspondent had an order from Mr. Secretary Long permitting him to "*embark on the So-and-So for Havana*." This, out of courtesy, he showed to Commodore Dewey who, having read it, said blandly, "Yes, sir, this gives you leave to *embark on* the So-and-So for Havana, but you will notice that it does not say anything about your being allowed *to land at Havana*"*!* When the applicant had recovered from his astonishment at this amazing reading of the permit, he asked the Commodore what he had better do. "You had better," said he, "get another order from the Secretary of the Navy authorising you to land." And he had actually to do so. Such eccentric nervousness of responsibility in an official nominally "commanding" would in peace times have been sufficiently unbecoming. But at the opening of a war, when momentous matters were urgently demanding attention, when the unpreparedness of the country seemed to threaten public calamity and fiasco in both naval and military arrangements, it was surely not the part of a highly-placed official like the Commodore at the base to indulge in such dreary humour, and to add to the friction already lamentably apparent between departments by causing the sending of a score of despatches into Washington over the departure of a couple of English correspondents.

Meanwhile, I had come to the conclusion that as I was evidently not to be allowed to go legitimately I had better arrange to escape as best as I could. I therefore made arrangements for buying a two-masted schooner, the *Stampede*, which was lying idle in dock, a boat with an English charter and entitled to fly the English flag, and in her I was going to sail down the crescent of "Keys"—the dotted line of coral islands which on our maps nearly connect Florida with Cuba—and when I reached Salt Key, the last of the series, I proposed to wait for a strong breeze and slip across the intervening twenty miles of open water into Cardenas, taking my chance of being intercepted by one of the so-called "blockading fleet." That I should have succeeded I

COLUMBUS CHAPEL, HAVANA

Seiba-tree in front, said to be the third in succession on the spot where tree stood on Columbus arrival

TOMB OF COLUMBUS IN CATHEDRAL, HAVANA

have no doubt, for the blockade was virtually non-existent: simply an affront to international law. One miserable tug, which the Spaniards, if they had had any spirit for the initiative, ought to have blown off the sea, used to parade up and down the coast and officially represented not only the blockade of Cardenas but of Matanzas as well! That no notice has been taken of this gross travesty of the rights of belligerents was due partly to the extraordinary complaisance with which all the Powers, and even Spain too for the matter of that, has accepted American bunkum as to the blockade. I myself, as will be seen later, proved the blockade ineffective by passing, with one friend, in a small rowing-boat into the harbour of Matanzas in open daylight. It was also due to the elaborately stupid censorship of news which prevented information as to facts leaking out. The censor's rule appears to have been to allow only what was untrue to go over the wires, the consequence being that bizarre assortment of mutilated and fancy telegrams which, from a newspaper point of view, has made the war for ever memorable. Being jealously kept uninformed of the real state of affairs, the Powers civilly supposed that the Americans were within their rights when they claimed an "effective" blockade of the north coast of Cuba; and unfortunate Spain, always too ready to sacrifice the present to the future, regarded an impudent tug, sometimes a gunboat, promenading about the mouths of her ports as an invincible blockade, instead of coming boldly out and, in the words of Tennyson, "banging it to the devil."

But as events proved I had no need to buy my schooner after all, for there came into Key West from New York *viâ* Nassau a yacht with English charter, the property of the Associated Press, upon which I and Mr. Whigham (representing when in Cuba the *Standard*) were offered passages. We gladly accepted the offer, and Mr. Whigham having already purchased a rowing-boat, it was put on board, and after dark we with our luggage—only a parcel apiece—went on board ourselves. An hour later we were out of the port beyond the pale of Commodore Dewey's dispiriting influence, and, a glorious night all in our favour, we had a delightful run over to the squadron. This gallant-looking fleet—seventeen vessels of all sorts and conditions—was known as "the blockading squadron;" but as it employed itself in chivvying that will-o'-the-wisp, the all-too-nimble and invisible

Spaniard, up and down the Gulf Stream, every now and again stopping for gun practice at a Spanish fort or battery, the actual duties of blockading were relegated to such contemptible craft as the *Leyden* and the *Foote*.

At nightfall we started again, leaving the squadron glittering with night-signals like gigantic jewels, and headed for Cardenas. The moon had set, the night though fine was dark, when suddenly out from the gloom came a flash followed by the boom of a gun. A blank cartridge, so we knew that it was a friend, though a very inconvenient and inopportune one, that had, in the phrase current here among pressmen, "picked us up." As we stopped, the usual exchange of question and answer followed, and after being scolded for showing a light and told to be more careful, our captor steamed away in the direction of the squadron, and after a discreet pause to let it get well out of sight, we steamed away slowly in the opposite, heading now for Matanzas.

The grey of the morning found us in sight of the Cuban coast, and with engines slowed down we crept nearer and nearer, momentarily expecting to sight some unwelcome blockader. But fortune favoured us. Nothing came in sight, and at last we saw the lighthouse at the mouth of Matanzas harbour, and the headland opposite with the battery on it that Sampson fired his non-explosive shells at. It was time for us now to be off. Any minute there might be smoke on the horizon, and then good-bye to all our hopes of invading Cuba. The sea was calm as a meadow. It is a stealthily treacherous sea this along the northern coast of Cuba, as the wreckage on it proves, and though all seems fair above, there are evil under-currents, "swift to shed blood," hurrying the careless mariner on to the implacable belt of coral rock with which the island is hooped around. And if the wind be blowing crosswise to the Gulf Stream, or a hurricane slips through an opening between the Keys, and comes racing, tearing along the Carib Sea, then it's hey! for the dragging anchor, and ho! for the hungry shark. But to-day the sea is on its very best behaviour, placid as a carpet. The sun is not above the horizon yet, and the air is cool. Our little boat is lowered into the water, and we take our places, Whigham at the oars, I astern, and then our kind friends lower down to us a pail of drinking-water, some biscuits, a pot of jam, a tin of beef, and our flags—three Union Jacks and a table-napkin (as a flag of truce), and then after a hearty hand-shake and "Good luck to you" we shove off.

But the yacht stands by until, seeing that we are going strong, the success of our adventure seems assured, and then she is off. How quickly she disappeared from sight, though steaming straight into the rising sun! and we find ourselves alone on the sea, a worm for the early gunboat-bird to pick up; and ahead of us Cuba with prowling cavalry patrols all along its terraced coast. We expected, of course, to be sighted and challenged, probably fired upon; and our intention was, if this happened, to row straight towards our challengers, be arrested by them

FOWL-SELLERS, MATANZAS

and carried before the Commandant. But nobody bothered themselves about such "small beer" as we were: even the sea-things made believe that we were too small to notice. A party of sooty-coloured terns, scudding low along the sea, took us on their way and flew over our boat, passing between my companion and myself; a company of porpoises feeding lazily, only half-awake perhaps, didn't trouble to get out of our way, and we could have tossed biscuits on to their backs as we passed through. Their prey was evidently tiny flying-fishes, the size of locusts, that were skipping out of the water in short six-inch flights all about and among the porpoises. And the sun came up, shooting horizontal rays along the sea. How hot they were! I soaked a bandanna in the sea and hung it over my head under my cowboy hat, and Whigham I think must have been right when he said that I looked such a ruffian that no one would imagine that I wasn't a native of the place.

The headland on the west of the harbour, the point we were steering for, seemed to get no nearer, and Whigham, who was rowing right manfully, rested for a drink of water and a mouthful of biscuit and jam. And as we munched one "chora haziri" we discovered, gruesome fact! that there was a current against us, and that we were drifting back to sea at about three miles an hour. But he was soon at work again, and after another hour's pulling we stopped again to take stock of the situation, and then we found that the "headland" was an optical illusion, as the shore on the west side of the harbour makes a gradual semicircular sweep; but the mirage from the coral belt, some twenty feet deep, that runs round the island, always kept before us the semblance of a narrow spit which we had to round before getting into the harbour. As we advanced this receded, and it would have seemed as if the ebb tide was keeping us stationary had it not been that on the other, the east, side of the harbour, the lighthouse fort that had been six miles ahead of us when we started was, we saw, now behind us. And a battery that now came in sight slowly, very slowly, for the tide was running out strong, slipped away astern.

Then Whigham rested again, and through our glasses we saw that Matanzas was evidently waking up to the work of the day. A fisherman shook out his sail to the light breeze that was blowing up; a party of convicts under soldiers' escort were tramping towards a battery. And on we went again, and on a sudden on our right there appeared a patrol of cavalry coming towards us along the coast. When they were abreast of us they halted, took a good look at us, dismounted, and took cover in the bush. "Look out," I said, "for a volley," but no volley came. Baling the boat with my right hand, I waggled the table-napkin overhead with the other. Whether they accepted it as a flag of truce or not I cannot say, but they neither fired nor challenged. And we went on our way, and round the curve we came plump on to a new battery covered over with bushes, and an officer came out of his tent and looked at us through his glasses, and then a number of soldiers ran to a gun, and we waited. Somebody on shore shouted to us, but the sound came to us too faintly for us to accept it as a reasonable challenge, and we rowed on, changing our course a little so as to give the gunners if they really meant to fire only an end-on shot, and holding out towards the opposite shore. And the white napkin waggled gallantly.

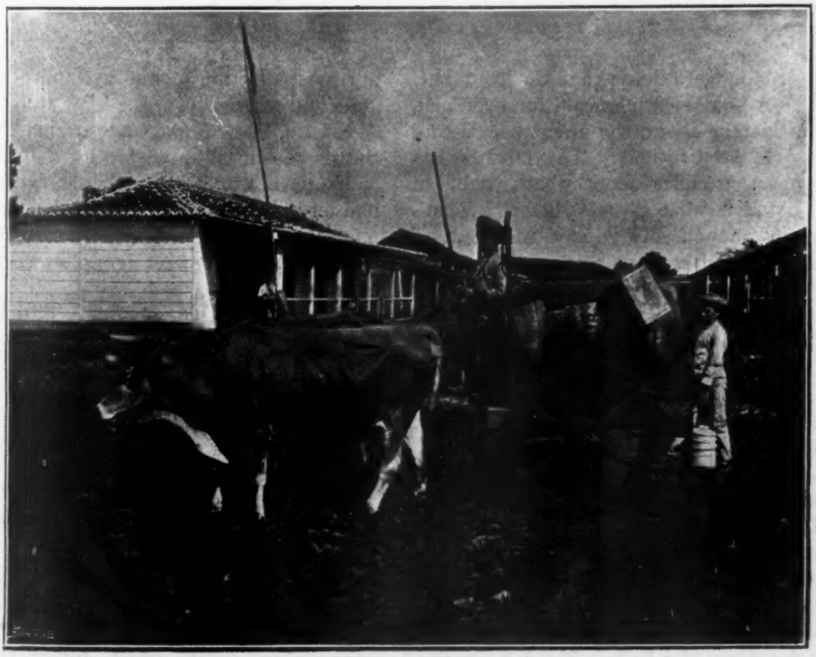
We waited for a long time for the expected shot, but it never came; and finding ourselves getting dangerously near the other shore, from which we were evidently under observation by groups of soldiers, we steered once more for the centre of the harbour, and lo! on a sudden Matanzas. The sun was now above the coast, the mirage headland had disappeared, and to our astonishment we found that we were fairly inside the harbour. To our left, three or four miles ahead, were a row of white buildings, and abreast of us a battery, men busy all about it, and laden mules filing along the road. But nobody took further notice of us. Fishing-boats were sailing about, and though one passed us, its occupants paid no attention to so insignificant-looking a stranger. What a tale no doubt they had to tell when, later on, they made the shore and heard the story of our invasion of Matanzas—how they had suspected us at first sight and had thought of capturing us, but, &c. &c. &c.

And so on we went unmolested, and rounding the curve, the panorama of the pretty town unfolded itself before us—an

Italian or Spanish seaport with white and yellow walls and touches of red in the roofs, and patched with green palms and tropical foliage, lying on the slope of the land, which very gradually rises from the sea-line to an upland amphitheatre ridged with palms. A beautiful view, and in our surprise at the charm of the picture we quite forgot for a while that we were rowing straight to prison. That this would be our fate we fully expected, but we hoped in the end to make it all right with our captors and be set at liberty "on parole," to watch the events of the war from inside. But all the same we did not wish to run straight into the unmerciful hands of a Spanish mob, and as Whigham rowed straight ahead, I kept a look-out for a quiet landing-place.

Right in front of us came in sight the jetty, alongside which, alas! there had been no craft for many a day. On the farther side of it under some trees was evidently some kind of market-place and a crowd; on the nearer side only some little children, yellow, brown, and black, paddling at the water's edge. We headed straight for the little folk, and to my surprise they took our coming quite philosophically. "Pesetas" was the first word we said to them. It has all the magic of "Bakshish" in the East. And the small amphibians huddled on their fragmentary clothing, and putting each of them a very easy load on their heads—one considered himself fully loaded when he had got the jampot balanced on his woolly little head—escorted us through the streets to the Hôtel du Louvre. For "Hotel en bueno" were the only other words we said, and "Louvre muy bueno" was their reply; so committing ourselves to their guidance we went straight ahead.

Soldiers swarmed everywhere: the sheds at the landing-place, the public buildings, the theatres that we passed were crammed with them; all along the streets on the shady side they lay in heaps. As we passed they could not believe their eyes, stared at us stupidly, some with open mouths; a few jumped up to their feet. Two or three times only we heard exclamations in very unfriendly tones, but we had taken them all too much by surprise. Behind us as we went, we left quite a tumult of excited voices; in front of us the crowds lay about listless, unexpectant, unprepared for so



WATER-SELLERS, MATANZAS

spectral an apparition, and let us come up to them and pass through them without any demonstration. I had had exactly a similar experience before and knew how serious our situation really was. A single child shouting at us "Americano!" might easily have cost us our lives, and later on we gathered from the officials that they considered our successful audacity in arriving at the hotel unharmed almost as remarkable as our arrival in the island. After Tel-el-Kebir, "Sir Garnet," it will be remembered, made straight for Cairo by train, and on arrival, I, instead of going to the citadel to see the military function that ensued, made my way alone to the palace in which Lieutenant Du Chain was a prisoner. The populace had no idea that British troops were actually in possession of the city, and the appearance of an Englishman cosily driving through the streets fairly paralysed them. Several parties jumping up upset their coffee-tables and dominoes. All were wildly excited. But I got to my destination all safely, and coming back was escorted by four of the mounted silver-carbined guard of the Khedive.

Whigham had had no previous experience of the kind, and walked smiling and *insouciant* through the thronged streets, and, incredulous as to danger, was considerably surprised when our Consul later on advised us not to leave our hotel unless we had some Spaniards of position with us. "You will of course be mistaken," he said, "for Americans, and in that case—" a shrug of the shoulders concluded the sentence. However, here we were, actually in Matanzas, and after a bath sat down to breakfast, when our Consul shortly joined us.

KATE PETRIE

By Mrs. W. H. SMYTH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

As for Kate Petrie, I never liked her. A bold selfish quean, for ever galivantin' about, nae peace, nae rest for hersel or ithers. The kind o' lass that never troubles aboot what's right or just, but aye what pleases hersel. That's common enough, div ye say, Mr. Suttie? Dootless, dootless; but that's no sayin' it's richt, and I can tell ye that wasna Nancy's way o' thinkin'.

To my mind there's nae cunnin' like that o' a woman like Kate Petrie when she sets her mind on a thing, for as she only sees what she wants to see, she colours and twists a' things to suit her ain way o' thinkin'. Oh ay, she was clever enough and guid-lookin' enough.

That is, Kate Petrie was guid-lookin' for them that likes things aye at a white heat; for she had a keen white face and a flashin' restless ee, wi' thin red lips o'er teeth sae white and shairp that when she smiled 'twas like the gleam o' a knife. No, I never liked her smile, for there was neither tenderness nor sympathy in it, but aye purpose and guile and maleeciousness.

No, no, Dan didna care for her, Maister Suttie, ye can tak' my word for that.

He never would hae looket at her gin she had let him alane. But what can a young man dae wi' thae flauntin' queans that come buzzin' round, as sweet as hinney and hidin' their sting?

Foreby that Dan was frank and honest, and open as the day. Never pretendin' to gang east if he meant to gang west; that is, of course, when he wasna on the sea—there he had whiles to tack and whiles to rin wi' the wind, jest as the clouds demanded, they bein' ordered by a Higher Power.

But 'twixt man and woman that's free to say yes or no, Dan was aye straichtforad and thocht every ither body the same. Our men are maistly that way, ye see, simple-minded and straight o' speech, which is but nat'ral, seein' their life is one long struggle wi' death, which forces them to face things clearly and promptly, but in no ways trains them to mak' things o' twa meanings.

If Kate met Dan and said she was gaun east the night, Dan niver took this as a hint to gang east himsel. And so Kate had aye to fund out which way Dan was gaun, and gang that gait hersel. And dootless she fund mair pleesure that way, crooket ways bein mair to her taste.

But mind ye, Mr. Suttie, I'll no say but what Dan needna hae stayed sae long crackin' and laughin' wi' her when she met him. But she was a braw lass accordin' to some, wi' a flatterin' tongue as I ken, and he was jest a simple young fisherman, wearin' the colours o' the sun and the fresh breezes on his tanned cheeks, wi' his fair hair and beard bleached like the ripenin' corn that stands bared i' the sun, his merry blue eyes answerin' to every thocht as freely as his beloved waves answer to the moods o' the clouds above. Ay, ay, a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

What was Nancy like, d'ye say, Maister Suttie?

Ah! but ye hae me there, sir, for hoo could I ever mak' ye see my Nancy through words o' mine?

Sittin' as ye see me now, fettered, helpless, though resigned and even grateful for the leisure and the peacefu' days my very burdens gie me, wi' memory and hope for my dear companions in my enforced tranquillity. But oh! this didna come a' at ance; lang, lang and sair was the struggle, lang and sair, but through time cam the blade and syne cam' the full corn.

For ye see, Mr. Suttie, I was but young when my trouble began, and I had my dreams and hopes jest like the ither lasses. But I had to learn they were never to be onything but dreams for me. And oh! but the heart kens its ain bitterness.

Maybe ye think it was easy to resign what were only dreams and hopes?

But I tell ye no, it wasna easy, it wasna easy. Our highest thochts what are they but hopes and dreams? Tak' them awa', and how pale is our courage, how lifeless our endurance!

But the Lord was kind and didna tak' a' power to move frae me a' at once, but only gradually, bit by bit, and so I was able to prepare for it, and when I had to face it it had gotten kind o' familiar like. Yes, and I was gien time to say good-by to a' thae places I used to gang to sae frequently, for in thae days every week or fortnicht wad see me in Dundee, and that's mair nor fourteen miles frae here, as ye ken, and lang, lang is the time the Kinlochs hae been kent a' about there, ay, and even farder than that.

But there, that's a' past now, for o' them a' I'm a' that's left, jest as there's only one journey left for me now outside this little gairden.

And now, Mr. Suttie, since ye ken me a we better, ye'll unnerstan what my wee neebor was to me, wi' her gentle friendliness, for she had aye sweet courtesy by the hand and lived i' friendship wi' modesty and reverence, as how could it be otherwise since love ruled a' her thochts and actions?

A melody that's sweetly played in tune.

Ay, that's my Nancy, sir. Nae fause notes there, but aye a tunefu' mind, contented and ready to sing wi' the birds, lauch wi' the sunshine, and aye as busy as a bee.

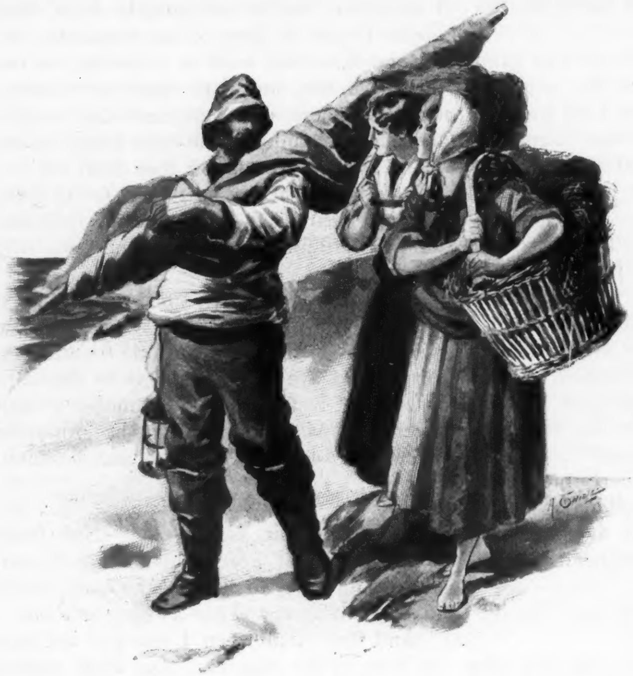
And how aften when I was put out here to bask i' the sunshine, like ither useless things—for it's lang since I coud either knit or spin—I wud sit and listen for the sound o' her foot; and suddenly a' things grew lightsomer as I looket at them through the kindly sympathy that beamed frae her bonnie young face, as she ca'd frae her door ower her wee bit flowerin' gairden,

"Weel, Mistress Kinloch, and what is't to be the night—the Buik, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or a bit frae your fav'rite Carlyle?"

For maist every nicht that Dan was awa' at the fishin', Nancy wad cum o'er and we'd read thegither first ae buik and then anither, and as Nancy aye read to please me, they werena jest the kind o' buiks ye'd expec' a young lass like her to licht upon.

But aye afore she ga'ed hame I minded to turn the talk on Dan; and then it was bonnie to watch the saft tremblin' o' her ee afore it settled in that far-awa' look that telt me she had travelled awa' o'er the cliffs and was skimmin' o'er the sleepin' waves to whaur she kent was Dan, haulin' in wi' patient eagerness the nets that seemed to bring Nancy and him thegither, for he was workin' hard and savin' hard for them to git merried. I mind fine that nicht when I first got suspeecious o' Nancy's trouble.

We'd been readin' that most astonishin'



"It's the custom for the wives to carry their man's nets down to the boats"

bit o' saftness o' Carlyle's, about the wee German mannie, ye ken, wi' the awfu' name. But we got o'er that deeficulty by ca'in' him Deevilsdraught. It sounds awfu' unchristian-like, but then he was a foreigner.

That was aye a favourite bit o' mine. I felt sae sorry for the body when his flower maiden gied him up, and I kent sae weel how he felt that I coud jest hear the click o' his heart as it sprang back when the door was jammed in his face that awfu' day. Hech, sirs! but hope is ta'en sharply frae some o' us by ithers.

But he could tak' his staff and wark it aff, and that was a blessin', for men hae sae little patience.

Weel, as I was sayin', I saw Nancy wasna jest hersel that nicht, but I showed nae sign o' observation, for I kent fine that when her heart would overflow it would be i' my breast. And, by-and-by, out it cam'.

"Mistress Kinloch," says she, "what wad ye think o' onybody that was suspeecious?"

"'Deed, my lass," says I, "I'm thinkin' we're o' the same mind there, for what's loyalty to me is loyalty to you, and as ye ken, my doo, suspeecion and loyalty divna gang thegither."

For a while she kep' quiet, then wi' a wee shake o' her head, like a bird that's gaun to tak' wing, she looket up wi' a smile and said:

"Mistress Kinloch, what wad I dae, wantin' ye?"

And the words were as sweet as hinney to me, that had sae lang felt mysel naething but a sore burden to a' body near me.

But I kent fine what was botherin' her. It was jest that meddlin' hizzie, Kate Petrie, for Kirstie Black had telt me a' about it i' the aifternoon.

Ye see, Maister Suttie, there's twa kind o' lasses—the ane has to be askit to gang, the ither gangs withoot the askin'.

Now, as ye ken, in our pairt i' the county, when the men are gaun out to fish, it's the custom for the wives to carry their man's nets down to the boats i' the creels on their backs, and the lasses do the same for their lads, that is, them that's far enough on for that.

But Nancy was different frae the ither lasses, and as she didna join i' their fun, neither did she i' this preevilege. My certie! a braw preevilege.

Weel, weel! we'll say nae mair aboot that the now.

That aifternoon when the wives were a' cartin' doon the nets on their backs, Dan, as usual, had thrown his ower his shouthers and was whistlin' his way down the cliff, when up comes Kate Petrie, and wi' a laugh tapples the hale nets ower his head, and afore ye could say Jack Robinson she had them up and in her creel, and was flyin' down to Dan's boat, the *Nancy Pretty*.

Dan, man-like, didna fash, but just jined i' the sport and aifter her, a' the easier o' wantin' his burden. When they got to the boat she jest skippit in aifter him and bided a' the time he was sortin' his nets.

Nancy, that aye watched him frae the tap o' the cliffs, ready to waive till him when he sailed awa', saw the hale performance, and though she kent Dan wasna a'thegither to blame, still she thought Kate Petrie wadna hae stayed sae lang gin he hadna made her some welcome.

But what kent my modest wee Nancy aboot the ways o' such as Kate Petrie? And as for bein' welcome, that wasna o' much account wi' her, for, as is weel kent, there's nane sae blind as them that dinna want to see.

Weel, when Dan was ready to put off and waved his bonnet to Nancy as usual, never an answer did she gie, but kep' her hands tight under her apron, and let him sail awa' without ony sign, kennin fine he wad feel some cloud was atwixt them. But Nancy's gentle breast couldna lang harbour unfriendliness, and the next mornin' saw her up wi' the lark, her heart fu' o' strains o' happy tunefu' welcome for her tired laddie, her smilin' face a very rainbow o' promise.

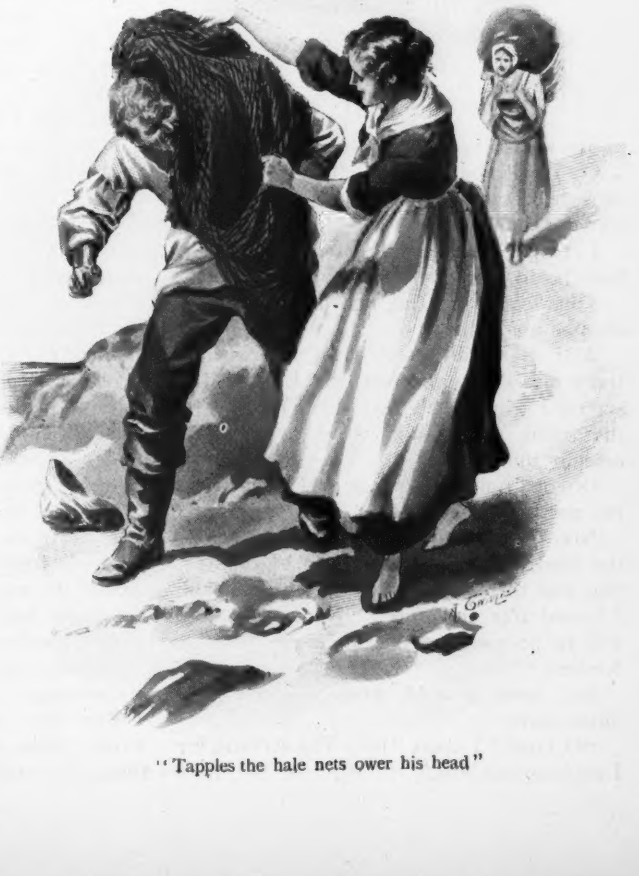
The sun had been kind o' drowsy that mornin' and seemed sweer to thraw aff its coverin's as briskly as common, and the boats were nearer hame than ordinar when we first noticed them, and Nancy gaed across to the edge o' the cliff to watch for Dan.

Followin' close on the boats, and seemin' to keep watch o'er them, cam' a wa' o' mist, beginnin' wi' the line o' the sea and reachin' up and losin' itsel i' the sky. I had been watchin' it for awhile, and wonnered to see the boats standin' out sae clear agin that breathless veil, for ye coudna see a thing ayont it, and at first I thocht the boats werena movin', sae equal did that silent shadow keep its distance frae them; then, as at a word o' command, the mist quickened its creepin' steps, and nearer and nearer it cam', and I grew eerie wi' a strange horror as I watched it spread o'er the boats and swallow them out o' sight, and gang on its way sae quiet and sae steady that I could hae thocht the boats had been a dream.

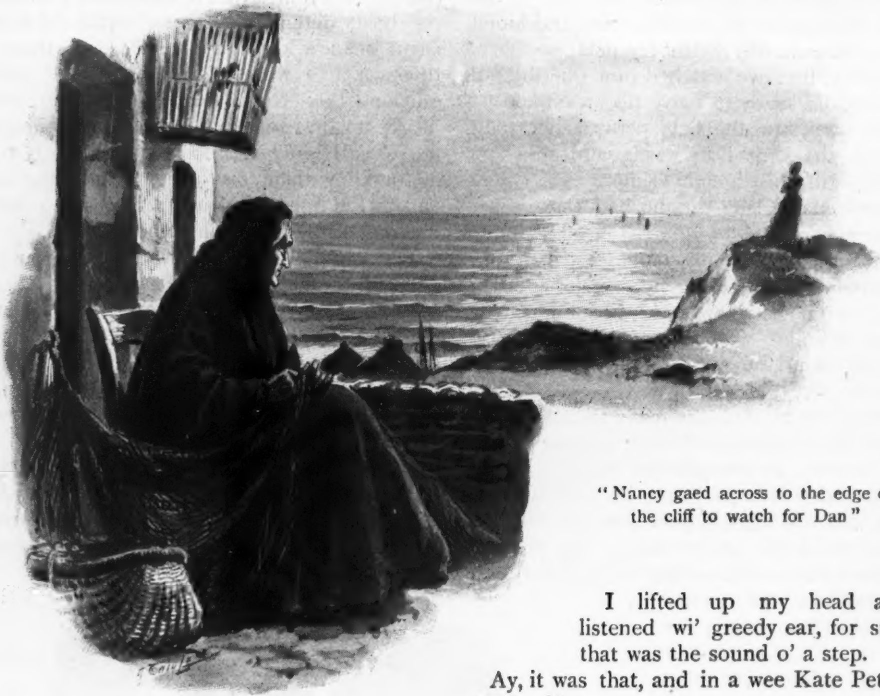
On it cam', on it cam', nearer and nearer, coverin' Nancy whaur she stood i' the edge o' the cliff. It reached me i' the gairden where I sat and I felt its chill breath to my very marrow.

I heard the screech o' a gull, and for an awfu' moment it was as if a' thing was buried i' the murky air.

Then, sudden as it cam' on, it gaed back, step by step, wi' nae hurry, and aye that awfu' stillness. Past me it gaed and left me free to see. I turned my een sharpened wi' fear to look for Nancy.



"Tapples the hale nets ower his head"



"Nancy gaed across to the edge o' the cliff to watch for Dan"

She wasna there!

O Lord! out flashed the truth—that screech, it was my Nancy, and she'd steppit o'er the cliff.

I cried, I screamed, I shrieked, but naebody heard, naebody minded.

Then I ca'ed to Him, "Lord, Lord, release me frae my bonds!"

And wi' a wild effort o' my hale wull, I threw mysel' frae my chair, and I grippit the stanes, I grippit the grass, I dug my nails i' the grund, and I pu'd mysel alang like a creepin' thing.

On, on! quicker, quicker. "O Lord, take not my strength from me."

Noo I was out o' the gairden, noo across the road, on to the edge, and looket o'er. She was there, wi' her face on the shingle. I leaned o'er and cried, "Nancy, my doo, will ye no speak to me, to yer ain Mistress Kinloch?"

But never a word, never a sound: she didna move.

"O Lord," I cried, "help Thy servant, for I am sore troubled."

I lifted up my head and listened wi' greedy ear, for sure that was the sound o' a step.

Ay, it was that, and in a wee Kate Petrie stood aside me.

"Mistress Kinloch!" she cries, "how cam ye to be here this way?"

I pinted o'er the cliff and gasped, "Look there."

"Nancy Blair!" she cries.

"Ay, Nancy Blair," said I. "Quick! quick! gang and get help afore the tide comes near her."

"How cam' she there?" she asked; "is she dead?"

"That's mair nor I can tell; but put you spurs to your heels, Kate Petrie, and let your race be like a song o' joy that ye hae motion at sic a time. Oh! dinna stop to speer," I cried, "but fly for help, awa' awa'!"

But oh! her speed was slow to my fast-flyin' heart, as I lay there wi' clippit wings, helpless, pantin', and watchin' the water suckin' its way slowly up and up to whaur my dearie lay.

And yonder comes Dan's boat.

Oh that the birds i' the air could carry my message!

Bur stop ye there, ye bonnie glintin' waves; dinna come nearer, ye playfu', dancin things; ye wouldna touch my dearie.

"O Lord, take me and spare the young. Lord, Lord, let the weary be at rest."

See, see, what's that? She's movin'! or is't the water lappin' round her?

Na, she's no movin': it was but hope was lookin' through my een.

And what for should she no be movin'? For He maketh sore and He bindeth up. He woundeth and His hands make whole. What gaurs Kate Petrie be sae lang? and I hae kent her feet sae swift. See, see! she is movin', and it's the water, its liftin' her up!

Ye treacherous, thievin' limmers, wi' yer fause smiles and yer quiet leein' ways, let her be there, let her be, I tell ye! how daur ye touch her wi' yer icy breath? Wha' was't that tried to gaur the waves stan' still? But he coudna do it, he coudna do it.

See! what's that? They've loosened her hair, her bonnie, bonnie hair—see noo, its floatin' there like golden dulse, and that's her hand she's movin' there sae gently. Lord! Lord! they hae her noo, she's floatin' awa'.

Kate Petrie, may ye never be able to hasten mair, but may ye aye be chained in a' your movements as ye hae left me chained here.

O Lord! forgie me, I kenna what I say, and "Anger resteth i' the bosom of fools."

She's awa', she's awa'! see how saftly does she sail — sae gentle aye were a' her ways. Watch her face gleamin' amang her lang, lang hair.

She's awa', she's awa'!

I canna say it, I canna say it!

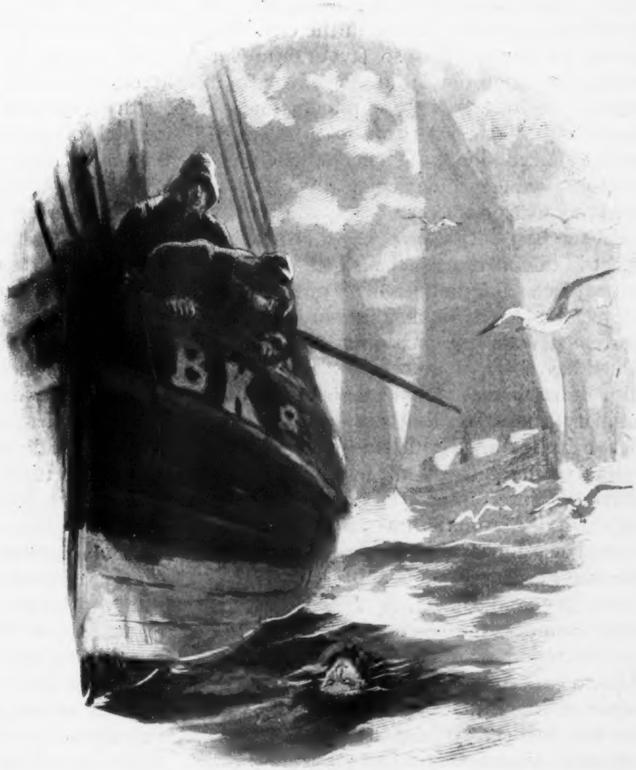
O Lord! help Thou my speech.

The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. I can nae mair.

Yes, I'm better the day, thank ye, Maister Suttie. I dinna ken how I cam' to be sae foolish the ither day, but I must alloo I'm no sae strang as I hae been, and the hale thing jest seemed to come o'er me again. But yet it's queer I should dae the very same thing as I did yon awfu' day, when I fainted clean awa' jest the same.

Ye're right there, Maister Suttie, it was awfu' an strange thing she should hae ta'en her ways sae quietly straucht to whaur Dan's boat was lyin', waitin' for the breath that was to blaw him hame.

And as ye say, sir, it could be nae ither but the hand o' the Lord that kep her up and guided her to her ain laddie, as he was sittin' there wearyin' to get near her, and tryin' to mak' her out on the cliff, whaur he kent she wud be watchin' for him a' the mair eager o' their bit tiff o' the night afore. Ay, she was ill for a lang, lang time aifter it,



"Straucht to whaur Dan's boat was lyin'" and as she couldna get o'er an awfu' fear o' the cliffs, when they got merried Dan took a hoose at Broughty Ferry, for ye ken there's nae cliffs there, sir, and that's whaur they bide.

'Deed, ye needna fash your head about Kate Petrie, Maister Suttie, for she's no ane o' your flock, I can tell ye, and I should advise ye to leave Beelzebub to look aifter his ain. No, it was never kent why Kate Petrie didna come that day.

Naebody ever speered that or onything else frae her since then, for as she gaid her ain gait yon day, sae has she been allooed to gang ever since, shunned and disliked.

"For the wicked shall be held by the cords of his sin."

HUNGARIAN GIPSY MINSTRELS

A RECORD OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The History of Music," etc. etc.

THE gipsy minstrels of Hungary exist alike in town and country.

In Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, gipsy bands are found in every restaurant and eating-house in the city. The system of beer-gardens so favourite in Germany, does not obtain in the Hungarian capital; the restaurants are indoors, and the bands with them. As the space is, moreover, often confined, the effect of the music is more frequently deafening than the reverse, to an English ear.

In the best hotels, however, this inartistic effect is carefully guarded against. To take an instance: the dining saloon of the Grand Hotel, Hungaria, is a lofty and well-proportioned hall, the acoustic properties of which have been as much a subject of study with the architects as have the convivial and culinary ones. In the centre rises a broad daïs, which is filled with gipsy minstrels, furnished with all sorts of instruments, and playing uninterruptedly all dinner-time from eight in the evening till midnight. These musicians, unlike all others of their craft in the world, play from no music, observe no fixed time, and simply, as they say, trust to their memory and the impulse of the moment for the rendering of the pieces they perform. How a band of various executants can preserve such spiritual unanimity as to perform in this manner without a flaw and never an error, must remain a mystery to musicians in general.

The gipsy minstrels form a caste by themselves. Their appearance is always more swarthy than that of other Hungarian musicians, their dress is sometimes purposely fantastic, and their manner of life is far more Bohemian than the most liberal-minded artiste would care to own to. Every hotel and restaurant, as we said, in Buda-Pesth possesses its gipsy band, and the method of payment is as free and easy as the music itself and their life. The hotel-keeper is not bound by any contract; but at various intervals throughout the performance one of the gipsies takes a dinner plate and goes round the various guests in the hall from table to table, receiving in the plate what the latter like to put there. The favourite coin deposited there is the nickel ten kreuzer piece, answering to our twopence. I have not often seen a florin or a kronen (half-a-florin); the whole collection is as a rule made up of two-pences.

But it is to the country districts of Hungary that we must go if we want to see the life of the gipsy minstrels in the full swing of its Bohemianism and originality. People who are familiar by pictures or otherwise with the brown, sunburnt visages and coal-black hair of the Hungarian gipsies, need but slightly modify these predominant tints to realise the facial and personal characteristics of the gipsy minstrels. But while the gipsies go in rags and often half naked about the country, the minstrels are fond of wearing good clothes (generally shiny black, often dress suits), of sporting all sorts of rings on their fingers and of swaggering about with their fiddles under their arms as if all the place belonged to them.

The country people certainly pay them a great deal of respect, look upon them as perfect gentlemen, and as people who, owing to their vast acquaintance with the world at large, belong to an altogether higher sphere than the yokels of the plough or the delvers of the vineyard. They have a proverb which says, "There are two ways to rise in the world, one is to buy a farm, the other is to become a minstrel." But this proverb may have an ironical meaning, for aught I know, and imply exactly the opposite. For whatever the repute in which minstrels are held as they swagger about the village, when they are performing an engagement and "at their work," the veriest clodhopper thinks himself entitled to order them about and bid them do as he pleases.

They are principally in request for restaurants during meal times, in the evenings, and all day long on fête days; for weddings, dances, fairs, feasts, and last and not least, funerals.

Their rôle at country restaurants is the same in theory as at town ones. But in practice and in surrounding circumstances it is very different. To picture a country restaurant in Hungary, imagine, for the best of them, the darkest little tap-room in an English country inn. To be an accurate parallel this tap-room must not only be small and dark, but also dirty—as dirty as the absence of spittoons and the reeking odour of stale tobacco smoke and wine fumes will make it. A few small tables, very old and very rickety, are surrounded with half-a-dozen chairs each, made of the plainest pattern, more like our common kitchen chairs than anything else. Such a luxury as a cloth is unknown, whether you merely drink a cup of coffee or actually eat your dinner. The common refreshment for all hours and for all classes is white wine, sold at eightpence a litre, which you can drink in the same quantities as you can water in England, for it is about as strong.

It is to such resorts as these that the gipsy minstrels betake themselves at the dinner hour, which throughout Hungary is universally from twelve to two, during which quiet domesticated people, after consuming their dinner at home, retire for an hour's rest; but those, more convivially inclined, have their meal at the eating-house and follow it up with potations of white and red wine while the minstrels play. The minstrels take their places, as we say, in the restaurant at the stroke of midday, and instead of collecting themselves in one spot, which in so narrow an area would occupy too much room, sit in a free and easy style among the guests. There is often this arrangement: One chair a guest, the next chair a minstrel, the next a guest, and so on.

They place themselves in fact scattered through the room, and with their violins in their hands or the violoncellos between their knees, play and saw away while the other occupants of the room are eating their dinners, drinking, or playing cards—for these are the various pursuits that engage their attention. The noise—what with the shrill notes of the violins, the boom of the violoncellos, the clatter of the plates, the talk and chatter and laughter of the guests, and the moving about of chairs when new people enter or others change their places—is almost deafening. It is comical at times to see some nervous Hungarian engaged in carrying to his mouth portions of that "spoon-meat" which they are so fond of, and of which they commonly make their dinner, and next to him a minstrel performing on the violin, as if for dear life, lost to his immediate surroundings, and only endeavouring to keep in time and tune with his brother minstrels in various parts of the chamber. As often as the spoonful of soup is raised to the diner's mouth, a sudden sweep of the bow on the part of the violinist sends the liquid back into the plate again, and dooms it to meet a similar destiny time after time, until slopped clothes or the smiles of some neighbour move the soup consumer to take his dish to some other part of the crowded apartment, which he does to the great risk of the habiliments of all by whom he passes.

Let us next consider the minstrels' rôle at weddings.

Weddings among the Hugarian peasantry are generally celebrated on Sundays. The bride opens operations on the preceding Saturday by slaughtering thirty or forty chickens, and perhaps a lamb, with her own hands. To see her on the Saturday evening late, you would imagine that she was in the employ of a dyer, as her hands and arms are literally covered with blood. And you only convince yourself of your mistake by observing the massacred animals around her.

This constitutes the material preparations for the wedding. The minstrels form the spiritual element, and after the religious ceremony is over, they assemble at the house of the bride—or rather at her room, for most of the peasantry live in one-roomed houses—where they are accommodated on a little platform erected out of barrels and planks in one corner of the apartment, which even by the afternoon reeks with the fumes of wine and tobacco. From that time onwards, during the wedding feast and after it, they keep up a continual flow of music.

Towards five or six o'clock in the evening, when the bridal feast has been satisfactorily discussed and consumed, the dancing begins, being destined to continue actually and literally all night long. The peculiarity of a Hungarian wedding compared to that of other nations is that neither bride nor bridegroom ever dreams of taking any repose on the night of their marriage, but continue dancing with unabated fury the whole night through till six or seven in the morning, when the bridegroom goes off to his work, and the bride applies herself, after the last dancers have disappeared, to clearing away the relics of the feast and the ruins of the crockery.

The great dance on such occasions which the minstrels are specially skilled in executing, is what is called the Csardas, which begins very slowly and indeed sentimentally, but by the cunning of the minstrels is worked up into a veritable Bacchanalian orgy, which almost defies description. A solemn promenade on the part of the various couples begins it. As the music accelerates its time, the couples break into a sort of waltz. Then with the time still quickening, they leave each other, and dance independently, the woman facing the man. Now they approach each other coquettishly; then they retreat backwards with feigned aversion. This continues for some time, till at last under the influence of the increasing whirl of the music they seize one another round the waist and burst into a veritable whirl of dizzy swiftness, which (and we are speaking without any exaggeration) the eye can scarcely follow for its celerity.

This is but one of the countless varieties of the Csardas. Sometimes I have seen the couples dancing with their backs to each other, and even whirling round and round in the same uncomfortable position. Sometimes I have witnessed three dancers forming a sort of complicated leash whirling round and round with the same swiftness and ease which two people would usually exhibit. The Hungarian peasants are born dancers. The French cannot excel them in this particular, and the lightness and grace of their movements would be hard to express by the pen, and, perhaps, might seem incredible to the fancy.

Meanwhile the gipsy minstrels keep hard at their work from five or six in the evening till the same hour next morning. They seem unaffected by fatigue; never a one is seen to falter or to give the slightest symptoms of weariness. They are liberally supplied with refreshments by the mistress of the revels, which they consume with as much stolidity as the dancers display excitement.

When any honoured guest enters the room, the minstrels at a sign from their employers, rise up *en masse*, and execute a grand march across the room, playing the guest to his or her place in the apartment, or to the door as the case may be.

Occasionally—and considering the dramatis personæ, it is not to be wondered at—strange incidents happen at these weddings. I remember to have attended one in the capacity of most honoured guest, the woman about to be married being my own servant, who had killed, by-the-bye, forty-one fowls for the ceremony. The religious rites were over in the church—the dancing began. But I was surprised, as it proceeded, to notice that the leader of the gipsy minstrels often quitted his violin, and footed it frequently with the bride, who was, I must confess, one of the most graceful dancers I have ever seen on or off the stage. The bridegroom was a taciturn sort of fellow, and had applied himself so liberally to potations that he was more than half fuddled ere midnight arrived, and it was after midnight that the most sensational dancing began. The minstrel at last danced exclusively with the bride, and his and her performance were the admiration of all beholders, who paused at last to draw their breath and to look with stupefaction at the dizzy pirouettes, the lightning bounds, the flexible embraces and dramatic caresses which the frenzied couple exhibited in the ardour of the orgy. When daylight dawned, the company dispersed, and the minstrels mounted an ox-waggon with their violins and violoncellos to proceed to a neighbouring village where a similar evening's engagement awaited them. And to my surprise who should step in the vehicle along with them but my servant Erzsebet, who favoured me with a bow and a smile as she drove away? She informed me that she was going to throw in her lot with the captain of the gipsies henceforth, as he danced so beautifully, and she could never have an opportunity of indulging her passion for gyration otherwise, for her husband had confessed to her that he hated it. How the husband took it I am not aware, but I know that he lost a wife and I a servant by that evening's performance.

The method of travelling across country in these ox-carts is of so singular a nature that an adventure of mine with a party of gipsy minstrels may well be introduced here, to illustrate their method of peregrination along with other characteristics of their life.

To take part in their jaunt, which was with the object of playing at a fair at a small town called Reszony in the northern part of Hungary, I was roused from my slumbers at about three o'clock in the morning, and after hasty ablutions and a still hastier breakfast, I sallied out into the night where my friends were all waiting for me outside my house, all of them very clamorous owing to my long delay. The driver of the ox-cart, while he attempted to assist me into the vehicle, fell in over his ankles into a great slough of mud, and liberally besplashed us all with dirt. But that was a detail.

At last we were all safely ensconced in the waggon; which began its cumbersome, creaking journey in the pitch dark and raw air of the early morning, while all my friends around me slept, with their violins tucked under their arms, or their violoncellos to serve as pillows.

The waggon was filled with hay, and when you buried yourself in the straw, very comfortable it was. The cart jolted horribly no doubt, but thanks to the soft down mattress on which we were lying the fearful oscillation was very much alleviated, though it soon began to resemble a mild form of sea-sickness. I soon became conscious from the increasing agitation of the vehicle that we were travelling no longer on a beaten road, but across country. And by the morning twilight this was soon seen to be the case. In fact the greater part of our journey to Reszony was performed over ploughed fields and moors without a sign of track to guide us, and no compass but the driver's knowledge. At about nine o'clock a halt was called for the oxen to have breakfast. The Hungarians themselves are not an eating race. Compared with the Germans they seem to live on air. Consequently there was nothing provided for us. But the oxen ate a lot of the hay on which we were lying, and when we started again we were much lower down in the cart, and nearer to the jolting than before.

At twelve o'clock we at last made a halt for dinner. The sun was blazing down on us, and we sought the shade of a hedge. A little bread and a bottle of wine each constituted our repast, over which my musical friends became so merry that, with one consent, they tuned up their instruments and played a delightful "nota," which, with all their extempore variations and fantastic digressions, lasted a long, long time. There were vines with clustering grapes rising round us. The sun beamed. The birds sang to accompany the concert. The scene reminded one of a terrestrial paradise.

At the end of the happy hour we once more mounted the ox-cart, which I found was now almost bare boards, from the large quantity of hay that had been taken out to feed the oxen at dinner. I asked the driver what we should do when the animals had received their supper, for I supposed then there would be no hay left.

"Right enough, master," he replied with a grin. "The last bit of hay will go for their supper, and then your lordships must e'en jog along on the planks as best you can until to-morrow morning, when by breakfast time I hope to load the cart again with several bellyfuls of hay."

I became conscious then that the hay was placed there not for our convenience but merely for the oxen's meals. We were allowed to make use of it as long as it was there; but no provision for our comfort was made or even intended.

On the second day of our wanderings we

arrived at a large baronial castle, which stood by itself, an oasis in the midst of a wilderness of country, and, as we were entering in at the gates, I was curious to know why we were proceeding there.

"Oh," replied one of the minstrels, "this is Count Piraczy's house, and as there is no inn in the neighbourhood, people are entertained here gratis. We may as well take advantage of it as other folk. You shall see."

The ox-waggon slowly perambulated the magnificent drive of approach to the house. The minstrels tuned up their instruments and played a Hungarian march as we rolled along. The count and two of his daughters happened to be at the windows of the hall as we passed. They appeared pleased to listen, and we deferentially doffed our caps when we saw them.

The waggon, under the experienced pilotage of the driver, deposited us at the door of the servants' hall, and we all got down, and entering in found several travellers, like ourselves bound for the fair of Reszony. We had not long been there when a message came for me from the count to say that, as he understood I was an English traveller, perhaps I would accept his offer to share his hospitality instead of that of the servants. I was delighted to be rid of my vagrant friends for a few hours, and readily availed myself of my host's proposal. He proved to be a very agreeable man, and his daughters, Gisella and Nandine, were two very charming girls.

"We all like the gipsies," said Gisella, "but we are not all so unacquainted with their music as you appear to be, that we must spend our time in travelling about with them" (here she gave an arch glance at her sister) "in order to study it. Come, Nandine, if papa will allow us we will give this gentleman a specimen, after dinner, of what Hungarian ladies can do in the way of their national music."

The count's consent was reluctantly granted, and after dinner the two girls retired for a short time, and then reappeared dressed in the national Hungarian costume, which consists of a short blue satin skirt (Nandine had a red one), showing their shapely ankles and tiny feet (for which the Hungarian ladies are famed), a full white muslin bodice with short puffed sleeves, leaving their arms bare, the wrists of which were adorned with bracelets. Over this white bodice was a tight-fitting brilliant-hued silk bodice glittering with spangles. On their pretty heads they wore a gay-coloured scarf flung coquettishly over their hair, which hung down in long plaits intertwined with ribbon. Red stockings and shoes with buckles completed the costume.

One held a tambourine, the other played a violin. They sang several "notas," and played the difficult and eccentric music to the greatest perfection. Their father, who seemed to think the exhibition quite *en règle*, informed me that they sometimes lent their kind assistance to the cause of charity, or even appeared in village fêtes for a good object, such as the repairing of the church or giving a dole of bread to poor people in the winter. Hungarian music had certainly in them the two most charming expositors it ever possessed in my experience.

I daresay I was unable to conceal my opinion, for at the last song Gisella, who was a magnificent brunette, with long black hair and sparkling eyes, blushed and hung her head as she sang, and her sister seemed affected likewise. As the evening passed on, the count ordered in two of the minstrels from the kitchen, who played by themselves, and afterwards took part in the rendering of some pieces with the ladies.

Next morning I set off with my friends in the ox-waggon for Reszony. As we passed the windows of the count's apartments, I felt sure that I saw the light and slender form of Gisella behind the jalousie, waving an impassioned adieu. I took off my hat reverentially to the fair vision, and my minstrel friends, seeing my action, though not discerning the cause, did the same.

In this way we proceeded on the way to Reszony, and in due course we arrived at the fair, where my gipsy minstrels played all their best pieces and drove a roaring trade, the kreuzers and kronens dropping in like snow upon them; several florins, too, being taken. All this money was scrupulously shared among them in the evening, after the work was over, and I was astonished at the large takings of the day.

I remarked on the large earnings to one of the gipsies.

"That is nothing," he said. "If a gipsy once succeeds in awaking the deepest feelings of a Magyar, he will give him the coat off his back."

I was told of a gipsy musician who gave his daughter a dowry of 20,000 florins, and I believe that such cases of wealth are not uncommon among the thrifty members of the class. When a nobleman or landed proprietor has run through an estate, you will hear the sums which he has squandered on the gipsies cited as a large item in the bill of his ruin. "No entertainment without the gipsy" is a stock proverb in Hungary, The gipsies are therefore in almost constant employment. Their meat and drink is often gratuitously accorded them, and the cost of their means of transport, which I have recently described, primitive as it is, can be but trifling. Some of them who are blessed with thrifty wives succeed in amassing a large competence, though their external life remains to the last thoroughly vagrant and Bohemian.

The father of the young gipsy is always supposed to exhort his offspring thus: "Practise, my child, practise, practise on your fiddle; for it is only by acquiring excellence on this instrument that we can induce mankind to treat us as their fellow creatures."

People who know Hungary well, and are acquainted with the squalid, barbarous life lived by the gipsies at large, will readily admit that a gap separates the latter from the gipsy minstrels, who by their musical excellence have raised themselves not only to extort the acknowledgment that they are the Hungarian's fellow creatures, but fellow creatures, moreover, worth keeping, worth paying, and in many cases superior to the Hungarians themselves.

IN WAYS THAT WE KNOW NOT

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE

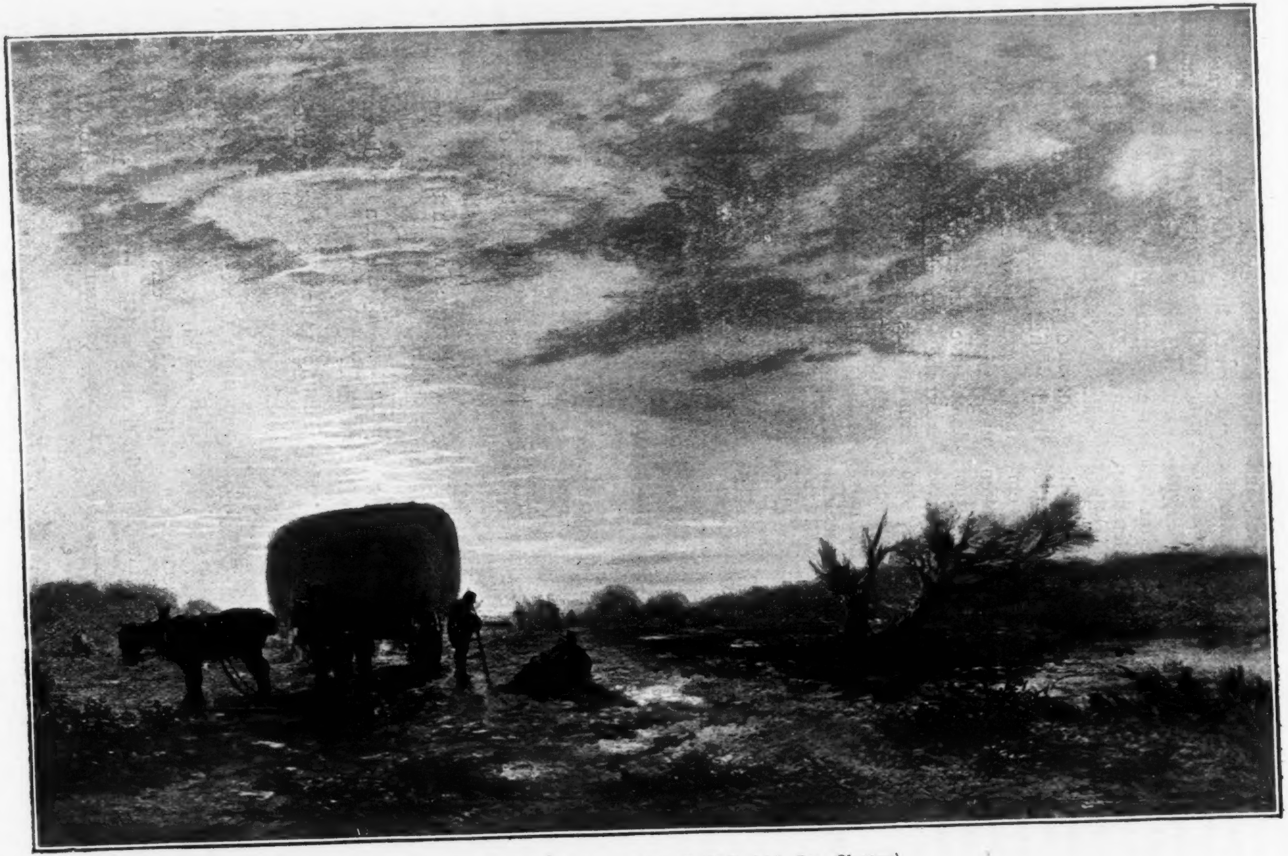
I SOMETIMES think God lets our sorrows gather
Till joy is hidden by pain's heavy cloud,
That in the darkness we may find "Our Father"—
We need Him so, when heart and head are bowed.

I sometimes think He lets friends fail and falter,
To show us earthly props are insecure;
The broken hearts we lay upon His altar,
Of healing and of solace may be sure.

I sometimes think He strews our path with roses,
And when we find that each one hides a thorn,
He takes us by the hand and gently shows us—
That not to live to self has man been born.

I sometimes think, when He seems all unheeding,
Turning deaf ears unto our wild request,
In silent pity His great heart is bleeding
Because to grant us it were not the best.

I always think, in His divine compassion,
Not one will perish from His loving hands;
Knowing our weakness and the strength of passion,
He pities us—because He understands.



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THE HAY CART

BY J. MILNE DONALD

TANGERINE NATURE

By F. G. AFLALO

IT is not alone for the mining prospector or political intriguer that the country of Morocco, Eastern in everything but its geographical position in respect of ourselves, exercises so strange a fascination. The chance visitor to its shores soon feels himself, indifference to imperial expansion or individual advancement notwithstanding, drawn within the sphere of its subtle glamour, and those whose fortune it is once to sojourn, for however brief a space, amid its fertile vales and uncouth hills, seldom fail to return year by year, and, more often than not, end by purchasing a garden within one of the coast cities, wherein they may dream away the remainder of their winters far from the rigours of their inhospitable birthplace. The rambling naturalist should, of all men, find much to interest and attract him in this uncivilised region, where, at the very gate of Europe, Nature's wildness claims all for its very own, and (so indifferent is the native to the pleasures of taking life for the fun of the thing) animal life is strongly in evidence within a mile or so of Tangier, the threshold of the mystic realm. It would be no difficult undertaking to show that this wealth of wild life in general and bird life in particular is in great measure due to the absence of Europeans other than those bent on trade; but, without entering on this matter, the contrast may perhaps be permitted with the environs of Algiers. I wandered on a recent occasion through and through the shady avenues of the picturesque and, for the most part, deserted Jardin d'Essai and into the still more silent and unfrequented shrubberies beyond, and saw nothing of greater interest than the swarms of liliputian black batrachians—any of which could have squatted in the normal attitude on a threepenny piece—that bask in the paths.

How much stronger is the rule of Nature round Tangier any visitor may see by riding no further than the magnificent cliffs of Spartel, or, better still, to the margin of the fowl-haunted mere of Chaf-la-kab, an excursion in the course of which he cannot, with ordinary luck and having something of an eye for such objects, fail to observe beasts, birds and reptiles sufficient to start a menagerie.

First, in all probablity to arrest his attention will be the great black kites that glide and wheel in the blue vault above, their heads twisting sharply to right and left as the beady eyes scan with unerring range the hillside for food or foe. Ospreys, too, may be seen quartering the foaming rock pools under the Spartel lighthouse, and two races of kestrel, one somewhat lighter in hue than the other, poise against the wind-swept ledges of that western coast. The most conspicuous fowl, after the birds of prey, are perhaps the storks, that gravely patrol the swamps and pick up a living on frogs and lizards. A hundred or more of these birds may at times be seen of an evening wheeling at great elevation over some small native settlement or other, the frowsy huts of which are, to all appearance, tenanted by nothing more than howling curs imbued with a fondness for the stranger's legs.

Quail on migration crouch in their hundreds in the waving barley, their grating note sounding within half a dozen yards of your horse's feet. Yet it is all but impossible to put them up, unless a dog used to the work is available. Another novelty is furnished to the visitor from the north in the shape of tortoises, though their numbers are so great that they cease, after the first outing or two, to attract attention. Somewhat more interesting than the common land species, already familiar on London barrows, are the long-necked water-tortoises basking on the muddy bank of every wayside ditch and stream, apparently dead, yet far too wakeful to be caught. Still more attractive than these half torpid creatures are the wild swine of which there is, given suitable conditions, a plentiful supply throughout the country. Those in the immediate neighbourhood of Tangier, which keep pretty close to the aforesaid district of Chaf-la-kab, are, by arrangement with the Moorish government, preserved by the legations for sticking, so the visitor must keep his gun at half-cock and ride on should he, as recently happened to myself, gallop suddenly and without warning pell-mell into the midst of a large troop of these fearsome brutes. Aristotle I think it is who somewhat loosely divides earth's mammals into two classes, those which, like the boar, have tusks, and those others that have not; and any one who has come thus abruptly on wild swine, even in peaceful mood, will in all probability not quarrel with Nature's provisions for limiting the brand. Not alone are the trim kitchen gardens of the Spartel lighthouse-keeper raided by these omnivorous animals, but there is another offender in the shape of wild porcupines, one of which he has recently succeeded in domesticating.

It is, however, as already intimated, the bird life of the neighbourhood that is most varied and interesting. Nightingales and other vocalists nest and chant in the gardens within the town itself, and one may see yellowhammers, chestnut-headed shrikes, hoopoes and bee-eaters not half an hour's canter outside the walls, while a small owl (the Little Owl) may be seen blinking at the glaring sun on three tree stumps out of every four.

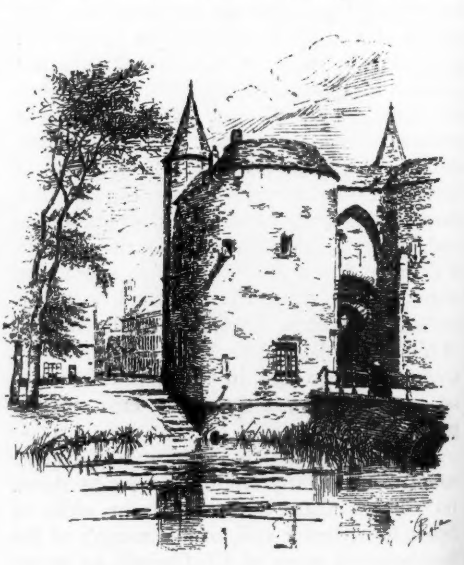
No classes are assuredly more directly and devoutly concerned in the preservation of the *status quo* in the Moorish Empire than those represented there by the boar and bustard. When the European arrives on the scene, their shrift will be short!

BRUGES

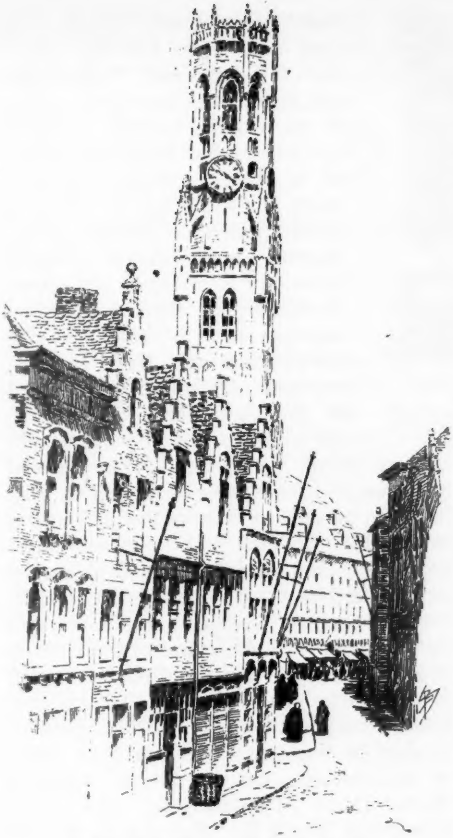
By SOPHIA BEALE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

NOT only does the "Venice of the North" resemble its Southern sister in being intersected by innumerable canals of unsavoury odour, but the two cities have alike a glorious past, an individual style of architecture, and a somewhat dilapidated present. Both have descended in social position since the days when their merchant princes sailed from their ports to scour foreign countries and negotiate their wares. Albrecht Dürer writes of Bruges in 1521 as that "beautiful and noble city," and Albrecht Dürer was no mean judge. And so we find it now: its streets full of fine old gabled houses of red or yellow brick and carved stone; its public buildings enriched with ornament of the purest style, dating back, many of them to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a few even to the thirteenth century. Nor is



PORTE DE GAND

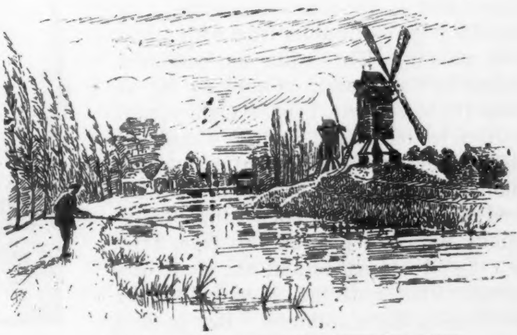


THE BEFFROI FROM LA RUE AUX LAINES

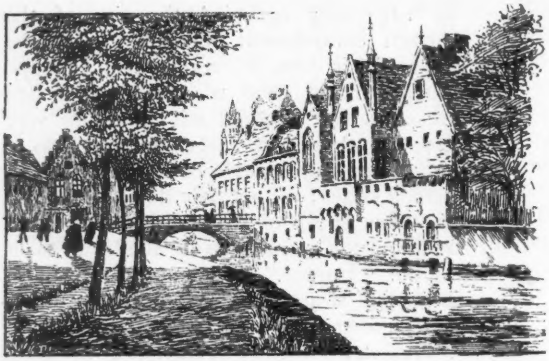
modern Bruges by any means contemptible architecturally; indeed, there are few towns where restorations and rebuildings are more effectively, honestly, and artistically carried out.

In the days of the Old Burg, which stood on the space now occupied by the Beffroi, stretching down to the Dijver, an arm of the sea brought ships to its walls. Charles-le-Chauve found this castle already ancient, and when he created Baldwin I. Margrave of Flanders, the rebuilding was taken in hand. The second Baldwin enclosed the new Burg in a wall somewhen between 879 and 919, which took the line of the inner canals formed by the branches of the Reie. When the walls were extended is not quite clear; but already in 1297 they occupied the site of the present embankment which encircles the town. It is hard to realise that Philippe Auguste could have taken a fleet of one thousand two hundred sail up to the very gates of Bruges, and that Damme was a sufficiently important fortress to withstand several sieges; yet not only do the annals of the town speak of dykes being formed to keep out the sea, but Dante alludes to them in the "Inferno." Damme was then an important seaport, from whence Edward IV. sailed after the marriage of his sister, Margaret, to Charles-le-Téméraire. My Lord of Salisbury had performed the ceremony betimes, and after the function there was a joyous entry into Bruges. Damme is now scarcely more than a village possessing some thousand and fifty inhabitants; but its seal of 1329 represents its former glory, a ship, sailing upon the high seas. It is the oldest known seal representing this form of vessel; but the gold nobles struck by Edward III. to commemorate the battle of the Suène, near Damme, bear a similar design. The destruction of the church, built in the twelfth century, was commenced by William of Orange, and a hundred and fifty years later all but the nave was completely demolished. From its former proud position of a fortified seaport with six gates, a priory of Augustin canons, several churches, chapels, convents, and a *béguinage*, Damme has dropped into the sleepy little town on the equally sleepy canal which we now find it.

Bruges was essentially a city of the commercial world. Even its ramparts served a double purpose, and supported its windmills, of which but two remain near the

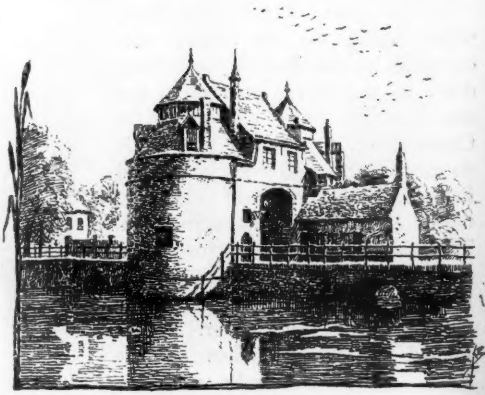


THE LAST OF THE WINDMILLS, PORTE STE.-CROIX



PALAIS DU FRANC FROM THE QUAI VERT

Porte de Ste.-Croix. The other, near the railway station, is much more modern. From the ninth to the thirteenth century, the town was a mass of warehouses and palaces belonging to its merchant princes. The chronicles of 1456 speak of a hundred and fifty vessels in its basins, and of German merchants carrying away over two thousand pieces of cloth to the distant lands of Russia and Poland. It was the exchange of Europe, possessing, in the fourteenth century, fifty-two guilds and one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, more than three times as many as it now contains. Amongst its wares, we read of leather from Spain, wool from England, silk from Italy and Persia, linen and cloth from Brabant, hemp and flax from Holland, wine from Portugal, Greece, and France, and hardware from Germany, which included every variety of object in ivory, bone, wood, glass, tin, copper, lead, iron, silver, and gold. It had its factories, its curriers, its dyers; and its taxation considerably exceeded that of Ghent. But at the commencement of the fourteenth century its troubles began—troubles from within and from without. The Suène was rendered useless by the invasion of sand as far as Sluis (Ecluse); treachery, slaughter, and political jealousies and rivalries completed the fall, and in 1544 its inhabitants had diminished to seven thousand six hundred and ninety-six. Then came the religious wars and persecutions from 1567 to 1584; the fanatics and the *Gueux* destroying what remained, leaving little for the French Revolutionists. But in that little was comprised the old collegiate church of S. Donatien, which from 1559 until 1799 was the cathedral of the diocese. It was connected with the Loove, the palace of the Counts (which occupied the site of the Hôtel de Ville), by a covered passage, through which passed Charles-le-Bon to his martyrdom on March 2, 1127. Nothing now remains to mark the site of S. Donatien but a tree-planted square flanked by a picturesque mass of buildings—the fourteenth-century Hôtel de Ville, the twelfth-fifteenth-century Chapel of the Saint-Sang, the Renaissance Greffe, and the eighteenth-century Palais de Justice. The general appearance of the exterior of the church may, however, be seen in some of the old pictures in the Hotel de Ville, and the interior forms the background of a Jan van Eyck (in the Académie, No. 1, "Madonna and Child, St. Donatien and St. George"), and it may also be seen in several miniatures of the Grimani Missal at Venice. Jan van Eyck was buried in the cloister of this church. The Hôtel de Ville, occupying the site of the old *Scepenhuis*, or sheriff's house, was built in 1376. One of its treasures was the famous statue of Notre-Dame d'Ardenbourg, which was brought to Bruges for safety during the civil wars, and whose miracle-working powers were the object of many a pilgrimage. Edward IV. and other celebrities visited the shrine; but although it survived the infatuation of the Iconoclasts, it fell a victim to the Revolutionists in the last century.

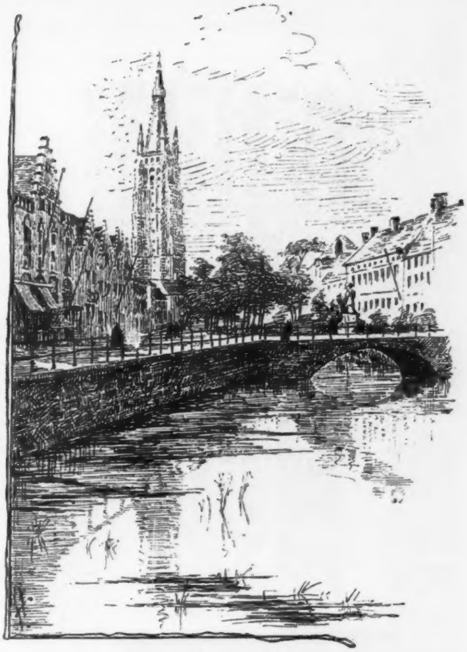


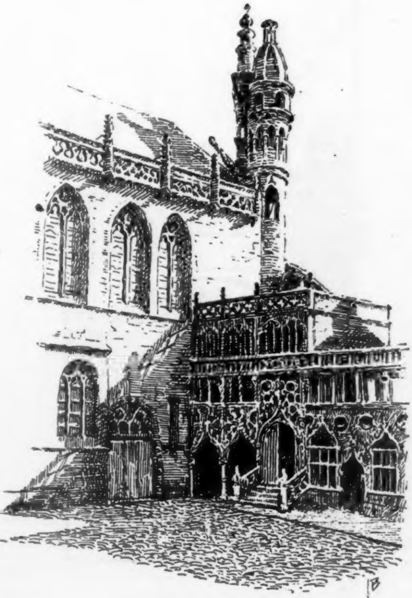
LA PORTE DE BAUDETS

Nearly, if not quite all, the statues are the work of modern sculptors. The brass balcony gained its name of *mottalin preicstoel* (metal pulpit) from the custom of preaching the Passion from it during Holy Week; but it was also used by the Counts of Flanders when they took the oath to the Constitution.

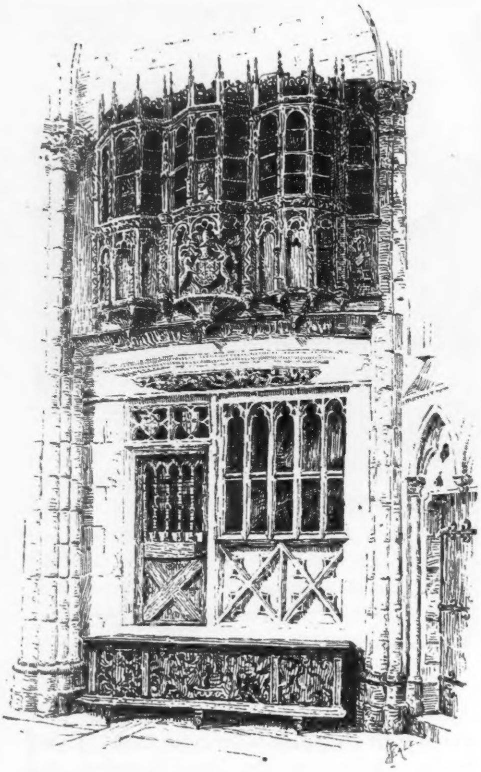
The Palais de Justice is chiefly celebrated for the well-known chimney-piece — the Chiminée du Franc—the joint work of Lancelot Blondeel and Guyot de Beaugrant (1529).

Across the square, modestly hiding its beauty in a corner, is the two-storeyed Chapel of the Saint-Sang, with its two spires; one so Oriental in character that we should not be surprised if we met it in Cairo. The lower church was founded by Thierry d'Alsace and Sibylle d'Anjou in 1148, and consecrated two years later, to the honour and glory of God and of His servant St. Basil. The Holy Blood had been given to the founder by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, in consideration of Thierry's valour in the wars of the Second Crusade. It was brought to Bruges in a glass bottle by the Count and his friend Leonius, Abbot of St. Bertin, and placed in a rich reliquary in the chapel, to which four chaplains were appointed. Every Friday up to 1325 the blood liquefied, and even boiled, after the manner of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples; but in that year the miracle ceased for a time. When, however, the phial had to be placed in a new reliquary by the Bishop of Ancona in 1388, the miracle again took place. The upper church was rebuilt in the fifteenth century. The original *châsse* having been stolen by the Gueux in 1570, the one now in use was made at the commencement of the seventeenth century by a noted Bruges goldsmith bearing an English name, John Crabbe. It is a beautiful silver-gilt specimen of the style of the period, loaded with precious stones and pendent medallions. Louis XI. held this relic in great veneration, and when Philippe-le-Bel conquered Flanders, he was prevailed upon to leave it in its shrine.


NOTRE-DAME FROM THE DIJVER


LA CHAPELLE DU SAINT-SANG

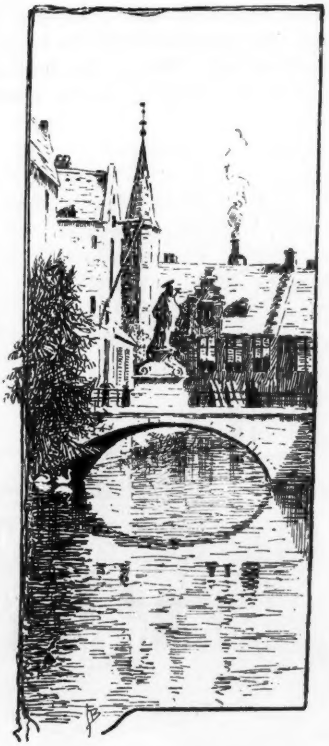
The church of Notre-Dame is celebrated for its exquisite tombs, and the marble group attributed to Michel Angelo, of the Virgin and Child. The former are beautiful specimens of metal-work; the earlier, of Marie de Bourgogne, finished in 1502, was the



LE TRIBUNE DE GRUUTHUSE

work of Pierre de Beckere of Bruxelles; the later one of Charles the Bold was made by Jacques Jonghelinck, Josse Aerts, and Jan van Smet, from designs by Floris of Anvers, in 1559. In the north aisle is the beautiful tribune of the Gruuthuse family which was connected by a passage with their palace, now a museum of old lace. Louis de Gruuthuse was a great patron of the arts, and the founder of the celebrated library which fell into the hands of Louis XII. of France, and which still forms part of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. In 1471 Edward IV. was the guest of the Seigneur de Gruuthuse, and held his Court at Bruges from January 13 to February 19; and it is gratifying to find that the king not only conveyed his thanks to the citizens, "*ses chers et spéciaux amis*" for their "*bonne et grande courtoisie*" during his exile, but conferred the title of Earl of Winchester upon his host.

In quite a different style is the handsome Rococo chapel of the Dames Anglaises, or Augustin Canonesses; a mass of gilding and various kinds of marbles. The ladies of the convent now conduct a high-class school. One of the superiors was a relative of Sir Thomas More. It is interesting to attend Mass in the chapel, a privilege accorded us by one of the canonesses with whom we had a conversation through the grating of the *parloir*. She would have liked to show us over the convent; but it was against the rules, they being cloistered nuns. Next day we went early to chapel. Up in the organ-gallery were some of the nuns and young girls, reminding us of an early picture by M. Tissot; and at the end of the chapel, behind an iron *grille*, were the canonesses. Rarely have I felt more ashamed of my compatriots than upon this occasion. Often have I dreaded the approach of that fear-inspiring official, the *Suisse* of the Paris churches, when my countrymen have been endeavouring to pass off their *Murray* as a

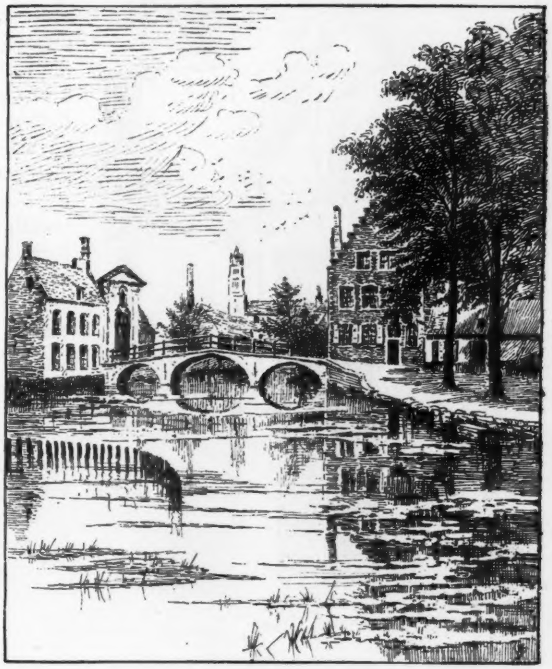


BRIDGE OF ST. JEAN NÉPOMUCÈNE

prayer-book. But upon this occasion the reprimand came straight from the superior of the convent, through the sacristan, who requested a lady in front of us to turn her chair and face the altar. It is wonderful why people cannot do as Rome does, or keep away from Rome altogether. Nobody would object to that: but for a lady to turn her back to the altar, and stare up to the gallery in her eagerness to penetrate the cage behind which the nuns sit, is surely not only irreverent but ill-mannered.

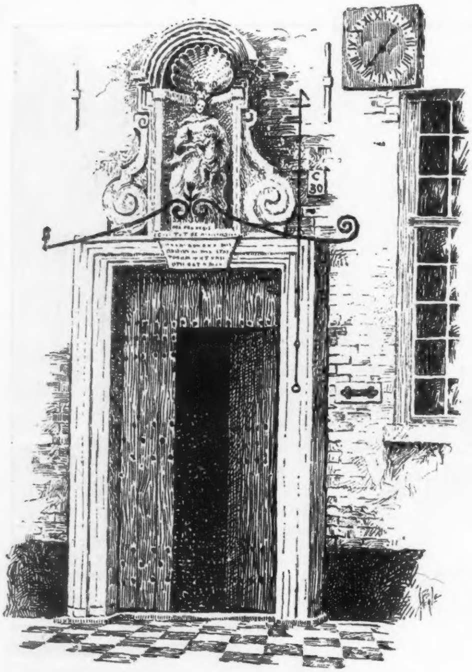
Good St. John Nepomuk, standing upon the bridge over the Dijver, must be represented here as patron of silence, certainly not of running water as at Prague and Vianden, for the inner canals of Bruges rarely do anything but stagnate. Clad in his cassock and surplice as an Augustin canon, he is a picturesque object, although artistically the statue is of the florid Jesuit style of the eighteenth century.

The *Brugeois* of the thirteenth century were very like the rest of us in the nineteenth: when misfortune fell upon them, it was attributed to the political situation or to the evil tendencies of their rulers. The latter may not have been invariably of the first order as statesmen or as specimens of humanity, but there seems to be no reason why Gui de Dampierre, in order to crush out the privileges of the townspeople, should have set fire to the belfry. Yet the fall of the bells caused a revolt which led to dire consequences. The present tower dates from the sixteenth century, the first floor being the only remaining part of the old building. The largest bell was originally set up in Notre-Dame, but to celebrate the peace between France and England in 1802 it was transferred to the *Beffroi*. It is decidedly a climb up the spiral staircase of four hundred and two steps, but one is repaid by the lovely view and the curious machinery of the bells. Whether the ringing of the chimes is edifying above or below may be a matter of opinion. Tastes differ, and some persons not otherwise objectionable rejoice in various forms of mechanical music — grinding organs, hurdy-gurdies, musical boxes, and the like; they even delight in strange noises emitted by brass bands and wandering cornopean artists. But to others these things are painful and depressing. When, however, the *carillonneur* plays upon the keyboard, the effect is exceedingly pleasing, not to say charming. The present chime consists of forty-nine bells cast in 1743, and naturally affords the player every opportunity of great variety. Under the belfry is an archæological museum containing various objects of local and general interest.



BRIDGE OF THE BÉGUINAGE AND THE TOWER OF ST.-SAUVEUR

That truly uninteresting personage, Charles II., spent a good deal of his time at Bruges, and seems to have been appreciated by the townspeople. He was elected a member of the Guild of the Crossbowmen of St. George and St. Denis, a society founded in the thirteenth century, and of which Jean-sans-Peur, Charles-le-Téméraire, Maximilian, and Philippe-le-Beau had been members. He also belonged to the Arquebusiers of Ste.-Barbe, and was invited to sit

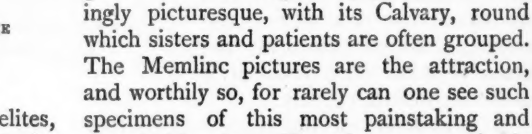


ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF THE GRANDE DAME

in the provincial chapter of the Carmelites, which was called for the defence of the theses upon the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. Whether as a theologian, or a presentor of prizes won by the archers, Charles seems to have disported himself with his usual grace; and we see him represented in a picture by Jan van Meunixhove, in the Hôtel de Ville, suspending the emblem of the guild (a golden bird) from the neck of his brother of York. Another celebrity of a very different order lived in a house in the Rue des Aiguilles, the Count Egmont who was murdered by the Duke of Alba.

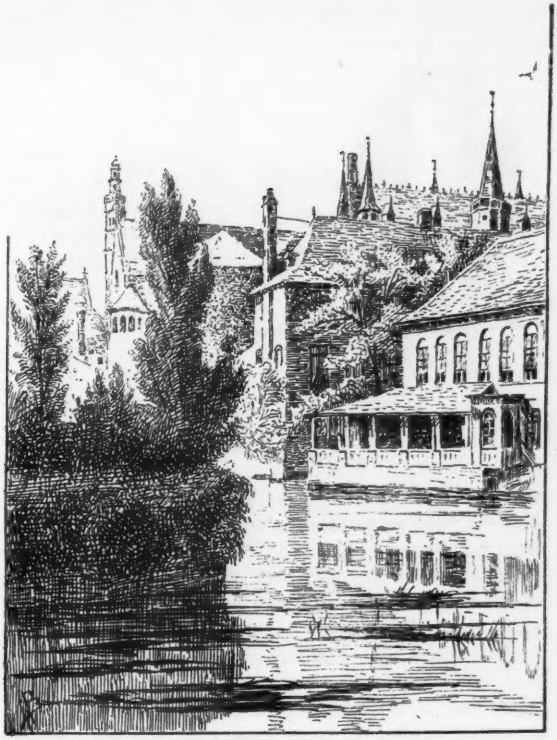
The cathedral of St. Sauveur was founded by St. Eloi, in the seventh century, as a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. In 961 it became a parish church under the patronage of the Holy Saviour, and was raised to the dignity of a cathedral in 1834. The severe style of the choir points to the twelfth–thirteenth century; the nave was built in 1358, and the ambulatory and apsidal chapels from 1527–80; but, like most old churches, it suffered from the debased art of the eighteenth century and its restorers, to whom we owe the very heavy screen and the figure of the Eternal Father in the worst possible taste that such an artist as Quellin could produce. The fifteenth-century stalls bear the arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the thirteenth chapter of the Order having been held there in 1478. The sacristy contains some exquisite fourteenth and fifteeenth century altar frontals, wrought in the most perfect taste. Also a curious leaden plaque recording the life of a daughter of Earl Godwin, Gunhilda, who died at Bruges in 1087, where she had taken refuge after the Battle of Hastings. She was buried in the cloister of St. Donatien, where this plaque was found under her head.

Perhaps to most people the glory of Bruges is the *Châsse* of St. Ursula in the Hospital of St. Jean. Rarely do visitors stop on entering the gate of the hospital to cast a glance towards the garden; yet it is exceedingly picturesque, with its Calvary, round which sisters and patients are often grouped. The Memlinc pictures are the attraction, and worthily so, for rarely can one see such specimens of this most painstaking and thoughtful artist. The saints were probably portraits of Memlinc's contemporaries—they have the character and life of the people of the day. But what is most extolled is the finish, as if finish for finish sake were a virtue in an artist. Is it not rather a vice? and may we be not sure that Memlinc did



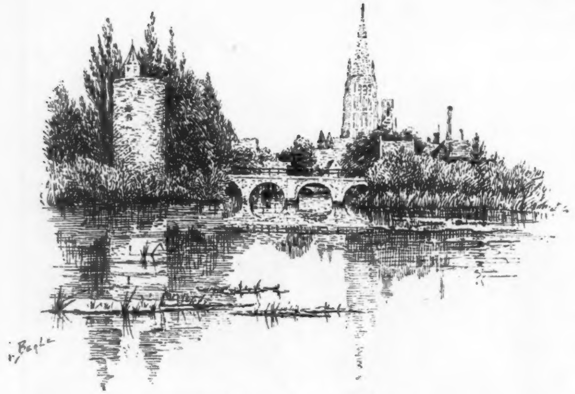
ENTRANCE TO THE BÉGUINAGE

not put one stroke more than was absolutely necessary? The beauty of these pictures is their breadth in the treatment of detail. If Memlinc and Van Eyck had had the power to paint a jewel with less labour, we may be certain they would have done it, even as Rembrandt did, later on, with one stroke of the brush.



FROM THE QUAI DU ROSAIRE

The Béguines' old bridge was built in 1339, and, like all constructions of the time, it rises immensely in the centre, causing pain and grief to the numberless dray-horses that cross it. The quantity of beer consumed, apparently, by the good sisters mystified us, until a solution was found by pure accident. It happened one day when sketching in front of the Grande Dame's house that a Béguine came and looked at my work. She said some pretty words gracefully, asking us if we would take the drawings, when finished, into her house that she might see them at her leisure. The next day the dirty little imps who infest the neighbourhood of the Béguinage came and played their usual games of making faces and throwing stones at us. Seeing a policeman across the green, I suddenly seized a small child and dragged her to the man. This valiant act very much amused the sisters; heads appeared at the windows, and much hilarity ensued. Then came a plain-clothes policeman with a very voluble tongue, who held forth about the troublesome children, the troubles of life, and of artists' lives in particular, hinting that, for a consideration, he would keep the human pests out of our way. Presently the detective disappeared into the Grande Dame's house, and when he issued forth therefrom we noticed that he entered several others in succession. Having finished our sketches, I rang the bell at the old lady's door, and then we discovered the destination of the beer—our worthy detective was sitting in the sisters' beautifully clean little kitchen discoursing, with a pipe in one hand and a glass of beer in the other. Why the Béguines should have to entertain the man I cannot tell; but evidently it was *en règle*, and was expected on both sides. We were taken by the Béguine over her house and garden, from which we had a lovely view across the meadows where the sleepy cattle were calmly taking their afternoon *siesta*. The little house was simply but comfortably furnished; little that struck one as ascetic, except the bare, cleanly scrubbed boards. After showing us her work, the old lady bid us sit and rest. Meanwhile she placed a chair, and mounting it, investigated her cupboard. Out came two glasses, a bottle of wine (home-made, I should think, reminding me of my grandmother's "grape" wine), and a tin of biscuits. Her anxiety to make us partake of her simple hospitality was touching; we tried to excuse ourselves as being abstainers, but courtesy obliged us to give way; and so the dear old Béguine's little store was diminished by being wasted upon us. But the detective had no compunction. He smoked and drank, and pressed us to do the latter; and so we left him—a costly



LE LAC D'AMOUR AND NOTRE-DAME

visitor to the poor Béguines, who entertained him with the grace due to some one better than a besotted policeman.

It is astonishing that with all the revivals of the last forty years no one has thought of starting a Béguinage. Here is the very society fitted for religious-minded spinsters and widows of the nineteenth century. They live in little houses of their own with a servant, and they keep their own worldly goods. They are bound by no irrevocable vows, they need only attend the daily offices, and from my own observation, that is not obligatory as regards vespers. They can work as they like, provided it be a pious work, with or without remuneration: visiting the poor, nursing, needlework, the charge of the aged, or teaching. The gates are shut at night, but all day long the little green tree-covered square is open to the public, and often full of the dirtiest specimens of childhood. The superior is called La Grande Dame, but she is more the head of a little republic than a sovereign whose will is law.

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"PRIVILEGE! PRIVILEGE!"

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH

On the second day of the assembling of a new Parliament, when the Speaker elect receives, at the Bar of the House of Lords, from the five Lords Commissioners (the representatives of the Sovereign) in presence of the assembled members of both Houses, the Royal approval of his election to fill the Chair of the House of Commons, he claims from the Crown—in accordance with an ancient ceremony that dates from the reign of Henry VIII.—the rights and privileges of the representatives of the people, in the following prescribed words:

"It is my duty, in the name and on behalf of the Commons of the United Kingdom, to lay claim, by humble petition to her Majesty, to all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, particularly to freedom of speech in debate, to freedom of arrest to their persons and servants; above all, to free access to her Majesty when occasion shall occur, and that the most favourable construction shall be put upon all their proceedings."

This ceremony, like many another to be seen at Westminster, would be ludicrous owing to its remoteness nowadays from the realities of things, if there were not glorious historic memories to invest it with a noble dignity. The words breathe the very spirit of freedom, and no matter what manner of man may be the Speaker who utters them at the Bar of the hereditary Chamber, their notes of manly dignity and courteous firmness always ring out impressively. But as spoken by Mr. Speaker Peel they stirred the heart of the listener like a trumpet blast. This ceremony at the opening of a new Parliament in 1892, was one of the finest things in its way that I have ever witnessed at Westminster. As I gazed from the Reporter's Gallery at the tall, striking personality of Mr. Peel standing below at the Bar of the House of Lords, with the Commons massed behind him, and saw the stern decorum in which his impressive countenance was set beneath his massive wig, and heard these words declaimed with a thrilling emphasis that made clear, and, as it were, brought up to date, their historic significance, the actualities of the situation vanished. I thought not of the gracious lady to whom the claim was addressed—whose last thought indeed, would be to deprive "her faithful Commons" of their rights and privileges; who would not if she could, and could not if she would; nor did I think of the five quaint figures in red robes and black beaver hats, sitting so reposefully all in a row, on a bench beneath the throne, and representing her Majesty. But I felt as if it were only the day before that Charles I. came down to the House of Commons with his musketeers, and imperiously demanded the five members who for freedom's sake had braved his royal wrath; and I would not have been surprised had the bronze statues of the bold barons of Magna Charta, who stand on pedestals, like sentinels, around the Chamber, shook in their heavy armour with the electric excitement of the moment, and with waving sword and lance made the rafters ring with their cries of exultation, even as they shouted on that famous June 15, 1215, at Runnymede on the banks of the Thames within a few miles of the Palace of Westminster.

Needless to say, the claim thus so splendidly vindicated, is acceded to at once. The Lord Chancellor, as the spokesman of the Royal Commissioners, replies as follows to Mr. Speaker:

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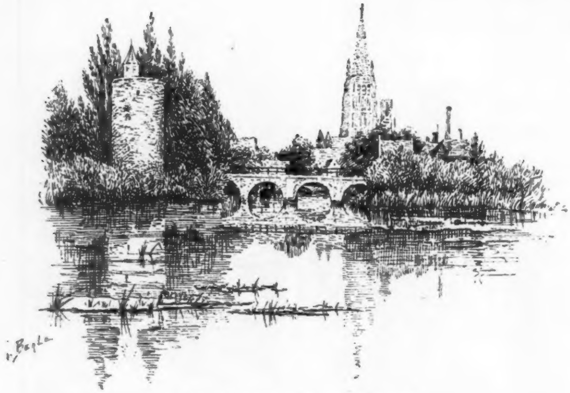
But apart from that, some of those very immunities claimed in the Speaker's petition have either been expressly abolished or limited by statute or tacitly abandoned by desuetude. From the earliest time the servants of members of both Houses, as well as members themselves, enjoyed the privilege of freedom from arrest in all civil suits. Towards the end of the seventeenth century two sheriffs' officers had to ride back to back on a barebacked horse, from Westminster to the Exchange, with placards on their breasts, inscribed: "For arresting a servant to a member of the House of Commons." This monstrous privilege was grossly abused. Not only did servants of members run heavily into debt, and then, relying on their immunity from arrest, and from the distraint of their goods, snap their fingers at their creditors; but members of both Houses frequently extricated a friend, sore pressed by duns, from his financial difficulty by giving him a "certificate of service" or a written declaration that he was a servant. The privilege, so far as it related to servants, was abolished by statute in 1770. Since then, nevertheless, the Speaker has, at the opening of every new Parliament, appealed to the Crown for freedom from arrest on behalf of servants of members of Parliament.

The privilege of freedom from arrest enjoyed by members of Parliament is confined to civil matters; but, since the abolition of imprisonment for debt, this immunity has been shorn of most of its utility. Formerly, it was a very useful privilege. Disraeli says of one of the characters in his first novel, "Vivian Grey," that "the only way to keep him out of the House of Correction was to get him into the House of Commons." Parliament was then a convenient haven of refuge for "splendid paupers." There are



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"Her Majesty most readily confirms all the rights and privileges which have ever been granted to or conferred upon the Commons by her Majesty or any of her royal predecessors."

But the ceremony, its historic associations notwithstanding, is now somewhat an empty form, and its words signify nothing. The House of Commons holds its privileges independently of the Crown, and enjoys them irrespective of Mr. Speaker's vindication. The Crown, in point of fact, is constitutionally powerless in the matter. The privileges of Parliament are beyond its control. It could not constitutionally refuse to confirm these privileges; and by confirming them—as the Lord Chancellor says it "readily" does at the opening of every new Parliament—it gives to them no additional weight, force or authority.

But apart from that, some of those very immunities claimed in the Speaker's petition have either been expressly abolished or limited by statute or tacitly abandoned by desuetude. From the earliest time the servants of members of both Houses, as well as members themselves, enjoyed the privilege of freedom from arrest in all civil suits. Towards the end of the seventeenth century two sheriffs' officers had to ride back to back on a barebacked horse, from Westminster to the Exchange, with placards on their breasts, inscribed: "For arresting a servant to a member of the House of Commons." This monstrous privilege was grossly abused. Not only did servants of members run heavily into debt, and then, relying on their immunity from arrest, and from the distraint of their goods, snap their fingers at their creditors; but members of both Houses frequently extricated a friend, sore pressed by duns, from his financial difficulty by giving him a "certificate of service" or a written declaration that he was a servant. The privilege, so far as it related to servants, was abolished by statute in 1770. Since then, nevertheless, the Speaker has, at the opening of every new Parliament, appealed to the Crown for freedom from arrest on behalf of servants of members of Parliament.

The privilege of freedom from arrest enjoyed by members of Parliament is confined to civil matters; but, since the abolition of imprisonment for debt, this immunity has been shorn of most of its utility. Formerly, it was a very useful privilege. Disraeli says of one of the characters in his first novel, "Vivian Grey," that "the only way to keep him out of the House of Correction was to get him into the House of Commons." Parliament was then a convenient haven of refuge for "splendid paupers." There are three at least well authenticated instances on record of members who got elected to the House of Commons in order to escape the consequences of their heavy liabilities. In one case an English member named Mills, who owed £23,000, and for whose arrest a warrant was in the hands of the sheriff, avoided imprisonment by purchasing a seat for one of the old "rotten boroughs," in 1807, for a sum of £1000. In another case, an Irishman named Bourke was confined in the King's Bench Prison, about seventy years ago, in execution for a considerable debt. His friends got him elected for an Irish constituency, but he never entered the House. On his release after election, he fled to the Continent, and remained there. Again in 1825, the year before Disraeli published "Vivian Grey," a man who was in prison for debt was returned for Bererley, a small English borough, and was forthwith released on a warrant issued by Mr. Speaker. It was a case, in real life, of from the House of Correction, to the House of Commons.

Under the Act of 1770, which abolished the immunity of servants of members from arrest, the goods of a peer or a member of the House of Commons may be distrained for debt like the goods of any other citizen. He is also subject to the procedure of the Bankruptcy Act of 1883. An order of the Court declaring him a bankrupt cancels his writ of summons if a peer, and renders his seat vacant if a member of the House of Commons. It should also be noticed that this privilege of freedom from arrest in civil causes is like all the other privileges, only enjoyed by members of Parliament—a term which properly includes peers as well as commoners—during the Session when they are expected to be at Westminster and for forty days before and after the meeting of Parliament, so as to secure in the first instance their attendance at Westminster and when discharged from duty, their safe return home. These periods of forty days were fixed before railways were dreamed of. During the remainder of the year a member of Parliament is as an ordinary citizen. He has no special immunities.

The privilege of freedom from arrest is not allowed to interfere with the administration of criminal justice. But if a member is sent to prison on a criminal charge, the House must be informed, through the Speaker, by the judge or magistrate who sentenced him, of the cause for which he is detained from his service in Parliament. If the cause is a felony the member is expelled from the House.

The House does not allow the sanctuary of its walls to protect a member from the processes of the criminal law. But here, again, the service of a criminal process on a member within the precincts of the House while the House is sitting may be a breach of privilege. For instance, during the Session of 1889, a constable of the Royal Irish Constabulary served a summons under the Crimes Act or "Coercion Act," as it is often called, on Mr. Sheehy, an Irish member, in the Lobby of the House. Mr. Sheehy at once rushed into the House, and interrupting the proceedings, called the Speaker's attention to this breach of privilege. An angry debate ensued, and finally a committee was appointed to inquire into the affair; but the result was a report which stated that, as the constable had acted in ignorance, the matter did not demand any action on the part of the House. Again in 1815, Lord Cochrane, while a member of the House of Commons, was committed to prison in London for conspiracy in connection with a Chancery suit. He escaped from the prison and made his way to Westminster, thinking, curiously enough, that as a law-maker he would find within the walls of the Legislature a refuge from the officers of the law. But the marshal of the prison with his myrmidons pursued him thither and coolly arrested him as he sat on one of the benches of the House of Commons. The House, however, was not sitting at the time. A committee was appointed by the House to inquire whether the arrest was a breach of privilege, and it decided it was not.

Members of Parliament are exempt during a Session from service on juries, their duties to Parliament being held to supersede that obligation of the citizen. But they are required, during a Session, to attend as witnesses in any case, in order that the administration of justice may not be hindered.

The speech of a member of Parliament, delivered in Parliament, is privileged. To commence proceedings in a court of law for libel against a member for a statement made by him in Parliament is a breach of privilege on the part of the plaintiff. Indeed, the Court would refuse to hear any such action on the ground that it has no jurisdiction.

But if a member should publish his speech, as many M.P.'s are fond of doing, it is regarded as a separate publication, unconnected with Parliament, and he cannot claim privilege for any statement it may contain. There are two very interesting cases bearing on this point. In 1795, Lord Abingdon, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords, accused his attorney of improper professional conduct, and afterwards published the speech in the newspapers at his own expense. An action for libel was taken by the aggrieved attorney. Lord Abingdon, in conducting his own case before the Court of King's Bench, made the excellent point that he had the right to print that which, by law of Parliament, he had the right to speak. But Lord Kenyon replied that "a member of Parliament had certainly the right to publish his speech, but that speech should not be made a vehicle of slander against any individual. If it was so made, it was libel." The defendant was accordingly fined £100 and sent to prison for three months.

The other case bearing on the point comes from the House of Commons. In 1813, Mr. Creevy, a member of Parliament, made a charge against an individual in the course of a speech delivered in the House. Garbled versions of the speech having appeared, Mr. Creevy sent a correct report to the editor of a paper, with a request to publish it. The request was complied with, and on this report, which the Court held to be a separate publication, the individual attacked recovered £100 damages against Mr. Creevy for libel. Mr. Creevy complained to the House of the Court of King's Bench for fining him, but the House refused to condemn the Court as guilty of breach of privilege.

The latest legal decision on this interesting point was delivered in 1867, when Lord Chief Justice Cockburn declared:

"If a member publish his own speech reflecting upon the character of any person, and omits to publish the rest of the debate, the publication would not be fair, and so would not be privileged. But a fair and faithful report of the whole debate, if it contained aspersions on character, would not be actionable."

Parliamentary papers or papers issued by order of either House were not privileged until 1840. In 1837, on the eve of Her Majesty's accession to the throne, Parliament decided for the first time to sell its papers, including blue-books, reports, and returns, to the public at the lowest possible rate; in fact, at rates much below the cost of production. One of the earliest reports sold to the public under the order was the means of getting Parliament into a very unpleasant and undignified conflict with the law courts, which lasted two years. The report was written by an inspector of prisons. In it he incidentally mentioned that a "disgusting and obscene" book published by Messrs. Stockdale, well-known publishers at the time, was found among prisoners in Newgate. An action for libel was at once instituted by Messrs. Stockdale against Messrs. Hansard, the Parliamentary printers, who printed the report; and although counsel, on behalf of Parliament, urged the plea of privilege, a verdict for the plaintiff with £600 damages was entered.

Lord Chief Justice Denman before whom the action was tried said he was "not aware of the existence in this country of any body whatever that can privilege any servant of theirs to publish libels of any individual." The House, therefore, passed on May 31, 1837, a resolution declaring that "the power of publishing such of its reports, votes and proceedings as it shall deem necessary or conducive to the public interests, is an essential incident to the Constitutional function of Parliament." But the decision of the Court of King's Bench was confirmed on appeal by the higher court, with the result that in 1840 Parliament passed an Act—which is the most unimpeachable expression of authority in the realm—giving protection against actions at law to the printers of its papers.

This protection was not, however, extended to private printers who might publish the same reports, nor by the newspapers for their reports of the Parliamentary proceedings. Shortly afterwards, an action for libel was successfully brought against the *Times* for the publication of evidence reflecting on an individual, given before a Select Committee of the House of Lords on affairs in New Zealand. The *Times*, thereupon, petitioned Parliament for the extension to newspapers of the protection afforded to Messrs. Hansard; but the sense of both Houses was against the claim. However, without any statute having been passed, the courts of law, properly interpreting public opinion on the subject, have since held that newspaper reports of speeches in Parliament containing defamatory statements are privileged upon verification of their correctness. "A newspaper," said Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, "is not liable to an action for libel for the publication of a fair and faithful report of a debate."

The privilege that has practically fallen into desuetude is that of free access to the Sovereign which the Speaker claims "above all" from the Crown. It was never enjoyed by individual members of the House of Commons (though it was, and according to the theory of the Constitution is at present, enjoyed by Peers), but by the House at large, with the Speaker at its head; and the only occasion on which it can be exercised is when an Address is presented to the Sovereign by the whole House, as for instance, in reply to the Speech from the Throne or of congratulation on some auspicious event in the Royal Household.

Now, however, the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech is always presented by one of the officers of the Royal Household, who are members of the Administration. Probably few members of Parliament know that in order to ensure their "free access" to the Throne on the occasion of an Address being presented to the Sovereign by the whole House, the forms and ceremonies of the Court are dispensed with, and they may, if they please, enter the very presence of the Sovereign in ordinary attire—"in haddin grey and a' that" as Burns would say—instead of in the regulation velvet coat, knee-breeches, ruffles and sword. But that is not all. Should they decide to drive to St. James's or Buckingham Palace, by the Mall, they need not—as on ordinary occasions they and everybody else are bound to do—take the sideway close to Green Park, but they may use the central road of the boulevard, which, save when drawing-rooms and levees are given, is reserved exclusively for Royal personages.

Disraeli, who attended the presentation of the address of the House of Commons, congratulating the Queen on her marriage with Prince Albert, in Buckingham Palace, February 18, 1840, thus describes the event in a letter to his sister:

"I went up with our House very strong in numbers and very brilliant in costume, and it was generally agreed that *I* am never to wear any other but a Court costume, being, according to Ossulston, a very Charles II. The Peers preceding our procession by only half an hour, the golden carriages of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker were almost blended in the same crowd; and the quantity of personages of note, to say nothing of courtiers, gentlemen-at-arms, and beefeaters was very fine. All our men were costumed; but Scholefield and Muntz and a few Rads., including, to my surprise, O'Connell, *en bourgeois.* The Speaker, with John Russell on his right and Peel on his left, both in Windsor uniform, marched up to the throne in good style, we followed somewhat tumultuously. The Queen looked well; the Prince, on her left, in high military rig, very handsome, and the presence was altogether effective. Always having heard the Palace abused I was rather agreeably surprised. The hall is low, but the staircase is not ineffective, and I was amused, for the scene was busy and brilliant."

One House cannot abolish or limit any of the privileges of the other. Each is the sole arbiter in matters affecting the regulation of its own proceedings; the maintenance of its own dignities and the immunities of its own members. At one time the two Houses were, in that respect, very jealous of each other. Each insisted on the punctilious observance by the other of that high respect for its dignity which its abnormal self-esteem considered its due. Edmund Burke once made a bitter complaint in the House of Commons that on going up to the House of Lords with a Bill he had been kept three hours waiting at the doors. The Commons were so indignant at this disrespectful treatment of its distinguished member that when, shortly afterwards, a Bill was brought down from the Lords to give a bounty on corn, they unanimously rejected it in a most ignominious fashion. That usually grave personage, Mr. Speaker, contemptuously tossed the Bill across the table on to the floor, and a number of members rushed forward and kicked it out of the House.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR OCTOBER

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST AND ITS REWARD

FIRST SUNDAY

> "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."—John xvii. 4 and 5.

WE read once and again that Jesus prayed; but as He counselled His disciples to enter into their closet, and shut-to the door, and be alone with God, so also He commonly made a closet for Himself, going "up into a mountain to pray," or "apart into some desert place" where He could be "alone and yet not alone, because the Father was with Him." There is very little, then, to indicate what was the nature of our Lord's prayers, except here and there a passing word, a devout ejaculation, and the great and bitter cry thrice repeated in Gethsemane, and this high communing with God on the last evening of His life on earth.

But what a wonderful prayer it is! How strange, and yet how fitting! how impossible for any other man! how altogether right in the mouth of Jesus! It could not have entered into any other heart to imagine such a prayer. I do not believe that, even in its most daring flights, the mind of poet or of seer could have struck into a vein so far beyond the common range of human thought and feeling, yet so perfectly natural to this one man. Even had the Evangelist been steeped to the lips in the purest and highest spirit of devotion which had hitherto sent up its requests like a sweet incense to the Father of all, that would not have prepared him in the very least to enter into this prayer—would not have brought his mind into touch with the mind that here breathes its desires unto God. It is unique as He that prayed it was unique. It is not at all like Abraham's prayers, though he spake very boldly as became "the friend of God." It is not like any word uttered by Psalmist or Prophet or Apostle in mood of highest ecstasy, for they all spake more or less of sin that needed to be forgiven, and defilement that had to be cleansed. Neither is it like the prayer which Jesus taught His disciples to use, for there are words in it also proper only for the erring sons of men. Read over all the prayers of the saints, ponder them well, fill your mind and your heart with them, and the more you feel that they are true to you, the less shall you feel that this one is fit for you to use. Instead of preparing you for it, they will only prepare you to feel its utter strangeness, and that it rests upon a fact which transcends all your experiences, and all your ideas. For here is the keynote of it: "Father, I have glorified Thee; and now, Father, glorify Thou me"; and your lips would not dare to frame a word like that. Again, the Lord claims here that He should be restored to the position which He held "before the world was," and that could have no meaning in your mouth or mine, for we had no being then, glorious or otherwise. Moreover, yet once more, He says not now, as in Gethsemane, "Father, as Thou wilt," but "Father, I will"; and the more you are a man of prayer, the less may you address the great God in that strain. Clearly there is matter here, at the root of this great prayer, which transcends our human thought, and lifts it out of the domain which alone is fitting for us. For while it is true that there is not a little in it which is even touchingly human—while many of its requests are such as we can surely make our own, for we may well plead with God for the unity of His Church, and that He would keep His people from the evil that is in the world—yet whatever we ask we must rest, not on our own merit, but on His mercy alone. That, however, is not the ground on which Jesus here takes His stand. He does not plead for grace, but for His right. He has intensely human yearnings, but His arguments are not tremulous human entreaties, they are strong divine claims that may not be gainsaid, for they are grounded on an absolute righteousness. Therefore is this grand intercession unlike all others ever made or dreamed of;

for it is God speaking to God, and yet praying: and I venture to say that, even had it entered any heart to conceive such a thing, his tongue would have stammered and his powers would have failed him. The most daring imagination would have flagged in such a flight, saying, "This knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it." Yet impossible as it is for us, could anything be more natural as coming from Jesus? Would anything less lofty and absolute have been fitting for Him to say? Could He have been the Saviour we believe in had He taken any lower ground?

SECOND SUNDAY

THE first thing, then, we have to note in this prayer, is the finished work of Christ, on which it all rests. "I have glorified Thy name," He says, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." I will not dwell on the fact that He speaks of His work as being completed when, in reality, its chiefest part had yet to be done, even that last sacrificial work of which He himself said, "For this cause came I unto this hour." It might, indeed, be urged that, in a sense, the *work* of His life was ended, since that which remained was not properly work, but only suffering. That, however, would be playing with words—a thing alien to His Spirit. In reality, then, there is no difficulty in seeing how one who had faithfully acted out the tragedy of His life to its last scene, and who had just girded up His mind for its final sorrow, should speak of His task as being substantially finished, and of Himself as being "no more in the world." What is of more consequence is the meaning of the word in His case. For there is a sense in which it is true of us all that we must finish, and do finish, the bit of work laid to our hand, and cannot leave the world until it is finished. It may be well done, or ill done, but done it must be, the thing appointed to us by the counsel and foreknowledge of God. We must each weave into the web of human story that part of the pattern, be it dark or bright, which from the beginning was allotted to us. But though we have to finish our task, it may be anything but a finished piece of work for all that. When we have done our best, indeed—if any of us ever does his best—others will come and improve on it. We can only, at most, carry on the work a short way, and those who follow after will surely have to amend it. Our highest attainments are merely stages and new starting-points. Nor is that all. For the true soul, looking back at its past, cannot help feeling that his life has been a poor thing after all, not a success, but a failure; and so the right-hearted man is oftenest heard complaining, "Alas! what poor, barren years mine have been! My work has not been done as it might have been done, as it should have been done, as I once fondly hoped it would have been done. Instead of a finished work, it is a thing of scraps and thrums and patches—of wasted powers, and forgotten promises, and neglected opportunities, and fragments of occasional and ineffectual effort. And the result is a lame and blemished offering of which I may well be ashamed, as indeed I am." Is not that the kind of feeling with which men of the right sort review their past days? Their work is finished, but it is far from perfect, and all they can say of it is, "Be merciful, O God, for in all things I have come short."

Consider, now, how entirely different is the attitude of Christ here, and how highly He bears Himself in the presence of the eternal heart-searcher. He was made in all things like unto His brethren, so far as God could make Him so, for He clothed Him in the likeness of sinful flesh, though He could not make Him a sinful man. We have to do that for ourselves, and unhappily we manage only too effectually to do so. But though in all other respects exactly like us, having the same burden of duties, the same pressure of trials, the same snares to avoid, and the same weakness to overcome by the power of the same faith, yet what a gulf there is also between us and Him in virtue of this one fact, that His soul was unstained by sin! Hence, when He comes to the verge and brink of life, He can look back without one touch of regret and say: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do; so finished it that it needs no supplement, and will allow of no amendment, and asks for no forgiveness. Father, I have glorified Thee in all that I have done; and now, Father, glorify Thou me." It had been given Him to reveal the Father; and He had discovered to men "the very brightness of His glory, and express image of His person." It had been laid on Him to show us the path of life; and through the world's thorns and briars and miry by-ways He had walked undefiled along the way everlasting. It had been appointed Him to bear our griefs and carry our sorrows; and with infinite human sympathy He had laid hold on all the ills and pains and miseries of men, and made them all His own. It had been also given Him "to make His soul an offering for sin," and He was now waiting there in His holiness ready to be offered up. There was nothing He undertook which He had not fulfilled—no burden laid on Him which He had not meekly borne—no opportunity given Him which He had failed to use: round and complete, the work allotted to Him had been done without a flaw, and nothing could be added to it, or taken from it, which would not, more or less, mar its perfect beauty. It looks, indeed, a broken life, when we think how brief it was, cut off in the bloom and vigour of its manhood. Yet was it the only whole life ever lived on earth, the only one whose task was really perfected ere its days were ended. Therefore could He say, as never man before or since might dare to address his Maker, "Father, I have glorified Thee, and now, Father, glorify Thou me."

Pause here, now, and think what encouragement lies in this, for us; how it helps to assure our hearts before God. For as Jesus had no misgivings about His rights, no more should we when we are pleading in His name. I do not say that all the "mystery of redemption" has been so cleared up that, being finished as it is, we should at once perceive that it must needs secure for us the mercy and grace we are needing. Many are fain to cherish cut-and-dry plans of salvation which have no trace of mystery in them, but are as plain as a debtor and creditor account. But here "we walk by faith, and not by sight," and it is possible that your vision of the divine method may not be without clouds and mists and great brooding shadows, while yet your faith is steadfast and serene. For this is the ground of your confidence—is it not? My Saviour finished the work given Him to do. He perfectly realised God's redeeming purpose. Therefore He had no misgivings about claiming His reward. Father, He glorified Thee, and now glorify Thou Him. Accept His offering, grant the desire of His heart. Let Him see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied; and the travail of His soul was to save me, and the like of me, from our sins. Is not that a strong ground of confidence for one who would draw near to God, in the lowliness of a contrite heart? We are poor failures at the best, but our hope rests on One who, for our sakes, fulfilled the whole counsel of God.

THIRD SUNDAY

The prayer which the perfect work of Jesus suggests to Him is not merely a general one that God would glorify Him as He had glorified God. That, indeed, would have been a startling enough request, as we have seen, and one which no other man could have ventured to make. But it is a more specific, and far more singular thing which our Lord actually asks for, even that the Father would give Him back "the glory which He had with the Father before the world was." It must have been a strange thing, even for those who had companied with Him so long, and who had seen his path all along strewn with wonders and marvels, to listen to these words, and to discern, however faintly, the idea on which they rested. For Jesus was no hare-brained enthusiast, no fanatic puffed up with vain imaginations, but verily the calmest, clearest and least dreamy of mortal men, who tolerated no self-deceptions, but insisted on always coming face to face with facts. Yet here He speaks of Himself as existing "before the world was," and, in a kind of sublime rapture, claims once more the restoration of the glory which He then had with the Father. Assuredly no saying of His—and He spake many a startling word—contains a suggestion of stranger import than this. It was uttered, too, in the solemn simplicity of prayer, and no one ever enforced as He did the absolute truthfulness which belongs to real prayer, and without which it is but a mockery and delusion. Yet now, in the presence of the heart-searcher, He recalls a time when there were no heavens and no earth, nor sun nor moon nor any star, and claims to have been then in glory with God. It is a thought to fill us with amazement, and yet there is light in it, though the light be unsearchable. For have there not been times of brooding meditation in all our lives, when we have been fain to ask ourselves, What of that past Eternity, before "God created the heavens and the earth?" Was God then all alone, with no one to love, and nothing to do? Was He wrapt up in an awful and barren self-absorption, wherein all His noblest moral attributes found no scope for their exercise? And is it not a relief to learn that, in the mystery of the divine nature, there is a unity which yet is not a solitude, and that, as Jesus could once say that "He was alone and yet not alone, for the Father was with Him," so also in those endless years of the past, the Father too was alone, and yet not alone, for the Son was with Him? "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." I do not pretend to explain this. It is dark from excess of light. Only when I travel back as far as thought can go, I am well assured that there was no divine loneliness or lovelessness, but there was a Holy Father delighting in the fellowship of His Holy Son, and a Holy Spirit also that shared in their blissful communion. And all the while there was but one God, and as yet there was no creature. And now the strange thing is to think of this young Israelite, not much more than thirty years old, calmly recalling those times as matters of personal remembered consciousness, and praying the Father to glorify Him with the glory which He had with Him before the world was.

As to the nature of that glory which He asks, and which He has certainly gotten, it is defined by the very form of His prayer, and we are not at liberty to substitute anything else in its room. We are apt to picture the Lord Jesus now as seated on a throne, crowned with many crowns, in some region of untroubled bliss where the homage of the universe is like sweet incense and constant hallelujahs. So we fancy that His prayer was heard. For the love wherewith He loved us, He had consented to be humbled, to be dishonoured, to be "numbered with transgressors," "though he had done no iniquity, neither was guile found in His mouth." Therefore we say it was only meet that God should highly exalt Him, and give Him a name which is above every name, and that the innumerable hosts of heaven, with voice like the sound of many waters, should praise and magnify the Lord. That is the kind of glory which Eastern monarchs are mostly fain to desire. Absorbing to themselves all power and all praise, they like to withdraw into privacies of undisturbed delight, where toil and care and trouble may not enter, nor the cry of the afflicted, nor the groan of the oppressed. And something not unlike that is the glory which we are apt to think has now been awarded to Christ. People would crown Him Lord of all, and that is the sort of crown they would put upon His head. But I take leave to say that He never wore such a crown, nor ever desired to wear it, and that He was truly more glorious in His crown of thorns than He would be with honours so little to His mind. We cannot understand aright the glory which He asked for if we do not ally it very closely with the humility which He chose to live in. There must be no break in His character such as would be implied in the glory of mere grandeur and ease and self-absorption, which are wholly alien to the deepest spirit of his life.

FOURTH SUNDAY

What, then, was the glory which He had with the Father "before the world was?" That is what He asks now again to receive. Do the Scriptures tell us anything about that? If they do not, then we are in total darkness about it, and must be content to remain in that darkness, for the whole idea belongs strictly to the domain of revelation, and nothing could be more futile than idle speculation about it. On the other hand, if the Bible gives forth any gleams of light, however feeble, it is our duty to gather them up, and see what they amount to, be it much or little, for even a faint glimmer may be very serviceable if it only lead our thoughts on to the right lines. To tell the truth then, Scripture has very little to say on this subject, so little that one might, not unreasonably, be tempted to conclude that it is one of those secrets into which we may not look. Yet there are a few suggestive hints, not without meaning if we ponder them well. Thus John tells us, in his prologue to his Gospel, that "by Him were all things made, and without Him was not anything made that was made." In the beginning then, to Him had been committed the glory of all that creative work which filled the infinity of space with suns and systems and worlds and living creatures innumerable. Again, He is spoken of in the Apocalypse as "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"—"the Lamb without blemish foreordained from before the foundation of the world." From the beginning, then, His glory had been closely bound up with the redeeming purpose of God, wherein His righteousness and mercy were to be so richly manifested. Before the world was, the Son had been the symbol and the medium both of the divine power and also of the divine love, and that was the glory which He had with the Father then. His was a transcendent majesty combined with an equally transcendent sacrificial ministry, and doubtless all the universe recognised the glory of Him in whom such opposite attributes were so wondrously combined.

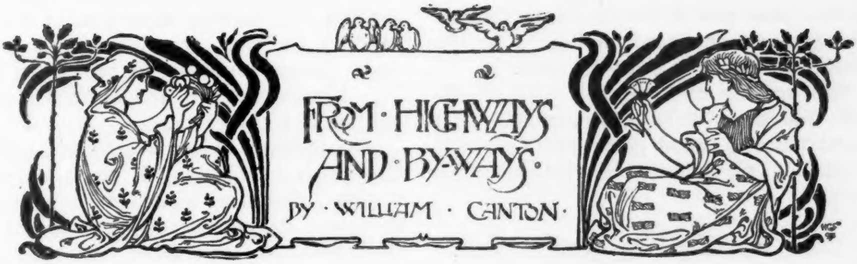
But now how has His prayer for the restoration of that glory been answered? What is His position to-day? The heavens have received Him, but the veil has been partly withdrawn, at least to certain chosen spirits that they might shed some light on this for us. And what they, inspired by the Holy Ghost, tell us is, that God hath given all power and authority into His hands, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; and also that "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" is now exalted, but still as a slain Lamb. "I beheld," John says, "and lo! in the midst of the throne stood a Lamb as it had been slain." The two sides of the medal correspond exactly. Before the world was there is transcendent majesty prepared for transcendent sacrifice; and after this prayer is made, there is transcendent sacrifice restored to its original transcendent majesty. Men could not discern the glory of such a character, and therefore they "despised and rejected Him." But that did not change His mind, or lead Him to wish for something different to which the world might more readily bow down. True, He is no longer homeless and humbled, but seated on the throne, having a name which is above every name. There are songs of praise sung to Him. There are crowns put upon His head, and crowns cast at His feet. But He is still "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." These honours and dignities are as nothing to Him except in so far as they give Him power to work out the eternal purpose of divine love. He has not returned to His Father's house that He may escape from the toil and trouble and burden of His work, but only because "it was expedient for us that He should go away," in order that He might reconcile all things on Himself, both which are on earth and which are in heaven. To conceive of Him otherwise would be to break the continuity of His life, and mar its perfect unity and beauty. There is change of place then, but no change of spirit, for He is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. He governs now as He served once, for His government is just our service. The Lamb on the throne is carrying out the work of the Lamb on the altar. There in His glory, and as an essential part of that glory, the sins and sorrows of the world compass Him about as if they were His own, and He ever liveth to make intercession for us. It is just as if the Cross were planted between the two eternities, as it were, between two opposite mirrors, so that, whether we look backward or forward, it is still the same sight that meets our gaze. Backward, we behold a Lamb foreordained unto death appearing again and again through all the ages that have been; and forward, we see a Lamb as it had been slain repeated again and again through all the ages that are to come. And this Lamb, in virtue of its eternal sacrifice, has all power to redeem and to reconcile and to renew, and therefore all glory with God. Through His whole eternal life, alike in its exaltation and in its humiliation, runs the same idea of self-sacrifice, for therein truly lies the essential idea of His glory. Drop it out, and the splendour fades away from His name, and all that touches our hearts and moves us to higher and holier aims.

FIFTH SUNDAY

It may well appear to some of you that, in all this, there is not much glory to be greatly desired by any one. To have made a world which, if at first it was all very good, soon lapsed into "thorns and briars" and envies and hatreds; to have redeemed that world, and to see it, brightened indeed by some saintly lives, and noble labours, yet, on the whole, a sinful, sorrowful world still; surely there is not much glory to be gathered from that. And if the sufferings which He endured for it do, in some sort, cling to Him yet, so that He remains, as He has always been, one who bears the burden of others, and makes himself a sacrifice for them, does not that seem rather a monotonous toil and care than a state of glory for which one would earnestly pray? That is a natural enough view for the unspiritual man to take, but it is not God's way of looking at the matter. It is very true that neither creation nor redemption have yet realised His holy purpose. But we must not judge of His work till we see the end of it, when its whole results shall be gathered up. He does not haste, but neither does He rest, for He has endless time to work in. For His glory, He tells us, all things are and were created; and one day it will appear that they are not a failure, but that they have accomplished a purpose worthy of His wisdom and goodness.

Meanwhile, if we are to get at the heart of our Lord's thought here, it must be noted that the glory which He asks is not any change in His own condition, but in the spirit and character of those for whom He was about to lay down His life. In reality, it is not for Himself that He prays, but for them. "I am glorified," He says, "in them"; and again, "The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them." It is in His people that He would be recompensed for all the travail of His soul. Doubtless the Father has highly exalted Him, as it was right that He should be exalted and now all the Holy angels, and all the saints that have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," as they gather around the throne, sing the ever-new song, "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and power and praise and glory and honour and blessing." From the beginning that was and is and ever shall be the constant strain of those who, dwelling high above the world's blinding mists, have seen, and see, clearly the beauty of His holiness and the splendour of His love. But for Himself, lauds and anthems and incense and crowns put on His head, and crowns cast at His feet, He turns from them all to think of His suffering Church and His erring brethren, and the deepest longing of His heart is, Let me be glorified in them. "Father, I will that they all may be one—I in them and they in me—that they may be made perfect in one." That is His coveted reward. That is the glory He seeks, even that the same mind may be in them which was also in Him, that they may be humble as He was, and obedient as He was, and bear the cross as He did, for the love that rules in their hearts.

In a measure, then, it depends on us whether this prayer shall be answered, and this desire of His soul shall be satisfied, or no. It is in our power to give, or to withhold the only reward He cares to get. For He would be glorified in us; but if we are given up to strifes and divisions and envies and jealousies, He is not glorified, He is ashamed of us. He would be glorified in us; but if we are filled with malice and hatred and all uncharitableness, He is not glorified, He is dishonoured in us. He would be glorified in us; but if we are carnal, selfish, worldly, covetous, we do not glorify, we bring reproach on His name. He would be glorified in us; but if we are slack at His work, and soon weary in well-doing, and count His service a burden, and repine at its sacrifices, then is He disgraced and not glorified in the people whom He loved and redeemed with His blood. But ye shall truly be His glory and joy if ye walk with Him in meekness and mercy, in patience and faithfulness, in truth and uprightness, in lowliness and holiness, in brotherly kindness and charity, trampling under foot the lusts of the flesh, and setting your affections on "the things unseen and eternal." This is what He would have us to be, and what His holy Spirit strives earnestly to make us; and high where He now sits, amid the bliss and majesty and glory of heaven, we, if we would only consent to be thus fashioned after His likeness, could thrill His heart with a keener gladness, and a more grateful sense of His desired reward, than all the crowns with which they crown Him, and all their harps and hallelujahs. He finished His work; He is entitled to His reward; and that reward are ye, the souls for whom He died. A poor enough recompense, ye may well and truly say, to get the like of me for His hire. But that is all He asks, and nothing else will satisfy His love.



FROM · HIGHWAYS AND · BY-WAYS ·

BY · WILLIAM · CANTON ·

IS it the general experience of teachers that in learning the multiplication table children acquire with ease, and quickly remember, up to "5 times" inclusive, but from that point onward find the difficulty of acquisition, and still more the difficulty of retention, increase with every higher number? A Polish mathematician, Professor Procopovitch—obviously as amiable and tender-hearted as he is ingenious—has devised, after a good deal of brown study, a delightfully simple method by which the smallest of scholarings may have literally at his finger-ends the whole multiplication table, not only up to 12 times 12 but far beyond—even to the distant horizon of 20 times 20. Dr. S. Caze has contributed to the *Revue des Revues* so lucid an exposition of the system that no great space is needed to put it clearly before those who are interested in the matter. I remember poor little Marjorie Fleming's record of her trials and tribulations: "I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure." Many another childish head still aches over those 8 and 7 times, and under the old method "all the perfumes of Arabia" will not avail to sweeten those dreadful numerals from the salt of tears. Henceforth, however, we have in Professor Procopovitch's scheme a means of converting multiplication—at least up to 20 times 20—into a quiet game for a winter evening.

Taking it for granted that the little man or woman has learned up to "5 times," we begin with "6 times." The scholar's fingers, on each hand, beginning with the thumb and ending with the little finger, are labelled 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. With a little practice the actual numerals will cease to be necessary; the child will unhesitatingly associate each finger with its proper figure; but to begin with the finger should be distinctly labelled. Now suppose we want to multiply 8 by 8, the scholar, holding his hands in front of him, puts the tip of the middle finger of the right hand against the tip of the middle finger of the left, each of these being labelled 8 (see Fig. 1). He then counts—at a glance almost—"Middle finger, forefinger and thumb (labelled 8, 7, 6) of left hand = 3; ditto, ditto, ditto of right hand = 3; in all six fingers;" which indicates that in the product there are *six* TENS, that is 60. Again looking at his hands he sees that he has made no use of the fingers below the fingers whose tips touch each other (those labelled 8). There are two of these on the right hand and two on the left. He multiplies one by the other; twice 2 = 4; add this 4 to the 60; result 64, the product of 8 times 8.

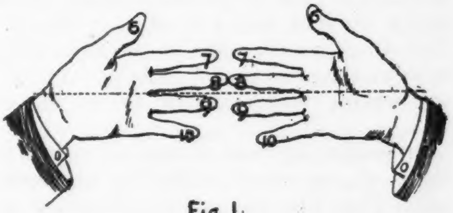


Fig. 1.

It seems to me very desirable that, in order that children may *see* how the work is done, the tips of the fingers labelled with the figures to be multiplied together should touch each other. These fingers placed point to point form a line which divides the two hands into *upper* and *lower*. The number of fingers on the *upper* part of the hands (including multiplicand and multiplier) indicates the *number* of TENS in the answer. On the *lower* part of the hands the number of fingers on one hand multiplied by the number on the other gives the units.

The working of 6 times 6 may on the first trial be a trifle disconcerting. Put thumb point to thumb point (label 6 to label 6) (see Fig. 2), and we perceive at once that on the *upper* hands there is nothing to count but the two thumbs = 2; which indicates that in the product there are two tens = 20. That seems to be wrong straightway; but let us follow the rule to the end. On the *lower* hands we find two sets of four fingers. Four times 4 = 16. Add 16 to 20 and we have 36, the product of 6 times 6. And so the scheme works out up to 10 times 10.

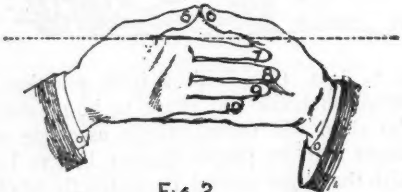


Fig. 2

In multiplying from 11 times 11 up to 15 times 15, we need another set of finger labels (see Fig. 3), and the procedure is modified, but it is still of the most transparent simplicity. Thus, let us take 13 times 14—or 14 times 13, for the result is the same from whichever side you work, and that fact may help left-handed children a little. Put together the tips of the fingers labelled 13 and 14. At a glance one sees that the *upper* hands contain seven fingers, that is 7 tens, 70. At this point we leave the method already explained: we ignore the *lower* hands altogether. To find our units we go back to the *upper* hands again and multiply the number of fingers on the one hand by the number on the other, viz. 3 times 4 = 12. Add 12 to 70, and we have 82. Finally *add* 100, and we have 182, the product of 13 times 14.

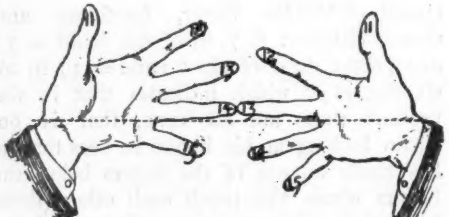


Fig. 3

The addition of 100 is arbitrary, but it is charmingly simple, and it saves time and trouble. Still if we wished we might regard the seven fingers on the upper hands as 7 twenties = 140; the three fingers on the lower hands we might take as 3 tens = 30; and then returning to the upper hands and multiplying the four fingers of the left hand by the three of the right we should have 12 units: 140 + 30 + 12 = 182. Manifestly the rule adding 100 is the easier and the quicker.

In multiplying from 16 times 16 to 20 times twenty, we require a third set of labels, or we may use the first if we prefix the figure 1 to the old numerals and change 10 to 20. There is also another slight modification. Let us multiply 17 by 17 (Fig. 4).

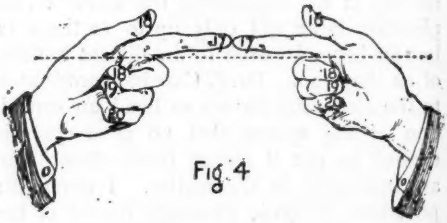


Fig. 4

Oppose the proper finger-tips as before. There are four fingers on the upper hands. These indicate 4 *twenties* = 80. On the lower hands multiply the three fingers of one by the three of the other = 9. Add 200. Result 80 + 9 + 200 = 289, the product of 17 times 17.

I can fancy how little Marjorie's face would have beamed upon her chubby fingers as she multiplied such monstrous numerals as these with the ease and rapidity of a conjurer.

There is something absolutely uncanny about figures, and I am not surprised that Pythagoras should have described Number as "the ruler of forms and ideas, and the cause of gods and demons." The old schoolboy catch of subtracting 45 from 45 and leaving 45 does not receive the respect-it deserves. As most of us remember, it is worked out in this fashion:

$$\begin{array}{r}
9\,8\,7\,6\,5\,4\,3\,2\,1 = 45 \\
1\,2\,3\,4\,5\,6\,7\,8\,9 = 45 \\
\hline
8\,6\,4\,1\,9\,7\,5\,3\,2 = 45
\end{array}$$

By what singular law or coincidence *does* it happen that in subtracting the digits 1 to 9 from 9 to 1 the remainder should contain these identical figures? Of course it is a very childish matter, but I confess it gives me a glimpse into a vista of mystery and strange potentialities. Then there is the Chinese Magical Square in which, add the numerals in any direction you like, each row makes 15:

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

If fetishism is ever reasonable and excusable it is surely when it takes an arithmetical form.

Have we ever considered that supremely wonderful fact, that odd numbers and even succeed each other alternately *ad infinitum?* The philosophers have, and some of them have come to the conclusion that a truth in regard to numbers is something different in kind from a truth generalised from experience. That three and two make five is a truth for ever, and in all circumstances, and in the essential nature of things; that the sun will rise to-morrow—well, that is also doubtless a truth, but it is not a truth at once universal and of necessity. Wherefore our philosophers have asked themselves the question, Do we arrive at the truths of mathematics purely by experience, or does there lie in the intellect of man some intuitive perception independent of experience, which adapts itself, so to say, to the external phenomena of existence? Of course we are aware that the old Roman numerals show unmistakably the five fingers of the hand from which they came, and we know that among many and diverse tribes the word for "five" means literally "a whole hand"; that for six, "one of the other hand"; for ten, "both hands," and so on; but this merely demonstrates how counting was practically performed; it does not disprove that the conception of number pre-existed in the savage brain. On the other hand, we have no proof that the conception did exist *a priori*, though for my own part I prefer to believe so, in spite of the assertion that the Veddahs of Ceylon "have still no mathematical faculty whatever; they have no name for any number." The Greeks and Romans had no names for certain colours, but that does not prove colour blindness; nor is the lack of names for numbers conclusive evidence of the absence of any mathematical perception. It must have dawned on the most brutish of savages that he has two feet and ten toes.

The confusion of Babel would be a trifle compared with the effect which would be produced were our knowledge of Number suddenly blotted into total oblivion. For the astronomer and the woman at the apple-stall there would be "a sky deranged and Nature stopped." The railway clerk and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would sit in rueful abstraction. The architect would drop his compasses. The mills would cease running; the ship-yards and engine-shops would lapse into sudden silence. The abstruse student of pure mathematics would rub his eyes and wonder what it was he had been dreaming about a new dimension of space.

Surely it is one of the curiosities in the history of our mental development that the cumbrous Roman numerals held their ground so long after the introduction of the so-called Arabic, or more properly the Indian, symbols. The earliest appearance of the latter in Europe has been traced to a translation of Ptolemy, written in Spain in 1136. In 1299 the bankers of Florence were forbidden to use them, and the University of Padua decreed that their stationer should mark his price list "non per cifras, sed per literas claras"—not in your new-fangled cyphers, but in good clear old Roman. Chaucer refers in 1375 in the "Book of the Duchess" to "tho figures new." The earliest example of an Arabic monumental date in this country occurs on a brass plate in the church of Ware, commemorating the death of Ellen Wood in 1454; the first English printed book in which the figures appear is Caxton's "Myrrour or Image of the World," in 1480. Down to the early part of the sixteenth century the college accounts of the English universities were kept in Roman numerals, and it was not till 1600 that the Arabic characters were adopted in parish registers in the south.

Our evident want of arithmetical briskness in those days is illustrated by the customs and proverbs of the people. At Shrewsbury, according to the time-honoured usage, a person was considered to be "of age" when he knew how to reckon up to twelve pence. Even at the present day, a knowing fellow's superiority is expressed in the saying that he can tell "how many beans make five." There does not seem to be much ground for complacency in so moderate a degree of proficiency. Even the Yarriba people in western Africa "go one better" than that. When they gibe at a man for his ignorance, they say he can't add up nine and nine.

Reverting for a moment to the "handy" system of multiplication which I have described, I am reminded of the arithmetical hand which occurs in the elementary treatises of education among the Chinese. Ah Sin, ingenious mortal, has turned to practical use the happy circumstance that in the beaten way of nature there are three joints in the fingers of the human hand. Drawing an imaginary line up one side of a finger, down the front and then up the other side, he is able to localise on the three joints the figures from 1 to 9. The numerals of the little finger are units; those of the ring finger, tens; those of the middle finger, hundreds, of the fore finger thousands, and of the thumb tens of thousands. With a pressure of the thumb nail a couple of merchants may surreptitiously conclude a transaction while shaking hands. I do not advocate the adoption of this numerical hand of the Celestial, but it seems to me that a good deal can be said for the Procopovitch digits. They constitute a multiplication table which is constantly within reach, and the working of which is more trustworthy than that of many memories. Of course one may expect to be told that the old-fashioned sing-song of the infant school is best. That is but natural, for in the keenest eye there is a blind spot.

We are so much accustomed to think of Venice as a city of waterways, that I fancy most of us would be willing to wager that the four bronze steeds of St. Mark's are the only horses which have ever been seen within sound of the great bell of the Doges. Yet, as Dr. Robertson points out in his "Bible of St. Mark,"* old pictures show the cavalcades that once traversed the city, and the tournaments held in the Piazza of St. Mark—a glowing description of which Petrarch has left us; and the old statute books still preserve the by-laws framed for the regulation of horse traffic in the narrow streets. It was the substitution, at the close of the fifteenth century, of stone step bridges for the old sloping wooden structures which put an end to the use of horses in the streets of the City of the Sea. "The Bible of St. Mark" is an exceedingly interesting and sumptuously illustrated description of the architecture, sculptures and mosaics of the superb basilica, which, as we now know it, was completed in 1071, and includes in its nave the old churches of the ninth and tenth centuries. Only a sight of the volume will enable the reader to realise its beauty and attractiveness. One curious characteristic of the great church must, however, be noted here—its absolute independence of Rome and all ecclesiastical control. The Doge was the sole "lord, patron and true governor," and the basilica was "our chapel, free from the obedience of Holy Mother Church." Down to 1807, when Napoleon transferred the *cathedra* of the Patriarchate from San Pietro on the island of Castello to St. Mark's, "the rite used was not Roman, nor was the Bible the Vulgate." The volume is furnished with a good index, but it is to be regretted that a number of misprints in the Latin inscriptions have escaped the vigilance of the author. The illustrations alone are almost worth the price of the work. They set one longing for a sight of the great church itself, and the profusion of imagery which mediæval genius lavished on every frieze and coign of vantage.

I am glad to see that Messrs. Macmillan have begun a series of 6*d*. reprints of popular novels with Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery under Arms." That is one of the delightful books which one puts on the shelf beside "Lorna Doone," "The Forest Lovers," and "The Raiders."

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* "The Bible of St. Mark: St. Mark's Church, the Altar, and Throne of Venice." By Alexander Robertson, D.D., author of "Fra Paolo Sarpi," "Through the Dolomites." With 82 illustrations. George Allen. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

BY GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

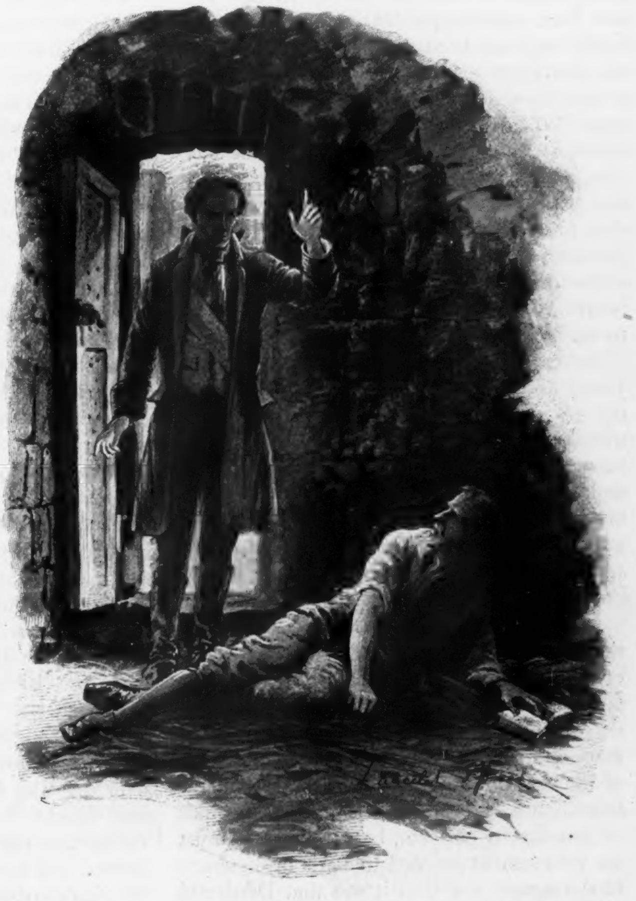
CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE bell on the top of the Cohue Royale clattered like the tongue of a scolding fishwife. For it was the opening day of the Assise d'Héritage, and the Governor with his suite; the Lieutenant-Bailly with his dozen Jurats, like so many parochial apostles; the avocats with their knowledge of l'Ancien Coûtume de Normandie and the devious inroads made upon it by the customs of Jersey; the seigneurs and the dames des fiefs; all were invited to assemble at the opening of this court, from which there was no appeal, save to themselves, or by their own consent to the King's Privy Council.

This particular session of the Cour d'Héritage was to proceed with unusual spirit and importance, for after the King's proclamation was read, the Royal Court and the States were to present the formal welcome of the island to Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy; likewise to offer a bounty to every Jerseyman enlisting under him.

The island was ***en fête***. There had not been such a year of sensations since the Battle of Jersey. The breaking out of the present war with France had been exciting, but the subsequent duties of guarding the coast imposed upon every able-bodied citizen proved so monotonous, that the trial and interrupted hanging of Mattingley, the discovery of Olivier Delagarde's crime and his escape, and the return of Philip d'Avranche, had thrilled the impressionable islanders into chattering demonstration.

This fourth of October was to be still more notable, for a figure quite as remarkable in the history of Jersey as Philip d'Avranche, and as distinguished elsewhere,



"Détricand discovered him on his miserable bed of straw in a dungeon" was returning to the island upon business of importance.

He was not a native: he was not English. A dissipated stripling of the French Court, he had come to Jersey with the filibuster Rullecour. He was returning now upon no business of invasion, but in pursuit of that justice for some one else, which every Jerseyman is intent to secure for himself. He had come before in the night to spoil and to conquer; he came now in the open morning to maintain that the things which were God's be not given to Cæsar. It was Comte Détricand de Tournay.

A short time before, Détricand had chanced to find in the prison of a captured town in Brittany a clergyman of England bearing the name of Lorenzo Dow, who after four years of confinement was dying as apathetically as he had always lived. He had been taken captive at the breaking out of the war, had been thrown into prison, and was lost sight of by the British Government, as also by the ravenous French administration. When Détricand discovered him on his bed of straw in a miserable dungeon, he was lying calmly asleep with his fingers between the leaves of a book of meditations. He was forthwith taken to Détricand's own quarters, and there he died peacefully within a few days, remarking almost with his last breath that it was taking advantage of time to read the New Testament in translation.

Détricand had known Lorenzo Dow in Jersey, and in their brief conversations before the sick man died he discussed many things which troubled and confounded him. He learned of the marriage of Guida and Philip, and there passed into his hands the little black leather-covered journal which had been a record of the life of Lorenzo Dow in Jersey and elsewhere. In this book were the details of the fateful marriage.

Détricand had buried Lorenzo Dow, and then in a lull of warfare had set out in search of Philip d'Avranche. Before he did so, however, he had had a secret meeting, under truce, with General Grandjon-Larisse of the Republican army, to whom he told the story of Guida and Philip. From that moment Grandjon-Larisse and Détricand had an office of honour to perform, but the former must for the moment proceed to Paris on business of the army; and thus it was that Détricand alone, after four years of famous service in a hopeless war, returned to Jersey to find Philip d'Avranche.

During every hour that passed between his secretly leaving Grandjon-Larisse at Angers and his reaching Roque Platte where he had landed, an invader, so many years before, his indignant strength of purpose grew. Immediately he set foot on Jersey, with an officer attached to his person and two soldiers of his legion he proceeded to the church of St. Michael's where the marriage of Philip and Guida had been performed. There, to his consternation, he learned that the register of births, marriages and deaths had long since disappeared.

So far as he knew, the only record left was the little black journal got from the Reverend Lorenzo Dow. This was now in his own pocket.

Returning to the town and skirting it to avoid observation, he came up the Rue des Sablons, intending to seek Elie Mattingley and the Chevalier du Champsavoy at the house in the Rue d'Egypte; but as he passed, seeing the house of Jean Touzel, he dismounted, knocked, and not waiting to be admitted, entered.

Maîtresse Aimable did not keep her seat as she had done on Philip's entrance a few days before. She rose up slowly, a smile lighting her face that but now was clouded, and made essay to curtsey. Maîtresse Aimable knew well whom she should honour herself in honouring, and the red cross and red heart of the Vendée on the chieftain's coat wiped out in her mind any doubtful memory of the idle, hard-drinking Savary dit Détricand, and established this new Détricand in her favour.

From Aimable's mouthpiece Jean he learned all: what had chanced to Mattingley and Carterette; to Ranulph and his father; everything concerning Guida and her child; and of to-day's proceedings at the Cour d'Héritage. The tale had scarce been told when the bell of the Court House began to ring.

Long before *chicane-chicane* clanged out over the Vier Marchi the body of the Court was filled. The Lieutenant-Governor, the Lieutenant-Bailly, the Jurats, the military, arrived and took their places, the officers of the Navy arrived all save one—and he was to be the chief figure of this function. With each arrival the people cheered and the trumpets blared. The crowds in the Vier Marchi turned to the booths for refreshment, or to the printing-machine set up by La Pyramide, and bought halfpenny chap-sheets telling of recent defeats of the French—though mostly they told in ebullient words of the sea-fight which had made Philip d'Avranche an Admiral, and of his elevation to a sovereign dukedom.

Since the Battle of Jersey the Vier Marchi had not been so full or so tumultuous, yet the scene lacked some old elements of picturesqueness. Long-familiar things were absent. Men had been accustomed to find a lounging-place near Carterette's booth, women near her father's great oak chest, and the distorted figure of Dormy Jamais, winding in and out of the crowd with a fool's wisdom on his lips, were missed in the general movement. It was as though La Pyramide itself had been suddenly spirited away during the night by some pitying genius of sculpture, and Norman feet were as yet restless on the spot where it had stood.

Inside the Court there was more restlessness still. The Comtesse Chantavoine was in her place of honour beside the Attorney-General—but Admiral the Duc de Bercy had not yet arrived. It was now many minutes beyond the hour fixed. The Lieutenant-Bailly whispered to the Governor, the Governor to his aide, and the aide sought naval officers present; but these could give no explanation of the delay. Prince Philip and his flag-lieutenant came not.

The greffier was indignant, the greffier was imperious, the greffier was disgusted, the greffier wrote down what would appear to be sentences of imprisonment and fines, direful penalties against the princely delinquent. The greffier looked round him fiercely. In one of these fierce scoutings he encountered the still, impassive face of the Comtesse Chantavoine, her eyes fixed calmly on him; and, reduced to his natural stature again, he dropped back suddenly in his huge chair, a small swallow in a vast summer.

The Comtesse Chantavoine was the one person outwardly unmoved. What she thought who could tell? Hundreds of eyes scanned her face, and she seemed unconscious of them, indifferent to them. What would not the Lieutenant-Bailly have given for her calmness! What would not the greffier have given for her importance! She drew every eye by virtue of something which was more than the name of Duchesse de Bercy. The face of the Comtesse Chantavoine had an unconscious and indefinable dignity, a living command and composure: the heritage, perhaps, of a race who had ever been more fighters than courtiers, used to danger, more desiring good sleep after good warfare done than luxurious peace. She did not move her head, but her look seemed to be everywhere and yet nowhere: hers was the educated eye. She saw, as it were, the Bailly at one end of the room and the door by which Prince Philip should enter at the other. She saw the greffier, which disconcerted him; yet she did not see him, and she was not disconcerted.

The silence, the tension grew painful. A whole half-hour had the Court waited beyond its time. At last, however, cheers arose outside, and all knew that the Prince had come. Presently the doors were thrown open, two halberdiers stepped inside, and an officer of the Court announced Admiral his Serene Highness Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy.

"Oui-gia, think of that!" said a voice from somewhere in the hall.

Prince Philip heard it, and he frowned, for he recognised the voice as that of Dormy Jamais. Where it came from he knew not, nor could any one else see; for Dormy Jamais was snugly bestowed above a middle doorway in what was half balcony, half cornice.

All present rose to their feet as Philip advanced, save the Governor, the Lieutenant-Bailly, and the Jurats. When he had taken his seat beside the Comtesse Chantavoine, came the formal opening of the Cour d'Héritage.

The Comtesse's eyes fixed themselves upon Philip. There was that in his manner which puzzled and evaded her clear, searching intuition. Some strange circumstance must have delayed him, for she saw that his flag-lieutenant was disturbed, and this she felt sure was not due to unpunctuality alone. She was scarcely conscious that the Lieutenant-Bailly had been addressing Philip, until he had stopped and Philip had risen.

He had scarcely begun speaking when the doors were suddenly thrown open again, and a woman came quickly forward. It was Guida.

The instant she entered Philip saw her and stopped speaking. Every one turned. In the silence, Guida, looking neither to right nor left, advanced almost to where the greffier sat, and dropping on her knee and looking up to the Lieutenant-Bailly and the Jurats, stretched out her hands and cried that cry which is more to a Jerseyman than *Allah!* to a Mohammedan:

"*Haro, haro! à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort!*"

If one rose from the dead suddenly to command them to an awed obedience, Jerseymen could not be more at the mercy of the apparition than at the call of one who cried in their midst, "*Haro! Haro!*"—that ancient relic of the custom of Normandy and Rollo the Dane. Whoso needed justice, whoso was trespassed upon in mind, body or estate, sought Rollo wherever he might be—in the highway, or at his prayers, or on the field of battle, or among the great of the land, and falling upon a knee cried to him:

"*Haro, haro! à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort!*"

To this hour whoso in Jersey is trespassed on in estate maketh his cry unto Rollo, and the Royal Court—whose right to respond to this cry was confirmed by King John and afterwards by Charles—must listen, and every one must heed. That cry of *Haro* will make the workman drop his tools, the woman her knitting, the militiaman his musket, the fisherman his net, the schoolmaster his birch, and the écrivain his babble—to await the judgment of the Royal Court.

Every Jurat fixed his eye upon Guida as though she had come to claim his life. The Lieutenant-Bailly's lips opened twice as though to speak, but at first no words came. The Governor sat with hands clenched upon his chair-arm. The breath of the crowd came in gasps of excitement. The Comtesse Chantavoine looked at Philip, looked at Guida, and knew that here was the opening of the scroll she had not been able to unfold. Now she should understand that something which had made the old Duc de Bercy with his last breath say, "*Don't be afraid!*"

Philip stood moveless, his eyes steady, his face bitter, determined. Yet there was in his look, fixed upon Guida, some strange mingling of pity and tenderness. It was as though two spirits were fighting in his face for mastery. The Comtesse Chantavoine touched him upon the arm, but he took no notice. Drawing back in her seat she thenceforth looked at him and at Guida, as one might watch the balances of justice in weighing life and death. She could not read this story, but one look at the faces of the crowd round her made her aware that here was a tale of the past which they all knew in little or in much.

"*Haro, haro! à l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!*"—What did she mean, this woman with the exquisite face, alive with power and feeling, and indignation and appeal? To what prince did she cry?—for what aid?—who trespassed upon her?

The Lieutenant-Bailly now stood up, a frown upon his face. He knew what scandal had said concerning Guida and Philip. He had never liked Guida, for in the first days of his importance as Lieutenant-Bailly, she had, for a rudeness upon his part meant as a compliment, thrown his hat—the Lieutenant-Bailly's hat!—into the Fauxbie by the Vier Prison. He thought her intrusive to thus stay the proceedings of the Royal Court, with distinguished visitors present, by an appeal for he knew not what. But the law of *Haro* takes precedence of all else.

"What is the trespass, and who is the trespasser?" asked the Bailly sternly, and forthwith took his seat.

Guida rose to her feet now.

"Philip d'Avranche has trespassed," she said.

"What Philip d'Avranche, mademoiselle?" asked the Bailly in a rough, ungenerous tone.

She flashed upon the Bailly a look of contempt, and answered:

"Admiral Philip d'Avranche, known as his Serene Highness the Duc de Bercy, has trespassed on me."

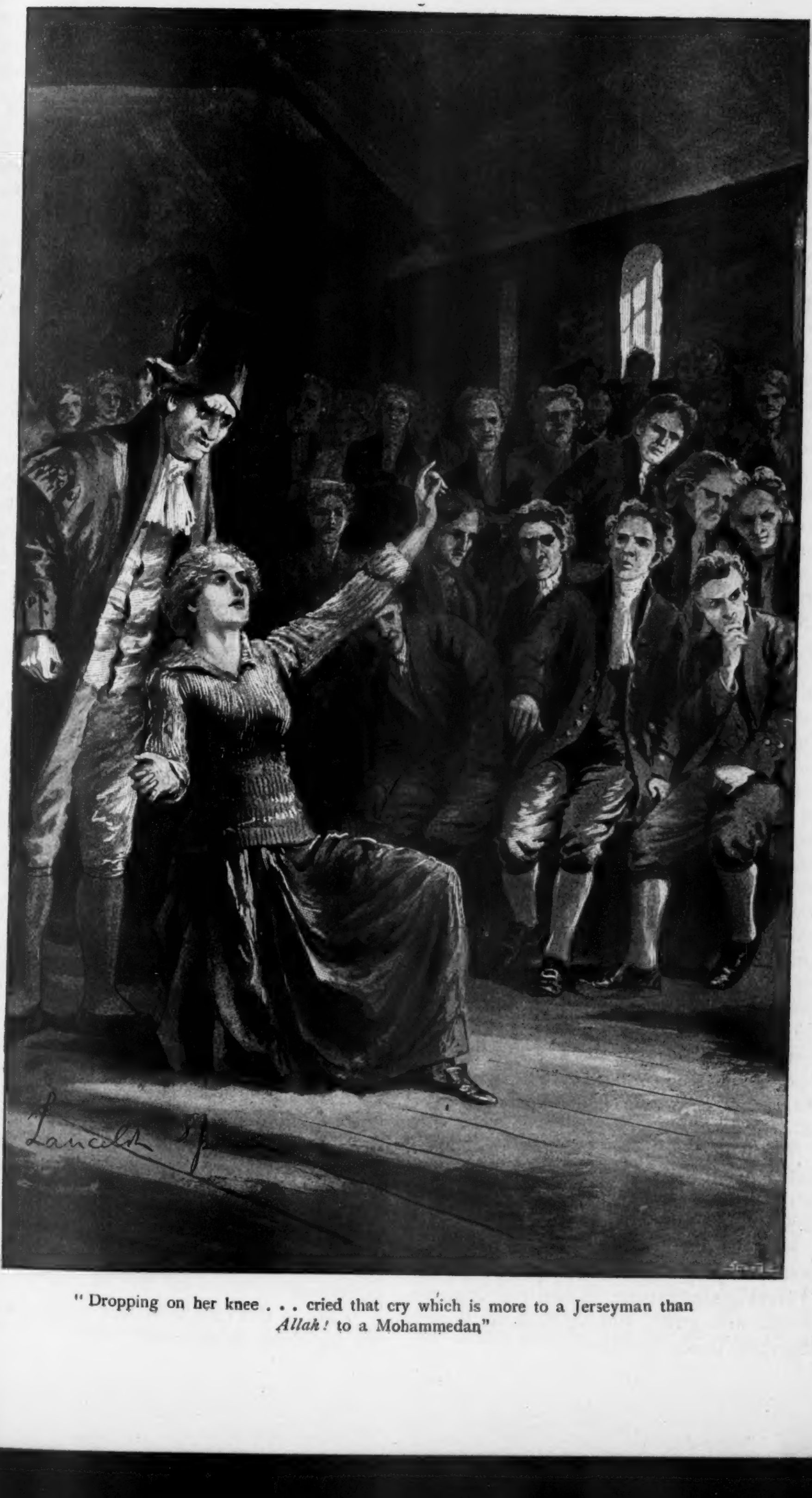
She did not look at Philip, her eyes were fixed upon the Bailly and the Jurats.

The Bailly whispered to one or two Jurats.

"Wherein is the trespass?" asked the Bailly sharply. "Tell your story."

After an instant's painful pause, Guida told her tale.

"Last night at Plemont," she said in a voice trembling a little at first but growing stronger as she went on, "I left my child, my Guilbert, in his bed, with Dormy Jamais to watch beside him, while I went to my boat which lies a half-mile from my hut. I



"Dropping on her knee . . . cried that cry which is more to a Jerseyman than *Allah!* to a Mohammedan" left Dormy Jamais with the child because I was afraid—because I have been afraid these three days past that Philip d'Avranche would steal him from me. I was gone but half an hour; it was dark when I returned. I found the door open, I found Dormy Jamais lying upon the floor unconscious, and my child's bed empty. He was gone, my child, my Guilbert! He was stolen from me by Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy."

"What proof have you that it was the Duc de Bercy?" asked the Bailly.

"I have told your honour that Dormy Jamais was there. He struck Dormy Jamais to the ground, and rode off with my child."

The Bailly sniffed.

"Dormy Jamais is a simpleton—an idiot."

"Let Prince Philip d'Avranche speak," she answered quickly. "Half an hour ago I met him as I was on my way to his Castle of Mont Orgueil. He did not deny it then, he dare not deny it now."

She turned and looked Philip in the eyes. He did not answer a word. He had not moved since she entered the Court-room. He had kept his eyes fixed on her save for one or two swift glances towards the Jurats. The crisis of his life had come. He was ready to meet it now: anything would be better than all he had gone through during the past ten days. In a moment's mad impulse he had stolen the child, in the wild belief that through it he could reach Guida, could bring her to him. For now this woman who despised him, hated him, he desired more than all else in the world. Ambition has its own means of punishing. For its own gifts of place or fortune it puts some impossible hunger in the soul of its victim which leads him at last to his own destruction. With all the world conquered there is still some mystic island of which it whispers, and to gain this its devotee risks all—and loses all.

The Bailly saw by Philip's look that Guida had spoken the truth. But he whispered to the Jurats eagerly, and presently said with brusque decision:

"Our law of Haro may only apply to trespass upon property. Its intent is merely civil."

Having said this he opened and shut his mouth with gusto, and sat back as though expecting Guida to retire.

"*Your* law of Haro, Monsieur le Bailly!" Guida answered with a flash of her eyes and her voice ringing out fearlessly. "*Your* law of Haro! The law of Haro comes from the custom of Normandy, which is the law of Jersey. You make its intent this, you make it that, but nothing can alter it and what has been done in its name for generations. Is it so then that if Philip d'Avranche trespasses upon my land, or my hearth, I may cry *Haro, haro!* and you will take heed; but when it is blood of my blood, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh that he has wickedly seized, when it is the head which I have pillowed on my breast for four years—a child that has known no father, a child who has been his mother's only companion in her shame, the shame of an outcast—then is it so that your law of Haro may not apply! No no, Messieurs, it is the justice of Haro that I ask, not your lax usage of it. From this Prince Philip I appeal to the spirit of that Prince of Normandy who made this law—I appeal to the law of Jersey which comes from the law of Rollo. There are precedents enough, as you know well, Messieurs. I demand of you my child—I demand!"

The Bailly and the Jurats were in a hopeless quandary. They glanced furtively at Philip. They were half-afraid that she was right, and yet were timorous of deciding against the Prince-Admiral.

She saw their hesitation "I ask you to fulfil the law. I have cried *Haro, haro!* and what I have cried men will hear outside this Court, outside this Isle of Jersey; for I cry it against a sovereign duke of Europe."

The Bailly and the Jurats were overwhelmed by the situation. Guida's brain was a thousand times clearer than theirs. Danger, peril to her child, had aroused in her every force of intelligence; she had the daring, the desperation of the lioness fighting for her own.

Philip himself solved the problem. Turning to the bench of Jurats, he said quietly:

"She is quite right; the law of *Haro* is with her. It must apply."

The Court was in a greater maze than ever. Was he then about to restore to Guida her child? After an instant's pause Philip continued:

"But in this case there was no trespass—for the child—is my own."

Every eye in the Cohue Royale fixed itself upon him, then upon Guida, then upon her who was known as the Duchesse de Bercy. The face of the Comtesse Chantavoine was like marble, white and cold. As the words fell from Philip's lips a sigh broke from her own, and there came to Philip's mind that distant day in the Council Chamber at Bercy when for one moment he was upon his trial; but he did not turn and look at her now. It was all pitiable, horrible, but this open avowal, insult as it was to the Comtesse Chantavoine, could be no worse than the rumours which would surely have reached her one day. So let the game fare on. He had thrown down the glove now and he could not see the end; he was playing for one thing only—for the woman he had lost, for his own child. If everything went by the board, why, it must go by the board. It all flashed through his brain: to-morrow he must send in his resignation to the Admiralty—so much at once. Then France—the dukedom of Bercy—whatever happened, there was work for him to do at Bercy. He was a sovereign duke of Europe, as Guida had said. He would fight for the duchy for his son's sake. Standing there he could feel again the warm cheek of the child upon his own as last night he felt it riding across the island from Plemont to Mont Orgueil. That very morning he had hurried down to a little cottage at the foot of the cliff at Grouville Bay, and seen it lying still asleep in a little bed, well cared for by a woman of the village. He knew that to-morrow the scandal of the thing would belong to the world. He had tossed his fame as an Admiral into the gutter, but Bercy was left. All the native force, the stubborn vigour, the obdurate spirit of the soil of Jersey of which he was, its arrogant self-will, drove him straight into this last issue.

But he stopped short in his thoughts, for there now at the Court-room door stood Détricand, Comte de Tournay!

He drew his hand quickly across his eyes—it seemed so wild, so fantastic, that of all men, Détricand should be there. His gaze was so fixed that every one turned to see, every one save Guida.

She was not aware of this new figure in the scene. In her heart there was tumult. Her hour had come at last, the hour in which she must declare that she was the wife of this man. She had no proofs, and no doubt he would deny it now, for he knew how she loathed him. But she would tell her tale.

She was about to address the Bailly, but, as though a pang of pity shot through her heart, she turned instead and looked at the Comtesse Chantavoine. She could find it in her soul to pause in compassion for this poor lady, more wronged than herself had been. Their eyes met. One instant's flash of intelligence between the souls of two women, and Guida knew that the look of the Comtesse Chantavoine had said, "Speak for your child."

Thereupon she spoke.

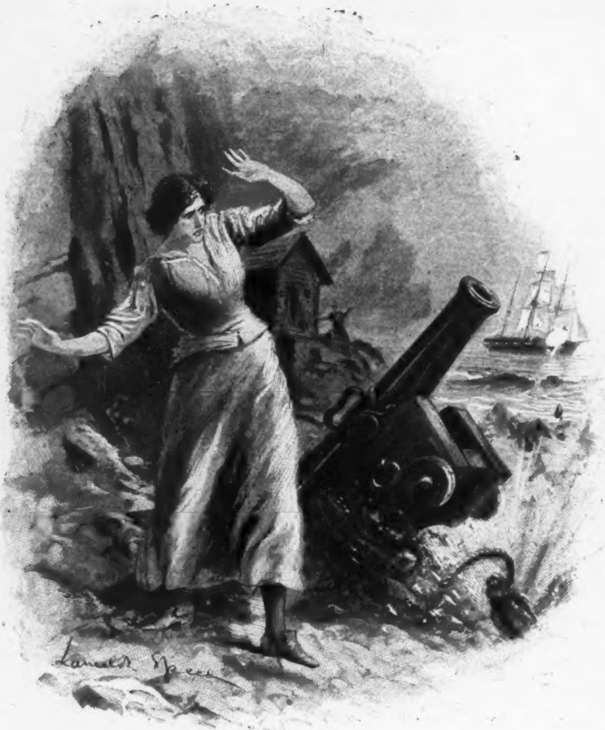
"Messieurs, Prince Philip d'Avranche is my husband," she said to the Jurats.

Every one in the Court-room stirred with excitement. Some weak-nerved woman in the crowd, with a child at her breast, began to cry, and the little one joined its feeble wail to hers.

"Four years ago," Guida continued, "I was married to Philip d'Avranche by the Reverend Lorenzo Dow in the church of St. Michael's——"

The Bailly interrupted with a grunt. "H'm—Lorenzo Dow is well out of the way! Have done!"

"May I not then be heard in my own defence!" Guida went on, with indignation. "Four years I have suffered silently slander and shame. Now I speak for myself at last—and you will not hear me! I come to this court of justice, and my word is doubted ere I can prove the truth! Is it for judges to assail one so? Four years ago I was married secretly, in the chapel of St. Michael's—secretly, because Philip d'Avranche urged it, pleaded for it. An open marriage, he said, would injure his promotion. We were wedded, and he left me. War broke out. I remained silent according to my promise to him. Then came the time when in the States of Bercy he denied that he had a wife. From the hour I knew he had done so I denied him. My child was born in shame and sorrow. I myself was outcast from among you all. But my conscience was clear before Heaven. I took myself and my child out from among you to Plemont. I waited, believing that God's justice was surer than man's. At last Philip d'Avranche—my husband—returned here. He invaded my home, and begged me to come to him



"When the smoke cleared he saw the gun was dismantled and the girl standing not ten feet from it"

as his wife with my child—he who had so evilly wronged me—and wronged another more than me. I refused. Then he stole my child from me. You ask for proofs of my marriage. Messieurs, I have no proofs. I know not where Lorenzo Dow may be found. The register of St. Michael's church, as you all know, was stolen. Mr. Shoreham, who witnessed the marriage, was drowned. But you must believe me. There is one witness left, if he will but tell the truth—even the man who married me, the man that for one day called me his wife. I ask him now to tell the truth!"

She turned towards Philip, her clear eyes piercing him through and through.

What was going on in Philip's mind neither she nor any in that Court might ever know, for in the pause, the Comtesse Chantavoine rose up, and passing steadily by Philip, came to Guida. Looking her in the eyes with an incredible sorrow, she took her hand, and turned towards Philip with infinite scorn.

A strange, thrilling silence fell upon all the Court. The Jurats shifted in their seats with excitement. The Bailly, in a hoarse, dry voice, said:

"We must have proof. There must be record as well as witness."

From the body of the hall there came a voice: "The witness and record are here!" and Détricand stepped forward, in his uniform of the army of the Vendée.

A hushed murmur ran round the room. The Jurats whispered to each other.

"Who are you, Monsieur?" said the Bailly.

"I am Détricand, Prince of Vaufontaine," he replied, "for whom the Comtesse Chantavoine will vouch," he added in a pained voice, and bowed low to her and to Guida.

He did not wait for the Bailly to reply, but told of the death of Lorenzo Dow, and, taking from his pocket the little black journal, opened it and read aloud the record written there by the dead clergyman. Having read it, he passed it on to the greffier, who handed it up to the Bailly. Another moment's pause ensued. To the most ignorant and casual of the onlookers the strain of it was great; to those chiefly concerned it was supreme. The Lieutenant-Bailly and the Jurats whispered together, and now at last a spirit of justice was roused in them. But the law's technicalities were still to rule.

The Bailly closed the book, and handed it back to the greffier with the words: "This is not proof though it is evidence."

Guida felt her heart sink within her. The Comtesse Chantavoine, who still held her hand, pressed it, though she herself was cold as ice with sickness of spirit.

At that instant, and from heaven knows where—as a bird comes from a bush!—a little grey man came quickly among them all, carrying spread open before him a book almost as big as himself. Handing it up to the Bailly, he said:

"Here is the proof, Monsieur le Bailly—here is the whole proof."

The Bailly leaned over and drew up the book. The Jurats crowded near and a dozen heads gathered about the open volume.

At last the Bailly looked up and addressed the Court solemnly.

"It is the lost register of St. Michael's," he said. "It contains a record of the marriage of Guida Landresse de Landresse and Lieutenant Philip d'Avranche, both of the Isle of Jersey."

"Exactly so, exactly so," said the little grey figure — the Chevalier Orvillier du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir. Tears ran down his cheeks as he turned towards Guida, but he was smiling too.

Guida's eyes were upon the Bailly. "And the child?" she cried with a broken voice; "the child?"

"The child goes with its mother," answered the Bailly firmly.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE day that saw Guida's restitution in the Cohue Royale brought but further trouble to Ranulph Delagarde. Intending to join Détricand at the headquarters of the army of the Vendée, he landed at St. Malo and was about to go on to Quiberon, where Sombreuil was making his last stand against the soldiers of Hoche, when he was seized by a press-gang and carried aboard a French frigate commissioned to ravage the coasts of British North America. He had stubbornly resisted the press but had been knocked on the head, and there was an end of it. In vain he protested that he was an Englishman. They laughed at him. His French was perfect, his accent was Norman, his was a Norman face—that was evidence enough. If he was not a citizen of France he should be, and he must be. Ranulph decided that it was needless to throw away his life, and ignominious to be hung from the yard-arm. It was better to make a show of submission, and so long as he had not to fight British ships, he could afford to wait. Time enough then for him to take action. So he was carried away on the *Victoire*, which sailed the seas looking for ships to fight.

His heart was heavy enough in truth, an exile from his own land, banished from all early hopes, ambitions and affections. As the son of a traitor he had no longer heart to call himself a Jerseyman. His childhood had been embittered, his manhood poisoned. He had borne five years of an incredible torture, face to face with his father's presence and his father's hidden crime. He had hoped to lose himself in the great struggle between the Royalists and the Red Government, and to find a decent exit on the battlefield, or to deaden the agonies of his life by reviving his old energies. But even that had been denied him, and here he was, forced into serving a country he had been brought up to loathe.

Yet there was one comfort in it all. His father had been saved the shame of an ignominious death at the hands of the law, and he himself now was free and alone. Just over thirty, he was not too old to begin the world again. In the land whither Mattingley and Carterette had gone perhaps there was a field for work, and one might forget there as easily as in fighting with the peasants of the Vendée. In any case it was his duty to bear up against evil fortune, to endure his present state, and, when the chance came, to escape from this bondage. So, when he was pressed he thought of his four years' service with the artillery at Elizabeth Castle, and asked to be made a gunner. The impulsive and choleric Richambeau, captain of the *Victoire*, who loved strong men—and strong jokes—believing Ranulph's story, though professing to disbelieve it, thought it a noble jest to set an Englishman fighting English ships. Thereupon he made a gunner of Ranulph, and kept an eye upon him.

The *Victoire* sailed the seas battle-hungry, and presently appeased her appetite among Dutch and Danish privateers. Such excellent work did Ranulph against the Dutchmen, whom he vaguely knew to be enemies of England, that Richambeau, delighted, presently gave him a gun for himself, and after they had fought the Danes made him a master gunner.

Of the largest gun on the *Victoire* Ranulph grew inordinately fond. He had a genius for mechanism, and he begged from an English-speaking Dutch prisoner a seaman's vade-mecum, and a book of defensive war at sea, and diligently studied the art of naval warfare. Meanwhile the great gun, a 32-pounder, won its way deeper into his affections, till at last he called her *ma couzaine*.

The days and weeks passed, and then after some actions against non-British privateers, wherein the *Victoire* was all-victorious, and *ma couzaine* had done her duty well, they at last neared the coast of America. One morning came the cry of "Land! Land!" and once again Ranulph saw British soil—the tall cliffs of the peninsula of Gaspé. Gaspé—that name had been familiar to him since his childhood. How many hundreds of Jerseymen had gone to and from Gaspé! It was like the other end of the world to which all Jerseymen, if they would be called travellers, must go; it was the *ultima Thule* to which Mattingley and Carterette had gone!

The *Victoire* and her flotilla came nearer and nearer to the coast. There was no British ship in sight, no sign of fleet or defence; only the tall cliffs and infinite acreage of land beyond the mouth of the great St. Lawrence Gulf. Presently he could see a bay and a great rock in the distance, and as they bore in now directly for the bay, the great rock seemed to stretch out like a vast wall into the gulf. As he stood watching and leaning on *ma couzaine*, a sailor near him said that the bay was Percé, and the rock was Percé Rock.

Percé Rock! Since he was a child Ranulph had heard of Percé Rock. And Percé Bay—that was the exact point for which Elie Mattingley and Carterette had sailed with Sebastian Alixandre. How strange it was! Not long ago he had bidden Carterette good-bye for ever, had put her aside with his old life, yet fate had now brought him to the very spot whither she had gone. After all, was it then so that man's fate is never in his own hands; that as it shall please heaven he must be tossed like a ball into the garden at his feet made with his own hands, or across the seas into the vast far country!

The Rock of Percé was a wall, and the wall was an island that had once been a long promontory like a battlement, jutting out hundreds of yards into the gulf. At one point it was pierced by an archway. Its sides were almost sheer; its top was flat and level. Upon the sides there was no verdure; upon the top centuries had made a green field. The wild geese as they flew northward, myriad flocks of gulls, gannets, cormorants, and all manner of fowl of the sea, had builded upon the summit until it was now rich with grass and shrubs. The nations of the air sent their legions here to bivouac. The discord of a hundred languages might be heard far out to sea, far in upon the land. Millions of the feathered races swarmed there; at times the air above was darkened by clouds of them. No fog-bell on a rock-bound coast might warn mariners more ominously than these battalions of adventurers on the Percé Rock.

No human being had ever mounted to this eyrie or scaled the bulwarks of this feathered Eden. Three hundred feet below shipbuilders might toil, and fishermen hover, but the lofty home of the marauders of the air had not yet suffered the invasion of man. As the legend ran, this mighty palisade had once been a bridge of rock stretched across the gulf, builded by the gods of the land who smote with granite arms and drove back ruined the appalling gods of the sea.

Generations of fishermen had looked upon the yellowish-red limestone of the Percé Rock with a valorous eye, but it would seem that not even the tiny clinging hoof of a chamois or wild goat might find a foothold upon the straight sides of it. Three hundred feet was a long way to climb hand over hand, so for centuries the Percé Rock in the wide St. Lawrence Gulf remained solitary and unconquered.

On most men who had seen it Percé Rock made its own impression of mystery; upon Ranulph that impression was deeper than on most. He was only roused out of the spell it cast upon him by seeing suddenly the British flag upon a building by the shore of the bay they were now entering. His heart gave a great bound. He involuntarily looked up at the French tricolour flying overhead. It was curious that there should be such a difference in two pieces of bunting—or was it silk?—no, it was bunting. Just a little different arrangement in colour, and yet this flag on the roof of the big fishing-shed roused his pulses to a heat. Yes, there was the English flag defiantly flying, and what was more—he almost laughed outright to see it—there were two old twelve-pounders being trained on the French squadron. For the first time in years a laugh of rolling good-humour burst from his lips.

"O my good! O mai grand doux!" he said in the Jersey patois, "only one man in the world would do that—only Elie Mattingley!"

It was undoubtedly ridiculous, these two twelve-pounders training on a whole fleet. Presently came more defiance, for there was run up beneath the British flag an oblong piece of white linen with two diagonal red stripes. That was the flag of Jersey. Now beyond doubt Elie Mattingley was in Percé Bay.

As though to prove Ranulph right, Mattingley now issued from a wooden fishing-shed with Sebastian Alixandre and three others armed with muskets, and passed to the little fort on which flew the British and Jersey flags. As Ranulph looked on, at once amazed and amused, he heard a guffaw behind him. Turning round, he suddenly straightened himself and stood at attention. Richambeau, the captain, had confronted him.

"That's a big splutter in a little pot, gunner," said he. He put his telescope to his eye. "The Lord protect us," he cried, "they're going to fight my squadron!" He laughed again till the tears came. "Son of Peter, but it is droll that—a farce *au diable!* They have humour, these fisherfolk, eh, gunner?"

"Mattingley will fight just the same," answered Ranulph coolly.

"Oh oh, you know these people, my gunner?" asked Richambeau.

"All my life," answered Ranulph, "and, by your leave, I will tell you how."

Not waiting for permission, after the manner of his country, he told Richambeau again of his Jersey birth and bringing-up and of his being pressed.

"Very good," said Richambeau. "You Jersey folk were once Frenchmen, and now that you're French again, you shall do something for the flag. You see that 12-pounder yonder behind the wall? Very well, dismount it. Then we'll send in a flag of truce, and parley with this Mattingley, for his jests are worth attention and politeness. There's a fellow at the gun—no, he has gone. Take good aim and dismount the right-hand gun at one shot. Ready now—you have a good range."

The whole matter went through Ranulph's mind as the captain spoke. If he refused to fire, he would be strung up to the yard-arm; if he fired and missed, perhaps other gunners would fire, and once started they might raze the fishing-post. If he dismounted the gun, the matter would probably remain only a jest, for as such Richambeau regarded it as yet.

There was no time to weigh the matter further; Richambeau was frowning. So Ranulph smiled as though the business was pleasing to him, and prepared to fire. He ordered the tackle and breechings cast away, had off the apron, pricked a cartridge, primed, bruised the priming, and covered the vent. Then he took his range steadily, quietly. There was a brisk wind blowing from the south, he must allow for that; but the wind was stopped somewhat in its course by the Percé Rock, he must allow for that. He got what he thought was the right elevation; the distance was considerable, but he believed that he could do the business. He had a cool head and his eye was quick and accurate.

All was ready. Suddenly a girl appeared running round the corner of the building.

It was Carterette! She was making for the right-hand gun, Sebastian Alixandre was running towards the other. Ranulph started, the hand that held the match trembled.

"Fire, you fool, or you'll kill the girl!" cried Richambeau.

Ranulph laid a hand on himself as it were. Every nerve in his body tingled, his legs trembled, but his eye was steady. He took the sight once more coolly, then blew on the match. Now the girl was within thirty feet of the gun.

He quickly blew on the match again, and fired.

When the smoke cleared away he saw that the gun was dismounted, and not ten feet from it stood Carterette looking dazedly at it.

He heard a laugh behind him—there was Richambeau walking away, telescope under arm. Presently Ranulph saw a boat lowered from the *Victoire*, even as one of the 12-pounders on shore replied impudently to the shot he had fired. The officers were laughing with Richambeau, and jerking their heads and fingers toward Ranulph.

"A good shot!" he heard Richambeau say.

"Was it then?" said Ranulph to himself; "was it indeed? Ba sû, it was the last shot he would ever fire against aught English, here or elsewhere."

Looking over the side he saw a boat drawing away with the flag of truce in the hands of a sous-lieutenant. His mind was made up, he would escape to-night. His place was there beside his fellow countrymen. He turned to *ma couzaine*. It would be something of a wrench for him to leave her; for she had been a good friend to him at a bad time in his life. He motioned away the men of the gun. He would load *ma couzaine* himself for the last time.

As he sponged the gun he made his plans. *Swish-swash* the sponge-staff ran in and out—he would try to steal away at dog-watch. He struck the sponge smartly on *ma couzaine's* muzzle, cleansing it—he would have to slide into the water like a rat and swim very softly to the shore. He reached for a fresh cartridge, and thrust it into the throat of *ma couzaine* as far as he could reach, and as he laid the seam downwards he said to himself that he could swim under water, if discovered as he left the *Victoire*. He lovingly placed the wad to the cartridge, and in three strokes of the hammer drove wad and cartridge home with the precision of a drill. It was a long swim to shore, but if he got a fair start he thought he could do it. As he unstopped the touch-hole and tried with the priming-wire whether the cartridge was home, he pictured to himself being challenged, perhaps by Carterette, and his reply. Then he imagined how she would say, "O my good!" in true Jersey fashion, and then—well, he had not yet thought beyond that point.

By the time he had rammed home wad and shot, however, he had come upon a fresh thought, and it stunned him. Richambeau would send a squad of men to search for him, and if he was not found they would probably raze the post. As he put the apron carefully on *ma couzaine*, he determined that he could not take refuge with the Mattingleys. Neither would it do to make for the woods of the interior, for still Richambeau might revenge himself on the fishing-post. This was not entirely to be wondered at, for *ma couzaine* would never behave so well with any one else. She had been used to playing ugly pranks when it was blowing fresh. She had once torn her tackle out of the ring-bolt in the deck, and had killed more than one sailor in her mad debauch of freedom. Under his hand she had always behaved well, and it seemed to him that whenever he blew on the match her muzzle gaped in a grin of delight. Decidedly, he must not go to the Mattingleys. No harm should come to them that he could prevent. What was to be done?

Leaning his arms on the gun, he turned his head and looked helplessly away from the land. All at once his look seemed to lose itself in a long aisle of ever-widening, ever-brightening arches, till a vast wilderness of splendour swallowed it. It was a hole in the wall—the archway piercing the great rock.

He raised his eyes to the rock. Its myraid inhabitants shrieked and clattered and circled overhead. The shot from *ma couzaine* had roused them, and they had risen up like a cloud and were scolding like a million fishwives over this insult to their peace.

As Ranulph looked, a new idea came to him. If only he could get to the top of that massive wall, not a hundred fleets could dislodge him. One musket could defeat the forlorn hope of any army. He would be the first man that ever gave battle to a fleet. Besides, if he took refuge on the rock, there could be no grudge against Percé village or the Mattingleys, and Richambeau would not attack them.

He had worked it out. It was now a question between himself and Richambeau. There on the shore now was the young sous-lieutenant with his flag of truce, talking to Mattingley—they were all shaking hands. He must carry on the campaign independent of the Mattingleys. The one thing to do was to try and climb the rock. He eyed it closely. The blazing sunshine showed it up in a hard light, and he studied every square yard of it with a telescope. At one point the wall was not quite perpendicular and there were narrow ledges, lumps of stone, natural steps, and little pinnacles which the fingers could grip and where a man might rest. The weather had been scorching hot, too, the rocks were as dry as a bone, and there would be no danger of slipping.

He would try it to-night. If he got to

the top he would need twine for hauling up rope—the Mattingleys should provide that in good time. He would also need stone and flint, a knife, a hammer, and a quilt, all to be hauled up after he reached the top. For food, he would take what was left of to-day's rations, of which he had eaten very little. About a half-pound of biscuit, near half a pint of pease, a half-pint of oatmeal, and two ounces of cheese were left. He could live on that for at least three days. He also had a horn of good arrack. When that was gone—well, he was taking chances; if he died of thirst it was no worse than the yard-arm. The most important thing was a few hundred feet of strong twine. Of that there was plenty in the store-room amongst the cordage, and he would get it at once.

But if he got up how would the Mattingleys know who it was perched there on Percé Rock? He knew of no signal which they would understand. Well, if he got away safely from the *Victoire* he would visit the Mattingleys first, and then go straight on to Percé Rock. Though it would be moonlight, his steep way of ascent was on the south side out of view of the fleet.

The rest of the day he did his duty as faithfully as though he were to be at his post the next morning. He gave the usual instructions to the gunsmith and armourer; he inspected the small arms; he chose a man, as was the custom, for gun-room watch, and he ate his supper phlegmatically in due course.

It was the last quarter of the moon, and the neap tide was running low when he let himself softly down into the water. He had the blanket tied on his head, the food, stone and flint, and other things were inside the blanket and the twine was in his pocket. He was not seen, and he dropped away quietly astern. He got clear of the *Victoire* while the moon was partially obscured. Another ship lay in his path, and he must be careful in passing her. He was so near her that he could see the watch, could smell the hot tar and pitch from the lately-caulked seams, he could even hear the laughter of the young foremastmen as they turned in.

At last he was clear of the fleet. Now it was a question when his desertion would be discovered. All he asked was two clear hours. By that time the deed would be done, if he could climb Percé Rock at all.

He touched bottom. Now he was on Percé sands. The blanket on his head was scarcely wetted. He wrung the water out of his clothes, and ran softly up the shore. Suddenly he was met by a cry of "Qui va là?" and he stopped short at the point of Elie Mattingley's bayonet.

"Hush!" was Ranulph's reply, and he gave his name. Mattingley nearly dropped his musket in surprise. He soon knew the tale of Ranulph's misfortunes, but he had not yet been told of his present plans when there came a quick footstep on the sands, and Carterette was at her father's side. Unlike Mattingley, she did drop her musket at sight of Ranulph, and impulsively throwing her arms round his neck, she kissed him on the cheek—so had this meeting in a new land disarmed her old timidity.

"V'là!" she said, "that's for the Jersey sailor who's come in here through a fleet of Frenchmen!"

She thought he had stolen into the harbour under the very nose of Richambeau and his squadron. But presently she was trembling with excitement at the story of how Ranulph had been pressed at St. Malo, and all that came after until this very day when he had dismounted the gun, not ten feet from where she stood.

"Go along with Carterette," said Mattingley. "Alixandre is at the house; he'll help you away into the woods."

That was not Ranulph's plan, but he did not mean it for Mattingley's ears, so he hurried away with Carterette, telling her his design as they went. Suddenly she stopped short.

"Ranulph Delagarde," she said vehemently, "you can't climb Percé Rock. No one has ever done it, and you must not try. Oh, I know you are a great man, but you must not try this. You will be safe where we shall hide you. You shall not climb the rock—ah no, ba sû!"

He pointed towards the Post. "They wouldn't leave a stick standing there if you hid me. No, I'm going to the top of Percé Rock."

"Mon doux terrible!" she said in sheer bewilderment; and then his intention suddenly inspired her with a purpose. At last her time had come; she felt it.

"Pardingue," she said, clutching his arm, "if you go to the top of Percé Rock, so will I!"

In spite of his anxiety he almost laughed.

"But see—but see," he said, and his voice dropped; "you couldn't stay up there with me all alone, garçon Carterette—and besides, Richambeau would be firing on you, too!"

She was very angry now, but she made no reply, and he continued quickly:

"I'll go straight to the rock now. When they miss me there'll be a pot boiling, you may believe, garçon Carterette. If I get up," he added, "I'll let a string down for a rope you must get for me. Once on top they can't hurt me. . . . Eh ben, à bi'tôt, garçon Carterette!"

"O my good! O my good!" said the girl with a sudden change of mood. "To think you have come like this! and perhaps ——" But she dashed the tears from her eyes, and bade him go on.

The tide was well out, the moon shining brightly. Ranulph reached the point where, if the rock was to be scaled at all, the ascent must be made. For a distance there was shelving where foothold might be had by a fearless man with a steady head and sure balance. After that came about a hundred feet where he would have to draw himself up by juttings and crevices hand over hand, where was no natural pathway. Woe be to him if head grew dizzy, foot slipped, or strength gave out; his body would be broken to pieces on the hard sand below. That second stage once passed, the ascent thence to the top would be easier; for though nearly as steep, it had more ledges, and offered fair vantage to a man with a foot like a mountain goat. Ranulph had been aloft all weathers in his time, and his toes were as strong as another man's foot, and surer.

He started. These toes of his caught in crevices, held on to ledges, glued themselves on to smooth surfaces; the knees clung like a rough-rider's to a saddle; the big hands, when once they got a purchase, fastened like an air-cup.

Slowly, slowly up, foot by foot, yard by yard, until one-third of the distance was climbed.

The suspense and strain were immeasurable. To Ranulph it was like bringing a brig alone through a gale with a windward tide, while she yaws and quivers; like watching a lower-deck gun straining under a heavy sea, with the lanyards and port tackle flying, and no knowing when the great machine would fly from her carriage and make fearful havoc. But he struggled on and on, and at last reached a sort of flying pinnacle of rock, like a hook for the shields of the gods.

Here he ventured to look below, expecting to see Carterette, but there was only the white sand, and no sound save the long wash of the gulf. He drew the horn of arrack from his pocket and drank. He had two hundred feet more to climb, and the next hundred—that would test him, that would be the ordeal.

There was no time to lose. While he hung here a musket shot could pick him off from below, and there was no telling how soon his desertion might be discovered, though he hoped it would not be till morning. He started again. This was travail indeed. His rough fingers, his toes, hard as horn almost, began to bleed. Once or twice he swung quite clear of the wall, hanging by his fingers to catch a surer foothold to right or left, and just getting it sometimes by an inch or less. The strain and tension were terrible. His head appeared to swell and fill with blood: on the top it hurt him so that it seemed ready to burst. His neck was aching horribly with constant looking up, the skin of his knees was gone, his ankles bruised. But he must keep on till he got to the top, or until he fell.

He was fighting on now in a kind of dream, quite apart from all usual feelings of this world. The earth itself seemed far away, and he was toiling among vastnesses, himself a giant with colossal frame and huge, sprawling limbs. It was like the gruesome visions of the night, when the body is an elusive, stupendous mass that falls into space after a confused struggle with immensities. It was all mechanical, vague, almost numb—this effort to overcome a mountain. Yet it was precise and hugely expert too; for though there was a strange mist on the brain, the body felt its way with a singular certainty, as might some molluscan dweller of the sea, sensitive like a plant, with intuition like an animal. Yet at times it seemed that this vast body overcoming the mountain must let go its hold and slide away into the darkness of the depths.

Now there was a strange convulsive shiver in every nerve—God have mercy, the time was come! . . . No, not yet. At the very instant when it seemed the panting flesh and blood would be shaken off by the granite force repelling it, the fingers, like long antennæ, touched horns of rock jutting out from ledges on the third escarpment of the wall. Here was the last point of the worst stage of the journey. Slowly, heavily, the body drew up to the shelf of limestone, and crouched in an inert bundle. There it lay for a long time.

While the long minutes went by, a voice kept calling up from below—calling, calling, at first eagerly, then anxiously, then with terror. By-and-by the bundle of life stirred, took shape, raised itself, and was changed into a man again, a thinking, conscious being, who now understood the meaning of this sound coming up from the earth below—or was it the sea? A human voice had at last pierced the awful exhaustion of the deadly labour, the peril and strife, which had numbed the brain while the body in its instinct for existence still clung to the rocky ledges. It had called the man back to earth—he was no longer a great animal and the rock a monster with skin and scales of stone.

"Ranulph! Maître Ranulph! Ah, Ranulph!" called the voice.

Now he knew, and he answered down:

"All right! All right, garçon Carterette!"

"Are you at the top?"

"No, but the rest is easy."

"Hurry, hurry, Ranulph! If they should come before you reach the top!"

"I'll soon be there."

"Are you hurt, Ranulph?"

"No, but my fingers are in rags. I am going now—à bi'tôt, garçon Carterette!"

"Ranulph!"

"'Sh, 'sh, do not speak. I am starting."

There was silence for what seemed hours to the girl below. Foot by foot the man climbed on, no less cautious because the ascent was easier, for he was now weaker. But he was on the monster's neck now, and soon he should set his heel on it—he was not to be shaken off.

At last the victorious moment came. Over a jutting ledge he drew himself up by sheer strength and the rubber-like grip of his lacerated fingers, body, legs, knees, and now he lay flat and breathless upon the ground.

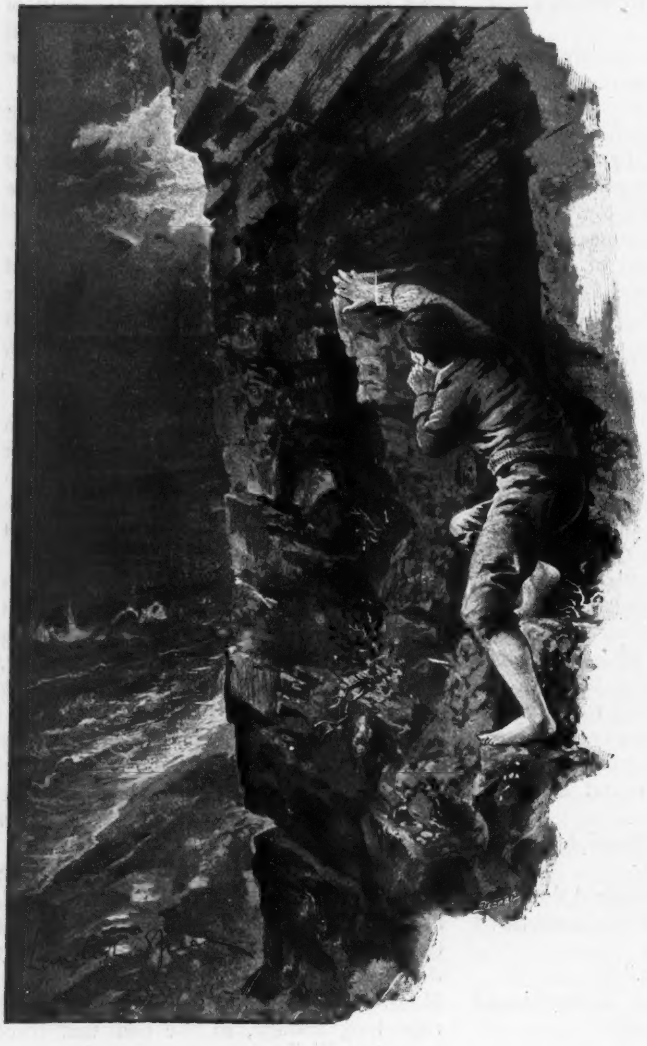
How soft and cool it was! This was long sweet grass touching his face, making a couch like down for the battered, wearied body. Surely this travail had been more than mortal. And what was this vast fluttering over his head, this million-voiced discord round him, like the buffetings and cries of spirits who welcome another to their torment? He raised his head and laughed in triumph. These were the cormorants, gulls and gannets on the Percé Rock.

Ranulph Delagarde had done what man had never done before him: he had done it in the night, with only the moon to lighten the monstrous labour of his incredible adventure; he had accomplished it without help of any mortal sort.

Legions of birds circled over him with wild cries, so shrill and scolding that at first he did not hear Carterette's voice calling up to him. At last, however, remembering, he leaned over the cliff and saw her standing in the moonlight far below.

Her voice came up to him indistinctly because of the clatter of the birds. "Maître Ranulph! Ranulph!" She could not see him, for this part of the rock was in shadow.

"Ah bah, all right!" he said, and taking hold of one end of the twine he had brought, he let the roll fall. It dropped almost at Carterette's feet. She tied to the end of it the rope she had brought from the Post. He drew it up quickly. She had found no rope long enough, so she had tied three together; Ranulph must splice them perfectly. Once more he let down the twine, and she fastened it to his blanket. It was a heavy strain on the twine, but the blanket and the food enclosed were got up safely. He lowered again, and this time he hauled up tobacco, tea, matches, needles, cotton, a knife, and a horn of rum. Now she called for him to splice the ropes. There was no time to do that, but he tied them firmly together and let the great coil down. This time was drawn up a musket and ammunition and another blanket. Again it was let down, and there was drawn up a crowbar, a handspike, and some tin dishes, which



"While he hung here a musket-shot could pick him off from below"

rattled derisively against the side of the great rock. Again the rope went down, and two bundles of sticks and faggots were attached, also a small roll of coarse cotton and a bearskin.

"Ranulph! Ranulph!" came Carterette's clear voice again far below.

"Garçon Carterette," he replied.

"You must help Sebastian Alixandre up," she said.

"Sebastian Alixandre!" Ranulph replied dumfounded. "Is he there? Why does he want to come?"

"That is no matter," she said. "He is coming. He has the rope round his waist. Pull away!"

It was better, Ranulph thought to himself, that he should be on Percé Rock alone, but the terrible strain had bewildered him, and he could make no protest now.

"Don't start yet," he called down, "I'll pull when all's ready!"

He fell back from the edge to a place in the grass where, tying the rope round his body, he could seat himself and brace his feet against a ledge of rock. Then he pulled on the rope—and it was round Carterette's waist!

Carterette had told her falsehood without shame, for she was of those to whom the end is more than the means. She began climbing, and Ranulph pulled steadily. Twice he felt the rope suddenly jerk when she lost her footing, but it came in evenly still, and he used a nose of rock as a sort of winch. He knew when the climber was more than one-third of the way up by the greater weight upon the rope, by the more frequent slippings. Yet this was no such monstrous struggle as had been Ranulph's climbing, this was the scaling of a conquered wall by the following of the victorious.

The climber was nearly two-thirds of the way up when a cannon-shot boomed out over the water, frightening again the vast covey of birds which shrieked and *honked* till the air was a maëlstrom of cries. Then came another cannon-shot.

Ranulph's desertion was discovered.

Upon the other side of the rock boats were putting out towards the shore. Ranulph knew each movement as well as if he were watching them. The fight was begun between a single Jersey shipwright and a fleet of French war-ships.

His strength, however, could not last much longer. Every muscle of his body had been strained and tortured, and even this easier task tried him beyond endurance. His legs stiffened against the ledge of rock, the tension on his arms made them numb—he wondered how near Alixandre was to the top. Suddenly there was a pause, then a heavy jerk. Love of God—the rope was shooting through his fingers, his legs were giving way! He gathered himself together, and then with teeth, hands, and body rigid with enormous effort, he pulled and pulled. Now he could not see. A mist swam before his eyes. Everything grew black, but he pulled on and on.

He never knew just when the climber reached the top. But when the mist cleared away from his eyes, Carterette was bending over him, putting rum to his lips as he sat where he had stiffened with his last great effort.

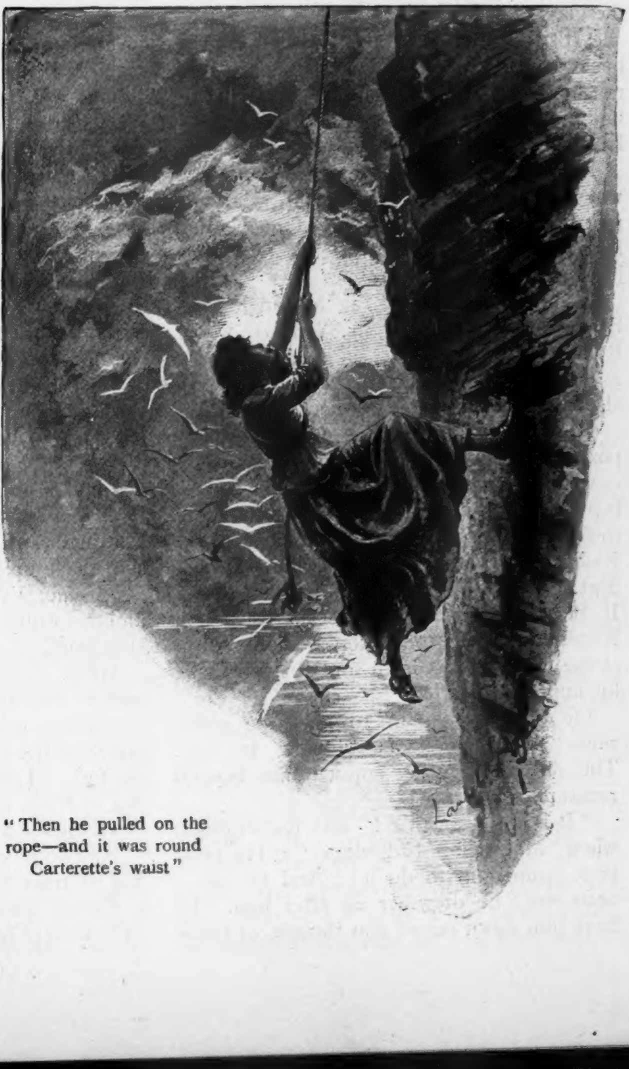
"Carterette! Garçon Carterette!" he murmured, amazed. And then as the truth burst upon him he shook his head in a troubled sort of way.

"What a cat I was!" said Carterette. "What a wild cat I was to make you haul me up! It was bad for me with the rope round me—it must have been awful for you. my poor *èsmanus*—my poor scarecrow Ranulph."

Scarecrow indeed he looked. His clothes were nearly gone, his hair was tossed and matted, his eyes were bloodshot, his big hands were like pieces of raw meat, his feet were covered with blood.

"My poor scarecrow!" she repeated, and she tenderly wiped the blood from his face where his hands had touched it. Meanwhile bugle-calls and cries of command came up to them, and in the first light of morning they could see French officers and sailors, Mattingley, Alixandre, and others hurrying to and fro.

When day came clear and bright, it was known that Carterette as well as Ranulph



"Then he pulled on the rope—and it was round Carterette's waist" had vanished. Mattingley shook his head stoically, but Richambeau on the *Victoire* was as keen to hunt down one Jersey-Englishman as he had ever been to attack an English fleet—more so, perhaps.

Meanwhile the birds kept up a wild turmoil and shrieking. Never before had any one heard them so clamorous. More than once Mattingley had looked at Percé Rock curiously, but whenever the thought of it, as a refuge, came to him, he put it away. No, it was impossible.

Yet, what was that? Mattingley's heart thumped under his coat. There were two people on the lofty island wall—a man and a woman. He caught the arm of a French officer near him. "Look, look!" he said. The officer raised his glass.

"It's the gunner!" he cried, and handed the glass to the old man.

"It's Carterette!" said Mattingley in a hoarse voice. "But it's not possible. It's not possible," he added helplessly. "Nobody was ever there. My God, look at it—look at it!"

It was a picture indeed. A man and a woman were outlined against the clear air, putting up a tent as calmly as though on a lawn, thousands of birds wheeling over their heads, with querulous cries.

A few moments later, Elie Mattingley was being rowed swiftly to the *Victoire*, where Richambeau himself was swearing viciously as he looked through his telescope. He also had recognised the gunner.

He was prepared to wipe out the fishing-post if Mattingley did not produce Ranulph—well, here was Ranulph duly produced and insultingly setting up a tent on this sheer rock, "with some snippet of the devil," said Richambeau, and defying a whole French fleet. He would set his gunners to work. If he only had as good a marksman as Ranulph himself, the deserter should drop at the first shot—"death and the devil take his impudent face!"

He was just about to give the order when Mattingley was brought to him. The old man's story amazed him beyond measure.

"It is no man, then!" said Richambeau, when Mattingley had done. "He must be a damned fly to do it! And the girl—*sacré moi!* he drew her up after him. I'll have him down out of that though, or throw up my flag," he added, and turning fiercely, gave his orders.

For hours the French ships bombarded the lonely rock from the north. The white tent was carried away, but the cannon-balls flew over or merely battered the solid rock, the shells were thrown beyond, and no harm was done. But now and again the figure of Ranulph appeared, and a half-dozen times he took aim with his musket at the French soldiers on the shore. Twice his shots took effect; one man was wounded, and one killed. Then whole companies of marines returned a musketry fire at him, to no purpose. At his ease he hid himself in the long grass at the edge of the cliff, and picked off two more men.

Here was a ridiculous thing: one man and a slip of a girl fighting and defying a whole squadron. The smoke of battle covered miles of the great gulf. Even the seabirds shrieked in ridicule.

This went on for three days at intervals. With a fine chagrin Richambeau and his fleet saw a bright camp-fire lighted on the rock, and knew that Ranulph and the girl were cooking their meals in peace. A flagstaff too was set up, and a red cloth waved defiantly in the breeze. At last Richambeau, who had watched the whole business from the deck of the *Victoire*, burst out laughing at the absurd humour of the situation, and sent for Elie Mattingley.

"I've had enough," said he. "How long can he last up there?"

"He'll have birds' eggs in plenty, and there's wild berries too, besides ground rats and all of them. And if I know my girl, too, there's rations gone aloft," replied Mattingley, with a grim smile. "Ch'est très ship-shape up there!"

"Come, I've had enough," said Richambeau with a smile, and he gave orders to stop firing.

When the roar of cannon had ceased he said to Mattingley again:

"There never was a wilder jest, and I'll not spoil the joke. He has us on his toasting-fork. I shall give him the honour of a flag of truce, and he must come down."

His lower lip shook with laughter.

And so it was that a French fleet sent a flag of truce to the foot of Percé Rock, and a French officer, calling up, gave the word of honour of his captain that Ranulph should suffer nothing at the hands of a court-martial, and that he should be treated as a prisoner of war.

As a prisoner of war! thought Ranulph. Then he was to be treated like an English belligerent and not like a French deserter. He accepted Richambeau's offer, and, with Carterette, made ready to descend. It was easier going down than coming up.

There was no court-martial. After Ranulph, at Richambeau's command, had told the tale of the ascent, the Frenchman said:

"No one but an Englishman could be fool enough to try such a thing, and none but a fool could have had the luck to succeed. You have proved, gunner, that you are no Frenchman."

"Then I am no deserter, monsieur?" asked Ranulph.

"You are a fool, gunner; but even a fool can get a woman to follow him, and so this flyaway followed you—and——"

Carterette flew at Richambeau as though to scratch his eyes out, but Ranulph held her back.

"And you are condemned, gunner," continued Richambeau dryly, "to marry the said maid before sundown, or be carried out to sea a prisoner of war."

So saying, he laughed and bade them begone to the wedding.

Ranulph left Richambeau's ship bewildered and perturbed. For hours he paced the shore, and at last his thoughts began to clear. The new life he had led during the last few months had brought many revelations. He had come to realise that there are several kinds of happiness, but that all may be divided into two classes: the happiness of doing good to ourselves, and that of doing good to others. It all opened out clearly to him now as he thought of Carterette in the light of Richambeau's coarse jest.

For years he had known in a sort of way that Carterette preferred him to any other man. He knew now that she had remained single because of him. For him her impatience had been patience, her fiery heart had spilt itself in tenderness for his misfortunes. She who had lightly tossed lovers aside, her coquetry appeased, had to himself shown sincerity without coquetry, loyalty without selfishness. He knew well that she had been his champion in dark days, that he had received far more from her than he had ever given—even of friendship. In his own absorbing love for Guida Landresse, during long years, he had been unconsciously blind to a devotion which had lived on without hope, without repining, with untiring cheerfulness.

In those three days spent on the top of the Percé Rock how blithe garçon Carterette had been! Danger had seemed nothing to her. She had the temper of a man in her real enjoyment of the desperate chances of life. He had never seen her so buoyant; her animal spirits had never leapt so high. And yet withal, despite the boldness which had sent her to the top of Percé Rock with him, there had been in all her demeanour a modesty at once frank and free from self-consciousness. She could think for herself, she was sure of herself, and she would go to the ends of the earth for him. Surely he had not earned such friendship, such affection.

He recalled how the night before, as they sat by their little camp-fire, perched there between heaven and earth, the fleet beneath on one hand and the fishing-post on the other, the tall masts flickering in the moonlight, the flagstaff lifted above the fort like a white finger—he recalled how, after a long silence, she had risen to her feet, had come over and touched him on the shoulder, and looking down at him, said:

"I feel as if I was beginning my life all over again, don't you, Maître Ranulph?"

Her black eyes had been fixed on his, and the fire in them was as bright and full of health and truth as the fire at his feet. He had answered her: "I think I feel that too, garçon Carterette." Then she replied, "It isn't hard to forget here—not so very hard, is it?"

She did not mean Guida, nor what he had felt for Guida, but rather the misery of the past. He had nodded his head in reply, but had not spoken; and she, with a quick "A bi'tôt," had taken her blanket and went to that part of Percé Rock which was set apart for her own. Then he had sat by the fire thinking through the long hours of the night; and by the time the sun rose and the sailors were stirring in the sloops below, he realised that a new life had been born in him. That day Richambeau had sent his flag of truce, and the end of their stay on Percé Rock had come.

Now he would marry Carterette. Yet he was not disloyal, even in memory. What had belonged to Guida belonged to her for ever, belonged to a past life with which henceforth he should have naught to do. What had sprung up in his heart for Carterette belonged to this new life. It had the dignity of affection and it had the power of unselfishness. In this new land there was work to do—what might he not accomplish here? He realised that within one life a man may still live several lives, each after its kind, and yet not be dishonest or disloyal. A fate stronger than himself had brought him here; and here he would stay with fate. It had brought him to Carterette, and who could tell what good and contentment might not yet come to him, and how much to her!

That evening he went to Carterette and asked her to be his wife. She turned pale, and looking up into his eyes with a kind of fear, she said brokenly:

"It's not because you feel you *must?* It's not because you know I love you, Ranulph—is it? It is not for that alone?"

"It is because I want you, garçon Carterette," he answered tenderly, "because life will be nothing without you."

"I am so happy, par madé, I am so happy!" she answered, and she hid her face on his breast.

A SHAKESPEARE READING AND THE READERS' SHAKESPEARE

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.

I SUPPOSE there can scarcely be a pleasanter way of spending an evening, in the company of high thoughts and agreeable friends, than by gathering together in a charmed circle for the reading of Shakespeare. A play is chosen, and the parts distributed amongst those who join in the reading, with due regard to age, and character, and capabilities. None are too old, or too young, or too wise, or too innocent, or too clever, or too pretty, to take their place on the imaginary stage—where, indeed, all the world may be the players. Even our friend the distinguished foreigner need not be shut out. I have known the most brilliant effect produced by giving the part of Don Pedro, in "Much Ado About Nothing," to one whose rolling "r's" could not be disguised even by his delicate appreciation and accomplished rendering of the text. The slight accent marked him at once as a stranger at the Court of Leonatus, as no subtlety of acting could have done. That, indeed, is the key of success—the potentiality of the charm by which the magic of a "Shakespeare Reading" is wrought. Each reader reads in his own natural voice. There is no mimicry; there is rhetoric—but Nature is the rhetorician. If Juliet makes love to Romeo modestly, it is not because she affects to be modest, it is because she is modest, being an innocent girl. The two Gentlemen of Verona are perfectly distinct from each other, because they *are* two gentlemen, and speak each in his own natural manner.

Thus there is infinite scope for tact and judgment in the arrangement of the *dramatis personæ*. I do not pretend that all the seven ages of man, as Shakespeare describes them, are available as readers on every occasion—it is not necessary, for instance, to bring the baby from the nursery—but I have often arranged readings in which four generations have taken part. A child's voice, indeed, comes in with exquisite grace and tenderness. Sometimes music breaks the sonorous measure with its sweet rhythm, as when Arviragus and Guiderius lay Fidele with her head to the East—singing:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.

Or when Mariana cries out, "Break off thy song"—for the boy is singing—

Take, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes—the break of day—
  Lights that do mislead the morn.

—Happy the girl, or lad, who has the gift of song, and the wit to blend it with scholarship—which, alas, does not, as Dogberry says, come by Nature.

And besides the musician of the company there is another person of great dignity and importance; she is called the "Scene-shifter." I say *she* because the part is perhaps best taken by a lady, for the voice should be like Cordelia's, "ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman." It is the duty of the Scene-shifter to call over the names of the *dramatis personæ;* to recite the act and scene, and changes of exits and entrances. Moreover, as it is not always possible, nor is it desirable, to have as many readers as there are characters named in the drama, it is the further duty of the Scene-shifter to be "residuary legatee," that is, to take the part of "First Lord" or "Second Gentleman," or "Third Murderer" as the case may be, if circumstances should require it; keeping a vigilant eye all the while on the text, and filling any hiatus that may occur from neglect on the part of any readers who have not kept their wits about them, or are caught napping while mooning over their anticipated orations, just at the very moment when they ought to come in with a humble monosyllable or a brief interjection. The Scene-shifter is both stage-manager and prompter in one.

Such readings, in the drawing-room of a winter evening, or in a shady garden on a summer afternoon, leave pleasant memories that may last a lifetime. But they require skilful management, or confusion, perhaps disaster, certainly difficulties, will arise. It requires no mean skill so to arrange matters that all the sweetness, the pathos, the splendour of thought, of our great poet shall be drawn out, without weariness of the spirit on the part of the readers, or dislocation of the body—on the part of the drama itself.

The difficulties seem to range themselves under three heads. First, the special idiosyncrasies of the personal circle of friends; the suitable distribution of the parts; the bringing together those who would be sympathetic, or at least appreciative of the purpose of the gathering. Secondly, the limitation of time, and the order and method of reading. Thirdly, the selection of the text be read.

Now it is quite clear that with respect to the first of these—the special difficulties of the personal circle, no outside advice can be of any value. They can only be met and mastered by personal tact and judgment. But the second and third difficulties are of a very different character, and a general consideration of them may be useful to those who are interested in the subject.

And first, as to the limitation of time, and the order and method of reading. To read a play of Shakespeare occupies from three to five hours. That is clearly too long a strain for a social gathering such as we are contemplating. Shakespeare may have been inspired, but we are not. A company that sits down for a five hours' reading of "Hamlet" will need the philosophy of Autolycus to "keep a merry heart to the end." Are we then to read only extracts? By no means—"the play's the thing." Let us have the play, the whole play, and nothing but the play. To read Portia's speech, or Hamlet's soliloquy, or Mark Antony's oration, is not to read "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," or "Julius Cæsar."

The play must be abbreviated then—and therein lies the opportunity of success. For in abbreviating, or "cutting" it, as it is called, we can "cut" for sense as well as for time. It is by no means necessary to adopt the Procrustean method of lopping off the head or the tail. The play is to be abbreviated. Leave out therefore the passages which can best be spared—which are of lesser interest—which are not necessary to the story, and with them leave out every word which would unnecessarily drag us back to a coarseness of expression, from which, since Shakespeare's time, we have clean escaped. The method I have found the best is to divide the play into two parts, each part to occupy about one hour, or less, not more, in the reading. And having regard to the weakness of our poor human nature, it is well for the interval between the parts to be given to friendly intercourse, even if the Shakespearean reader does not

Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,

cry out like Orlando :

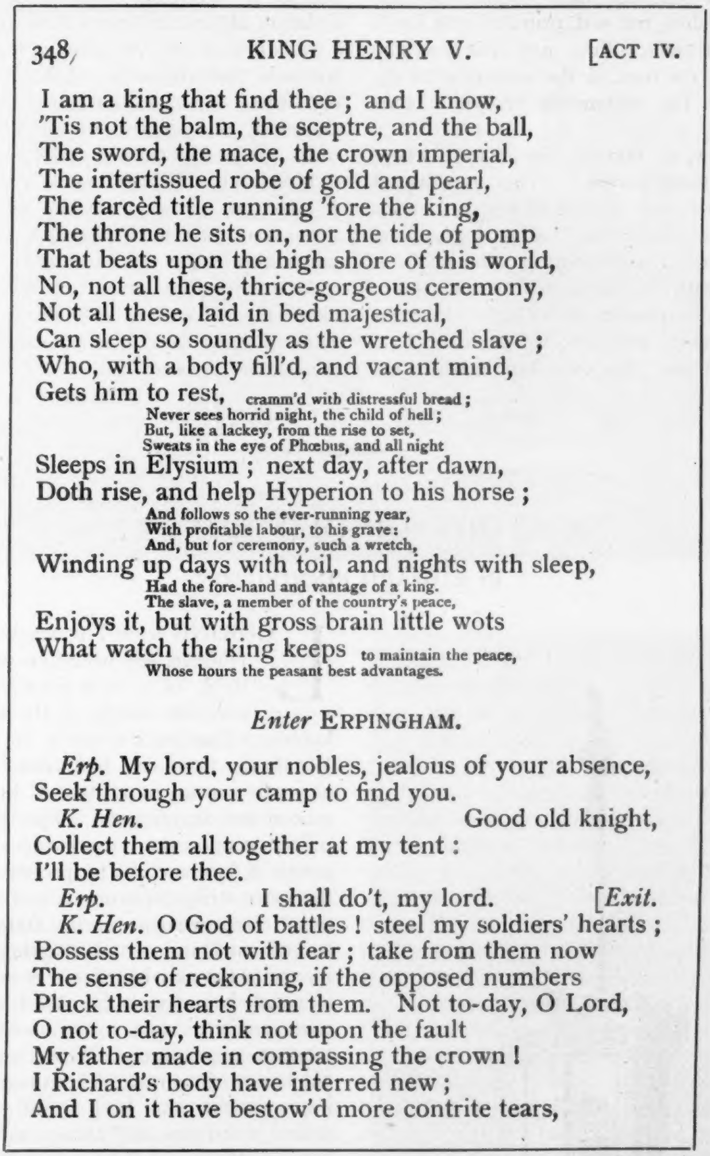
"I almost die for food, and let me have it ;"

in which case I should answer in the words of the Duke, which may be found in "As You Like It," Act ii. scene 7.

What happy memories arise in thinking of such readings, in which Shakespeare has become the interpreter of our hearts, revealing to us our best selves—in high motives, and generous thoughts, and sweet sympathies, which might, but for his incantations, have lain altogether dormant! It is a quarter to eight. The drawing-room is warm and well lighted. The hostess has placed a dozen slips of paper on as many seats, to show the guests as they arrive—Camillo, Leontes, Antigonus, Hermione, and the rest—for it is "The Winter's Tale" we are about to read—where they should take their places so as to read their parts to the best advantage. Florizel arrives first, and then Perdita. She is a pretty Perdita—how we all wish we could be Florizels, and make love to her openly and without rebuke, like that lucky dog, who does not care a rap for old Polixenes! And then the Shepherd comes, who finds a place near a good lamp, for his eyes are not so good as they used to be. Paulina follows, bright-eyed, quick of thought and movement; and then Leontes, and the other King, his friend, courteous and warm in sympathy. The Clown is a great favourite, and has a fine touch of humour in his eye that assures us the evening will at least not be dull. As the clock strikes eight the Scene-shifter touches a little bell on the table and the readers take their seats. The *dramatis personæ* is called over, so that at once everybody knows everybody, and the reading begins. Then for one hour the words of the great dramatist fall sweetly on our ears—the grave tones of Leontes—the passionate appeals of Paulina—the stately and beautiful voice of Hermione, touching us to the heart's core. But we do not hear the lovers yet, nor see the old English garden, full of "the fairest flowers o' the season"—these things are reserved for the second part. At nine o'clock—just as the bear has torn out the shoulder bone of poor Antigonus, and the sea has flap-dragoned the ship—the door opens, we lay aside our books, and pass into another room : where Florizel, who has been dumb, can give a cup of tea to Perdita, who has been speechless; but their turns are to come. Half an hour's rest and refreshment and social chat come as a pleasant break. It is soon past, however, and the reading is resumed, and concluded. Then, one by one, the guests depart, and our house is left to us—but not desolate. It has become bright with many a gentle thought of happy faces, and emotions tender and true.

Now all this is based on the assumption that we all know what we are going to read, and what we are going to omit. If speech is to be golden, we must be able to find its change in silver silence. It would never do for Florizel to ask Perdita a question that Perdita is not to answer; or for a commonplace "I beg pardon, but it is you to read now" to be interpolated just when Hermione descends from the shrine and falls into the arms of Leontes. There comes in the difficulty. The common expedient of marking the books is a poor one, and often fails. A very little misunderstanding—a very slight accident—will cause a stumbling sufficient to shatter a passage, or bring confusion into the game. The play must be cut, and this can be done without injuring the sense or weakening the interest of the drama. But it is essential that every reader shall have the play cut alike. And it is to supply this need that I suggest "The Readers' Shakespeare."

The first condition that the Editor should set before himself, in such an edition of Shakespeare, is that no word shall be omitted or altered. The plays must be printed full and complete from the best text. There must be no Bowdlerising, no expurgation of passages because Mr. Podsnap might consider them objectionable. The Editor must regard a mutilated Shakespeare as an offence against both Literature and Art. But the portions to be read should be lifted from the portions not to be read by being printed in a larger type. Here is a page arranged in the way I mean. It is from the play of "King Henry V.," and shows how the abbreviation can be effected without altering the text or confusing the reader,



348 KING HENRY V. [ACT IV.

I am a king that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, **cramm'd with distressful bread;**
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but with gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps **to maintain the peace,**
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And I on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,

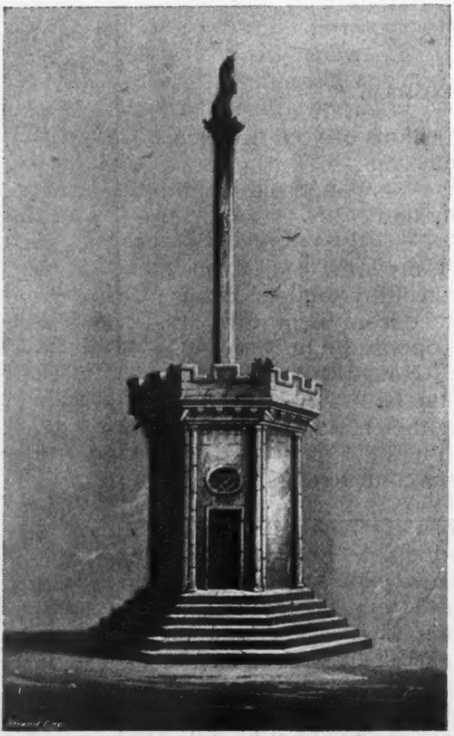
and how whole scenes can be dropped out of the reading without sacrificing the completeness of the drama as Shakespeare wrote it. As the reader passes from scene to scene he will have before his eyes, if he cares to look into them, the scenes also which are silent. As he passes over words—unused in society now—he will be conscious that in Elizabeth's time thoughts were expressed differently, but the drama will not suffer by the ellipsis. The book will remain to him a mighty organ, with stops of infinite variety and power—the diapason will thunder for him; the flute, the vox-humana, even the vox-angelica will be at his call; but he need not always draw every stop. He will exercise a wise eclecticism—an eclecticism which takes what it can best assimilate—which sees the whole, but does not with prurient eyes dwell on the evil—which does not confound the perfume of the rose, or the sweetness of the grape, with the rottenness on which they feed.

And now, as Hamlet says, "look where my abridgment comes." This reading of Shakespeare—not in scraps, nor yet necessarily all at once—but taking a play and dealing with it as a complete thing; so as to move with the sequence of events; to realise the bearing of each character on the whole *dramatis personæ*; to watch the light and shade and play of colour in which the finest passages are set, without compelling yourself to shout out every word—this is no violation of Art, any more than it would be a violation of Art to select a few of one's favourite plates from the "Liber Studiorum" and frame them, so that they might hang always in our sight upon our library walls, while the rest remained ready to our hand in their folio. It is no more a violation of scholarship, or a censuring of our great dramatist, than it is casting a slur on the sacred volume for our churchmen to compile a lectionary that does not include every chapter and verse of the Bible. It is, as Hamlet again says, "an honest method—as wholesome as sweet."

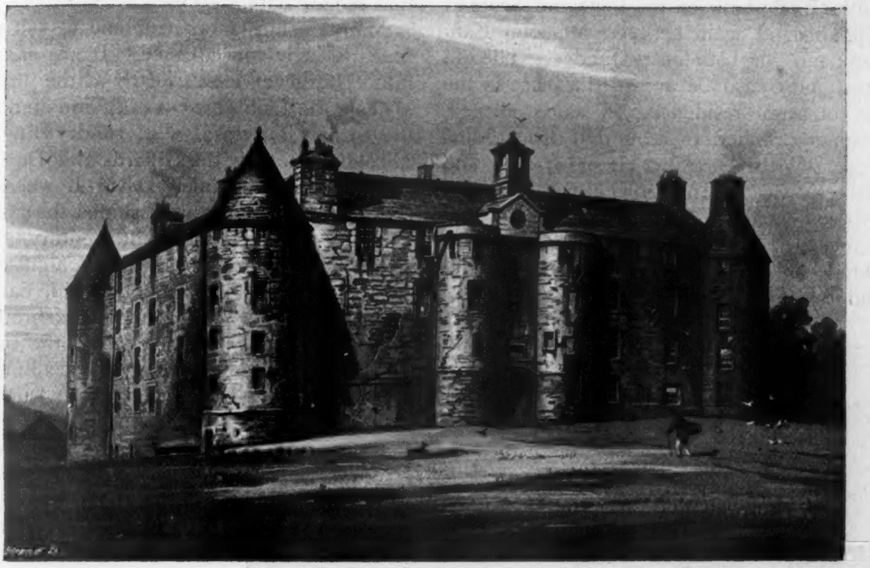
A STUDY OF OLD DUNDEE

By EDWARD PINNINGTON

LOOKING from Fife across the Tay to Dundee, few would be prompted to think of it as a place so old that even the origin of its name is unknown. That in the forms of Dundi and Dunde the word can be traced back to the eleventh century is all that is known of its source and significance. The fact suggests reflection upon the rejuvenation of the older towns of Scotland. The process ranks with the more striking phenomena of this generation. Improvement under statutory power is, both in Dundee and elsewhere, pursuing its utilitarian and beneficent course; and as it usually begins with the oldest, some of the most ancient Scots towns have the most modern appearance. Where so many are old it is obvious that, without restoration and improvement, the land would erelong be dotted with ruins, like Mexico with its ruined cities of Mitla and Palenque. Nor can it be helped, though it may be regretted, that the relics and wreckage of Time can rarely be left standing beside the creations of later days. Antiquity is necessarily displaced. The new occupies the place of the old, and the memory of the latter is left to the care of the antiquary and artist. It is, accordingly, well for Dundee that among its citizens was one so self-sacrificing, so attached to the city of his



THE "MERCAT CROCE"



DUDHOPE CASTLE

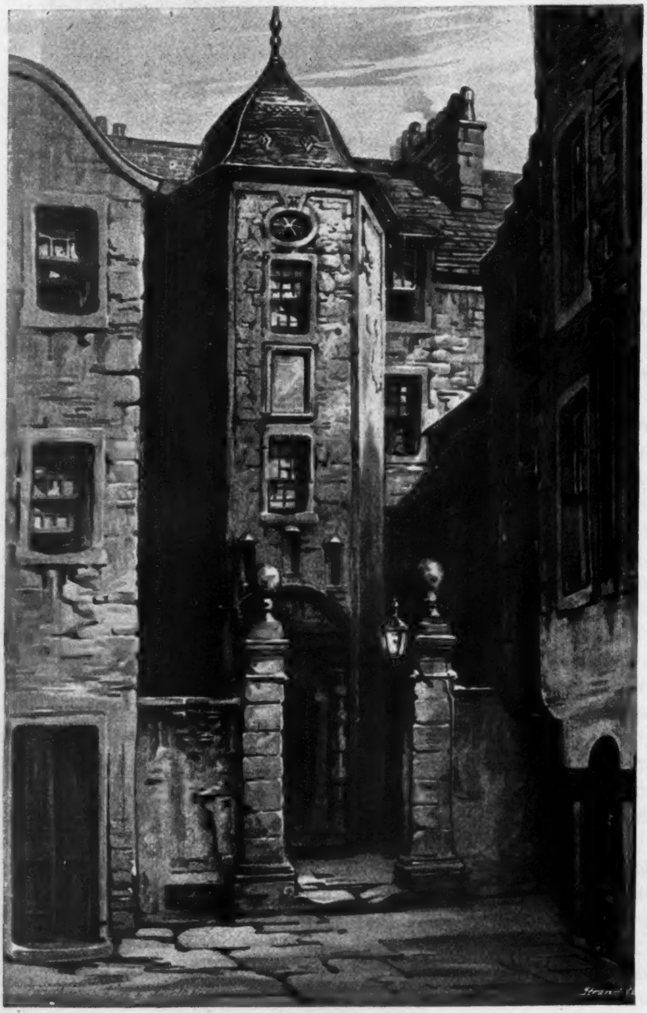
birth, and so well versed in local lore, as the late Mr. A. C. Lamb.

No Scottish city affords a better example than Dundee of the wide discrepancy between the past and the present in respect of appearance. It is in touch with the time, and makes no ostensible suggestion of having locked in its heart the secrets of an earlier world. It was, nevertheless, peopled before the present era began. Where docks now line the river front and merchantmen float, shaggy savages paddled their little craft and fished. They were hardy and adventurous, and, content neither with gathering shell-fish on the shore nor with hooking the salmon and sperling, they attacked and captured the larger visitors to the firth, notably the porpoise. They hunted too, and, with venison from the forests on and beyond the Law and fish from the river, no doubt fared sumptuously every day.

These hunters and fishermen lived on Tayside at a period so remote that the most cautious guess concerning it takes on a shade of recklessness. Less than twenty years ago they were found to have left a record of themselves in a rubbish-heap known in scientific nomenclature as a "kitchen-midden." Raking through the *débris* of the life primeval disclosed, says Mr. Lamb, "shells of edible molluscs mixed with a quantity of burned wood, pieces of bone artificially split, porpoise bones, deers' horns, and stone implements." No doubt was thus left of the occupation and mode of life of the settlers. Now comes the remarkable part of the story. The "midden" was covered with earth twelve feet deep, "either *detritus* or the result of a landslip," and eight feet above it the excavators found twelve stone coffins of the Roman era. "Ages must have elapsed," says the antiquary, "between the time when the Stannergate was inhabited by these early fishermen and the Stone Period, when the interments took place."

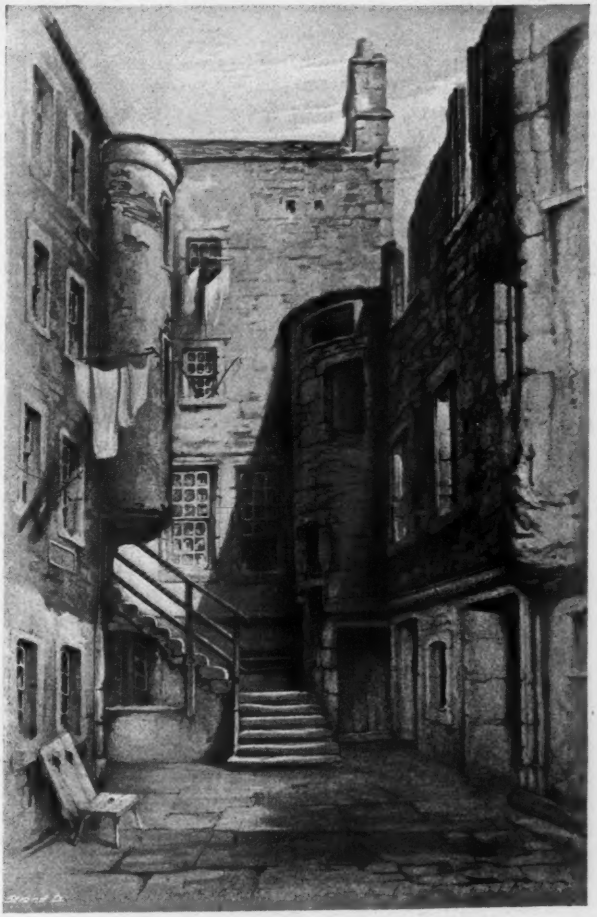
The indications of other early settlements in the same neighbourhood point to the conclusion that Dundee was the centre of a number of little villages or colonies. When these prehistoric settlements coalesced into one bearing a distinctive name is not known. The story of the making of Dundee, in fact, like that of many other cities, is composed of three elements representing three successive stages: the prehistoric, which rests upon the "finds" of the antiquary and excavator, the legendary, and the historical properly so called. To the first of these it is unnecessary to revert. Tradition tells chiefly of battle, firstly between the Picts and Scots at Pitalpin, and again between Malcolm Canmore and Macbeth near Dundee. The old town must also be accorded a place in the list of royal residences, if, as is alleged, Canmore resided there, and if Edgar died there. With Alexander I. (1107–24) and his residence at Invergowrie, the boundary between legend and history is passed. The point to be here kept in view is that if Dundee was a royal residence in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it must have been a place of some importance long before even that remote date.

Many circumstances combine to substantiate its early consequence. It was erected into a Burgh at least as early as the time of William the Lion (1165–1214), and amongst the earliest burgesses were sundry English noblemen, notably the Giffards and De Colvilles, who accompanied David I. when he returned to Scotland and assumed the crown. Towards the end of the twelfth century, "the town of Dundee" formed part of a gift conferred by King William upon David, Earl of Huntingdon, his brother. Hence came the name of "Earl David's Burgh" often given to Dundee. In connection with this Mr. Lamb mentions a very curious circumstance. The Earl had a residence in or near the Nethergate, and all his married children had houses in the burgh. His eldest surviving son, John le Scot, was his heir and successor. His eldest daughter, who was married to Alan, Lord of Galloway, and was grandmother of King John Balliol, lived in Dundee; Craigie belonged to his second daughter, wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale; Ada, his third daughter, wife of Henry de Hastings, also had a residence in the neighbourhood. The ancestors alike of Balliol, de Hastings, and Bruce, who all claimed the crown, thus appear as burgesses and residents of Dundee. Bruce was, furthermore, acknowledged King of Scotland in the Franciscan monastery of Dundee, which was founded by the mother of King John Balliol.



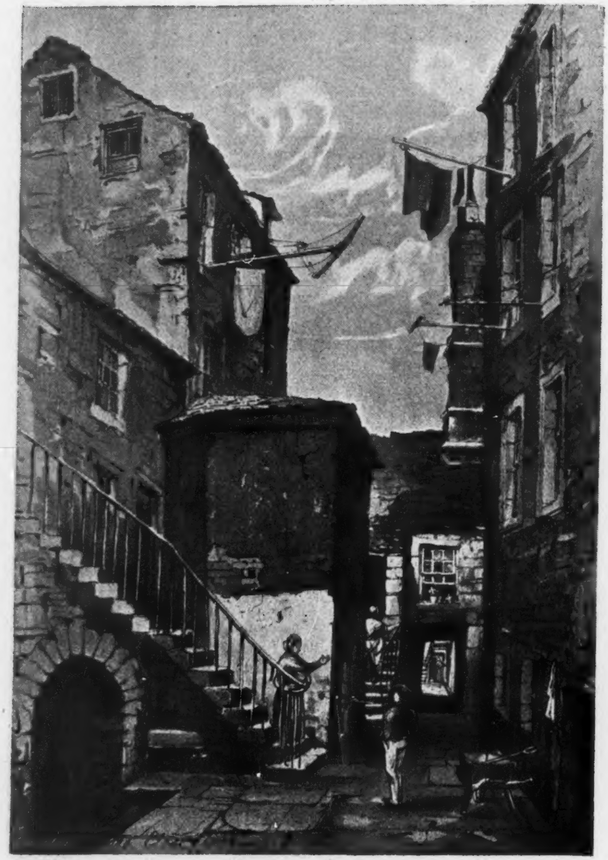
STRATHMARTINE'S LODGING

From another point of view, the beginnings of Dundee are almost identical with those of Edinburgh. At a now unknown period — possibly in the twelfth century—it had its castle, around which, as at once a defence and a refuge, the early burgesses, including the nobles above mentioned, built their houses and mansions. It occupied a site at the corner of Castle and High Streets. It was probably a stronghold of considerable extent, and it frequently appears in the War of Independence. There is reason for believing that it was regarded as a place of exceptional strength and importance. It is very often associated with the control of the North, as if it were a recognised military centre and depot, if not a key to the whole of Scotland north of the Forth. A second and equally suggestive point is that, as the successive waves of war swept over Scotland, those who for the time being were uppermost in the long and weary struggle between England for supremacy and Scotland for independence, invariably had an eye to the Castle of Dundee. It was held by the English under Edward I., by the Scots under Wallace, who appointed the Scrymgeours Constables, by the English for a few years, about 1308, and again by the Scots prior to and after Bannockburn. It then passed out of existence by means untold, and it is long since every vestige of it disappeared. Grouping all these different matters in one view of old Dundee, its royal residents and visitors, its noble burgesses, its early possession of burghal privileges, and its military strength and value, it falls into line with the Scottish towns which are richest in historical associations.



COURT IN TENDALL'S WYND

After this rapid survey of Dundee's contribution to the making of Scottish history, little need be said of its early efforts in industry and commerce. The armourer was amongst the first local craftsmen, and for about five hundred years the burgh was recognised as a centre for the making of arms and armour. It possessed a harbour in the twelfth century, and probably in the eleventh, but the opening of its commerce and foreign trade is lost in antiquity. Its relations with England had become close and apparently of value and advantage to both Scotland and its southern neighbour in the twelfth century. Mr. Lamb has placed this statement above doubt. In the course of his researches he brought to light a deed dated October 26, 1199, which carries the



SCOTT'S CLOSE

documentary history of Dundee about a century and a quarter further back than it had formerly reached. It consists of an order by King John of England authorising the burgesses of Dundee—"Earl David's Burgh"—to trade free of toll and custom in any part of the kingdom excepting London. The original is in the Record Office, London. According to Mr. Lamb, this is probably the earliest recorded instance of commercial intercourse between Scotland and England. Looking back over the early history of Dundee, a city chiefly associated at present with money-making and business, it is found to have had intimate intercourse mainly with the higher personages of the realm. Not only had it nobles for citizens and kings and queens for visitors, but even when it went into trade it clothed the royal person, replenished the royal cellars, helped the building of palaces and castles, and had for customers both nobles and ecclesiastics as aristocratic as the lay nobility, and certainly not less proud.

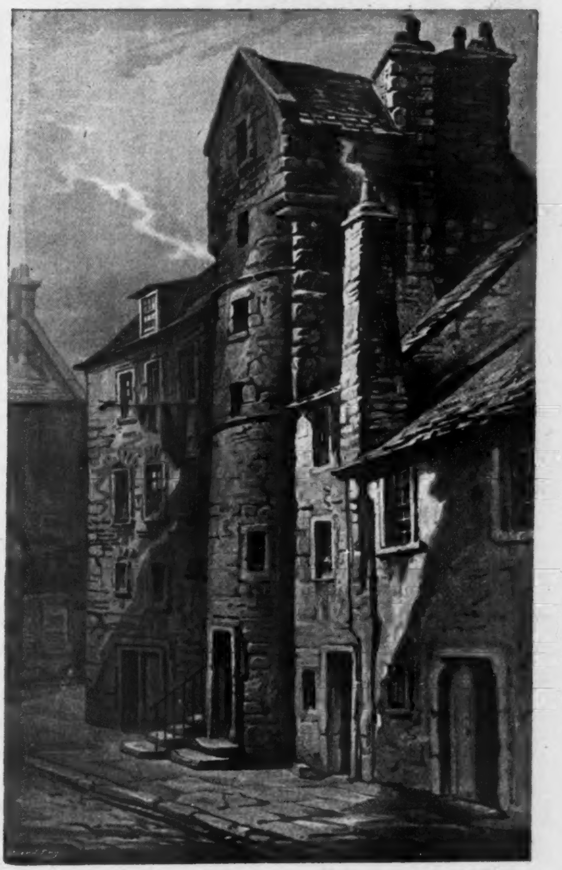
Turning to the illustrations, the first question likely to be asked is: Where are these quaint and goodly buildings hidden away, or whither have they vanished? Exclusive of maps and views in Mr. Lamb's volume, there are forty-nine lithographic plates illustrating about fifty-five different subjects. Of the latter nearly nine-tenths have been either wholly cleared away or altered beyond recognition. In that sentence is comprised the whole arithmetic of improvement.

Dudhope Castle dates from the thirteenth century, and was long the residence of the Scrymgeours, Constables of Dundee. It is believed to have been preceded by a keep belonging to the Earls of Dudhope, which was not replaced by the larger and stronger castle until late in the fifteenth century. A hundred years later it underwent another process of reconstruction, from which it emerged as one of the finest buildings of the kind then existing in Scotland. The eastern and southern fronts are seen in the engraving. In 1617 James VI. visited Lady Magdalen Livingstone, widow of Sir James Scrymgeour and then in possession of Dudhope. Her grandson, then Viscount Dudhope, fought for the King at Marston Moor, was wounded there, and died in 1644; but his son took no part in the troubles of the time, and in 1661 was honoured with the title of Earl of Dundee. On his death the title lapsed, and Dudhope passed to the Maitlands of Lauderdale. It was held by them until 1684, when it was purchased by John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. When

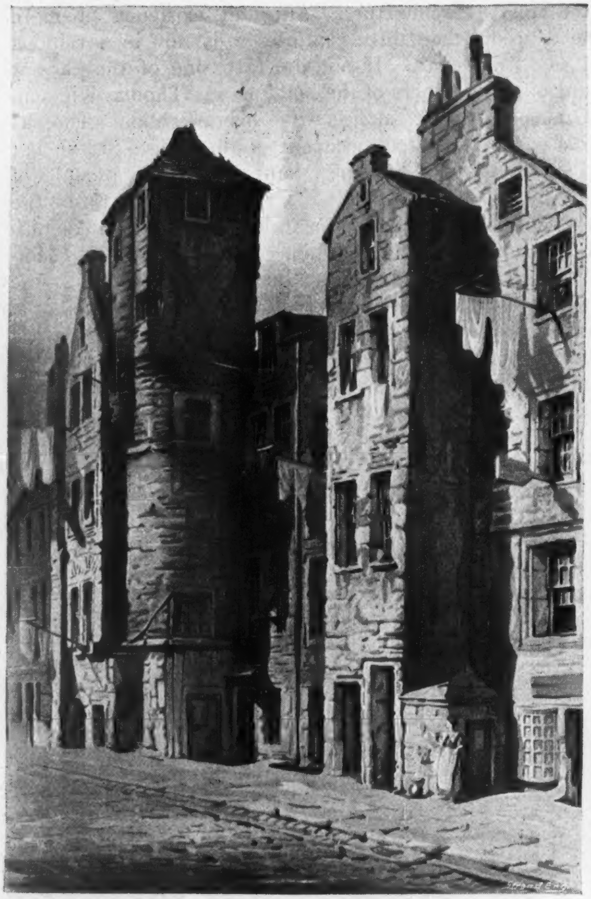
Claverhouse decided to take up the Stuart cause it was to Dudhope that he retired from the Convention of Estates, and in Dundee, 1689, he raised the standard of the Stuart King, James VII. In the "Grameid" he is described as taking leave of his young wife—"Dundee first takes the field and leaves his lofty towers. His beloved wife too he leaves, though she has just experienced the cruel pangs of Lucina. . . . He himself, mounted on his charger, brilliant in scarlet, in the face of the town drew out in long line his band of brave youths, and on the very top of the Law of Dundee he unfurled the Royal Banner for the Northern War." His death was followed by the forfeiture of Dudhope, which ultimately fell to the Earl of Home. Its glory had then departed. The castle had not been occupied as a residence for many years. From 1793 to 1880 the building was used as a military barracks, and in 1892 the entire property was acquired by the Corporation of Dundee.

The "Mercat Croce" illustration is a restoration of the Cross and Tower as they existed from 1586 to 1777. The Cross was the centre of Dundee life and history. The tower was the burgh guardhouse: proclamations were made from its roof, all trade was done round it, and there also criminals were punished. Even so late as 1824, long after the removal of the Cross, a public scourging took place on the spot where it had stood.

Many of the old buildings are attractive by reason rather of the art they exemplify than of history. Strathmartine's Lodging is one of the most interesting examples of the domestic architecture of old Dundee. Near the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was built as a town residence of the lairds of Strathmartine, the Duncans, from whom came the Earls of Camperdown. It passed out of the family in the latter part of last century. On the right of the cut, Court in Tendall's Wynd, is another specimen of early house architecture. After an existence of more than three centuries it is now in a ruinous state. If not the first, one of the earliest owners of the building was Thomas Kinloch, who, along with his neighbour Thomas Crystall, occupant of the house to the left of Kinloch's, went to sea in pursuit of Bothwell after Carberry Hill. From the Kinlochs the mansion passed to the Auchinleks of Woodhill. The Tower in St. Clement's Lane was built in 1568, and with the adjoining buildings was cleared away in 1872. Mr. Lamb describes it as "a characteristic specimen of sixteenth-century baronial architecture." The low building to the right was the Grammar School, which for two hundred years from 1589 was the chief school of Dundee.



TOWER IN ST. CLEMENT'S LANE



TOWER IN FISH STREET

Scott's Close dated from the middle of the fifteenth century, and was one of several foot passage-ways running between High Street or Nethergate and Fish Street. It was removed in 1883; it possessed a few distinctive but unimportant features, and its chief interest lies in its having been a typical representative of the closes found in every Scots burgh.

Parallel with Scott's, but farther east, was St. Margaret's Close. It took its name from the dedication, in 1466, of a building in it to the maintenance of a chaplainry in connection with the altar of St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore. The history of the Close goes back to the twelfth century and the arrival of King William's brother David, Earl of Huntingdon. His hall, "Erle David Huntlentoun Haw," stood upon the site of the Close. The Earl's toft or lot of ground was, before 1200, tenanted by Philip Clark; and a few years later his nephew Robert gave it to the Abbey of Arbroath. It remained in the possession of the Church until the Reformation, and charters by the Abbots still exist. In one, dated 1327, a peculiar condition appears to the effect that when any of the monks were in Dundee on church business, the tenant should "provide a hall, a chamber, a spence with butler's room, stable, kitchen fire, white candles from Paris, and white salt for the tables, with tables and stools for furnishing the hall." In 1570 Earl David's "Haw" passed into the possession of a Dundee bailie, its last owner before its subdivision.

We have seen that both of these Closes—Scott's and St. Margaret's — led into Fish Street, which ran parallel with Nethergate and High Street. Of Fish Street and its Tower no trace remains. The low archway to the west or left of the Tower was the entrance to Scott's Close. The latter was reached by three stone steps, a descent of fully two feet, which indicates the height to which the level of the street was ultimately carried. Originally the street and Close were upon one level, and the rise of the former explains both the dwarfed external appearance of the entrance to the Close and the necessity for steps. The analogy supplied by the Tower in St. Clement's Lane is of itself sufficient to warrant the ascription of that in Fish Street to the latter part of the sixteenth century. At that time it looked out upon the Tay; no buildings intervened; and the Fish Street of a later day was only a passage along the shore. It was not, in fact, known by that name until near the close of the eighteenth century. The Tower was one of the oldest buildings on the north side of the street, which was finished many years before the south side was begun. The building of the street on both sides was spread over three centuries, and although there are many evidences of humble occupancy, there was a period when, with Scrymgeours, Rolloks, Gardynes, Kinlochs, and others of their social rank on the list of its occupants, Fish Street was one of the favourite residential quarters of the merchant grandees of Dundee.

At the eastern end of its southern side stood Provost Peirson's Mansion, which was materially disfigured by the removal of the caps of the three corner towers. This was done about a hundred years ago, when the mutilated towers were covered in by an extension of the main roof. The mansion belonged to the time of James VI., dating apparently from the year 1591. From what has been said of Fish Street, it will be understood that the foundation of this mansion was below high-water mark. A heavy arcading carried round the base upon fluted pilasters was the most prominent structural feature of the building. Both externally and internally it was one of the handsomest mansions of the time. The first of the Peirsons was John, who acquired the site in 1586. His son and heir was the Provost (1643–46) who gave the mansion its distinctive title.

Older, and historically more interesting was a building at the corner of Overgate and High Street, the birthplace of the Duchess of Monmouth. It first belonged to the Rolloks, a family of local eminence. Provost James Rollok entertained James IV. when, in 1498, he visited Dundee. George was owner of the property, and his son was one of the early Reformers. His grandson Hercules appears as a Latin poet in Arthur Johnston's *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*, and another grandson, Robert, youngest brother of Hercules, was the first Principal of Edinburgh University. From the Rolloks the tenement passed to the Goldmans, and thence to the Scotts. While in the hands of the latter, it was occupied by General Monk after he took Dundee in 1651. Earlier in the same year it had been the residence of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, and there on February 11, his daughter Anna was born.

In 1663, at the age of twelve, she was married to the Duke of Monmouth, who was only thirteen. Her stepfather, Earl of Wemyss, describes her as Countess of Buccleuch, and heiress to the house of Buccleuch, worth ten thousand a year. The boy Duke was a son of Charles II., and on his marriage was created Duke of Buccleuch, Earl of Dalkeith, and Lord Scott. These titles and his life (1685) he forfeited in an attempt to establish his legitimacy and consequent right to the crown on the death of his father, as against the claim of his uncle, James II. His mother, the Anna Buccleuch of the Overgate mansion, having a personal right to the title of Countess of Buccleuch, became through her eldest son ancestress of the present ducal line.

It probably appears a far cry from the Convention of Estates to Dudhope Castle and Killiecrankie, and again from an Overgate tenement to Sedgmoor and Dalkeith Palace; but the romances of history are not rarely found springing in places comparatively remote. The present study may go a short distance towards indicating the place occupied by Dundee in Scottish and British history.

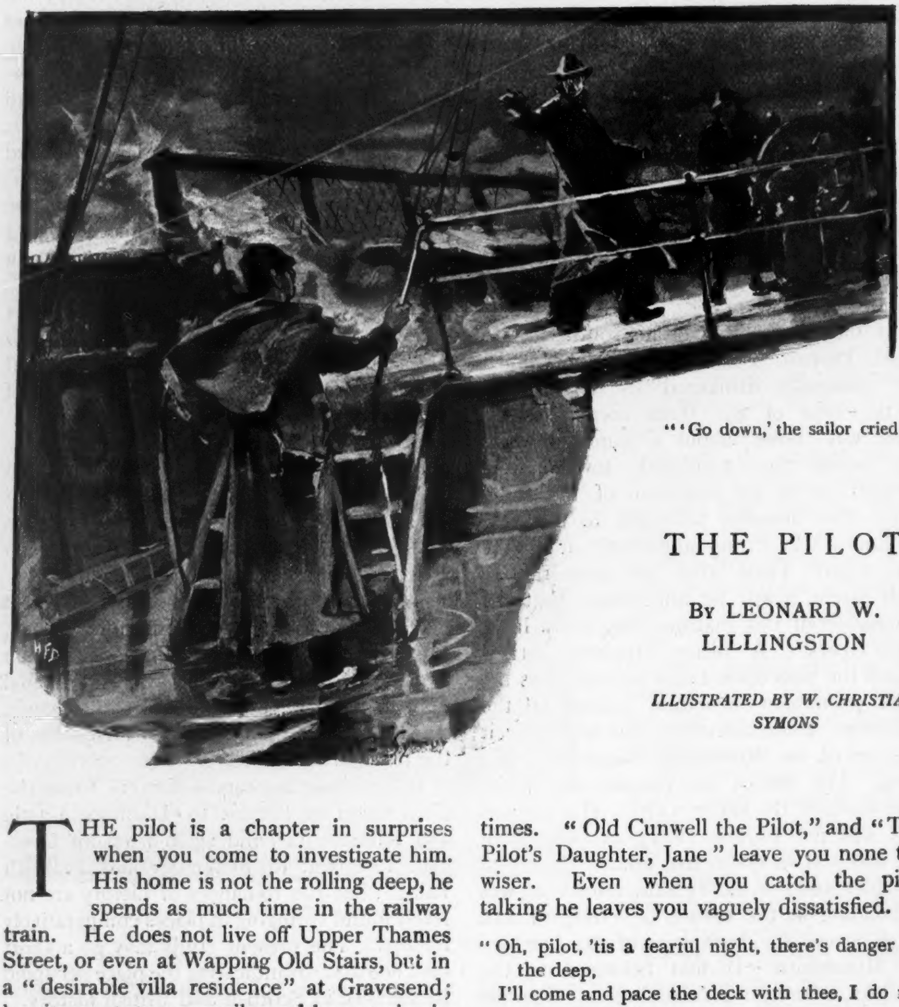
The illustrations of this article are, by arrangement with the late Mr. A. C. Lamb, F S.A. Scot., selected from the lithographs in his great work upon "Dundee: its Quaint and Historic Buildings."

THE ANGLER

On pool and pinewood, clearly grey,
  The twilight deepened, hushed and cool;
The trout swam high in languid play;
  Ring-ripples stirred the darkening pool.

And as I watched in pleased content,
  Dim memories of bygone things
Rose softly, and through my spirit sent
  A peaceful joy in rippling rings.

Vida Briss.



"'Go down,' the sailor cried"

THE PILOT

By LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS

THE pilot is a chapter in surprises when you come to investigate him. His home is not the rolling deep, he spends as much time in the railway train. He does not live off Upper Thames Street, or even at Wapping Old Stairs, but in a "desirable villa residence" at Gravesend; he sits on town councils and has a voice in vestries. And the men at the top of the profession make £700 or £800 a year. If means, as is generally supposed, have a good deal to do with social status, that may go a long way towards clearing up some misconceptions.

I am afraid that a great many of them must be laid to the charge of the nautical song-book. Fletcher of Saltoun "knew a very wise man that believed, that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he did not care who should make the laws of a nation," but alas! though inspiring, they are wanting in solid information and often sadly inaccurate. They do not keep up with the times. "Old Cunwell the Pilot," and "The Pilot's Daughter, Jane" leave you none the wiser. Even when you catch the pilot talking he leaves you vaguely dissatisfied.

"Oh, pilot, 'tis a fearful night, there's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep,"

says the unhappy passenger. Mere landsman that he is, he is unnerved and needs a little tonic sympathy. But the pilot is in the imperative mood.

"Go down," the sailor cried, "go down! This is no place for thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayest be."

That is very well, and sound philosophy, perhaps, but some allowance should be made for human nature wrung, perhaps acutely, by mal-de-mer.

A pilot, who is a pilot, is so by examination. It is true that the unlicensed brum or hobbler plies in underhand ways for hire, but he has no recognised standing—more, he and those who employ him are liable to prosecution. It is said that he trades inhospitably on the "darned Mounseers'" ignorance of the language, posing as a properly qualified man. Broadly, a vessel entering a port must have a pilot and the pilot must have earned the right, in the London district, to wear the metal button of Trinity House.

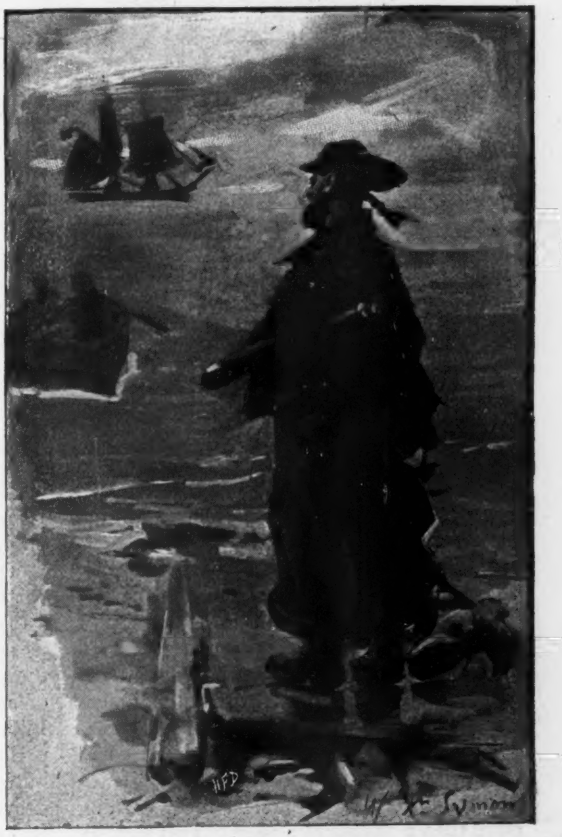
If you are concerned as to what Trinity House is, you must go back to the reign of Henry VIII., or, as some people declare, even earlier. He is credited with putting our navy on a permanent footing, and with incorporating Trinity House, which appears to have existed at Deptford Strond—the place we know now merely as Deptford—as a sort of informal college of navigation. But since there was a merchant service before there was a navy, so there must certainly have been pilots. From the heartiness with which we sing Britannia rules the waves one would imagine that she had ruled them time out of mind. Pride has a fall; in the time of Edward VI. our men-of-war were not allowed out in the winter, but lay at anchor in the calm seclusion of Barking Creek until spring came again!

However, the corporation of Trinity House was specially entrusted with the care and bringing up of the pilot, and the lighting of the coast, with an injunction to "take special knowledge of those who destroyed sea-marks." These were steeples, trees, or other saliencies on the coast line, by which the mariner might guide his lonely way. Nowadays, of course, they include buoys, lightships, and lighthouses.

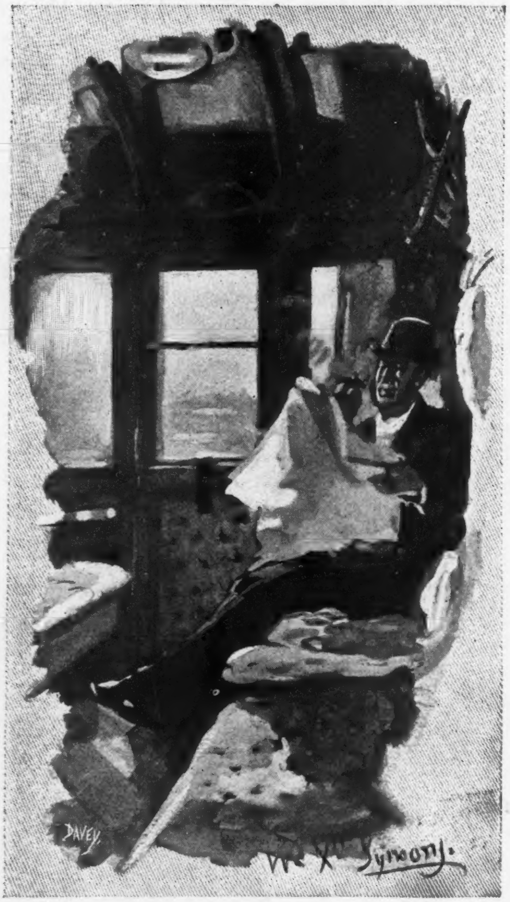
Trinity House, London, is not the only body charged with the regulation of the pilot, but it is the most important one, and its authority extends over a wider area than any other pilot board. There is a Trinity House at Newcastle, another at Kingston-on-Hull, and a third at Leith, whilst at Liverpool the men are governed by the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board. In every case the pilot must pass an examination. The London test, since the men rank the highest, is perhaps the stiffest, but the Liverpool men must run them close. Candidates must qualify by a term of service before they are allowed to enter for examination. There are alternative service qualifications which have a purely technical interest.

The classification of the pilot is a little intricate. There are inward pilots and outward pilots, North Channel and South Channel pilots, exempt pilots and choice pilots.

The choice pilot is at the top of the profession, and if lucky may make his £700 a year. He is chosen or retained by the great steamship companies to take charge of their vessels only. From exceptional skill or other personal reasons, he thus gets all the best



THE PILOT—OLD STYLE



THE PILOT—NEW STYLE

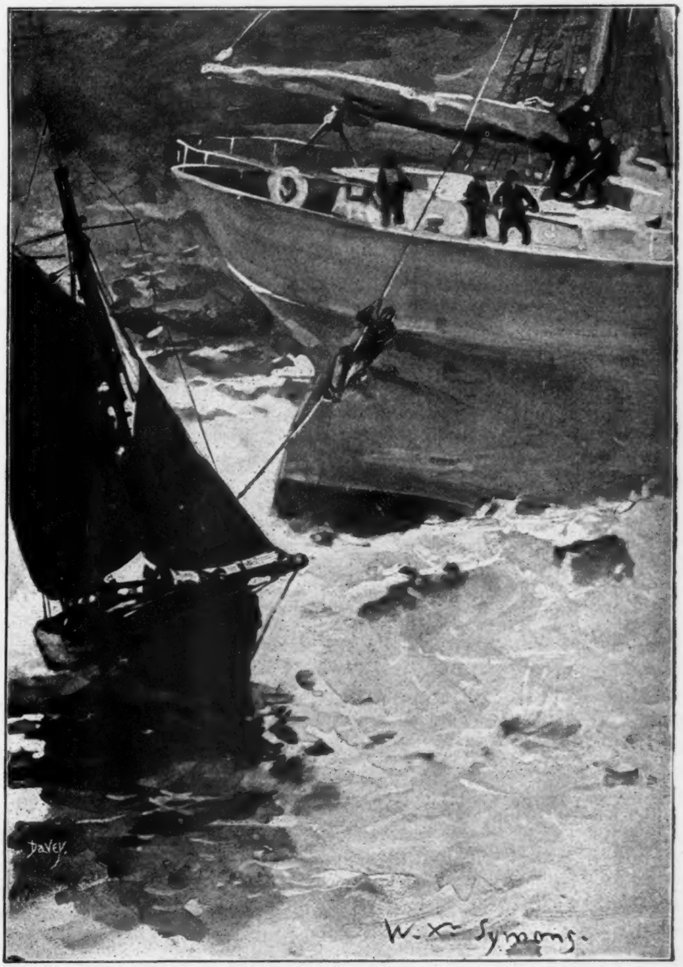
work, that is the biggest vessels and the longest distances—the charges are regulated by the draught of the vessel and the distance. The chief reason for the existence of the choice pilot is time saving. An ocean greyhound cannot afford to lie to at the pilot station till a man is available to take her in. So the choice pilot trains to Plymouth or Falmouth, where the vessel touches to land mails or passengers, goes on board, and she can then steam into port without stopping. For pilotage, with a few exceptions, is compulsory. Before 1886 the choice pilot could take one vessel out and bring another back, and there were men amongst them earning more than a thousand a year. This state of things was so obviously unfair to the ordinary pilot that a regulation was made inhibiting men from taking charge on both "outward" and "inward" vessels. There are choice pilots at most of the important ports.

The "exempt" pilot takes vessels exempted from compulsory pilotage. They are chiefly boats engaged in the North Channel coasting trade, and must have on board a captain or mate with a pilotage certificate, which, however, appears to be no guarantee of efficiency, or there would be no need for the "exempt." They are duly licensed like the rest, but they provide their own boats and do not contribute to the superannuation fund obligatory on all "compulsory pilots." The compulsory pilot pays five per cent. of his earnings to Trinity House, two and a half per cent. towards a pension and two and a half for the provision of boats and the expenses of management. The pension is £1 a year for each year of service—men of twenty years' standing get £20, and so on. The compulsory pilot is by the terms of his service liable up to £100 for any damage to a vessel occurring through his carelessness.

North and South Channel pilots take out and bring in vessels on the North and South Roads respectively. Orfordness is the pilot station on the north coast, Dungeness on the south. The inward pilot starts from either of these points and goes as far as Gravesend, the outward pilot starts from Gravesend. Each man returns by train to his starting point. From Gravesend to London Bridge is the domain of the river pilot.

There is no compulsory pilotage on some parts of the coast, and in 1885 there seemed a tolerable chance of its universal extinction by Mr. Chamberlain's Shipping Bill. But the pilot rose to the occasion like the man of action that he is. A United Kingdom Pilot Association was formed, members of parliament were approached, tracts distributed. The urgency of the matter even drove some of the craft into verse, and the end of it was that they were let alone. The arguments for compulsory pilotage seem convincing. The man who spends his life piloting vessels in one particular district must have a more intimate acquaintance with its channels and soundings, its lights and buoys, than the master of a vessel who visits the port two or three times in the course of a year. The pilot, too, is the repository of traditionary lore: he belongs to a class set apart; for the calling is largely hereditary, the same name occurs again and again in the records. With such men pilotry becomes instinctive: they know the soundings at every possible state of the tide, where dredging has lately taken place, the best point to cross the bar, if the river bed has silted.

It is extremely doubtful whether voluntary pilotage would have benefited the shipowner in the direction he sought—decrease of charges. The pilot would have had the power of regulating his bill, and on a dirty night, with a valuable cargo on board, the owner would probably have found the balance on the wrong side. Under the present arrangement, no matter what the weather, the pilot boat must be on the station, and if it blow great guns it costs no more for his services than if there is not a catspaw going.



GETTING ON BOARD

The boat in which the pilot goes out to seek his customers varies according to the needs of the coast and the demand for his services. The steam cutters which ply off Dungeness are the best type, the cobles of the Tyne the worst. The coble is only twenty feet long by five feet wide. It has no deck, so that those on board are exposed to all the fury of the weather. The Liverpool schooners are fine seaworthy vessels. The largest ports are served chiefly by cutters. At Holyhead and on the Clyde they have lug-sailed boats, whilst at Greenock and Hartlepool they have tugs.

There are rather more than three thousand pilots on active service; each man is well known to the authorities. The conferment of a licence involves the registration of the most intimate details as to height, complexion, weight, and general appearance. At Newcastle, Cardiff, and Sunderland, pilots sit on the boards which control them, elsewhere they are unrepresented. The examination fee in London is four pounds seventeen shillings, and the licence costs three guineas a year. To secure a pass there is a stiff examination in seamanship.

The head-quarters for the port of London are at Gravesend. Sometimes 400 vessels pass here in a month, and sixty will at one time be waiting to come in. At the Terrace Pier there is a colony of pilots of all grades, some hundreds strong. They are under the direct control of a Trinity House official. He is known as the Ruler—how Carlyle would have delighted in the title! He is no despot, however, for the pilot has the right of appeal to Trinity House. It is at Gravesend that the pilot blushes with public honours. He sits in the town council and is often represented on other administrative bodies.

The vessel wanting a pilot flys a jack at the foremast during the day, and burns a blue light at night. The pilot flag, by the way, is blue and white, though on some parts of the coast each man carries in addition a distinctive flag of his own. Men on the station can tell you the name of a vessel by its whistle. One has a note of plaintive melancholy, another shrieks with pain, a third bellows, a fourth yaps like a dog, and so on.

The pilot is in some sense a Government official, for Trinity House is not the irresponsible authority it was once, but is mysteriously related to the Board of Trade. Should war break out the Trinity House man's services can be, and have been, requisitioned. The Channel Squadron is supposed to know its way about, and is not allowed to take pilots on board. Foreign men-of-war can enter our ports without a pilot, and this is considered by many as a grave error of judgment. It certainly seems undesirable that they should know as much as we do about our channels and lights. However, they can have the services of a pilot if they want one, and they often do.

It is a venturesome calling, and to follow it your spirit must be touched with the joy of the flowing sea and the wind that follows fast. The introduction of steam, with the increase of traffic and speed and in the size of the vessels, has added greatly to the risks. The pilot boat must lie to on the track of the vessels to be of any service, and collisions are only averted by continual vigilance. Boarding and landing are equally perilous. Boarding a vessel in a gale of wind has often to be faced. Landing in a heavy sea is still more dangerous, for the pilot must often take his chance of any boat, seaworthy or not, which will take him to shore. The river pilot complains bitterly of the "dummy barges" of the Thames, which drift in and out with the tide, controlled in haphazard fashion by a pair of huge sweeps worked by one man. Dummies they are called and dummies they are, sluggishly swinging first one way then the other, in dull disregard of everybody else on the road. The conviction grows that the pilot is a man we have cause to be proud of.

Then cheer for the pilots, whoever you be,
Who have anxiously watched for a friend at sea.

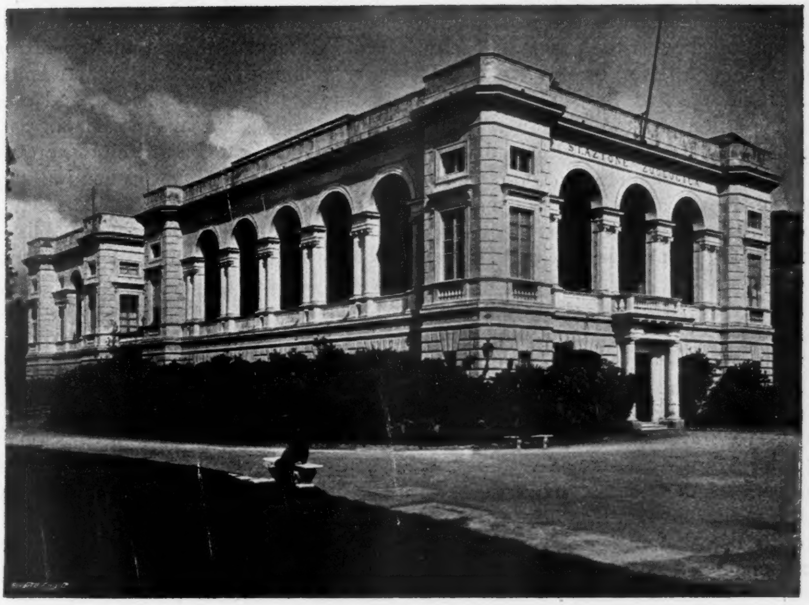
THE NAPLES AQUARIUM

By F. G. AFLALO

NAPLES, the beautiful and dirty, the gay and the poverty-stricken, has been the theme of pens innumerable.

But my theme is neither the squalor of its streets, nor the manners of its gambling, liberty-loving inhabitants, nor even that most alluring topic, their cruelty to animals. The last is much loved of the wandering Briton who, in his fervent letter to the *Times*, forgets that reproof, like charity, should begin at home, forgets too that cruelty to horses is no national monopoly, and that the Englishman abroad might as well grumble at rain or the taxes.

I have fortunately a more peaceful subject



THE NAPLES AQUARIUM

for consideration—the one quiet spot in the noisest of cities, the cool Aquarium that rears its marble columns from the green sward of the luxuriant garden of the Villa Nazionale. Here, for the modest sum of two francs, the bewildered, deafened visitor may find grateful asylum from importunate cab-drivers, beggars, and guides. The sudden contrast is unique. Remarkable as is the impression produced by any aquarium, an effect due to the darkness throwing up the strange transmitted light of bottle-green tanks and their silver-spangled inmates, those who for a moment have plunged into the silent gloaming from the glare and turmoil of Naples come doubly under the spell; and it is to this undoubtedly trying experience that we may attribute the somewhat quaint account of the Naples fishes recently contributed to *Cosmopolis*.

The English nation has but a dim notion of the meaning of an aquarium. His remnant of school Latin should at least bid the visitor expect water somewhere in the definition, yet he finds none in evidence at some of our leading institutions claiming the name. He finds instead a musical hall, the walls in the distance being ornamented with a dado of tanks, with or without—mostly without—water in them, and one or two, maybe, containing an emaciated fish. When, on a recent occasion, living trout were actually displayed in the tanks at Westminster, the innovation was announced far and wide. This old-world taint has even found its way to the colonies, for, although the Melbourne Aquarium was one of the best I ever visited, that at Coogee, near Sydney, was run on Westminster lines, and its chief function was as a dancing hall.

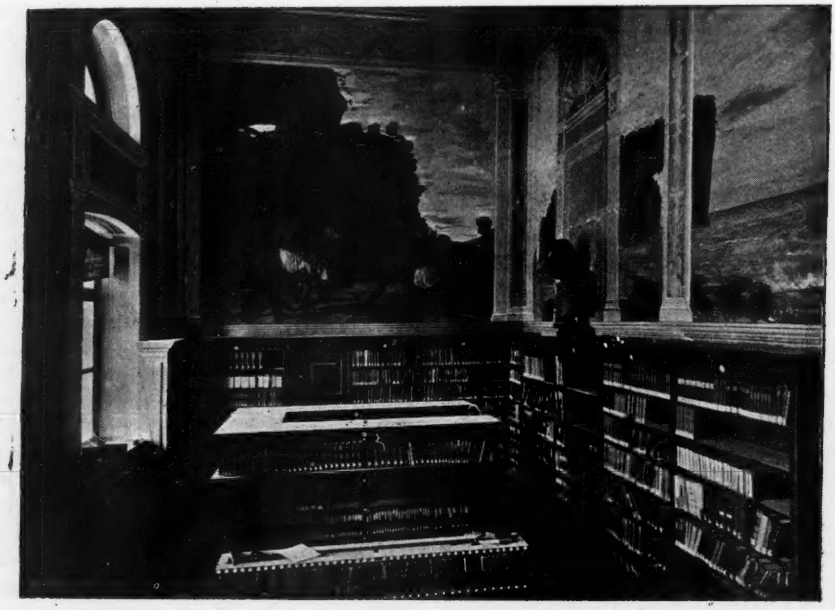
The nearest approach to an aquarium in this country is the small establishment that flourishes, under the auspices of the Marine Biological Association, at Plymouth, and this brings us nearer to the aims and achievements of the institution at Naples.

Founded rather more than a quarter of a century ago by Anton Dohrn, who, still its director and leading spirit, had at first to contend with obstacles that might well have deterred any one less determined, the Naples Zoological Station—the name that best describes its ends—is not merely a spectacular exhibition of living forms got together with the object of attracting visitors. Indeed, the single room on the ground floor open to the public, admirably stocked though it is, affording a compact picture of the fauna of Naples Bay and teaching a lesson or two that I shall presently indicate, constitutes by far the least important portion of the building. The institution fulfils its objects with its laboratories, its students' tables and library, its dredgers and boats, and all the other means at its disposal for collecting material from the waters that all but touch its walls. The expenses of working, which are necessarily considerable, are the joint contribution of several Governments, the available tables being allotted in due proportion to students from the countries subscribing. Thus there are three British tables, of which I believe the British Association has one, while two others are owned by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At these tables sit students of either sex—two American ladies were at work there on the occasion of my last visit—and of every nationality, from Germany even unto Malabar. The number varies: I fancy there were about forty at work during the present spring.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the Naples Station is the cosmopolitan character of every one and everything pertaining to it. To this there is but one exception. The fishes, as already mentioned, are all from the Bay. Otherwise, this is the *rendezvous* of every nationality. Professors, students, and officials are from many lands, and even the visitors break, in half-a-dozen languages, a silence that would otherwise grow oppressive. This international character continues to find expression in the three valuable serial publications that issue from the establishment, though in their German titles—Fauna and Flora, Mittheilungen, Jahresbericht, &c.—there is unmistakable suggestion of the predominant German element. Each contributor, however, discourses in his own language.

The specimens for the tanks, as well as for the working-rooms, are for the most part procured by two small steamers belonging to the Aquarium, several expert fishermen being permanently employed; in addition to which, every fisherman in the place offers for sale anything that he thinks may be negotiable. Besides exhibiting living animals and working with dead specimens, the authorities send out vast quantities of material to students and teachers all the world over.

Allusion has already been made to the fact that all the contents of the tanks—turtles,



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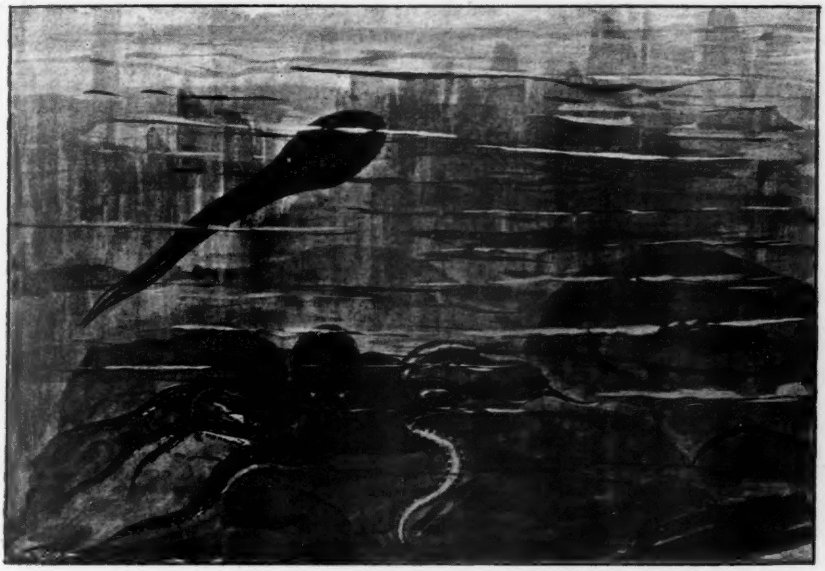


OCTOPUS

fishes, crustaceans, molluscs, and all the vast proletariat of marine enigmas—come from Naples Bay, and, lest this may occasion surprise, I may say that I was recently told by Professor Salvatore Lo Bianco that it would take them years yet satisfactorily to work the fauna of that single arm of the still Mediterranean. The Professor's favourite study for the last fifteen years has been to experiment with various mediums for the preservation of specimens, and the not very hopeful conclusion at which he has arrived is that the colouring of the more delicate creatures is a condition practically inseparable from life itself, and one which it will, in all probability, never be possible faithfully to reproduce. It might be supposed that the cost of keeping such untiring feeders as fish would be considerable. This, however, is not the case. "*Ridicolo*" was the term the Professor actually applied to the cost of maintaining the fish in food, sardines and anchovies for the most part, with crabs for the octopus. The action with which these flabby brutes envelop a crab, lowered for the purpose on a string, recalls in every detail the capture of a fly by a bloated spider, and a tribute to the nourishing power of green crabs is found in the fact that the octopus grows in captivity more rapidly than any other inmate of the Aquarium. The trifling cost, by the way, of the food bill at the Aquarium will not come as a surprise to those who know that the whole annual cost of provisioning the vast collection of hungry beasts, birds, and reptiles at our own Zoological Gardens amounts to something less than four thousand pounds.

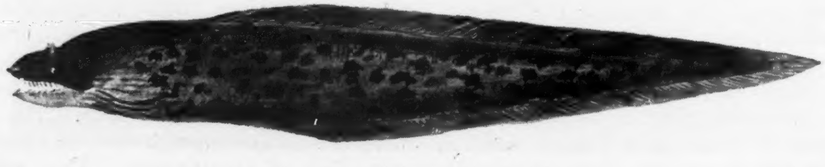
To the general public, however, the interest of the Naples Aquarium centres in the tanks open to its inspection. It would be difficult to name the most interesting of these tanks. The student of biology will find his attention claimed by the medusæ and other low forms near the entrance that assist him in solving the problems of his science. The lover of colour will stand lost in admiration before the tanks of corals and anemones, the latter seeming rather like wondrous submarine bouquets of choice chrysanthemums. The angler, again, will unhesitatingly steer for the large tank at the farther end, wherein—at any rate they were there in April—swim in apparent harmony turtles, dogfish, conger of great size, bass up to ten pounds, and several fine specimens of the serranus. The contents of the tanks show, it must be admitted, some lack of classification. That weevers and flatfish are, as sand-dwellers, permitted to bury family differences and dwell together is allowable; but why, then, the rocklings in the same tank? Still, there is a distributional value in this Naples collection, which gives it far greater educational purpose than can be claimed for most exhibits of the kind, and the arrangement, if popular, is at any rate frankly so. Instead of misnaming the contents of the tanks, as is invariably done elsewhere, there are no labels on them whatever, an intelligent attendant being, however, at hand to answer questions, and there are very accurate catalogues in English, German, French and Italian, which may be had for an additional franc, catalogues which might be read with profit even at home after the visit to the Aquarium. Adjoining the above-mentioned tank of large fish is a smaller tank containing a fish characteristic of the sea without—the muræna, a writhing, eel-like creature, patterned like a carpet-snake that I remember spearing by moonlight many years ago in the neighbourhood of Leghorn. Here, in captivity, we may watch these strange beings squirming in and out of broken earthenware pipes, in which, whenever occasion offers, they harbour, and even permit themselves to be drawn rapidly to the surface rather than relinquish their sanctuary.

Not the least remarkable condition of the struggle for supremacy in the deep seas to which the contents of the Aquarium invites attention is the phenomenon of colour protection. Anglers have long learnt the secret of making their live baits whiter, and consequently more attractive, by keeping them for a few hours previous to use in white-enamelled bait-cans, and we may here find many a striking instance of instinctive concealment against some appropriate background—the turbot against the sand, in which, save for the betraying movement of the gill-covers, the fish is invisible, and the rock-scorpion suspended motionless among the weeds that strongly resemble the growths on its own back and sides. Not more striking as examples of this æsthetic defence are the fern-owl on the moor or the magpie in the dancing sun and shade of the woodland riding.

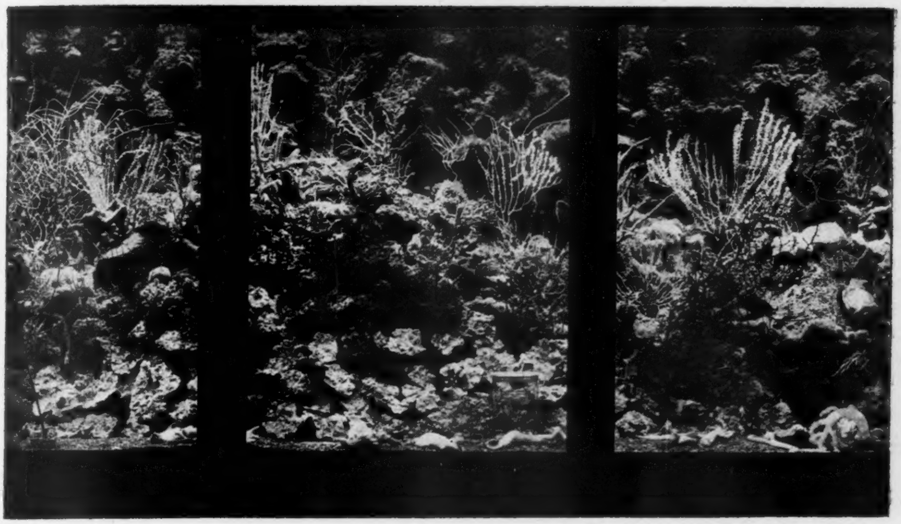
In animal locomotion, too, the silent tanks afford such remarkable contrasts as the undulations of the dog-fish, the paddling of the turtles, and the beautiful rotary movements of certain of the medusæ confined in glass cylinders. Backward movement, again, the exception rather than the rule in the animal world, and an impossibility with flying birds, is unmistakably illustrated in the prawns and shrimps, as also, in a measure, in the cuttle and octopus.

Perhaps, however, the most fascinating lesson conveyed by a casual visit to the inmates of these luminous battle-grounds—for to live is, with fish, to fight—is in the contemplation of the different styles of attack and defence in vogue in the world of waters, as well as the distinction in the food-equipment of the fixed and the moving.

In the struggles, some, taking advantage of every shadow, turning to account every overhanging rock and waving weed frond, stalk their unsuspecting prey with a patience that is the more terrible and impressive for its silence. Others, knowing themselves too conspicuous and unwieldy for such manœuvring, lie motionless in the sand, some small tentacle or other harmless lure waving in apparent carelessness: in a flash, the ogre is satiated, and has swallowed half-a-dozen small victims of their own curiosity. As for what I have called the food-equipment, the Aquarium furnishes many an illustration that may not so easily be appreciated elsewhere. Those who have learnt to have perfect confidence in the arrangements of Nature would only expect of her that she should have vouchsafed the more perfect organisation for procuring



MURÆNA



CORAL TANKS

food to those creatures that are unable to change their position in quest of it, leaving the rest to look after themselves, as indeed most of them are well able to do. Take, as an instance, the adult barnacle, which, usually associated with bunches of dead and ill-smelling things sold on our marine parades to such small boys as possess more coppers than discrimination, is here seen in working order. In its extreme youth the barnacle was fond of change, and swam freely as any fish; but, as life creeps on, this crustacean gives up its wandering habits without a pang, and settles down in lasting attachment to some plank, rock, or cetacean. No longer, then, can it roam in search of the minute creatures on which it feeds. It does better. It develops a fringe of graceful ciliæ, with which it can at will set up such a gentle yet enduring current as to waft within its reach innumerable particles of food. This may be witnessed to perfection at the Naples Aquarium, and the visitor cannot but note the contrast thus afforded with the rough-and-ready practices of most hungry creatures of the deep, which for the most part merely overtake, or stalk, and devour their prey. As the adult barnacle, being a fixture, is herein different from the majority of crustaceans, so is the free-swimming octopus an exception to the molluscs, which are more usually stationary. The student need not be long in discovering a corresponding difference in their methods of procuring food.

Yet perhaps, after all, the most wonderful lesson which we learn from a visit to the Naples Station, a teaching that is moreover borne upon us more forcibly after each succeeding ramble round that fascinating dark-room of marine life, is not connected with any problem in marine biology, but concerns itself rather with the personality and race of the founder. It seems to me a sheer impossibility for any but the most biassed to see the institution as it now is, and to read of the vicissitudes through which, since its establishment, it has passed, without a feeling of profound admiration for Anton Dohrn, the man who journeyed far from his own land to fight against terrific odds and finally triumph in a manner whereof the founding of marine biological stations, in itself a movement of but yesterday, assuredly furnishes no parallel. To ourselves, having certainly the greatest interest in the fisheries of northern seas, the contemplation of the Naples Aquarium should suggest reflections of a wholesome, if not wholly gratifying, nature. It might even convince many of what some among us have long suspected, that as a nation we talk more about our fisheries and do less for them than any other on the seaboard of Europe, and that we ought to assist in a more generous way the attempts made at Plymouth, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and at other places in our own country to unveil the mysteries of marine life and its laws.

For the three photographs of the Aquarium which accompany this article we are indebted to the Director.

THE CONQUERORS

[Scene: A village in a green strath; mountains rise in a half circle, clothed some way up with pine-forest; on the peak of a precipitous spur the walls of a small fort, dark against the sky. Time: a June evening. Men and women gossiping under the old elm before the tavern.]

1st. *Old Man.*—What does he say about the Conquerors?

2nd. *Old Man.*—He wonders whether the Conquerors are all dead at last.

1st. *O. M.*—Why does he wonder about that?

2nd. *O. M.*—He says they stopped blowing their trumpets in April.

1st. *O. M.*—The trumpets stopped! . . . Has no one heard the trumpets?

Young Man.—It was at the end of April I heard them last.

1st. *O. M.*—Has no one heard the trumpets lately?

Voices.—Have you? . . . It is strange . . . Not since April?

Y. M.—It was stormy in the middle of May. It was in the wildest weather, you mind, that we used to hear them loudest. They were silent in May.

1st. *O. M.*—Yes; it was in the wildest weather they liked best to lift their voices and cry down to us: "We are here in the fort; we are the Conquerors; you are the Slaves; obey, toil, live, die like slaves, humbly and silently, and all shall go well—but dare to rise, to rebel!"—That was what the trumpets kept calling, summer or winter, day or night—but always loudest in the wildest weather.

(They look up curiously at the fort on the peak.)

Voices.—Perhaps they are all dead at last!

Y. M.—The trumpet-calls were fainter all last winter. Thought I, "The Conquerors must be growing old."

2nd. *O. M.*—They must be all very ancient men.

1st. *O. M.*—Dead at last? Do not think it. They will never die. They are too strong, too terrible.

2nd. *O. M.*—They must all be feeble men—very old.

1st. *O. M.*—Yes, very old! They were mighty veterans when I was a lad. Seventy years ago! I was a lad of ten. Gods, how they slew us; how they broke us, and scattered us! Then they built the fort. "Submit," they said, "and no harm shall come to you." The main army thundered on its way, and left the garrison to keep us in awe. We were meek, abject. What could we do? They never meddled with us; we saw little—nothing—of them; but we heard their trumpets. That was enough. We grew up meek, patient, fearful, beneath that terrible cry of power. Our children and grandchildren grew up meek, patient, weak with fear. Oh, the shame, the misery! At first we thought they would go, or die out as we died out. But they bore a charmed life. They will never die!

(*Schoolboys run in cheering and shouting,* "The Conquerors are gone!")

1st. *O. M.*—Silence, lads. Let one speak. You, with the yellow hair.

Boy.—We wondered why the trumpets had stopped; so we stole through the woods and climbed up the rocks. When we got to the fort all was so quiet that we ventured in. There was no one. All the place was tumbling down; it was all grown over with grass and bushes.

Voices.—Grown over with grass and bushes!

Boy.—There are six big stone trumpets up yonder. They are choked with weeds and birds' nests. That's why they stopped blowing, I guess. We thought it was the Conquerors that used to blow the trumpets—but it was just the wind!

Vida Briss.

MORE PAGES FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL

THE "BOUG" EXPEDITION

By the late Sir GEORGE H. B. MACLEOD, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., etc.,
Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow

OCTOBER, 1855.—There was a "sough" of an expedition being sent on some secret mission, and that old Archie Gordon was to be medical chief. I went at once to him and he promised to take me, and he asked me to mess with him and share his marquee. This I cheerfully did, as I had all my Constantinople wealth unpacked and I promised to share it with him. Dr. Hall appointed me at once second in charge, and next morning I was on board the *Orient* with my traps.

When I got on board the *Orient* I found no one there, and as I was very tired, I went into the cabin and lay down to rest in the stern part where it was dark. I soon fell asleep and was awakened after a time by people coming into the cabin. They sat down at the table to have some wine, and I found myself listening half consciously to their conversation. I was aroused to attention by hearing one of them say, "Oh, the old doctor was most amusing and used to tell a story wonderfully." And then he went on to relate how the doctor's son had sold him by pretending to be an officer and getting his father to produce some old wine, and that "young Norman" was present and helped the plot. I could hardly believe my ears when I then heard in such an out-of-the way place a story told of my father and myself, and the joke I had played upon him, thus related by a person who seemed to be an entire stranger. I sat up (to the amazement of the party) in my dark corner and told them who I was and corrected some of the details. It turned out that the captain of the ship was a Rothesay man named Bannatyne, and his friends were all Clyde people, so I was heartily welcomed, and my stay on board the ship was rendered very agreeable by the kindness and friendly feeling shown me by the captain. But to proceed. We did not sail for three days; notwithstanding the fuss, the final arrangements were not complete. The French fleet and detachment were not ready, and there was some hesitation in Paris, from which it appeared the movements of the French are now chiefly directed to the great disadvantage of the rapid and united action of the Allies. Our ship got filled with staff officers, and there was constant excitement about the contemplated expedition. Dr. Hall had told me where we were going, but I was not allowed to tell, though any secrecy was after all absurd. We were going to attack the Fort of Kinburn at the mouth of the Boug above Odessa, which guarded the entrance to the great Russian arsenal at Nicholaieff. The time we were to be away was the puzzle. It might be a thing of days or weeks, and there were not wanting some who thought that we should have to remain all winter away from camp. However, it was all one to Tommy. I had my few dirty shirts rolled up, a bit of soap, a towel, a tooth brush, and, as my hair was cut short and my clothes were on my back, I was as nearly as possible in "light marching order" and ready for any fate. At Kamiesch the French fleet was lying and a crowd of troops was pouring on board through temporary doorways in the huge side of the line-of-battle ships.

Sunday morning, as usual, was the day of starting. This seems somehow to be always the day when any great military affair comes off. Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, the final assault and most of the great sorties took place on Sunday, as history tells us no end of great naval and military fights in the past also occurred.

What a row on this particular Sunday, and what a glorious day it was! The sea calm as a pond and the sun bright and warm, steamboats rattled and screamed about, and small boats swarmed on every side, signals were flying from ship to ship, and a general fever affected every animate and inanimate thing.

At ten o'clock the port captain came on board with final orders—we were to rendezvous off Odessa. The mortar boats and the newly invented armour-plated batteries sent out by the Emperor were taken in tow, and we set off in two great lines—the English on the one hand, and the French on the other. We sailed close to the mouth of the harbour, where all was now destruction, and I, for the first time, had an opportunity of seeing the huge sea-defences, and the "nest-batteries" along the cliffs which I had heard so much of as being impregnable to our fleet. The ships forming our expedition looked most formidable, and covered the sea for a great distance.

Monday.—At ten o'clock A.M. (*i.e.* in twenty-four hours) land was seen ahead, and all the ships, which had got somewhat scattered during the night, were seen concentrating. The weather continued most glorious. A small Russian steamer which was on the look out bolted. By three o'clock we were at anchor before Odessa—the line-of-battle ships inside and the transports outside. It was fully believed that Odessa was to be bombarded and burned, but the amount of English and non-Russian property there made that so difficult a problem that the story was not credited.

Tuesday.—At rest. The day very dark. Endless signalling. The city looks lovely. White houses set in verdant trees. Very handsome villas and public buildings. A dense fog came on and lasted a couple of days; a true "Black Sea fog." We could not see a hundred yards, or blow our noses without feeling first for them. We were, however, very jolly on board. The mess was a large one, and after the military commanding officer and Dr. Gordon, I had the next best cabin and position. We played loo in parties of sixty, and awful fun it was.

Thursday.—Clear and bright. Much telegraphing on shore, where masses of troops are seen collecting on the heights above the city. In the evening the city *alone* was shrouded in a thick grey fog which was so curiously concentrated and so like smoke that there were many reflections on the "traditional policy" of Russia in burning their cities and retiring into the interior. However, next morning was again clear, and the city was there as entire and unharmed as ever.

Saturday, October 13, 1855.—Still opposite Odessa. We were prevented from proceeding last night by a smart gale.

Sunday.—Sailed early along a beautiful coast in glorious weather. At four o'clock Oczakoff Fort in sight. It was on the left in gloom, but a glint of sunlight lit up a small fort lying low right ahead When we got nearer we made out the great fort we were in search of lying as it were upon the sea. It was on a long, low spit of sand, which was invisible until we were quite near, and the smaller fort which we had seen was beyond it near the point. It was too late to attack, so the fleet anchored; and I take it that the inhabitants of these forts would have rather a wakeful night of it, thinking of the morrow. Next morning (Monday) at daybreak, all were astir. Steam blowing off at all the funnels, boats passing and repassing, flags and cheering, bugles and drums—all at fever heat. Our ship, which was a sailing one, was towed up to the place of debarkation, and we were spilt out on the sand. The fort was playing at long bowls, but got no response. At two o'clock the gunboats went in like midges, moving constantly about, and sending their stings everywhere. The fort was a very large one, and had many guns both in casements and "en barbette." The shells fell like rain, and soon the houses outside of it on the spit were on fire, and emitted volumes of black, tarry smoke and flames, which shot upwards in long tongues. It was said that the Cossacks had done this. The wind carried the smoke landwards, so that the whole scene was quite visible from first to last. The troops (with whom I was posted), formed in line across the spit, and every move was easily traced. The fort had no guns trained upon us; at least they paid us no attention. The spit was two miles across and we bivouacked there during the night, lying in sand pits. It was very cold. I walked about most of the night and did not find it either funny or pleasant, especially as we had but a very scanty supper, and little prospect of breakfast. There were many half-dried salt lagoons, with nasty mud borders, and a generally swampy look, which did not promise well if we remained. The French troops soon utilised the remains of the village and the fishermen's houses, and made themselves fairly comfortable with the spoil. The large lake or sea embouchure inside of the spit (on the far side of which was the fort of Oczakoff) had been invaded by the gunboats which were peppering the back of Kinburn and also Oczakoff. All night the village burned, and we tried to gather dry grass and sticks to make a fire, but with very little success; the landing of the stores, guns, powder, &c., went on all night, and that notwithstanding the heavy surf.

Tuesday.—Nothing was done. It blew a gale. All sorts of rumours running about. An army of Russians near at hand who are to sweep us into the sea, &c. &c. I went to sleep on board for the night, and next morning at seven o'clock heavy guns firing proclaimed the beginning of the little game. The mortar-boats were going into action, and the gunboats were dodging about, and giving the fort a facer when they had a chance. The wind was off the shore, and this suited them perfectly. The day was fine, but behind the fort all was darkness, and the clouds there hung very low. It was rather "eerie" as the great iron-plated gun-batteries from which so much was expected, moved slowly in without firing a shot until they were in position, and then, what a shindy! The *feu d'enfer* was terrible, but the number of shot that missed and fell into the sea beyond were so numerous as to keep it in a boil. The big ships came on in single file, and as they steamed slowly past the fort they poured in most terrible broadsides, the cannonade going along the range of the ship's battery in salvos producing a sound as if a mighty drum was being beaten. Sir Edward Lyon's flagship led, and from the side of his great ship a constant sheet of flame told how rapidly the guns were being served. Soon the fleet was enveloped in smoke, and only fitful glimpses were obtained of the ships with their ensigns floating on the breeze. The air was alive with shells. The fort soon gave it up. No fort could live under such a pitiless torrent of shot and shell, so in half-an-hour the white flag was run up and the firing ceased. In the evening 12,000 Russians marched out. It was a sorry sight. Most of the privates were in some stage of drunkenness, and many had passed into the higher grades, and were simply helpless. They carried their sacred pictures and church ornaments with them, and staggered along, leering and smiling all round, and, when they could, falling on their knees and embracing any one or any thing within reach. They had a good many bottles of vodka with them, and were profuse in their offer of a "glass" to any of their enemies they met. The officers for the most part were very gentlemanlike men, and some for pure bravado wore white kid gloves, but most of them were much cast down, and some even wept.

The long grey coat, flat cap, boots over the trousers, was the universal dress. There were many wounded. One old man, who had lost his arm, marched with the rest, and another had lost part of his foot, yet got along with the aid of a comrade. The French officers who had charge of them were most kind, but evidently thought the performance most comical. They were penned in like sheep for the night and lay on the ground. There were some women who were given the few undestroyed houses to live in.

Thursday.—Fort Oczakoff blown up by the garrison. After mid-day we were allowed to enter Kinburn where the fire of the barracks was not yet extinct. Every one was on the prowl for "relics," and the most trifling thing was picked up. The whole place was in hopeless ruins. Every corner had been "searched" by the fire and the French had destroyed what remained. Round shot and fragments of shell were abundant, and the contents of the buildings had been dragged out and piled in the courtyard, where a French Zouave was masquerading in a priest's robe, and had two tall church candlesticks on either side of him, to the great delight of a crowd of his fellows.

The furnaces for shot had been in use, and piles of books lay in two rooms. I brought away one volume.

A sentry had been put on a lot of black cakes which were supposed to be powder but turned out to be rye bread. Dined thankfully on the *Orient*, which seems to me now a haven of rest and luxury, as sleeping in a sand pit and feeding "anyhow" is better honoured in the breach than in the observance.

The two earthworks on the sand spit beyond the fort were most beautifully constructed and very strong. The wall of sod was twenty feet thick and the casements very secure. They had also furnaces for heating shot. Most of the guns had been dismounted by the fire of the ships, and both the places were pretty well knocked about.

Old Gordon was sent with a column into the country and I was left behind as P.M.O. in camp. I was very jolly, as we had got our marquee up and our provisions, &c., on shore. The weather, too, was perfectly charming, as it was clear and just crisp in the mornings, and so very bracing. General Spencer, who commands, is a most pleasant man and does his best to make things agreeable.

The volume that I picked up in the fort was the Russian Hospital Journal, and I see that fever occurs conspicuously among the troops here.

Major Bent, R.E., is in charge of our defensive works here and is loud in his praise of the Russian earthworks. He says that Todleben is beyond doubt one of the greatest engineers who has ever lived, and that his management of the siege of Sebastopol was so perfect that our people could not make a scratch on the ground without its being noticed by the enemy, and, if necessary, measures taken to prevent any use being made of it. The way he established rifle-pits was very ingenious. Each sentry as he came on duty brought a stone with him and placed it on the open. This at first attracted no attention. These were all arranged so that as they accumulated they formed a series of semicircles, three and three, and then during the night three pits were dug behind each set, and next night two more behind them. There were never more than five in one place. They took up very little room, but when each contained a rifleman they became very formidable affairs, as they were scattered all over the ground.

The mouth of the Dneiper is near us, and large shafts of timber have been captured there. It is chiefly oak from Poland for the arsenal. From ten to twenty thousand pounds worth has thus been captured.

There was much interest to see what effect the round shot had had upon the new French floating batteries. One had been struck sixty-four times and the deepest dent was only two inches. I rode one day eight miles inland to meet the troops returning. The country is very flat but well cultivated. There was much game about, and I fear the pigs and poultry have had a bad time of it wherever our men went.

Near us there is a small Russian house almost filled by a great built stove upon which they sleep in winter. Gordon and I have our eye on it in case we have to stay here during the winter. We have many schemes for its embellishment.

I am very strong and heavier than I ever was in my life, fourteen and a half stones, and "as hard as nails." Plenty of food, air and exercise with a contented mind.

I should have said that among the regiments composing this expedition was the 21st North British Fusiliers, who though nominally Scotch are really Irish. The amount of flogging I saw go on in that corps of a morning was most revolting. We have just received orders to pack up and embark at once as the whole expedition is over. This is most unexpected, but we have to obey. The French are to remain in charge of the fort (which has been repaired) but we have to go. After being towed down towards Odessa we were cast off as the steamboat was short of coal; and as a gale of wind came on we had to cut out to sea, and this we did at a most beautiful pace, more like a yacht than a big ship. A soldier died amidst the storm and was buried at sea, a most melancholy and striking scene. Our ship and others tore along amid the darkness of the night and the curling seas of the day. We would have been very comfortable had not our provisions run down, and we had rather too much "pumpkin-pie" to fill up with the last day or two. A cabin boy, who sang "I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag," was a great card and his performances much patronised.

We got to Kamiesch among the first, and for days the returning fleet came in in all sorts of groupings and always with much picturesqueness. The camp lay over the city like a field covered with snow.

Still the shells fly across the harbour in a sleepy way, and the fight slumbers.

The captain of the *City of Manchester*, a transport in the French service, told us an awful story of how the French use their wounded. He said that on his former voyage he had brought up a hold full of cattle. They were rapidly disembarked and four hundred and fifty wounded (many of them having been operated upon) put on board and laid on the straw and dung from which the cattle had been taken. No surgeon or even orderlies accompanied them, and only two attendants. From thirty to forty were thrown overboard daily, naked and without coffins, sacks or weights.

November 7th.—The French Admiral has gone away amidst a great firing of guns. It is not known what we are to do. Kamiesch is quite a large place now, and has large stores where everything can be procured, from a needle to an anchor. Every nation and language is represented, and the babble in the streets is polyglot.

On the 14th at three in the afternoon a tremendous explosion shook the ground as far as Kamiesch, and was heard far out at sea, and caused a distinct movement of the ship. It was supposed to be the blowing up of the docks of Sebastopol, but next day we found it was in our right siege-train near the windmill, and that some six hundred had been killed or wounded. I immediately returned to camp and found our hospital full—two hundred and four of our own people and four hundred French had been injured. The affair began in a French magazine and ours went next. Fortunately fifty tons of powder had been removed from our place that very morning or the whole camp would have been wrecked. As it was, however, the live shells which the French depôt contained flew about the camp and did great damage. We had many operations to do on those unfortunates. The destruction to huts, tents, &c., was very great. The whole affair had been a very wonderful pyrotechnic display, as the magazine went up like the crater of a great volcano. It was all due to the carelessness of one man. The windmill contained two hundred tons of powder, but it was saved, and young Hope got great and deserved kudos for volunteering to put wet blankets over its roof. The scene of the explosion was a wonderful sight.

Correction.—In the April number (p. 279), Sir George Macleod says that he was the only one not belonging to the regular army who received the clasp for Sebastopol. We have been asked to state that the late Dr. Patrick Fraser, of Stoke Lodge, Surrey, also received this distinction.

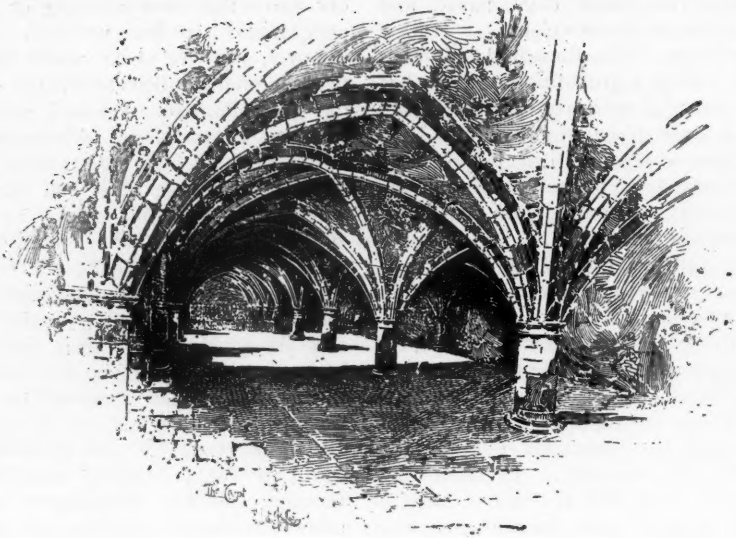
DURHAM CATHEDRAL

By the Rev. Canon FOWLER, M.A., D.C.L.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON

FIRST PAPER

WEOR ymbeornað. Wear round-runneth. Thus does an old Anglian poet indicate in two words the main characteristics of the unrivalled site of Durham. For it is a peninsular elevation with rocky, steep, and wooded sides, faced by similar heights, at the foot of which sweep the waters of the Wear, thus diverted for a short space from the general direction of their onward course. At the top is a level plateau, the crowning glories of which are the Cathedral and the Castle, each almost stretching over the space contained within the loop of the river. The Castle occupies the isthmus, and protects all within, while the "Cathedral, huge and vast," "half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," still further protects the monastic buildings. All this is seen at a glance by the visitor approaching from the railway—best of all, perhaps, from Framwellgate Bridge, by which he reaches the isthmus, to find his way, far below the foundations of the Castle, to the Palace Green, as the open space between the Castle and the Cathedral is now called. From this point the first near view of the Cathedral may perhaps be somewhat disappointing. There is a general appearance of plainness, almost suggestive of baldness, which has been caused in a great measure by the injudicious removal of "excrescences," so-called, at various times, as well as by a general paring down of the surface. But, after all, the view is full of interest. We take in the history of the building almost at



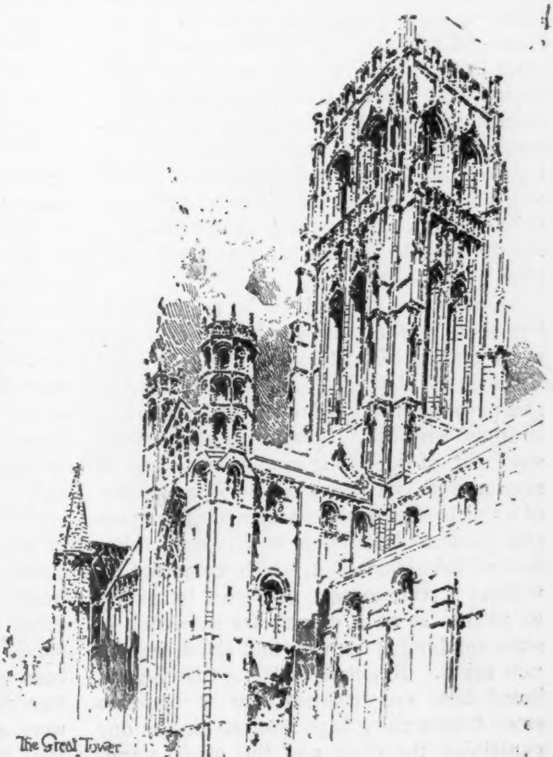
a glance. We see, in its main bulk of nave, choir, and transept, the vast building planned by William of St. Carileph, which has been said to represent Noah's ark in its size and proportions, typically Norman in its general character, but with insertions of some later windows: at the west end, the Galilee, added by Bishop Pudsey; at the east, the Chapel of the Nine Altars, projected by Bishop Poore. The western towers are at once seen to be part of Carileph's church up to the top of his clerestory, but Early English in their upper stages, with early nineteenth-century parapets and turrets. The great central tower is of two dates: the lower part of the Early Perpendicular period, being complete in itself, and still crowned by its own parapet and pinnacles; the upper stage, obviously added latter, probably in order that a more extensive prospect might be gained, and that it might itself be seen from distant places. For as the hills stand round about Jerusalem, and there are valleys beyond them, so is it here; and from several points of view round about Durham this upper stage of the central tower is all that can be seen of the Cathedral church.

On entering by the great north door the grandeur of the interior at once impresses the beholder. Dr. Johnson was greatly impressed by the indications of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration" conveyed to his mind by the massive forms that he saw. Modern observers, better trained to discern what is noble and beautiful in our national architecture, will feel what Dr. Johnson felt, and much more. The interior of Durham is by far the finest Norman interior in England, or indeed anywhere. Compare it with any of the great Norman churches, whether in Normandy itself or in England, and its special pre-eminence can hardly fail to be seen in the perfect proportion between the columns and arches, the triforium and the clerestory, in there being just enough surface decoration to give richness without anything being frittered away, in the magnificent stone vaulting by which the whole of the church is covered in, and in the rich golden hue of the stone employed. The vaulting of the choir is, as we shall see, of later date, but in perfect harmony alike with the Norman vaulting of the nave and with the Early English "Nine Altars" beyond. On the south side of the church are the monastic buildings grouped around the cloister-garth and the *Curia*, or great courtyard of the Abbey, mostly altered and adapted to the requirements of a foundation of secular canons under Henry VIII. Some fine views of the church may be obtained from different points in the cloisters and *Curia*, now the College; but the most beautiful and best known is that from the farther end of the Prebends' Bridge, though others, scarcely inferior, may be seen by ascending the wooded banks and passing through South Street.

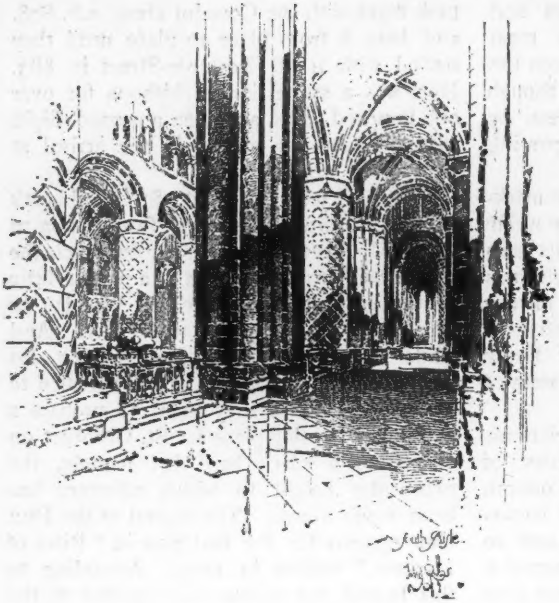
After this very hasty glance at the remarkable site and surroundings, and at the noble structure of the church, so grand in its outward proportions as well as all-glorious within, we may, before going into further particulars, briefly consider the circumstances that led to its ever crowding that lordly height and being mirrored in the waters of the Wear.

Now, with all its venerable associations, Durham is, as compared with cities of British or Roman origin, such as London, or York, or Lincoln, but a place of yesterday. It dates only from A.D. 995, and so is not a thousand years old by nearly a century. But its ecclesiastical history goes back much farther, even to the coming of St. Aidan from distant Iona to what is now called Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, in 635. St. Aidan and St. Oswald were the real founders of the church of Durham, but their fame became eclipsed by that of St. Cuthbert, which was mainly posthumous, and which was greatly promoted by the discovery of his body whole and, as was supposed, uncorrupt, eleven years after his death, as well as by Lives of him written by the Venerable Bede and others, in which his holy life and miracles are recorded. The supposed miracle of the body found whole was the principal reason for his subsequent fame, and the history of the Ecclesiastical Society, now represented by the Bishop, the Dean, the Canons, and other members of the Cathedral church, gathers around the Corsaint or incorruptible body. That body was guarded as a priceless possession, and around it were gathered not only the ecclesiastical brotherhood, but a large body of men, women, and children, called the ***Haliwerfolc***, or holy man's folk. The clerics and Haliwerfolc, in fear of the Danes, took flight with the Corsaint about A.D. 878, and bore it from place to place until they settled with it at Chester-le-Street in 883. Here was a succession of bishops for over one hundred years, and then a second flight with the Corsaint, ending in the arrival at Durham in 995.

Symeon tells us that St. Cuthbert's "people" were on their way from Ripon to Chester-le-Street, when the car on which the shrine was borne stuck fast at a place a little to the east of Durham, called Wrdelau or Wardilaw, and would go no farther. And while they were fasting and praying for direction in this difficulty, it was revealed to a pious monk that they ought to prepare a permanent resting-place for St. Cuthbert on Dunholm, a place hard by, namely, the peninsular height to which reference has been made above. The legend of the Dun Cow appears for the first time in "Rites of Durham," written in 1593. According to this legend, the monks were guided to the spot by hearing one woman tell another that



The Great Tower and Transept



her cow, which she had lost, was in Dunholm, "a happye and heavenly eccho to the distressed monkes." Whether there be any truth in the Dun Cow story or not, it would appear from Symeon that the monks at once brought the sacred body to the place indicated in the vision, and sheltered it in a little church constructed of wattles. Such was the first church at Glastonbury, and from such humble beginnings did the great abbeys of Glastonbury and Durham take their rise.

Dunholm was found to be uninhabited, but there was a plain at the top that was sown and tilled. The sides were thickly wooded, the abode of the badger, the otter, and perhaps of the red deer, while the river swarmed with fish. Soon a church of stone was built, of which not a trace is now to be seen, though we may form an idea of some of its main features from early illuminations and from a description by Reginald. Before we take leave of it, which we cannot do without a certain sort of regret, let us try to picture it as a church far exceeding in scale anything of its date and character that now exists. Reginald tells us that he had heard from eye-witnesses that it had two stone towers rising high into the air, the one containing the choir and the other standing at the west end of the church, and that these towers carried spires of brass which by their wondrous size amazed all beholders, who thought that nothing at all like it could anywhere be found. And there are coeval illuminations which give us glimpses of its interior as well as exterior. In these we see a round-headed door, round arches supported by columns, and over these a clerestory with round-headed windows and imbricated roof with a gable-cross; at the east end an apse and a flanking turret, both with round-headed windows. And within the church, the shrine, supported by a stone substructure on which is placed a flowing pall of decorated cloth, descending about halfway to the ground, and showing round-headed openings below it. These representations have every appearance of being meant to represent the church and shrine, and not to be merely conventional.

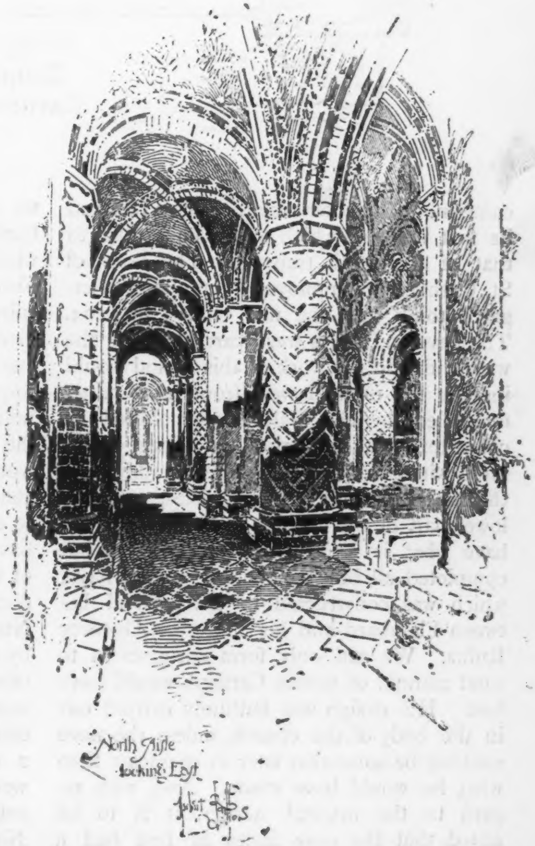
Now, Bishop Ealdhune hallowed this new church and enshrined the Corsaint within it in 998, just 900 years ago. Under his successors the church greatly increased in wealth and possessions, but met with a temporary reverse. William the Conqueror came to Durham, and the Haliwerfolc fled with the Corsaint to Lindisfarne in 1069, but in the following year they returned with their treasure to Durham. Bishop William of St. Carileph was brought in by the Conqueror, and he introduced Benedictine monks, for whom he displaced the old married clergy as the monks were themselves displaced for secular clergy under Henry VIII. Carileph was exiled by William Rufus in 1088, but unlawed in 1091, and, on his return, swept away Ealdhune's church entirely, and began the present one in 1093. It seems extremely likely that, if Carileph had not formed the design of rebuilding the church before, it came into his mind during his exile in Normandy, where some great and noble churches had lately been erected or were then in course of construction. And in the meanwhile the monks were at work on the monastic buildings. We learn from Symeon that they built the refectory, the undercroft of which remains intact to this day, and is no doubt a part of the work then done, some of which also remains between the south transept and the chapter-house. There is also a smaller undercroft of the same character as that under the refectory. It is now beneath the entrance hall of the Deanery, but at first, most probably, was under a dormitory made by the monks who built the refectory mentioned by Symeon. It will be noted that while these works were going on, Ealdhune's church was still standing.

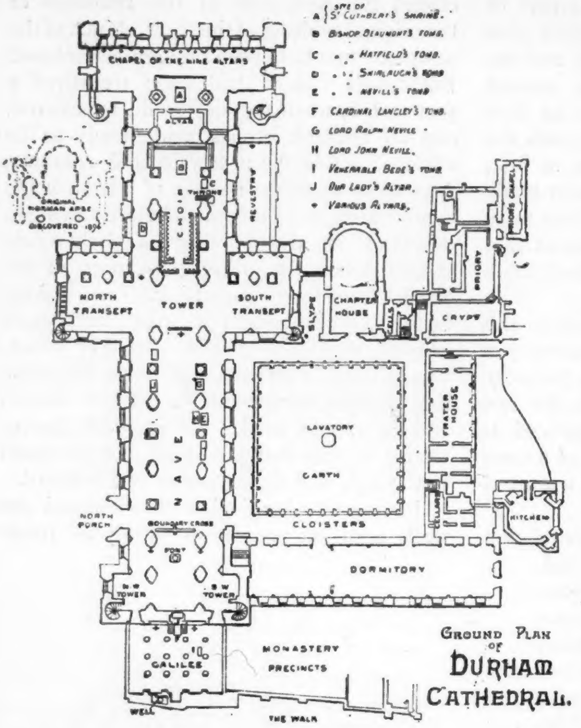
Now, before Carileph demolished this church, he constructed a tomb in some part of the area now surrounded by the cloisters, to contain the sacred body until the new church should be sufficiently advanced to receive it, and this tomb remained as a cenotaph until the Dissolution, when it was needlessly and wantonly destroyed.

In 1093, on August 11, the foundation-stones of the new church were laid, the foundations themselves having been dug in the preceding month. Durham Cathedral is more fortunate than many great churches in being founded upon the solid rock, so that no underpinning has ever been required, or ever will be. On the occasion of the stone-laying there were present Bishop William, Prior Turgot, afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews, and, according to some accounts, Malcolm, King of Scotland, who, however, is not mentioned by Symeon, who himself almost certainly took part in the ceremonial, and would hardly have omitted to mention so distinguished a visitor, had he been present. The building went on with amazing rapidity, beginning with the original triapsidal east end, the foundations of which may be seen below the present floors. According to the continuator of Symeon, Bishop Flambard on his accession in 1099 found the church advanced as far as the nave, so that the lofty arches that now carry the central tower must have been completed, as well as the two eastern arches on either side of the nave, which are similar to those in the choir, and would be intended to buttress up the tower arches.

This was a great work to accomplish in six years, but it may not have included the west side of the transepts or the original vaulting of the choir. Much of the new stone may have been brought beforehand. Ealdhune's church had been destroyed a year earlier, when the site would be cleared, and all available stones made ready to be enclosed within the new walls and columns. And there would be no lack of labour, if the conditions were in any way like what Symeon describes at the building of Ealdhune's church, when the entire population of the district from the Coquet to the Tees, headed by the Earl of the Northumbrians, readily and willingly rendered all the help they could. The Bishop, moreover, had been for some time accumulating funds for his new church, and the monks carried on the work during the three years that passed between the death of Carileph and the accession of Flambard.

During the long reign of Flambard the work went on rapidly or slowly as funds




A { Site of St. Cuthbert's Shrine.
B Bishop Beaumont's tomb.
C " " Hatfield's tomb.
D " " Skirlaugh's tomb
E " " Nevill's tomb
F Cardinal Langley's tomb.
G Lord Ralph Nevile
H Lord John Nevile.
I Venerable Bede's tomb
J Our Lady's Altar.
+ Various Altars.
Chapel of the Nine Altars
Altar
Choir
Throne
Revestry
Original Norman Apse discovered 1874
North Transept
Tower
South Transept
Slype
Chapter House
Prior's Chapel
Priory
Crypt
Lavatory
Garth
Frater House
Cellars
Kitchen
Cloisters
Nave
North Porch
Boundary Cross
Font
N.W. Tower
S.W. Tower
Dormitory
Galilee
Monastery Precincts
Well
The Walk

Ground Plan of Durham Cathedral.

series of gables, one over each triforium window, instead of a continuous wall as at present. When or why this alteration was made we do not know, but certainly it is much to be regretted from an artistic point of view. All but the very slightest traces of it have disappeared in modern "restorations" and refacings, but there are very distinct indications of it to be seen in the engravings by Carter and Billings.

The point we have now reached is the completion of Carileph's magnificent design, so far as it was completed. Henceforth we shall have to consider the additions that were made to it at various times, each in the style of its own period. If Carileph left a design for western towers, as he most likely did, the Early English style had come in by the time that they could be added, and was preferred to the Norman, which would not then be considered up to date. Nor have came in. The choir may then have received its first vaulting, which would be similar to that of the north transept. The body of St. Cuthbert was removed from the cloister-garth tomb into the new church in 1104. The nave and aisles were carried on to the west end, and the work of this period would include the original west front, now partly concealed by the Galilee and altered in character by the insertion of a large decorated window; also, the present vaulting of the transepts and of the aisles, and the lower part of the western towers. Thus we have what is known of Carileph's design completed all but the vaulting of the nave, which was constructed in the interval between Flambard and his successor, Geoffrey Rufus. We can only form surmises as to what manner of towers Carileph would have had. His design was faithfully carried out in the body of the church, unless the nave vaulting be somewhat later in character than what he would have made. And, with regard to the original design, it is to be noted that the nave aisles at first had a we any means of knowing exactly what Carileph's central tower was, but on the whole we may be justified in assuming a plan for three Norman stone towers, with spires of some sort. It is hardly likely that Carileph would be satisfied with a church less complete than that of Ealdhune in this respect. We may indeed form a very fair notion of what Carileph's church was, and the interior is less affected by subsequent works than is the exterior. We have substantially a grand Norman interior from end to end and from side to side. No part of it has been reconstructed, except the vaulting of the choir, though Decorated and Perpendicular windows have replaced original Norman ones, and have again been replaced by sham Norman ones, and there have been other minor alterations. Nevertheless, we may be said to have a complete Norman church of the first class, just as Salisbury has a complete Early English church. There was, of course, the taking down of the original east end and the addition of the Nine Altars. Besides this, the only con-

Herbert Railton
W.H. Davey Sc

Durham Cathedral from S.E.

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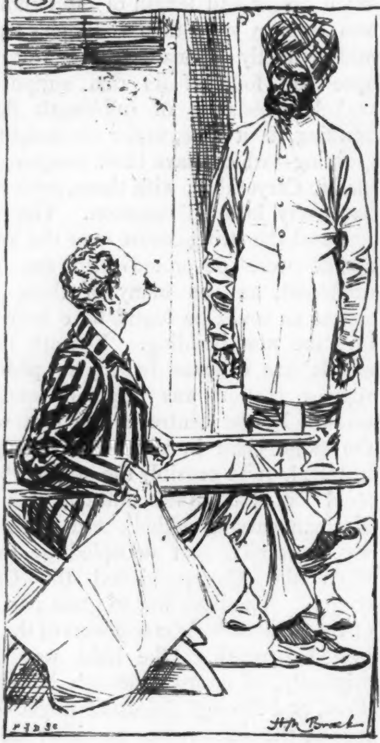
siderable reconstruction was the vaulting of the choir, which was the fitting complement to the addition of the Nine Altars, and will be referred to again in connection with that great work.

Of the interior of Durham Cathedral it would be impossible to give any detailed description within the limits assigned to this account. Suffice it to say that in both nave and choir we have the usual arrangement of columns and arches, triforium and clerestory, all in marvellous proportion the one to the other. In both nave and choir, and on the eastern sides of the transepts, are clustered piers, alternating with cylindrical columns, the shafts of which are carved all over with a variety of effective patterns, as deep spiral grooves, lozenges and chevron devices, and flutings. Every part is vaulted in stone, and the tranverse arches of the nave are pointed, thus according admirably with the later vaulting of the choir. Indeed, the vaulting of the nave is so fine that the original Early Norman groining of the choir must have seemed somewhat inadequate beyond it, which would be another reason, besides that which has been referred to already, for the substitution of a vault constructed on the same general lines as the groining of the nave, but more advanced in style and richer in detail.

We have next to speak of a noble structure which formed no part of the church itself, but was an essential adjunct to it, namely, the Chapter-house. This was completed under Geoffrey Rufus before his death in 1140, but had probably been begun before his accession in 1133. As the church is the finest Norman church in England, so was the Chapter-house the finest Norman Chapter-house. I say "was" because, by an act of vandalism scarcely credible, it was almost wholly demolished in 1799, in order to make in its place a modern room with sash windows, like a dining-room of the period, in which the Dean and Chapter might hold their official meetings in greater comfort. Fortunately we know, by the remnants that were left and by Carter's drawings, almost exactly what it was, so that the lines on which the recent rebuilding might be carried out were clearly laid down, and it was possible so to construct the new Chapter-house as to give a very good idea of what the old one was. It was, as now, a grand and stately building, 78½ feet long and 35 feet wide, with an apsidal east end, and spanned by a vault of stone of about the same width as the nave vault, but having the effect of being much wider by reason of the comparatively small height and length of the building. It was later in style than Carileph's work, but still distinctly Norman. The vault over the apse had four of its ribs supported on corbels consisting of full-length figures—bending, as it were, under the weight of the groining—which have been compared to the classic Caryatides; with these, however, they have very little in common. The vaulting ribs and the string-course over the lofty wall-arcade were decorated with the chevron ornament, and as many of these original stones as could be found have been worked into the new building. Beneath the wall-arcade was a stone bench, so plain as to suggest that it was originally encased in wood. In the centre of the east wall was the stone chair in which the bishops were installed, quite possibly the original "bishop-stool" of Ealdhune's church, with a little Norman carving added; and close by this was a wooden seat occupied by the Prior when the Bishop visited the Cathedral church. The floor was in great part formed of the undisturbed grave-covers of the bishops buried beneath. The light was obtained originally, of course, through Norman windows, and through the usual unglazed openings to the cloister, one on either side of the great doorway. All the windows but two, however, were replaced by others of later date, the largest of which still exists at the west end, as a modern reproduction. Such was the Chapter-house in 1799. Dr. Raine (the elder) tells us that a man was suspended by a cord to knock out the keystones of the groining, and how the whole roof was thus permitted to fall in upon the pavement and break in pieces many of the grave-covers and most of the paving-stones. The results of this proceeding may now be clearly seen in the portion of the pavement that has been preserved in the floor of the new Chapter-house, which, upon the whole, as has been said, gives an excellent idea of what the original building was, besides being a suitable provision for present requirements, and a worthy memorial of the good and learned Bishop Lightfoot, whose name is so closely associated with it.

A Day in My Life.



By CONSTANCE ROWE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BROCK

"NO one can really shoot him but you, Sahib."

The words were said in Hindustani by a tall, handsome native, whose attitude bespoke a certain restraint, a pathetic patience, learnt probably from a life spent under the rule of the strong-minded but restless Anglo-Indian.

"What is it all about?" I asked, looking up from a skein of wool I was trying to unravel, and which was really an easier matter than to follow the conversation.

We were in a small four-roomed bungalow, which had for a week past served as my home and that of my friends, one of whom now explained the situation to me.

"Ali is saying that a tiger has killed one of our most valuable cows, and that he will probably do more mischief if we do not try to shoot him."

"What is to prevent your doing so?" I replied.

"Nothing but the presence of you ladies; we cannot leave you alone all day, and of course you could not come with us."

The position was a difficult one; we were a party of four: Colonel and Mrs. Deane, my friends with whom I was spending a year in their Indian home; Mr. Fort, also a friend, though only of a few days' standing, and myself.

Both the gentlemen were by profession forest officers, which accounts for the jungle life we were forced to lead, and also for the good sport which could sometimes (as in the present case) be combined with their work.

Colonel and Mrs. Deane were childless, and although the fact left them with a permanent sense of bereavement, yet it also saved them that separation from little ones which is the crowning sorrow of Indian life.

There is, moreover, a certain intensity of the marriage tie, often noticeable in childless people, Nature's compensation for their eternal loss.

This was the case with Colonel and Mrs. Deane; meeting for the first time in India, they had fallen in love with one another, and subsequently found no reason for changing their opinion.

The life in some of the departments in that country lends itself very easily to this happy state of things; husband and wife are able to spend their days together, the office being often in the compound, instead of some miles away.

The Deanes had become so used to this mode of living that they had brought themselves to look upon an hour's separation as almost beyond the range of possibility.

Knowing this, I realised the present difficulty. My little friend was naturally dismayed at the idea of having to pass a whole day away from the Colonel, the more so as the sport he was to be engaged in might entail some danger to himself.

"What would you do if I were not here?" I asked.

"Oh, go with them, of course!" was her quick reply.

"But should we not be in the way? How could it be arranged?"

"It is perfectly easy," was her rejoinder. "We should ride the first stage, then, when the grass becomes too long, we should continue the journey on elephants; on arriving at the scene of action, the servants will take branches, leaves, &c., and make us a comfortable seat as high up in the tree as can be managed, so you see there would be no danger; we should only have to wait a few hours for the tiger to come, as come he surely will. I have done it before, and it is quite feasible," she urged with entreaty in her eyes.

"The decision rests with you," said Colonel Deane, turning gravely to me. "Would you be afraid to join us?"

Now all this amused me very much, for there is a sense of amusement as well as of detachment to be derived from looking on and into the lives of people who are so wholly absorbed in their own currents that those which belong to other beings may flow by their side without attracting either notice or interest.

It was this that made me pause a few minutes before answering my host, and it will be as well perhaps to make a digression here, so as to explain the cause of my hesitation.

Colonel Deane had been assured by his wife, when the question of my paying them a visit arose, that I was one of "those conveniently harmless women" (I quote her own words as she repeated them to me) who went through life without receiving any offers of marriage. "Not popular, you know, dear Evelyn," she said, "with the other sex, though so very much with your own."

From this it had been inferred that in the close companionship which is a necessity of forest life, I should give no trouble; quite the reverse, my unattractiveness was to prove of service to my friends, for the burden of constant entertainment which was an increasing worry in their lives was to be laid on my shoulders.

So far, things had gone most satisfactorily. Colonel Deane was a man of a nervous and highly strung nature, to whom it was essential that everything in his domestic life should go smoothly. "Without that, you know," his devoted wife used to say, "he could never do his work."

I knew that, though I was outside the charmed life so carefully arranged for him, yet its central calm was liable to be disturbed were any difficulties to arise in the intercourse between his young officers and myself.

But life was beginning to prove the truth of how often one's best friends may be mistaken in their estimate of our characters.

Ethel was, to a great extent, right in her statement about me. I was certainly far too rugged and plain in outward appearance to make any impression on general society, but at the same time I had always been so intensely in sympathy with the human race, that it seemed impossible I should go through life without that final touch which makes a woman a wife.

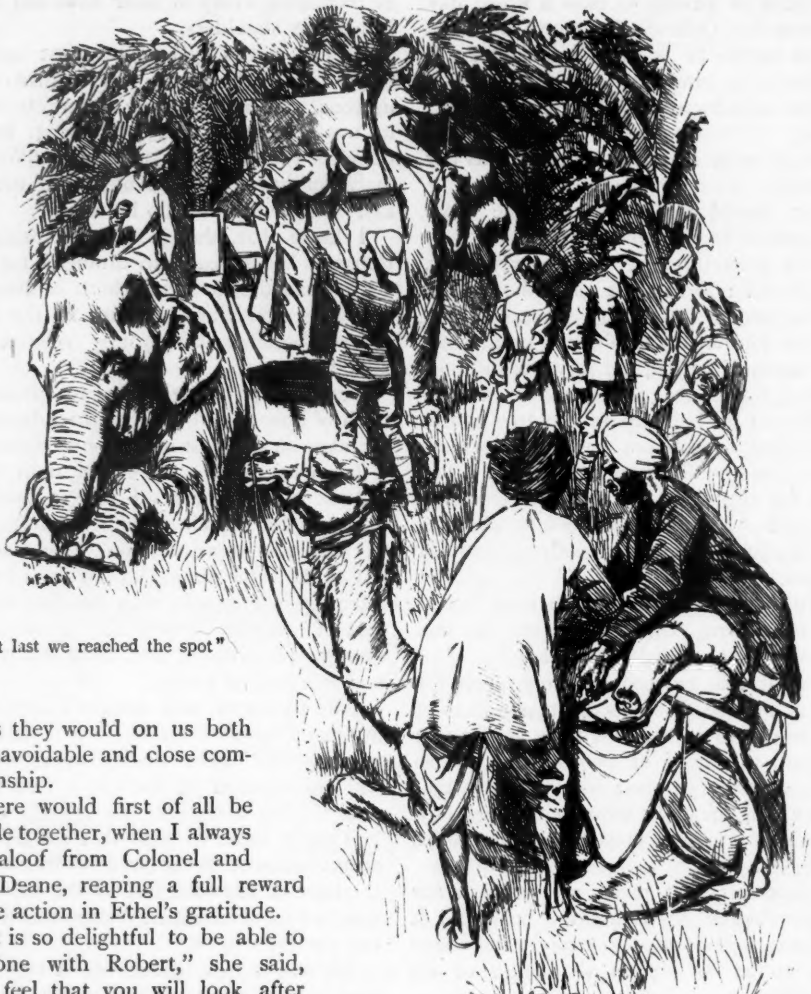
And this truth had already asserted itself in many uncomfortable ways; boardship troubles had fallen thickly upon me, nor had they ceased in the quiet tent life we were leading.

Thus it came to pass that my hesitation at this moment arose, not from fear of either the tiger or the tree, but of the officer who was to be our constant companion throughout the day's sport.

He was a new friend, but a very important one in my eyes, for only a few hours before he had made me an offer; the suddenness of it had both dazed and alarmed me, and I was ready with an instant refusal, which, however, he sternly dismissed, and we had then arranged not to allude to the subject again for a month.

In the meantime I was to think it over, and all I longed for at this moment was that a distance might be placed between us the better to secure a quiet time for thought and decision on so grave a matter, and which so far presented itself to me only in the light of a harrowing uncertainty.

Under these circumstances, it was natural I should shrink from the arrangements which were being made for the day, entail-



"At last we reached the spot"

ing as they would on us both an unavoidable and close companionship.

There would first of all be the ride together, when I always kept aloof from Colonel and Mrs. Deane, reaping a full reward for the action in Ethel's gratitude.

"It is so delightful to be able to go alone with Robert," she said, "and feel that you will look after his officers." (There were always one or two of them with us.)

After the ride, we should have to share an elephant, our friends as usual mounting their own, and finally there would be the long hours of sitting in the "tall tree top."

Two solutions of the difficulties dawned on my clouded vision, but I put them imperatively from me; one was to stay at home alone (I knew it would not be allowed), the other, to take either or both my friends into my confidence, and tell them my troubles.

That would also not do. Why disturb the perfect serenity of their lives? why endanger the calm which sat almost grandly round my host, and, by so doing, see and *feel* the frown on his wife's face?—no! I must face it al alone, though strangely enough, as I stood before Colonel Deane, he might, had it not been for the invulnerable happiness which enveloped him, have noticed that I was actually trembling.

But time was passing; there was hurry and haste in the air. "No, I shall not be afraid, let us go."

My host looked at me for a moment; was it possible that a shadow of my clouds was touching the sunshine of his horizon? I cannot tell; he was a good and kind man, and my gratitude to him was silent, but deep.

Before long there was bustle in the camp, elephants were being sent on, and a camel too, with various accoutrements for our comfort.

Our own preparations were very slight, for, as we almost lived in our saddles, habits were our daily dress.

I was buttoning up my boots in my tent when Ethel entered it; she threw her arms round me in her affectionate, engaging way.

"You are a dear to come," she said, "and all the more because Robert thinks you are disinclined for the day's sport, and that you only consented to it to oblige us. Is this so? Are you not feeling well?"

"Quite, thank you; are the horses ready?"

"Yes, but we thought we would let you and Mr. Fort start on ahead, and we will follow before long; Robert has some business letters he must finish."

Clearly I was not to look for saving help in any direction; other women have, I am sure, been placed in similar positions, and they will realise what subtle difficulties beset us on our ride.

How I sighed for some of the lonely days, so many of which had fallen to my lot in years gone by. "But sudden the worst turns the best to the brave;" that is often true, and it was true now.

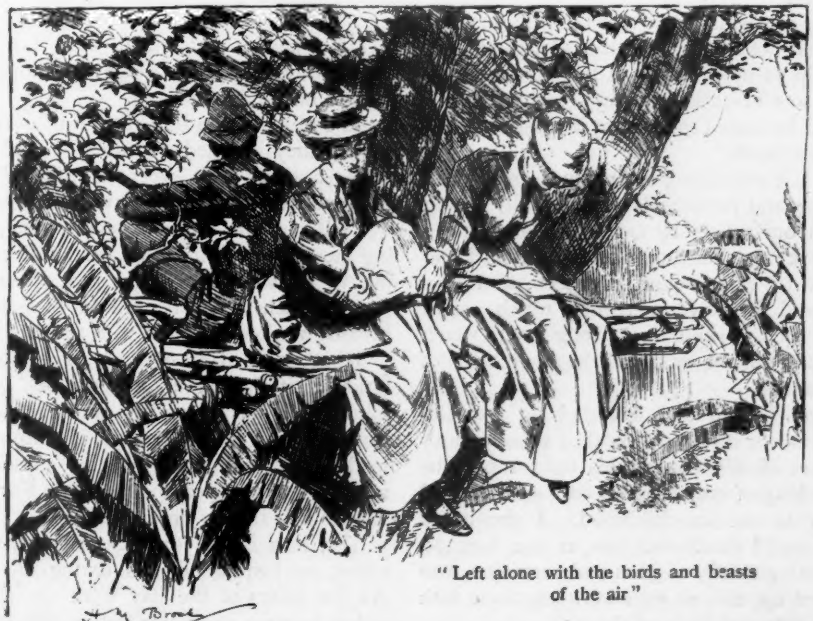
My new friend was so good, he did not seem to mind my impatient explanation of the Deanes' devotion to one another, which I felt it necessary to tell him of, lest he should think the day's arrangements which were throwing us so much together had been planned by myself.

But no, he understood it all, and we spoke very little, not that there is not danger in silence as well as in speech, but just then I was too grateful to him for it to think of its pitfalls.

Two hours' steady riding brought us in sight of the elephants, and after a little waiting for our friends we all four mounted the great beasts, who carried us in their ponderous and ungainly way through the heart of the jungle.

At last we reached the spot where lay the remains of the cow; it was an uncanny sight; a crowd of vultures were flying restlessly around.

"You need not fear them," said Colonel Deane, "for their home is with the dead,



"Left alone with the birds and beasts of the air" they never stay long in the presence of the living."

Meanwhile the men were busy breaking and cutting down the strongest branches of the surrounding trees—certainly the natives are quick with their fingers, however slow they may be with their brains; it was interesting to watch the dexterous way in which they utilised even the smallest twig, bringing it into company with the larger boughs, and constructing a safe seat for us out of their combined powers.

The scene was unique and impressive; above was that fierce Indian sun, which was just beginning to make its cruel and prolonged power felt; around were mountainous ravines and small streams which gave a grandeur and freshness to the abundant green of the tall trees growing so thickly everywhere.

There was a curious mixture of old and new century ways of life and thought; on the ground knelt the clumsy camels, enjoying an unusual feast of forest flora, whilst from their backs the natives were unloading our lunch and our literature.

The *Spectator* and *Contemporary Review* lay in unpleasant proximity to the dead cow and fast vanishing vultures, while all around us was heard that quiet hum of insect life which is so strong a feature of Oriental climates.

The gentlemen were assisting the servants to construct a rude kind of ladder which was to help us up the road of life for that day, as it was essential to our security that we should be seated as far away as possible from Mother Earth.

At last everything was ready; sandwiches, oranges and periodicals were literally swung round our waists by means of some string network; my knitting, like my watch, I had learnt to carry round my neck, and thus prepared for any emergency which might arise, such as *ennui* at the long hours which lay before us, we mounted the green steps of our ladder.

Once landed and stranded on our elevated seats, my mind recalled those famous voyages of Blondin on his tight ropes, the witnessing of which had been such doubtful treats to me in childhood. I shuddered then, and I shuddered now, as our luggage, consisting chiefly of guns and cartridges, was hoisted up, and we four were left alone with the beasts and birds of the air.

Silence reigned around us, and silence was to be the order of the day.

"Remember," said Colonel Deane, as he and Mr. Fort took their seats back to back with us (a disagreeable, but quite unavoidable, proximity), "that any talking will lessen our chance of getting the tiger; their seeing and hearing powers are wonderfully acute; for this reason, no one must point or speak."

I am afraid I had not listened very attentively to these two injunctions, as I remembered afterwards, to my lasting regret; but the circumstances of the case may perhaps account for, and, to a certain extent, excuse me.

The strained position of our bodies on the narrow and slender seat was not so great as the mental strain, and I felt intuitively that Mr. Fort was not quite so happy or at his ease as his fellow-sportsman.

The silence of those many hours was, however, for two of the company, full of speech, and I realised many things that day that had never before been penetrated; the truth hidden in those lines of Byron was suddenly revealed to me:

> For in itself a thought,
> A slumbering thought, is capable of years
> And curdles a long life into one hour.

Time was as though it were not, and bowed down with the weight of thought, I knew I had suddenly aged.

As I watched the birds hovering over our heads, they seemed to whisper and say, "We have our nests, where is thine?" and the loneliness of a lifetime swept over me.

I felt as if an invisible power were drawing me away from my dead past, and revealing to my wondering sight new spheres of labour which would be full of blessedness, because worked in union with another spirit.

What could it all mean? The interpretation of it flashed upon me in one golden minute. I was going to put caution far from me, and in spite of the determination made that morning, to give myself six months before speaking to Mr. Fort, his answer was already on the way.

Yes, it must be so! Something, an instinct, an inspiration, was daring me to it. As the hours of the day wore on, the decision became more imperative, the waning light seemed to lend it warmth and peace; courage became a law. I dared not look back.

Surely, if, as divines tell us, there must be one moment of conversion in the spiritual world, so must there also be one in temporal matters, when our lives turn round and are recreated, whether for good or ill, the future alone decides.

Time has little to do with these events; our deepest moments are our briefest.

How the beautiful silence of that lovely day in the trees helped me! Nothing could disturb the quiet current of my thoughts; a rich restfulness stole over my spirit, which made me oblivious of the bodily fatigue and discomfort felt by my companions.

At last, however, I had to descend to earthly matters; the twilight was deepening, and there were whispers of abandoning the project, for no tiger had yet made his appearance.

A depressing sense of defeat was creeping over my friends, when suddenly, stealing through a sharp and almost hidden ravine, my eyes detected the lord of the forests.

A few moments of intense excitement followed, as I realised that I alone of the party had seen the tiger.

Soon he would be out of sight and lost. Entirely forgetting the two injunctions given at the outset of our labours, seeing only the imminent peril of the animal making his escape unhurt, I pointed at him with, alas! my light-coloured riding-gloves, and said: "There is the tiger!"

The guns were instantly loaded, but it was too late. With a roar which seemed to shake the very forest, the beast made one bound back into the recesses of the ravine, and was thereby instantly out of sight.

It was an unforgivable blunder to make on my part, and Colonel Deane was justly annoyed.

"Had you minded my orders," he said sternly, "the tiger would have been sure to come in front of us; the cow being here, he was only making his way to it, and he could not have escaped us. Now," he added, "we must fire a parting shot, not at what we have been waiting for the whole day, but to bring the servants back, for we cannot get down without their help."

The summons given in this original manner were soon answered, and before long we were wending our way homewards, a very disappointed little crew.

The remorse I felt for my share in the day's defeat was keen; and it was almost a relief to listen to Ethel's reproaches, severe and long as they were.

Had she realised, however, all that belonged to those quiet hours, she would perhaps have been more lenient, but she knew nothing.

Only Mr. Fort guessed, and his silence throughout helped to win him the day. I knew, and he did too before very long, that though he had lost the tiger, he had gained for himself a wife.

ALLOTMENTS

By Dr. G. J. H. CRESPI

FEW questions have been more discussed than the so-called rural exodus and its causes. The Registrar-General in the Census Report for 1891 gives three main causes: first, the attractions of the towns, with the prospect of higher wages and the certainty of a more varied life; second, the natural effort of the farmer to diminish his labour bill; and, third, the conversion of arable land into pasture. Dr. Augustus Jessopp—whose knowledge of rural life, more particularly in East Anglia, is very great—holds that the rural depopulation is partly due to the better career which large towns offer to intelligent and energetic young men, and that when they leave their native villages *they do not return*. I venture to differ from him as far as the latter statement goes. I could put my finger, at this very moment, on many men who, after long service in private families, in the army, the navy, the Customs, and the Post Office, have returned to the small towns and villages near me, while many others have returned and would have stopped had they been able to find regular employment at fair wages, or to get cottages and a little land, an acre or so. The rural exodus has certainly been greatly exaggerated, and in many districts the population is not declining. It is largely a question of getting employment, and one must confess that in the purely rural districts fewer men are needed than formerly. There are reasons for this. To begin with, many men have been displaced by the constant transfer of manufactures to towns or, at any rate, to the immediate vicinity of railway stations.

I have known large factories, three miles from a station, closed and removed to the nearest large town; while many industries, formerly successfully managed by hand, have been perforce removed to towns, there to be carried on on a larger and more economical scale. The railways ruined the country posting-houses, and in like manner the towns, large and small, are better centres for all kinds of work than the villages. Nevertheless wherever work can be found, even in the remotest hamlets miles from towns and stations, there population does not decline. In proof of this I can assure the reader that an advertisement for a national school master at £120 a year and no house will bring two hundred applicants; and that schoolmasters willingly remove from Birmingham or London to any little old-world hamlet, when, by so doing, they can get £20 a year higher salary. These are instances of general principles.

The English peasant is conservative, and does not willingly move; but though he would gladly remain in his native village, he often has to go far away. Nevertheless when workmen's trains or cycling will get him to his work, he will often continue to live for long years in his native little town, while many men will walk several miles right out into the open country after their day's work is done to cottages with large gardens. Unfortunately, on many manors there are not enough cottages for the men actually employed on the spot—none for those from a distance; and families have, to my knowledge, been often forced into towns by landowners who have wanted their cottages for additional gamekeepers and gardeners.

Exaggeration is rife, and one often hears that the peasantry are moving wholesale into the towns, while at public meetings it has been asserted that in whole villages there is not to be found a single able-bodied man, all worth their bread and cheese having gone away. Men cannot stop where they cannot get regular work and decent wages, nor where they are unable to find cottages. It is no use blaming "the restless spirit of the age," and urging men to stop. A glance at the many ruined cottages in certain country villages, sometimes near large and growing towns, shows that the landlords cannot or will not keep up the resident population, and that when cottages get old they are not always repaired, but, as they fall down, the tenants have to move off. On some estates the labourers have to come from towns several miles off to do part of the work.

So widely do districts differ, that an article on Allotments is sure to seem far too strong or far too weak. The Rev. Augustine Ley, rector of Sellack, Ross, Herefordshire, has just told me that allotments are, and long have been, a drug in the market in his district, from the want of good markets and the dearth of population. In one place there may be *no allotments at all*, large or small, while again in other neighbourhoods there are ten applicants for each plot; and the plots are far too small. My remarks, therefore, are necessarily loose to a degree, and I have in half a dozen pages to cover a subject that would need a large Blue-book to treat properly.

In 1873 there were 246,000 allotments in Great Britain; of these 242,500 were in England, 1700 in Wales, and 2100 in Scotland.

Allotments are few in Scotland and in Wales, and scarce in the northern counties of England. In the same year the total area let in garden allotments was 59,630 acres. This gives almost exactly a quarter of an acre per allotment, and the English average was the same. The average size, however, varied greatly in different counties, and ranged from a minimum of an eighth of an acre to an acre. It is generally considered that a fully employed labourer can, in his leisure hours, properly cultivate an eighth of an acre, but many find a quarter of an acre none too much, and some manage half an acre easily, especially when they keep pigs, poultry, a horse, cow, or donkey, though in some districts great restrictions are imposed as to the sort of crop allowed to be cultivated on allotments.

In 1886 the number of garden and railway allotments, potato grounds, and cow runs had increased to 900,000, while small holdings, not exceeding fifty acres, had practically remained stationary, and, while they reached 390,000 in 1875, stood at 410,000 in 1890.

A more recent report shows that in five years, from 1888 to 1893, there had been an increase of 200,000 allotments. Strict accuracy is impossible of attainment, but probably we shall not be far from the truth should we estimate the number of allotments, in round numbers, at a million and a quarter at the present time, that is, roughly speaking, about five times the number twenty-five years ago, so there has been great improvement, and much has been generously and ungrudgingly done for the agricultural labourer. Unfortunately, the improvement is not universal, and in many districts allotments are still small and scarce, and sometimes not to be got at all.

One must be perfectly just. Many farmers certainly object to allotments, some because they do not wish their men to be too comfortably off and independent, but the majority because they hold that their men will exhaust themselves doing their own work between four and six in the morning, before going to their employment. A singularly large-hearted rector near here, a man keenly alive to the troubles of the agricultural labourers, takes this view. He contends that it is not right that the labourer should give two hours to his own allotment in the morning, and three at night, thus depriving himself of sufficient rest, and giving his master only the fag end of his labour. A remedy, which I have elsewhere advocated, is letting men have a week off in early spring—say March—without wages, of course. This would enable them to dig a quarter of an acre thoroughly, and break the back of the heavy work.

Only people living among country labourers or seeing much of them can form any conception of the supreme value and importance of allotments to them, and of the straits to which they are put when they have no allotments, or where they are small. The farm labourer is always, in all parts of the United Kingdom, in receipt of very small money wages, and he is not better off close to great towns like Birmingham than elsewhere, but he often has much spare time. His only hope of living in anything like decent comfort is to supplement his scanty money wages with the produce of his garden or detached allotment. Indeed, Mr. J. H. Marshall, of Gayton Hall, Ross, Herefordshire, has told me that he considers large gardens or good allotments matters of life and death to labourers, and the cheapest and best means of keeping them on the land. In the neighbourhood of large or growing towns the labourer can often dispose to private customers or to higglers of his surplus produce, though for the latter he only gets low prices. In the open country he can rarely sell, and his produce is solely of value to him for home consumption. It is absolutely impossible to find out what his produce is worth to him. The late Professor James Edwin Thorold Rogers, who had made a special study of small holdings, was told by labourers that a day's work on their holdings was worth ten shillings to them. Although this figure seems high, I am not disposed to think it an exaggeration; and at this moment there are hundreds of thousands of country labourers whose allotments make all the difference to them between indigence and great comfort. Their potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and parsnips form the chief part of their diet, and on it they bring up a large and vigorous family; not seldom, too, they keep a few pigs and some poultry, feeding them mainly on their surplus produce, while they can nearly always sell their eggs, poultry, and bacon at fair prices, getting thereby a welcome addition to their money income.

An allotment soon gets into good condition, and bears very large crops. I know the danger of putting the figure too high, but I cannot help feeling sure that a quarter of an acre—and this is not too much land to let a man have—well cultivated as gardens and allotments very often are, will represent the equivalent of some shillings a week to a family's income. Some estimates put the value much higher. A large dealer's wife, a shrewd, kindly woman, who has been working forty years at her business, tells me that a quarter of an acre will grow two tons of potatoes, worth, she says, to sell, seventy shillings a ton; but she reminds me that no labourer would merely grow potatoes; he would also have a large patch of cabbages and other vegetables, and be able to keep some pigs and poultry. She does not hesitate to say that in East Dorset a quarter of an acre would add fully five shillings a week to the family income.

In the neighbourhood of growing towns the sums which labourers receive for their surplus produce is undoubtedly very considerable, and must sometimes approach their money wages; certainly this is true when, as is often the case, a superannuated father or stepfather does a good deal of work all the year round on the allotment, and when the latter reaches an acre or even two. Even when the produce is, in the main, sold to dealers, a considerable sum is added to the family exchequer. An industrious gardener near Poole used, he told me, to sell the produce of 603 square yards for £13 a year, but he is very skilful, has excellent markets at hand—those of Poole and Parkstone—and his garden was actually contiguous to the one in which he was employed, while, from the warmth of the climate, two crops are raised in the year. This case is exceptional but significant, and I feel no hesitation in accepting his statements as perfectly accurate. In the neighbourhood of Wimborne and Ringwood there are large allotments of half an acre and upwards from which the produce raised and sold is of such value to the holders that some of them are not sorry to get a few days off from their regular employment to bring their land into order.

Some of the railway men in East Dorset take their annual three days' holiday in the early spring, and work fifteen hours a day putting their crops in. To some of these men the three days are worth, so at least they tell me, far more than ten shillings a day. Last Good Friday, a general holiday of course, and a very bright day, the number of men at work on the allotments near Wimborne was a greater proof of their industry than of their regard for church services.

This is the bright side of the picture; the other side is seen in the many cases where labourers cannot get allotments, and have only small gardens, or sometimes no gardens at all. Cases are not uncommon, even in neighbourhoods where allotments are plentiful and large, of men living so far from them that they cannot get to them without serious inconvenience, while their own gardens are too small to be of much use to them. Labourers are to be found in sufficient numbers who get twelve shillings a week in money, and whose cottages—new, large, handsome, and convenient—must have cost building close upon £250, that would mean at least four shillings a week to let. This gives the family sixteen shillings a week. Half an acre would grow a sufficiency of vegetables for the whole family consumption, keep a few pigs and poultry, and produce a good deal of fruit and many flowers for sale, especially near Bournemouth; but the constancy of employment and the excellence of the house accommodation are neutralised by the smallness of the garden, and when the labourer with several spare hours in the long spring evenings finds his garden so small that he cannot devote them to it, and has nothing to do to fill up his spare time, he frets and fumes, and is ready to support the most revolutionary measures which the first blatant demagogue propounds. Nor is it astonishing that there should be dissatisfaction, and that a comparatively ignorant man should vent his spleen on *the classes*, who, he thinks, are neglecting his best interests. Dire poverty visits such a labourer's household because, while his money earnings are small, he cannot supplement them with the produce of a large garden, and he actually has, in some cases, to spend part of his slender wages in buying vegetables, which he knows he could grow easily and in abundance, while he knows, too, that a plot which would fully satisfy all his requirements would hardly be worth five shillings a year to let to a large farmer.

It would be putting the matter on a low platform and appealing to obviously interested motives to urge landowners and farmers to see that their labourers are always supplied with a good-sized garden or detached allotment. It is better to regard it as a simple question of justice. Something *must be done* to keep the labourer on the land. He must not be allowed to drift into the great towns, still less must he be forced away from the scenes he loves so well. But what with the scarcity of employment, which in many rural districts in the south of England has been such of late years that strong, able-bodied, handy young men have not, in some cases, found a single day's work for six months at a time, and have had to wait till the harvest was well advanced before they could pick up a little casual employment; what with the dearth of cottages on many estates; and what with the difficulty of getting land for gardens and allotments, many labourers have been reluctantly and almost with broken hearts forced away. Is it not, too, obvious that a large allotment, too large for the head of the family to cultivate properly, would often find employment for a grown-up son out of work, and keep him profitably engaged?

Nevertheless there has been great improvement; giant strides are being made; many landowners are generous to a degree and give lavishly to their poorer neighbours. But much remains to be done, and it is no consolation to the men on a neglected estate to know that on ten other estates near matters are widely different. Land is, in nearly all rural districts, so cheap and abundant that almost every labourer should be supplied, either rent-free or in return for fair payment, with at least an eighth of an acre, better still with a quarter of an acre; and wherever the cottages are falling into decay, as they are, unfortunately, on too many estates, building sites at reasonable rates should, if possible, be brought into the market. Few landowners and farmers can be expected to build *all* the cottages needed. This is a luxury which only the very rich, drawing their revenues from other sources than land, can enjoy; but while not many owners can build handsome cottages at £200 apiece, and let them at £3 a year, or supply their labourers with them rent-free, many might bring into the market small parcels of freehold land, and sell them at fair market prices. In this way building would often be encouraged and become possible in small country towns and villages, and the rural exodus would be in part checked. One of the very worst features of the insufficient cottage accommodation in many parishes and towns is that many labourers are forced to live miles away from their work, while every person not actually employed on the land is compelled to leave the district, his cottage being urgently wanted for a farm servant. There is a dangerous feeling rife in many country districts. The labourers believe they are being cruelly deprived of cottage accommodation and not allowed to have sufficient land to cultivate. They fret over their grievances, and bide the time when they hope to have all the power in their own hands, and to be able to do what they think well with the property of employers, whom they too often regard as enemies.

My articles and lectures on this, to me, most engrossing subject, have brought me many letters from large landowners, to say nothing of furnishing the Press with texts for not a few leaders. I do not think that my estimates of the value of garden allotments have been altogether endorsed; nevertheless I am more than ever convinced that I am not wrong. Of course the subject is a large, many-sided one, and one can only speak very loosely. Among the many intelligent letters I have received, was one from Mr. Percy Wyndham, of Clouds, near Salisbury, one of the leading public men in this part of England. Mr. Wyndham asked what I should consider the net value of an eighth of an acre to an industrious labourer unable to sell his produce in consequence of distance from any market. This is a difficult matter to answer, but would it be an excessive estimate to put the figure at £3 to £5 a year, or, say, nearly two shillings a week? Accordingly a quarter of an acre of good land would be equivalent to an addition of half a crown a week to the money wages; perhaps, however, a townsman would be glad to buy for £10 all the potatoes and green vegetables which an allotment of half an acre will yield. I knew a dairyman and his family who came, a few years ago, into this town to look for a situation. He brought nearly twenty sacks of potatoes, the produce of a large allotment. Some he sold, and the remainder kept him and his family for some weeks till he got a good place.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR NOVEMBER

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace."—Job xxii. 21

FIRST SUNDAY

WE are told that, when Job's three friends came to him, and saw that "his grief was very great, they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none of them spake a word unto him"; and as we read some of the speeches they afterwards addressed to him, we have been tempted now and then to wish that that sympathetic silence had never been broken. Had they just risen up at the end of the week, and shaken hands with the sufferer, and gone their way as quietly as they had come, we should indeed have lost a precious book, but Job would have been spared some irritation and distress, and I think he would have felt that they had acted a truly friendly part. His case was beyond their depth, and they would have shown their kindness best by refraining from speech. On the whole, such silence would have been golden, while their words were silver at best, and sometimes worse.

Yet Eliphaz the Temanite says a good many things which have the ring of truth in them after all. Indeed, all the three had a sort of pithy proverbial wisdom, the outcome, it is likely, not so much of individual thought, as of the shepherd's long-reflecting life. It was a sort of common property, I fancy, belonging to their class, and handed on from father to son. Tending their flocks in that Arabian land, they had time to brood over all that befell, and no books to provide them either with ready distractions, or easy solutions; and being troubled, now and then, by sudden storms, or droughts, or visitations of locusts, or incursions of the wild Sabæans, they had to make some kind of philosophy for themselves to account for these vicissitudes. This they could hardly do without hitting on some veins of real truth. They meddled, indeed, at times, with things too high for them. They had also a cut-and-dry theory of divine righteousness, which clearly would not work, and they applied it to Job in a pitiless fashion, which well-nigh drove him frantic. I dare say they thought they were only doing their duty by him, when they were fain to make out that he must have been a great sinner because he was so great a sufferer, seeing that God is just in all His ways. There is many a cruel word blandly spoken, under what they call a sense of duty, by people who have a theory of that kind handy for their neighbour's case. But Job had in his heart a conscious integrity that could not be squared with this dogma. Therefore he virtually replied to them: "This God whom you speak of, who is always kind to the good, and stern to the bad, where is He? Behold, I go forward, and He is not there, and backward, but I cannot perceive Him; on the left hand where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him, and He hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him." And Job was right. His friends' Deity, who was always sitting in the gate administering righteousness, the sufferer could not find anywhere on the face of the earth. God is governing the world just now, but He is not yet judging it, and though there is a law of righteousness guiding His path as a whole, yet as often as not the wicked thrive here, while "waters of a full cup are wrung out upon the just."

Yet it is true, after all, that if we would have any real and abiding peace, we must follow the counsel of Eliphaz here, and "acquaint ourselves with God"; only our acquaintance must be of a more thorough kind than his. So long as we concern ourselves only with the outside of things, with the various currents and vicissitudes of life, we shall be liable to perturbations and alarms, and find little rest in our souls. It is only when we get beneath these, and learn to have faith in the eternal goodness which underlies them, and reconciles their seeming contradictions, that we shall be established and settled so as never to be greatly moved. All true peace is a peace of God. The quiet waters of rest have their source only in Him. We are on the wrong road then to find peace of mind if we are not making it our business to "acquaint ourselves with God."

Nothing else will quiet the vexed mind. Nothing else will calm the troubled heart. The centre of rest is not in ourselves, but in Him. It is true that one may attain to a kind of ease by taking no account of God whatever. We must not suppose that all those who regard all religious ideas and experiences as the merest unrealities are always going about "seeking rest and finding none." A great man once said that he did not need God for his calculations, all that he required was mathematics, and when these were clear, his heaven was filled with light. In like manner, if we can be content to satisfy one half of our nature, and to ignore the rest—if we can live, say, on mathematical process, and give no heed to higher moral considerations, or if we care for nothing but the material wants of the body, and regard not the claims of our higher spiritual being, in that case we may so adjust ourselves as to be pretty much at ease though wholly without God. But then, such an one is not a whole man. He has divested himself of half his nature, and that the better half. He has seen to his body, and satisfied perhaps his intellect, or a portion of it; but the soul, which is the essence of his manhood, he has allowed to perish of inanition, and the peace which he thus gets is but the tranquillity of death. Therefore, if our whole complex being is to be harmonised into an abiding restfulness, for that kind of peace we must "acquaint ourselves with God."

SECOND SUNDAY

How, then, are we to "acquaint ourselves with God" so as to obtain peace? We may busy ourselves very much about Divine things, and in the end may be forced to say with the psalmist, "I remembered God, and was troubled." I should suppose, indeed, that the reason why many people decline to think of Him at all is just that the more they seem to know about Him, the less is their peace of mind, His holiness being a constant rebuke to their sin. While it is true, then, that we can have no abiding tranquillity unless we acquaint ourselves with God, yet, if we do not set about it in the right way, it may well happen that we shall make no real progress in this knowledge, and that the rest we are seeking shall be as far away as ever.

In the early ages of the world, in the days when Job and his friends are thought to have lived in the land of Uz, there were many careful observers of nature, who might be supposed to have acquainted themselves with God, since nature is clearly a revelation of the Unseen. In some respects these old students of natural phenomena were at least as nice and accurate in their observations as any who now labour in the same fruitful field. The shepherd's eye of old was trained to watch the drifting mist on the hill, and the colour of the evening sky; and the sailor knew what was meant by the little cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand; and "the sweet influence of the Pleiades" was familiar to all. Their poets give us pictures singularly true, which show how thoroughly they noted all the varying moods of nature, and even the most subtle and evanescent changes, which the common eye would never have observed. Assuredly in those times they acquainted themselves with the world in which they lived as few of us do nowadays. Yet this knowledge failed to bring any real peace to their minds. On the contrary, every comet seemed to them a portent of evil, every eclipse filled them with trouble and alarm, every unusual appearance drove them in panic to their gods. They were far from ignorant of the powers at work in the universe, but their knowledge did not greatly help them to possess their souls in peace. It is very different with us to-day. We have a clue which they had not, and, following it, our growing knowledge brings also increasing tranquillity. That clue is the idea of Law, of a pervading order regulating all phenomena, by the unfailing sequence of cause and effect. The moment our minds grasp that, everything falls into its proper place. The special cause of every special fact may not yet be apparent, but we know that it has a cause, that it is part of a beneficent order, and that its cause will doubtless by-and-by be discovered. Therefore the sudden comet is no longer baleful to us, for either we can now, or we are confident that ere long we shall be able to, calculate its orbit, and know when to look for it again. And the eclipse, that was wont to alarm men with forebodings of national calamity, we know to be but a shadow falling on the path of the sun, and meaning no more than a shadow anywhere else. Thus a wise acquaintance with nature tends ever more and more to allay the perturbations which once beset men's minds, and to bring us peace. Not that our knowledge of the bare facts is more accurate than it used to be, but simply that we have got hold of a principle which gives new meaning to those facts, and links them all into one vast and beautiful whole. Our fathers were as well acquainted with them as any of us can be, but they had not the key by which they are to be interpreted. Hence their knowledge not seldom was a source of trouble to them, while ours brings a feeling of peace, because we know that everywhere there is Law, and everywhere it is a good law, and it holds the flying cloud, and the fitful wind, and the wandering star, and all the forces and movements of the universe, and everywhere it works for good to him who wisely considers it and tries to adjust himself to the will of the great Lawgiver.

As there is a kind of acquaintance with nature, then, which may fill us with frequent trouble and alarm, so also there is a similar acquaintance with God which may produce the very same result. But when we get the clue to interpret natural phenomena, increase of knowledge will bring increase of peace, and in like manner, if we take the right way to acquaint ourselves with God, the result will be "quietness and assurance for ever." Now the key to the world of material things is the idea of law, and it seems natural to conclude that it must rule also in the world of spiritual things, for these are only two spheres in which the same Power is working. And up to a certain point that is no doubt true. There is Law in the one sphere as well as in the other, and we may also and equally reckon on its action. Certainly there is a difference, and a very important one, between these two laws. For the essence of the one is necessity, while the essence of the other is duty. They are both divine, but they are radically different ideas. Certainly moral law produces moral results just as inevitably as physical law produces physical results. The good man grows better by his goodness, and the bad man worse by his badness. A selfish life tends to ever-deepening selfishness, and a generous heart expands to a more abounding liberality. Here too, cause and effect rule as in the world of matter, and "great peace have all they that know, and keep God's commandments." And yet if that is all our acquaintance with God, I am afraid that weak, erring, sinful man will not in this way get rid of trouble, anxiety, or fear. For "by the Law is the knowledge of sin," and we are assured that "God will by no means clear the guilty." Assuredly there is law in the moral world as well as in the material, but it has not the same quieting effect in the one as it has in the other.

THIRD EVENING

OUR acquaintance with any one depends largely on our nearness to him. It is very little we can know of him if we never have any personal dealings with him. The longer I live, the more I have come to distrust the opinions I had formed of others with whom I had no close and friendly relations. We criticise what our neighbour says or does, and come to certain conclusions about him, not meaning at all to be unfair; yet how often does a little familiar intercourse with him prove that they were mistaken! Nor is it only our unkindly judgments that thus turn out to be wrong; our very enthusiasms, too, are not seldom but glittering bubbles that burst when they are put to the touch. For, after all, a man's work, of whatever kind it be, is only a partial expression of what he is, and may readily give a very imperfect, or even a wrong, account of him altogether. One has, *e.g.*, a certain inventive faculty and a deftness of hand which enable him to produce things highly serviceable for human life, and you picture him to yourself, perhaps, as a benevolent worker toiling to relieve our burdens or to lessen our troubles. But how little can such labours tell you of his real character! It is only the merest fragment of him that he can disclose in this way. If you came to know him personally you might find that, however useful his work was, it was mainly done only to increase his own wealth. Another, again, with like ingenuity, makes instruments of destruction, deadly and terrible, and you conclude he must be animated with a kind of malignant hatred of his fellow-creatures, leading him to brood over the means of working mischief to them, till some day you come to have a closer acquaintance with him, and are amazed to find that he is really filled with the milk of human kindness, and brimming over with tender charity. He has formed a habit of fashioning things which discover his talent, but conceal his heart. I need not multiply illustrations of this principle. Enough that we cannot thoroughly acquaint ourselves with any one by judging him from a distance, either by what he says or what he does. For often in this way we exalt the unworthy, but still more frequently we do injustice to the good.

Some, indeed, will have it that the only possible way of learning anything about God is by seeking out the works of His hand, and ascertaining what they tell us about Him, or if they tell us anything at all. They are by no means agreed as to what this evidence will amount to. Some of them hold that on this head the universe is dumb, and has nothing to say about its Maker, so that it is vain to seek acquaintance with Him there. Evidently they do not believe in His existence at all, for the only things by which He could possibly reveal Himself, as they affirm, bear no sort of testimony, they say, either to His being or His character. Others, again, allow that, to some extent "the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being made known by the things He hath made," but it is only a part of Him that is thus disclosed, and its witness is not a little contradictory. Some of these are pretty much like Job's friends, and allow that the world is full of comforts and encouragements to the average run of well-behaved people, while those who fall beneath that standard commonly come to grief sooner or later, wherefore they conclude that it must be governed by a more or less righteous kind of ruler; but others regard this life as chiefly a sphere abounding with illusions and failures, sickness and sorrow, pain and bereavement and loneliness, broken fortunes and broken hearts, innumerable evils which no foresight can guard against, and no good conduct can avert, and the shadow of these things falls dark on their idea of God. Thus, holding that no divine knowledge is valid or possible except which may be pieced together from the facts of nature and the events of Providence, their search into the complex phenomena of the universe lands them in conclusions very diverse in their character, but none of them very inspiring. If, then, their fundamental position is right, if God has shut Himself up amid the forces and movements of natural law, and left us to gather some idea of Him exclusively from these, I do not see that we have any means of acquainting ourselves with Him so as to have any very valid ground for peace. We may allow that He exists, and that "in the beginning He created the heavens and the earth." We may also admit that the balance of probability is in favour of His righteous government of the world which He made. Yet there are so many facts which appear to contradict these views that, if we have no other ground to stand on, we may well be haunted by a feeling of uncertainty hardly consistent with abiding peace of mind. So little can we know about God while we stand apart from Him, and only try to get some idea of Him from the broken mirror of nature in which we think His features are reflected. At the best that reflection is miserably imperfect, and in part it is even terribly distorted. For if there be traceable, in the wide sweep of events, a general tenor of goodness and justice, yet there are, here and there at least, things hard to reconcile with a supreme benevolence or righteousness, and if there be no other means of acquainting ourselves with God, there is little of certainty in our knowledge, and still less of peace. All which surely goes to confirm what I have said, that we must get nearer to Him if we are to acquaint ourselves with God so as to find rest in our souls.

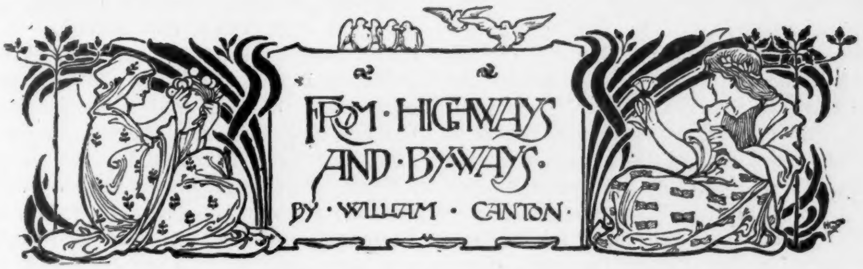
FOURTH SUNDAY

Is there, then, no other way of acquainting ourselves with God, and so finding peace? Has He girded Himself round as with a wall through which, indeed, some faint light of His glory can shine dimly forth, but apart from which He can do nothing to make Himself known to His creatures? If that be so, then truly we can have very little idea of what He is, and can find very little comfort in such ideas as we have. But it is the veriest assumption to affirm that the only possible revelation of God is that which nature discloses. On the contrary, it is so imperfect and unsatisfactory as to suggest that there must surely be another and a better; and if another is presented to us which plainly covers all the defects of the first, that is, at least, a presumption in its favour.

When we turn, then, to the revelation in Christ Jesus, to that "Life which is the Light of men," we find a fulness in it, and a promise of peace, which constrain us to allow that this "is the secret hid from the ages and generations," about which Job's friends blundered so sadly. Here we do not gather and piece together faint glimpses, dim and indirect, but "whosoever hath seen Him hath seen the Father." This discovery comes to us with a self-evidencing light, and we have but to open our eyes to see the truth of it clear. There in the Holy One the Eternal proclaims Himself, saying, This is what I am, this is what I mean, this is what I am doing, and what ye have hitherto found it so hard to understand. There in the Man of Sorrows is the only explanation of sorrow; there on His cross is the only way to find peace. The key to Nature is the doctrine of Law, but the key to Life is the story of Jesus, and we shall never truly acquaint ourselves with God save only in Him "who is the brightness of His glory."

Only here, too, the one way of acquainting ourselves with Him is, not to stand aloof and speculate and dispute about Him, but to come into close personal relations with Him. The student of nature does not merely read much, and reflect long about its phenomena, but he also comes face to face that he may acquaint himself with them, for hearsay knowledge leaves always a feeling of more or less unreality. In like manner it is not enough to read about Christ, and to reflect on what we read, as if we had to do only with a historical personage who lived long ago. Knowledge gathered in that way lacks the vividness and power of personal acquaintance, as if we were dealing with one who was only dimly seen a great way off. It is true that we can now neither see nor hear Him with the organs of sense, yet there is a spiritual communion by which we can get even closer to Him than ever His disciples did when they saw Him face to face, and listened to His words. It is idle, then, to stand apart from the practical workings of Christian experience, and think to know God by merely reading and thinking about Him. As far as it goes that is all right, but it will not carry us very far, for God is not to be discerned by mere intellectual activities. That was a great truth, a faithful saying worthy of all acceptation, which the Apostle declared when he laid it down that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Nor is it God only who is thus beyond our reach, for you shall not understand your fellow-man while you live in an alien element, and have no sympathy with him: the atmosphere of unloving or envious thoughts will change and distort his character, so that you shall never truly see him. He cannot be known by you without the spiritual discernment of a kindred mind. Even so, though God has revealed Himself in Christ in such a perfect fashion that it could be said "in Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," yet may He still be a "hidden mystery" to us, a secret that all our searchings will fail to discover, so long as we persist in the natural alienation of our hearts, and will not trust Him, and will not love. It is not the keen intellect that can disclose Him to us, but only a true Life—a life in Christ of lowly and loving fellowship with the Lord, and personal experience of His gracious help and tender mercy; and so long as we hold aloof from that we cannot acquaint ourselves with God so as to be at peace. God is love, and they only who live in love have the unction from on high that knoweth all things.

But when we get the spiritual discernment which comes with the spiritual life, what a revelation is then made to us of that which "eye had not seen, nor ear heard, neither had entered the heart of man to conceive"! This God in Christ is not the God of Eliphaz and his friends, sitting aloft in the serenity of His righteousness, and dealing rewards and penalties among the sons of men; nor yet the God whom Job saw wrapt in clouds of utter moral perplexity that shook his heart to its core; nor is it the mere God of Nature, ordering all things by inflexible Law, whether physical or moral. In each of these views, doubtless, there is an element of truth, yet it is one-sided and very imperfect. But the Father who is revealed in Christ, though He be Judge and Lawgiver and Ruler, is also the Friend and Redeemer, who is reconciling all to Himself in the sufferings of His Holy Son, and bringing us "a peace that passeth all understanding." Acquaint yourself with Him, then, in the life of faith and love and duty, commit your way to Him, and in your experience of His gracious dealings all your fears and perplexities will vanish in the fulness of ever-growing Love.



FROM · HIGHWAYS AND · BYWAYS ·

BY · WILLIAM · CANTON ·

IT would be interesting to learn how many readers are nowadays familiar with the half-page in which Sir Walter Scott epitomises in the "Tales of a Grandfather" the genuine history which lies at the back of Mr. Munro's first sustained effort in fiction.* With the historical element in "John Splendid" we are little concerned—Mr. Munro wisely subordinates it to his artistic purposes; but it is nevertheless interesting to know that in the winter of 1644–5 Montrose and his Highlanders, "wading through drifts of snow, scaling precipices, and traversing mountain paths known to none save the solitary shepherd or huntsman," did veritably overrun the country of the Campbells; that Argyle left his clansmen to their fate; that Montrose, hearing he was pursued by the Marquis, doubled back through the mountains; and finally, that, instead of leading the van at Inverlochy, Argyle watched the disastrous struggle from his galley. It is against this stirring background of foray and wild landscape that the action of "John Splendid" is set, and no more romantic background could have been chosen or imagined.

This venture of Mr. Munro's has been looked forward to with keen interest by all who have read "The Lost Pibroch," as the touchstone of his powers and possibilities as a novelist. For my own part I do not hesitate to say that though the book does not realise all that we were justified in anticipating, it is a rare and admirable piece of work which comes within an ace of being work of the first order. In some respects it is actually of the first order, but it seems to me that it lacks the "compelling argument," the "great story," the irresistible stream of interest which carries the reader away in spite of himself. There is, without question, abundant incident, a constant succession of adventurous episode, any number of absorbing scenes, from the lighting of the beacon on the top of Dunchuach to the duel in the wood on the site of the ancient church; it may be granted too that there is a certain necessary sequence which links the opening with the close; yet one misses the dominant note running through all the music. No large issue, either for MacCailein Mor or for John Splendid, hangs on these "little wars," so far as the reader is concerned; and the love story of Elrigmore and the winsome heroine, delightful as it is, does not supply the strong central current one feels the need of. It may be that our tastes have been vitiated by the rush of action in recent romances; but unless I am mistaken this has always been a pervading element in the great books of fiction.

In every other respect "John Splendid" seems to me to be a masterpiece, the force and originality of which are centred in a wonderfully restrained yet picturesque style and a quite exceptional power of seeing and realising the subtleties and complexities of character. I do not remember anything in recent fiction so vivid, so true and so fresh as the delineation of John Splendid and the Marquis of Argyle, and their admirable foil Master Gordon, the Covenanting minister, who, though he is more in the beaten track of personality is presented with no less vividness and sincerity. In the Marquis, with his "native resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," there is a touch of Hamlet. In a manner one wins some understanding of how he can really be the bundle of contradictions which he is—a man who is no coward, and can yet abandon his clansmen when the bale-fire is lit; who does not fear death, yet can watch from his galley the slaughter of the ranks he should have led sword in hand. But in John Splendid it seems to me that we have a new and admirable creation. Brave, tender, true, vain, superstitious, sensitive, capable of self-sacrifice and renunciation, yet utterly incapable of speaking sharp truths at the moment sharp truth means salvation, this soldier of fortune is an achievement which to my thinking has not been equalled outside the pages of the great masters, and which is not unworthy of a place beside some of their best. When he allowed his kinsman and chief to fly from Inneraora without a word of remonstrance, his defence is: "Do you know, I put a fair face on the black business to save the man his own self-respect." "He was a man," says his friend Elrigmore, "who ever disliked to have his feelings vexed with the everlasting sorrows of life." When the blind widow of Glencoe, speaking of the husband she had last seen in his youth, and whom she still pictured to herself as "the finest man in the parish," adds "He had a little lameness, but——" "I have a bit of a halt myself," breaks in John Splendid, with his foolish eagerness to save feelings at the expense of truth, "and I'm sure I'm none the worse for it." Little wonder that his chief found him a devil's advocate in the hour of need, "the poorest of consciences to a man in a hesitancy between duty and inclination"—"the soft tongue and the dour heart; the good man at most things but at your word." How far Mr. Munro intends these two personalities as presentments of what is typical in Highland character, as clues to the incalculable quantity in the conduct of men of the Celtic temperament, I cannot say, but if he had realised nothing more in "John Splendid" than these portraits it would have sufficed to make the book notable.

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* "John Splendid: The Tale of a Poor Gentleman and the Little Wars of Lorn." By Neil Munro, author of "The Lost Pibroch," &c. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 6s.

But as I have already indicated there is very much more. The defence of the fort on Dunchuach, the episode at the hut on Loch Lochy-side, the encounter with John Lom the bard of Keppoch, the widow of Glencoe, the supper at Dalness, the wanderings on Rannoch Moor, and the scene in Argyle's bed-chamber, when for once John Splendid spoke unwelcome truth to the man he could never forgive for listening to it—all these are impressed with the stamp of genius. The book, we learn from the dedication, is "a picture of times and manners, of a country that is dear to us in every rock and valley, of a people we know whose blood is ours"; and the story, told in the narrator's old age, long after the little wars were over and Montrose had scratched his verses with a diamond on his prison window, is suffused with the glamour which a young man's love throws over peak and glen, weathered boulder and dark pine. He knows each rush and reed and flower on moor and corrie lying in a sloeberry bloom of haze; the dear land is steeped in the spirit of old songs and pipe music; in the yellow moon of brock and foumart—the beasts that dote on the autumn eves—the People of Quietness will come with lanthorns and he will hear their laughter in the night. The landscape is not a thing apart; it is a portion of the life of his men and women. And throughout, Mr. Munro's style has something of the largeness and freshness and individuality of the country. There is a piquancy about it of another tongue than English; and if not wholly unconscious, it is marked with no more than that nicety which one who sees vividly would fain use when he would speak as he sees. What strikes me often in an incidental way is the tenderness, the sympathy, the sense of humanity and its sorrows, springing up at haphazard like flowers in the common grass; and it seems to me to lie at the root of his style. Here is a single passage. John Splendid, having spoken bitter truth, and having surrendered for friendship's sake the love which might surely have been his, casts in his lot once more with the mercenaries of the foreign wars.

> He rode past Kilmalieu of the tombs, with his bonnet off for all the dead that are so numerous there, so patient, waiting for the final trump. He rode past Boshang Gate, portal to my native glen of chanting birds and melodious waters and merry people. He rode past Gearson hamlet, where the folk waved farewells; then over the river before him was the bend that is ever the beginning of home-sickness for all that go abroad for fortune.

If I have not alluded to the "Legend of Montrose" and the immortal Dugald Dalgetty, it is because I recollect that that was Scott's ninth novel, to say nothing of the poetic romances—not his first. I am glad to think that Mr. Munro's next book—"The Paymaster's Boy"—will run through GOOD WORDS during the coming year.

How is it, by the way, that Scotch dialect—or indeed any dialect for that matter—is such a stumbling block to English readers? To my thinking there is no speech more full of colour, of music, of sentiment than the untutored folk-speech north of the Border. The reek of the peat, and the glow of the heather, and the enchantment of the pinewoods, and the lapping of loch-water, and the pathos of the bare hills are embodied in it. The magic of love-song and ballad and ancient story haunts its words and phrases. Scotchmen pique themselves on the illusion that no one but a Scot can thoroughly understand its subtle and elusive significance; Englishmen despise it as uncultured and indeed semi-barbarous; both forget that it is in the main the heritage left us by our Northumbrian ancestors. It is easy to understand how it became unfashionable in our literature, and it would be a simple task to show how much our literature has lost in consequence. One of the results, it may be hoped, of the present popularity of Scotch writers will be such a familiarising of northern words and phrases that even southern authors may be able to retrieve some of the blunders of their predecessors. It seems a mystery to me that English poets could ever have allowed to slip into "dialect" such exquisite Anglo-Saxon words as the half-dozen or so which Hogg has set in the lovely lines of "Kilmeny":

Late, late in a gloamin' when all was still,
When the furze was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane,
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

How could they have been content with "lane" when it was possible to write "sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'"? One cannot help surmising that it must have been a growing blindness to nature, arising out of town-life and the anæmia of streets, which made them indifferent to the rich and beautiful vocabulary that is now only recognised as local, or has passed beyond recognition as obsolete. But do we not still need the word "lin"—the pool into which a waterfall plunges; "lawande" or "laund," the open space of grass-land in a wood (our "lawn" has also become impossible in this sense); "birnie," ground with scorched stumps of heather; "dub," a deep piece of smooth water in a rapid river; "roak"—the substantive of Shakespeare's "rooky wood"—which may be mist, or fog, or haze, or smur, or smoke, or the bluish twilight effect when "light thickens." Have we any accurate "standard English" for "brae"? I would hardly venture to plead for the acceptance of the curious New Forest use of the word "shade"—an open space free from trees in the midst of a plain, generally with a pool of water; but who would not welcome "corrie," "strath," "airt," "bield," "kyle" or "ghyll," "strays," the old strips of common along the sides of the high roads, and the Celtic "slieve" of Slieve Bloom or Slieve Donard, on whose topmost peak the little wattled church of the fifth century has, I take it, been blown in dust over County Down ages ago?

Both in its text and in the charming illustrations, reproduced from the author's own sketches, Sir Richard Temple's "Bird's-Eye View of Picturesque India"* is a desirable volume. It is chiefly intended for the aid and guidance of travellers who are pressed for time, but it furnishes excellent entertainment for those whose pilgrimages can only be made in the spirit, and whose vision of the picturesque in far lands depends on the mind's eye. Into two hundred odd pages of clear and open type Sir Richard Temple has contrived to compress a wonderful amount of information, and to picture in vivid colours a great variety of scenes from the panorama of Oriental life, with which he is so familiar. From his chapters on the nationalities and religions of India, the native princes and their courts and camps, the frontiers of the Empire, the system of government, and the progress of the country under British rule, one may assimilate in a few hours all that it is essential to know. The programme of a winter's tour and the account of a summer's sojourn in the Himalaya lead through a succession of the most picturesque scenes, described with a brilliant realisation. One small generalised sketch may be quoted:

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* "A Bird's-Eye View of Picturesque India." By the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I. With 32 illustrations. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

> Every commanding or striking situation throughout the continent and the peninsula has been occupied by a temple or a shrine or a mosque. . . . On holidays, always connected with religious observance, the gaily dressed crowds, the swarthy faces, hands, and feet, are set off by white garments decorated with cloths and scarves of bright colours in the sunshine. These moving masses make pictures with a background of umbrageous trees or temple architecture or sacred tanks. Again there is the floral display, with abundance rather than with refinement of floriculture, while the sacred bulls are pushing their way through the crowd. The bathing in the Ganges, where crowds rush down the flights of steps to the sacred water, presents a strangely animated spectacle, especially by moonlight. The landing-places on the river-bank where the dead are burned, and where smoke and flame ceaselessly ascend, present a scene characteristic though melancholy. At places of pilgrimage, where multitudes are for a time dwelling in booths and small tents arranged regularly in streets and squares, there is a little sea of canvas spread out. A circle of village elders in council, seated on the ground under the branches of a great banyan fig-tree, seems like a remnant of patriarchal times. . . . Wondrous sights are often beheld on the water also in North-Eastern India where the rivers are broad. The swelling white sails strike the eye as they pass under dense and rich green masses of bamboos and other jungle on the river-bank. The floating cities, where boats are moored round stream for weeks together in long lines like streets, are truly wondrous.

Nor are the wild life and the adventures and perils of the sportsman overlooked. There are some stirring pages on tiger-shooting and the ferocious cunning of the panther.

> Two sportsmen might be perched on big branches of trees by moonlight, watching a panther come to drink. Both may fire and hit. Instantly the panther will climb up one tree with amazing quickness and punish the sportsman. He will then with equal velocity ascend the other tree and deal with the man up there. Lives of men have been lost in some such way as this. In no other case is such ferocity directed with a cunning almost amounting to reason.

A safe precaution in the forest at dusk is to sing as one goes on one's way; if there be any bear on the path he will move off on hearing the human voice. Otherwise there is risk of a horrible encounter:

> Sometimes near a jungle path the bear lies quiet in the dusk though the wayfarer is approaching. In what may be figured as vacuity of mind, he lets the wayfarer stumble over him. Then he rises in surprise and with his long nails strikes at the man's head. I have seen a man's face scratched away—all features gone—with one stroke of the claw.

It is curious that Mr. Kipling, in a recent number of *Literature*, should have taken for the incident of his imperial parable, this hideous stroke of Adam-zad the Bear, but he invests the ruthless savage with a semblance of pleading humanity which may also be true to the guile of the forest.

Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the second night,
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all weary from his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed was the pan—
My finger was crooked on the trigger—when he reared up like a man.

Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the bear!

* * * * *

Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men,
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw, the steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away.

But indeed all through this volume recollections of Mr. Kipling's work throng in on the reader. At one time it is the snow-storm, forty miles away, travelling in "a little black blur" along the Himalaya (in "The Gadsbys"), at another the "Mugger of Mugger-Ghaut" lying in wait for old women or bronze babies, or it is an echo of the cry of "Good hunting!" or it is the little naked child nestling under Gobind's quilt to listen to the story of the Finances of the Gods, or the jumble of bones struck with a hoe out of "the rain-scarped bank at the bottom of the garden"—one of the enlightenments of Paget, M.P. The book is rounded off with two specially interesting chapters dealing with historic remains and ruins and with episodes in history and their localities, and an appendix of useful statistics, dates and so forth.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG

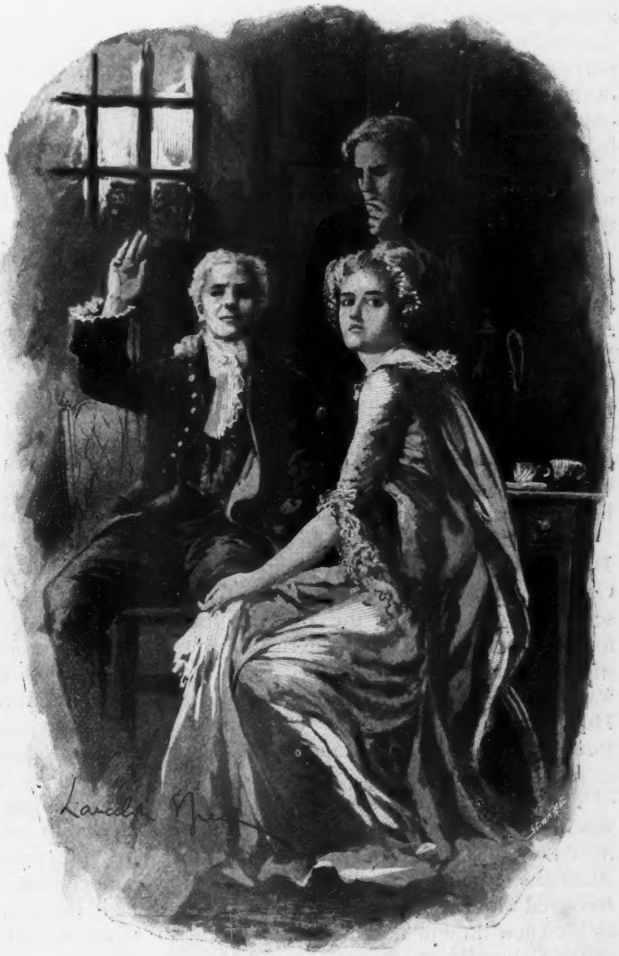
By GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

CHAPTER XL.

DÉTRICAND, Prince of Vaufontaine, was no longer in the Vendée. Hoche, the Revolutionary general, had at length subdued and dispersed the Royalist peasant army. Nearly all the chiefs of the Vendée, Détricand's old comrades in daring and heroism, had vanished. Four years before, by the forests of Vésins, the noble and fearless de la Rochejaquelein had died a martyr to his own humanity. Bonchamp had laid down his life at Chollet, and there d'Elbée and Lescure were mortally wounded. The Prince of Talmont, carried captive in disgrace from city to city, was at length executed in the court of his own château at Laval. Since that fatal year of '93 Détricand had fought on with Tinteniac and Sombreuil, the Prince of Vaufontaine and the Chouan bands. Tinteniac had been slain, and Sombreuil, the victim of Republican treachery, had been murdered at Quiberon Peninsula. The Prince of Vaufontaine had died in Détricand's arms at the passage of La Vie, and Détricand was thenceforward the Prince of Vaufontaine. Stofflet and Charette, the greatest of all, then were left. To them Détricand clove till Stofflet was executed at Angers, and Charette died a hero's death at Nantes, crying "Vive le Roi!"

So it was that he who had been the most reckless of them all, who, to redeem his past, had entered on this war in the hope of finding a patriot's death, had survived all. Détricand, erstwhile filibuster and refugee, was now the last outstanding figure in a great



"Passed over to the loving care of her kinsman" picture of heroism and war; had become Prince of Vaufontaine, and, by claims of descent and blood, inheritor of the principality of d'Avranche and the dukedom of Bercy.

On the very morning of that momentous day in the Cohue Royale when Guida was vindicated Détricand had returned to France with the Comtesse Chantavoine, who presently was passed over to the loving care of her kinsman General Grandjon-Larisse. Soon afterwards came the eclipse of the Royalist cause. The whole of Brittany was in the hands of the victorious Hoche, the peasants were disarmed, and Détricand's work for a time at least was done. He escaped from France, and straightway devoted himself to a thing conceived on the day that Guida was restored to her rightful status as a wife. His purpose now was to wrest from Philip the duchy of Bercy. Philip was heir by adoption only, and the inheritance had been secured by help of fraud—surely Détricand's cause was righteous! He set himself to the task with the zeal and concentration he had shown through the long campaign in La Bocage.

His motives had not their origin in hatred of Philip alone, nor in desire for honours and estates for himself, nor in racial antagonism, for had he not been allied with England in this war against the Revolutionary Government? He hated Philip the man, but he hated still more Philip the usurper who had brought shame to the escutcheon of Bercy. There was also at work another and deeper feeling which should be known when the right time came.

From London, whither he had gone, Détricand entered into a compact with Grandjon-Larisse, who straightway set himself to work to get from the Directory leave for the Chouan chieftain to return to France with amnesty for his past "rebellion." This was secured at last through the humane Hoche and the influence of Napoleon Bonaparte himself. Détricand was free now to proceed against Philip.

The latter, having sent in his papers, was returned to the duchy of Bercy. Here he threw himself into the struggle with the Austrians against the Red Government. Received with enthusiasm by the duchy, who as yet knew little or nothing of the incident in the Cohue Royale, he now proved himself almost as able in the field as he had been at sea. The aged Governor-General of the duchy, worn out with long governing and fighting, yielded the chief command to Philip, but remained still the wise and skilled leader, the expert mover in the hopeless game playing.

Of these things Détricand knew, and he knew also that the lines were closing in round the duchy; that one day soon Bonaparte would send a force which should strangle the little army and its Austrian allies. The game then would be another step nearer the end.

Free to move now, Détricand visited the Courts of Prussia, Russia, Spain, Italy, and Austria, and laid before them his claims to the duchy of Bercy. Ceaselessly, adroitly, with persistence and with convincing power, he toiled towards his end, his way made easier by the tales of his prowess in the Vendée. He had offers without number to take service in foreign armies, but he was not to be tempted. It was the gossip of the Courts that there was some strange romance behind this tireless pursuit of an inheritance, but to gossip he paid no heed. Could he but induce the Courts he visited to insist anew on the neutrality of Bercy, and then try his cause against Philip, he would not fear the end. If at last there crept over Europe wonderful tales of the real Duchesse de Bercy in Jersey and of the new Prince of Vaufontaine, Détricand did not, or feigned not to, hear them—and the Comtesse Chantavoine had disappeared from public knowledge. The few who guessed most surely Détricand's romance were puzzled to understand a campaign which, dispossessing Philip, must also dispossess the mysterious Duchesse Guida.

But Détricand was not at all puzzled; his mind and purpose were clear. Guida should come to no injury through him—Guida who, as they left the Cohue Royale that day of days, had turned on him a look of heavenly trust and gratitude; who, in the midst of her own great happenings, found time to tell him by a word how well she knew he had kept his promise—even beyond belief. Justice to her was his one cause now, it was the supreme and immediate object of his life. There were others to care for France, to fight for her, to struggle towards the day when the King should come to his own—there was but one man in the world who could achieve Guida's full justification, and that was himself, Détricand of Vaufontaine. As he toiled on, how often did he recall that day in the cottage at the Place du Vier Prison where she had bound up his head with her own handkerchief; and also that other day when he brought the handkerchief back to her, yet had not given it, but had carried it away to France. It was with him still.

He had learned from the Chevalier du Champsavoys the whole course of Guida's life during his four years of absence from Jersey, and he had made the Chevalier promise to write him constantly of Guida and the child. The letters came duly, telling of the Chevalier's happiness; how the grandchild of his dear friend, the dear godchild of the Duc de Mauban, was cleared of all shame and dishonour. The little world of Jersey no longer pointed the finger, but rather bent the knee to Guida, Duchesse de Bercy. The Royal Court which had confiscated Elie Mattingley's house handed it over to Guida now as an act of homage. Here she lived with her child and the Chevalier.

Writing to Détricand at Vienna the Chevalier said that no one would now know the old house, so long shadowed by Elie Mattingley's dark reputation. A little paint here, sandpaper there, old shutters re-hung, the high-walled garden filled with rustic seats, and rugs and skins from Gaspé adventurers, had almost turned the house into a château. And Guida and the child—surely he, the Chevalier, was happy to know that they were happy, the child's face merry and handsome, and Guida's soft and beautiful, yet maybe a little pensive too, "alas, a little too pensive!" quoth the Chevalier. What more could the Chevalier wish for himself in this world? Was he not cared for as if Guida were his own daughter? did she not even make his omelette with her own hands, and keep a fresh ribbon to his Louis Capet cane! Indeed, then, it was no misery being poor and in exile, when he could have such luxury and loving friendship always near him.

As for Carterette Mattingley, the Chevalier had had a letter from her. She and her father were cheerfully embarked upon a new life in Gaspé; and yet—and yet Carterette seemed not to be quite happy. He guessed her secret; alas! have not all of us a secret? quoth the Chevalier. Carterette's was Maître Ranulph Delagarde. The Chevalier was concerned for "my true brave friend Carterette, and her hope deferred." He was concerned also for Ranulph Delagarde. Ranulph had intended joining Détricand and the army of the Vendée, and it was certain that he started for Brittany. But what had become of him? The Chevalier was confounded by life's complexities. Guida, Détricand, Carterette, Ranulph, all deserving to be quite happy, and all happy in part, and yet not wholly happy. But a little readjustment, and behold, how perfect, and orderly, and benign! Guida and Détricand, and Carterette and Ranulph—he must ask pardon of the Prince of Vaufontaine for recalling the Mattingleys to his Highness, but indeed they had all been friends together once, and for his part he was too old, and indeed he believed and hoped that his Highness was too young, to forget. . . . But who could tell?—perhaps the readjustment of things would come! He had learned a great thing in life—one must wait. The true secret was to do right, and then to wait. See what it had done for Guida and for Détricand, ***and might it not do more?*** He underlined these reflections. It would make him so happy. If it only might do more, then he could visit even still more peacefully the grave of his poor friend the Sieur de Mauprat.

By such reflections he revealed that he had read Détricand's secret as well as that of Carterette. As Détricand read the quaint letters with their antique flavour of feeling and language, he realised how the Chevalier, coming nearer the end, could gauge truly the values of life, and knew how to measure and treasure a friendship, no matter how humble. Détricand himself had lived this rather than realised it, both in his evil and in his later and better days. He had shared command with, ate with, bivouacked with—even prayed with—peasants during the long four years wherein he had seen them, and their heroic leaders, die round him by hundreds, by thousands, and by scores of thousands.

As the thought crossed his mind he had a sudden longing to be back among it all. But for the moment his work was ended there, he must wait. It had seemed possible to withstand the Revolutionary Government, but to defeat the new great man, Napoleon Bonaparte, was a hopeless task. That was work for the nations of Europe, and meanwhile the best blood of France would go to enrich the earth, and when the cause of the King was won at last, it would be but a famished and depleted country that should welcome him.

Détricand turned from these heavy thoughts to the Chevalier's letters, to the pictures he drew—at once a joy and a torture—of Guida in her new home; of the hours spent in the walled garden where he himself had idled so often, of the long walks upon the shore, and of looking forward to the day when Guida should once more enter her cottage home in the Place du Vier Prison.

It gave Détricand a strange feeling to think that Guida was in the house where he had lodged so many years. He pictured her there. That old life was all so real; this was a dream—this life at the Courts, this diplomacy, this machinery he had set in motion to overthrow a sovereign duke.

He wrote several letters to the Chevalier, and they with their cheerful and humorous allusions were read aloud to Guida—all save one, in which he spoke of Philip. In another, speaking of himself to the Chevalier, he laid bare with a merciless honesty, and with the very irony of truth, his nature and his career: Concerning neither had he any illusions.

"I do not mistake myself, Chevalier," he wrote, "nor these late doings of mine. What credit shall I take to myself for coming to place and some little fame? Everything has been with me: the chance of inheritance, the glory of a cause as hopeless as splendid, and more splendid because hopeless; and the luck of him who loads the dice—for all my old comrades, the better men, are dead, and I, the least important of them all, remain, having even outlived the cause. What praise shall I take for this? None—from all decent fellows of the earth, none at all. It is merely ridiculous that I should be left, the monument of a sacred loyalty greater than the world has ever known.

"I have no claims—but let me draw the picture, dear Chevalier. Here was a reckless, idle, discredited, dissolute fellow whose life was worth a pin to nobody. Tired of the husks and the swine, and all his follies grown triste by over-use, he takes the advice of two good gentlemen, and joins the standard of work, heroism, loyalty, and sacrifice. What greater luxury shall man ask? If this be not running the full scale of life's enjoyment, pray you what is? The world loves contrasts. The great sinner raising the standard of piety is picturesque. If, charmed by his own virtues, he is constant in his new enthusiasm, behold a St. Augustine! Everything is with the returned prodigal—the more so if he be of the notorious Vaufontaines, who were ever saints turned sinners, and sinners turned saints.

"Tell me, my good friend, where is room for pride in me? I am getting far more out of life than I deserve; it is too much that you and others should think better of me than I do of myself. I do not pretend to dislike it—I like it. But it seems to me that the world is monstrously unjust. Some day when I'm grown old—I cannot imagine what else Fate has spared me for—I shall write the Diary of a Sinner, the whole truth. I shall tell how sometimes when my peasant fighters were kneeling all round me praying for success—even thanking God for me—I was laughing in my glove, in scorn of myself, not of them, Chevalier, no, no! The peasant's is the true greatness. Everything is with the aristocrat; he has to kick the great chances from his path, while the peasant must go hunting them in peril. Hardly snatching sustenance from Fate, the peasant fights into greatness; the aristocrat may only win to it by rejecting Fate's luxuries. The peasant never escapes the austere teaching of hard experience, the aristocrat the languor of good fortune. There is the peasant and there am I. Ah, *voilà!* enough of Détricand of Vaufontaine. . . . The Duchesse Guida and the child, are they——"

So the letter ran, and the Chevalier read it aloud up to the point where Guida's name was writ. Afterwards Guida would sit and think of what Détricand had said, and of that honesty of his nature which never allowed him to deceive himself. It pleased her also to think that she had in some small way helped a man to the rehabilitation of his life. He had said that she had, and she had believed him; he had proved the soundness of his aims and ambitions; his career was in the world's mouth. It seemed incredible—but no—was anything incredible, in the light of Philip's life and her own?

The one letter the Chevalier did not show Guida referred to Philip. In it Détricand begged the Chevalier to hold himself in readiness to proceed at a day's notice to

Paris. This letter the Chevalier did not show, first because Philip's name was never mentioned by himself or Guida, and also because of what this journey to Paris would involve.

So it was that when, after months of waiting, the Chevalier suddenly left St. Helier's to join Détricand in Paris, Guida did not know the object of his journey. All she knew was that he had leave from the Directory to visit Paris. Imagining this to mean some good fortune for him, with a light heart she sent him off in charge of Jean Touzel, who took him to St. Malo in the *Hardi Biaou*, and saw him safely into the hands of an escort sent by Détricand to take him on to Paris.

"It will make me so happy, it will make me so happy," the Chevalier said three days later, when Détricand told him they must go on to Vienna; for this was not the Paris the Chevalier had known, and he refused to see it at all. Driving with Détricand through the city, he shut his eyes and would have closed his ears too, for his piteous fancy conjured up the killing and burning of thousands of Royalists in the streets through which they passed. The words of the letter his cousin du Chanier had written him years ago concerning this same Détricand rang in his ears, and he was glad when Paris was far behind, and gladder still when Vienna was reached.

Three days later there was opened in one of the chambers of the Emperor's palace a Congress of four nations—Prussia, Russia, Austria, and Sardinia. The labours of Détricand had achieved this at last. Grandjon-Larisse, his old enemy in battle, now his personal friend, had influenced Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Directory through him, to respect the neutrality of the duchy of Bercy, for which the four nations represented at this Congress had declared. It was only after Philip had received command from the nations to appear at the Congress at Vienna, for inquiry into his rights to the title and the duchy, that he knew by whom the long-desired neutrality had been achieved. Had he known ere this that Détricand was behind it all he would have fought on to the last gasp of power and have died on the battle-field. With a sardonic philosophy he realised now that such a fate was not for him—that he must fight, not on the field of battle as became a prince, but in a Court of Nations as became a doubtful claimant of sovereign honours.

His whole story had become known in the duchy, and though in war-time it begot no feeling against him, now that Bercy was in a neutral zone of peace there was much talk of the wrongs of Guida and the Comtesse Chantavoine. In war Philip had proven himself able and intrepid, fearless of his person and successful in his exploits and manœuvres. In the interval of peace following the announcement of neutrality and the command of the nations to appear at Vienna he was moody and saturnine, and saw few of his subjects save the Governor-General and his whilom enemy, now his friend, Comte Carignan Damour.

That at last he should choose to accompany him to Vienna the man who had been his foe during the lifetime of the old Duke and of the imbecile Leopold John, seemed incomprehensible. Yet, to all appearance, Comte Carignan Damour was now Philip's zealous adherent. He came frankly repenting his old enmity, and though Philip did not believe him, some perverse temper, some obliquity of vision which at times overtakes the ablest minds, made him accept his new courtier and partisan almost eagerly. One thing Philip knew: Damour had no love for Détricand, who had lately sent word to the Comte that for his treachery when Fouché's men tried to capture him in Bercy, he would have him shot when the Court of Nations upheld his rights to the duchy. Damour was able, even if Damour was not honest. The Governor-General must stay behind to govern the duchy during his absence; Damour, the plausible, the implacable and malignant, should accompany him to Vienna.

The Court opened in the stately chamber with a simple ceremony, made notable by the presence of the Emperor of Austria, who addressed a few words of welcome to the envoys, to Philip, and to the representative of the French nation, the aged Duc de Mauban, who, while taking no active part in the Congress, was present by request of the Directory. The Duke's long residence in Vienna, freedom from part in the civil war in France, and the antiquity of his own title had been factors in the choice of him. Napoleon had at once approved the name when it was submitted to him by General Grandjon-Larisse, who in turn had had it urged upon him by Détricand.

The Duc de Mauban was the most marked figure of the Court, the Emperor not excepted. He was clean shaven, dressed in simple black and white, with snowy linen and lace, his own natural hair, silver white, tied in a queue behind. He had eyes that seemed always looking, looking beyond the thing he saw—large, wondering, imaginative eyes, with something bewildered, something amazed in them, causing the Emperor to say when he first saw him, "The stars have frightened him." And this was no unreasonable supposition, for the duc de Mauban was as well known an astronomer as a student of history and a philanthropist. He was very tall, a figure at once distinguished and frail, the body delicate, the head both delicate and powerful, dropping forward a little as though it were something too heavy for the shoulders. He was given an honoured place next to the President of the Court, an Austrian Duke of the reigning house.

When the Emperor mentioned the Duke's name Philip wondered where he had heard it before. Something in the sound of it was associated with his past, he knew not how. The face fascinated him. He had a curious feeling that those searching, deliberate dark eyes saw the end of this fight, this battle of the strong. The face of the duc de Mauban was that of the fate that sees and knows and may not be deceived. He admired it though it awed him; but he abhorred the ardent strength of Détricand's face where the wrinkles of dissipation had given way to the bronzed carven look of the war-beaten soldier. It was fair battle between them, and there was enough vital malice in the heart of each to make the fight deadly. They both were cool, alert, and determined. He felt that Détricand was making this claim to the duchy out of vengeance upon himself, more than from desire to secure the title for himself. He read the whole deep scheme: how Détricand had laid his mine at every Court in Europe to bring him to this pass. He knew—and he had known since that day, years ago, in the Place du Vier Prison—that Détricand loved the girl whom he himself had married and dishonoured.

For hours Philip's witnesses were examined, among them the officers of his duchy and Comte Carignan Damour. The physician of the old Duke of Bercy was examined, and the evidence was in Philip's favour. The written testimony of Dalbarade, the French ex-Minister of Marine, was read and considered. Philip's story up to the point of the formal signature by the old Duke was straightforward and clear. So far the Court was in his favour.

Détricand, having established his own identity, his inheritance in the House of Vaufontaine and his natural inheritance of the duchy of Bercy, had combated each step in the proceedings from the standpoint of legality, and of the Duke's fatuity concerning Philip, induced by his personal hatred of the House of Vaufontaine.

On the third day, when the Congress was to give its decision, Détricand brought the Chevalier to the palace. On the Court opening he asked that Damour be examined once again. The Comte was asked what question had been put to Philip immediately before the papers had been signed. It was useless for Damour to evade the question, for there were other officers of the duchy present who could have told the truth; and this truth, of itself, need not ruin Philip. It was no phenomenon for a prince to have one wife unknown, and, coming to the throne, to take to himself another. Also, it has sometimes been understood and arranged that a prince may even perjure himself; and Détricand was by no means sure that the Court would decide against Philip because he had forsworn himself. For if he had married in a station far beneath him and then come to this high estate, in the interests of nations it would scarce have seemed unnatural that he should choose another wife from among the exalted. Détricand knew that to plead the rights of a peasant wife would have been of little avail, but he had saved his last strong effort for this hour.

The nice legal sense of mine and thine in law and inheritance should be suddenly weighted in his favour by a *tour de force.* He knew that the sympathies of the Congress were with himself, for he was of the order of the nobility, and Philip's noble descent must be traced through seven hundred years of yeoman blood; yet there was the deliberate adoption by the Duke, with the formal assent of the States of Bercy, lessened but little in value by the fact that the French Government had sent its emissaries to protest against it. The Court had come to a point where decision upon the exact legal merits of the case was difficult.

Philip had pleaded his own cause with vigour and with power, and the late brave defence he had made of his duchy, together with his fame as an Admiral, had weighed well with the Court; though Détricand's fame appealed even more to the imagination.

Immediately that Damour had made his unwilling admission concerning the question put to Philip at the signing of the deed of succession, Détricand asked permission to introduce another witness. Thereupon he brought in the Chevalier du Champsavoys. Now he made his great appeal. Simply, powerfully, he told the story of Philip's secret marriage with Guida, and of all that came after, up to the scene in the Cohue Royale at St. Helier's when the marriage was proved and the child was given back to Guida; when the Comtesse Chantavoine, turning from Philip, acknowledged to Guida the justice of her claim. He drove home the truth with bare unvarnished power—the wrong to Guida, the wrong to the Comtesse Chantavoine, the wrong to the dukedom of Bercy—to that honour which should belong to those who sit in high governance. Then at the last he told them who Guida was: no peasant girl, but the granddaughter of the Sieur Larchant de Mauprat of the de Mauprats of Chambéry: the granddaughter of an exile, but of the noblest blood of France.

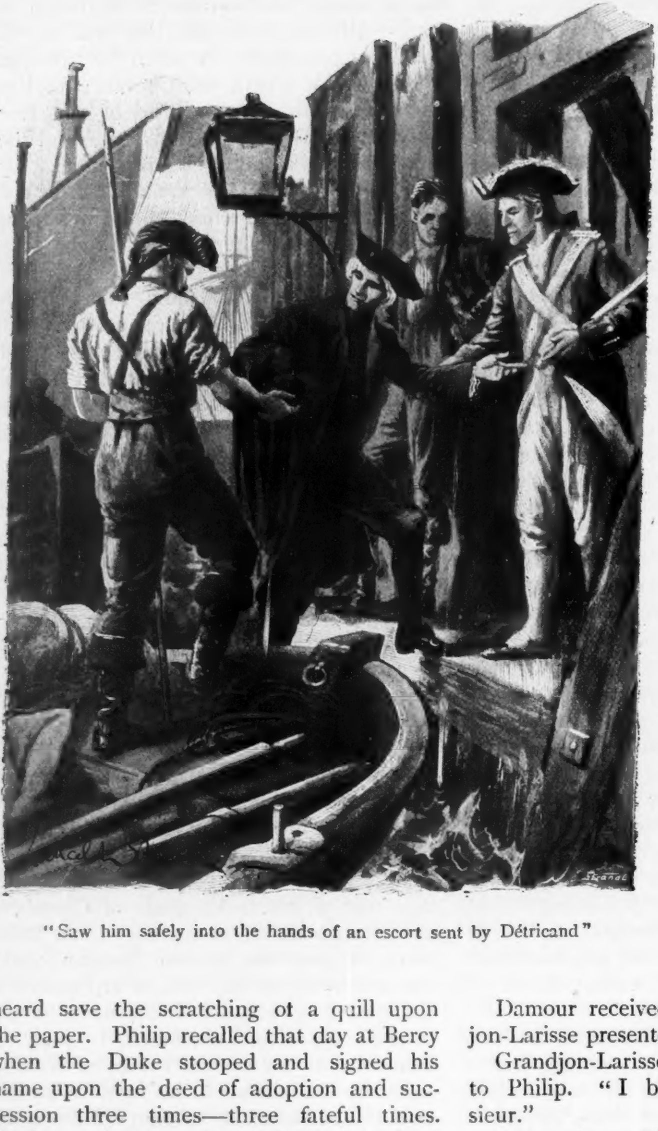
The old Duc de Mauban had fixed an intent look on him. As the story proceeded his hand was seen to grasp the table before him as though in some emotion, and when at last Détricand turned to the Chevalier and asked him to bear witness to the truth of what he had said, and to the noble descent of the Sieur de Mauprat, the old Duke became pale, and turning, spoke to the President in a whisper.

Philip had been prepared for this *tour de force* of Détricand, but looking now at the old Duke's face it seemed to him that of Fate itself, and it unnerved him. He watched the whispering lips of the Duke as though they belonged to some oracle whose business was to declare the fortune or the doom of man. All that Détricand had said moved the Court powerfully, but when the withered little flower of a man, the Chevalier, told in quaint brief sentences the story of the Sieur de Mauprat, his sufferings, his exile, and the nobility of his family, which had indeed, far back, come of royal stock, and then at last of Guida and the child, more than one member of the Court turned his head away with emotion.

It remained for the Duc de Mauban, the representative of France, to speak the word which hastened and compelled the end. Rising in his place, he addressed to the Court a few words of apology, inasmuch as he was without real power there, and then he turned to the Chevalier du Champsavoys.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "I had the honour to know you in somewhat better days for both of us. You will allow me to greet you here with my profound respect. The Sieur Larchant de Mauprat—" he turned to the President, his voice became louder—"the Sieur de Mauprat was my friend. The Sieur was with me upon the day that I married the Duchesse Guidabaldine, and after years had passed and he went into exile in Jersey I saw him the very day that his grandchild was born. The name that was given to her was Guidabaldine—the name of the Duchesse de Mauban. She was Guidabaldine Landresse de Landresse, she was my godchild. There was no better blood in France than that of the de Mauprats of Chambéry, and the grandchild of my friend, her father being of good and ancient Norman blood, was worthy to be the wife of any prince in Europe! . . . I speak in the name of our order, I speak for Frenchmen, I speak for France! If Détricand, Prince of Vaufontaine, be not secured in his right of succession to the dukedom of Bercy, France will not cease to protest till protest hath done its work. From France the duchy of Bercy came. It was the gift of a French king to a Frenchman, and she hath some claims upon the courtesy of the nations." He bowed to the Court once more and took his seat.

For a moment there was absolute silence. Presently the President wrote upon a piece of paper, and this was passed to each member of the Court who sat with him as judge. For a moment longer there was nothing



"Saw him safely into the hands of an escort sent by Détricand"

heard save the scratching of a quill upon the paper. Philip recalled that day at Bercy when the Duke stooped and signed his name upon the deed of adoption and succession three times—three fateful times. He knew now that all the Duke had done then was here to be undone.

At last the President, rising in his place, announced the decision : Détricand, Prince of Vaufontaine, was pronounced the rightful inheritor of the duchy of Bercy, and the nations represented at this Court confirmed him in his title.

Immediately the President had spoken, Philip rose and, bowing to the Congress with dignity and composure, left the chamber with Comte Carignan Damour.

As he passed from the portico into the grounds of the palace, a figure came suddenly from behind a pillar and touched him on the arm. He turned quickly, and received upon the face a blow from a glove.

The owner of the glove was General Grandjon-Larisse.

CHAPTER XLI

"YOU understand, Monsieur ?" said Grandjon-Larisse.

"Perfectly — and without the glove, Monsieur le Général," answered Philip quietly. "Where shall my seconds wait upon you?" As he spoke he turned, with a slight gesture towards the Comte Carignan Damour.

"In Paris, Monsieur, if it please you."

"I should have preferred it here, Monsieur le Général—but Paris, if it please you."

"At 22 the Rue de Mazarine then, Monsieur."

Damour received the card which Grandjon-Larisse presented.

Grandjon-Larisse made an elaborate bow to Philip. "I bid you good-day, Monsieur."

"*Monseigneur*," Philip corrected. "They may deprive me of my duchy, Monsieur le Général, but I am still Prince Philip d'Avranche. I may not be robbed of my adoption."

There was something so steady and still, so infrangible in Philip's composure now, that Grandjon-Larisse, who had come to challenge a great adventurer and a marauder of honour, found his furious contempt checked by some integral power resisting disdain and rejecting humiliation. He intended to kill Philip—he was one of the most expert swordsmen in France—yet he could not but respect a composure not sangfroid and a firmness in misfortune not bravado. Philip was still the man who had with valour commanded men; who had held of the high places of the earth; and in whatever adventurous blood his purposes were conceived, or his doubtful plans achieved, he was still, stripped of power, a man to be reckoned with: not altogether wicked, resolute in his course once set upon, and impulsive towards good as towards evil. He was never so much worthy of respect as when, a dispossessed sovereign prince with an empty title, a disbarred profession, discountenanced by his order, he held himself ready to take whatever penalty now came. Time and moral malpractice had robbed him of an exact sense of right or wrong—but to think of these things now of what avail?

In the presence of General Grandjon-Larisse, upon whose side was the might of righteous vengeance, he was the more distinguished figure. To Philip now there came the cold quiet of the sinner, great enough to rise above physical fear, proud enough to say to the world, "Come, now, I pay the debt I owe; we are quits. You have no favours to give, and I none to take. You have no pardon to grant, and I none to ask." If one must beware a strong man with a righteous cause, equal heed must be given the unrighteous strong man in despair.

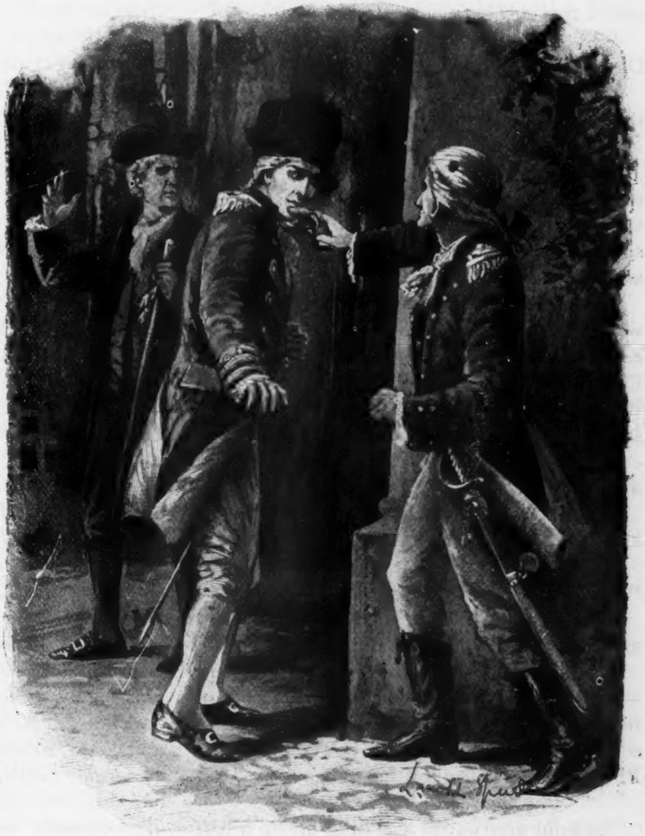
At parting Grandjon-Larisse bowed to Philip with great politeness, and said, "In Paris then, Monsieur le Prince."

"Monsieur le Général," replied Philip in assent.

When they met again, it was at the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne near the Maillot gate.

It was a damp grey morning immediately before sunrise, and at first there was scarce light enough for the combatants to see each other perfectly, but both were eager and would not wait delay.

As they came on guard the sun rose and Philip was full in the light. He seemed to take no notice, and engaged at once. After a few passes Grandjon-Larisse said, "You are in the light, Monsieur; the sun shines full upon you," and pointed



"He turned quickly and received upon the face a blow from a glove" to the shade of a wall near by. "It is darker there."

"One of us must be in the dark—presently," answered Philip grimly, but removed to the wall.

From the first Philip took the offensive. He was more active, and he was quicker and lighter of fence than his antagonist. But Grandjon-Larisse had the surer eye, and was invincibly certain of hand and strong of wrist. At length Philip wounded his opponent slightly in the left breast, and the seconds declared that honour was satisfied. But to this neither Philip nor Grandjon-Larisse would listen; their purpose was fixed to fight to the death. Again the Frenchman was slightly wounded in the wrist. Then suddenly going upon the offensive and lunging freely, he drove Philip, now heated and less wary, backwards towards the wall. Then, by a dexterous feint, he drove the sword through his right side at one lunge.

Philip fell backward into the arms of Damour, still grasping his weapon.

Grandjon-Larisse stooped to the injured man. Unloosing his fingers from the sword, Philip stretched up the hand to his enemy.

"I am hurt to death," he said. "Permit my compliments to the best swordsman I have ever known," adding with a touch of sorry humour: "You cannot doubt their sincerity!"

Grandjon-Larisse was about to turn away when Philip called him back. "Will you carry my profound regret to the Comtesse Chantavoine?" he whispered. "Say that it lies with her whether Heaven pardon me."

Grandjon-Larisse hesitated an instant, then answered:

"Those who are in heaven, Monseigneur, know best what Heaven may do."

Philip's pale face took on a look of agony. "She is dead—she is dead!" he gasped.

Grandjon-Larisse inclined his head, then after a moment, gravely said:

"What did you think was left for a woman—for a Chantavoine? It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride, Monseigneur." So saying, he bowed again to Philip and turned upon his heel.

An hour afterwards, as Philip lay on a bed in the unostentatious lodging in the Rue de Vaugirard where Damour had brought him, he turned to him and said, "It is broken pride that kills, Damour." Then he asked for pen, ink, and paper. They were brought to him. He tried the pen upon the paper, but an attack of faintness suddenly seized him, and he fell back unconscious.

When he came to himself he was alone in the room. It was cold and cheerless—no fire on the hearth, no light save that flaring from a lamp in the street outside his window. He rang the bell at his hand. No one answered. He called aloud: "Damour! Damour!"

Damour was far beyond earshot. He had bethought him that at this moment his place was in Bercy, where he might gather up what fragments of good fortune remained, what of Philip's valuables might be secured. Ere he had fallen back unconscious, Philip, in trying the pen, had written his own name on a piece of paper. Above this Damour wrote for himself an order upon the chamberlain of Bercy to enter upon Philip's private apartments in the castle; and thither he was flying as Philip lay dying in the dark room of the house in the Rue de Vaugirard.

The woman of the house to whose care Damour had consigned Philip had tired of her watching, and had gone to spend one of the napoleons Damour had given for supper with her friends.

Meanwhile in the dark comfortless room, the light from without flickering upon his blanched face, Philip was alone with himself, with memory, and with death. As he lay gasping with pain, a voice seemed to ring through the silent room, repeating the same words again and again—and the voice was his own voice. It was himself—some other outside self of him—saying in tireless repetition: "*May I die a black, dishonourable death, abondoned and alone, if ever I deceive you. I should deserve that if I deceived you, Guida!*" . . . *A black, dishonourable death, abandoned and alone*"—it was like some horrible dirge chanting in his ear.

Pictures flashed before his eyes—strange imaginings. Now he was passing through dark corridors, and the stone floor beneath was cold—so cold! He was going to some gruesome death, and monks all with voices like his own voice were intoning, "*Black, dishonourable death, abandoned and alone. Alone—alone—abandoned and alone. . . .* Again he was fighting, fighting on board the

Araminta. There was the roar of the great guns, the screaming of the carronade slides, the rattle of musketry, the groans of the dying, the shouts of his victorious sailors, the crash of the mainmast as it fell upon the bulwarks; then the swift *sissing* ripple of water, the thud of the *Araminta* as she struck, and the cold chill of the seas as she went down, and he was swimming for life. How cold was the sea—ah, how it chilled every nerve and tissue of his body!

He roused to consciousness again. Here was still the dark cheerless room, the empty house, the lamplight flaring through the window upon his stricken face, upon the bed, upon the dark walls, upon the white paper lying on the table beside him.

Ah! that was it—he must write, he must write while he had strength. With the last courageous effort of life, brain and will forcing his decaying powers into obedience for the final combat, he drew the paper nearer. He began to write. The light flickered, wavered, he could just see the letters that he formed—no more.

"Guida," he began, "Guida, it has all come true. On the Ecréhos I said to you, '*If I deceive you may I die a black, dishonourable death, abandoned and alone;*' and it has all come true. You were right, always right, and I was always wrong. I did not start fair with myself or with the world. I was in too great a hurry; I was too ambitious, Guida. Ambition has killed me, and it has killed her—the Comtesse. She is gone. What was it he said—if I could but remember what Grandjon-Larisse said—ah yes, yes!—after he had given me my death-wound, he said, 'It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride.' There is the truth. She is in her grave, and I am going out into the dark."

He lay back exhausted for a moment. In desperate estate, the body was fighting hard, that the spirit might confess itself before the spark of life died down for ever. Now the broken figure in its mortal defeat leaned over the paper again, and a shaking hand traced the brief pitiful record of a life.

"I climbed too fast, things dazzled me. I thought too much of myself—myself, myself was everything always; and myself has killed me! In wanton haste I came to be Admiral and sovereign Duke, and it has all come to nothing—nothing. I deceived you, I denied you—there was the cause of all. There is no one to watch with me now—in the one hour of life that counts. In this hour the clock of time fills all the space 'twixt earth and heaven. It will strike soon—the awful clock. It will soon strike twelve—and then it will be twelve of the clock for me always—always. I know you never wanted revenge on me, Guida, but still you have it. My life is no more now than vraic upon a rock. I cling, I cling, but that is all, and the waves are breaking over me. I am no longer an Admiral, I am no more a Duke—I am nothing. It is all done. But you remain, and you are Princess Philip d'Avranche, and your son—your son—will be Prince Guilbert d'Avranche. But he will have nothing—neither estates nor power. There is no honour in the title now. So it may be you will not use it. But you will have a new life: with my death happiness may begin again for you. That thought makes death easier. I was never worthy of you—never. I understand myself now, and I know that you have read me all these years—read me through and through. The letter you wrote me, there has never been a day or night that in one way or another it has not come home to me."

There was a footfall outside his window. A roysterer went by in the light of the flaring lamp. He was singing a ribald song. A dog ran barking at his heels. The reveller turned, drew his sword, and ran the dog through, then staggered on with his song. Philip shuddered, bent his head to the table again, and wrote on.

"You were right; you were my star, and I was so blind with vanity and selfishness I would not see. I am speaking the truth to you now, Guida. I believe I might have been a great man if I had thought less of myself and more of others—more of you. Tell your boy never to try to be great, but always to live well and to be just. Tell him that the world means better by him than he thinks, and that he must never treat it as his foe. He must not try to force its benefits and rewards. He must not approach it like the highwayman. Tell him never to flatter—that is the worst fault in a gentleman, for flattery makes false friends and makes false the flatterer himself. Tell him that good address is for ease and courtesy of life, but it must not be used to one's secret advantage. If ever Guilbert be in great temptation, tell him his father's story, and read him these words to you, written, as you see, with the cramped fingers of death."

He could scarcely hold the pen now, and his eyes were glazing.

" . . . I am come to the end of my strength. I thought I loved you, Guida, but I know now that it was not love—not real love. Yet it was all that a spoiled and twisted manhood could give. There are many things of mine that you will keep for your son if you forgive me dead whom you despised living. Détricand, duc de Bercy, will deal honourably by you. All that is mine at the Castle of Bercy he will secure to you. Tell him I have written it so—though he will do it of himself, I know. He is a great man. As I have gone downwards he has come upwards. There has been a star in his sky too, and he—he is not blind." He trembled violently. "I cannot see. The light is going, I can no long——"

He struggled for breath, tried to raise himself, but suddenly collapsed upon the table. His head fell forward upon the paper, one cheek dabbling in the wet ink of his last written words, the other, cold and stark, turned to the window. The light from the lamp without flickered on it in gruesome sportiveness. The eyes stared and stared from the little dark room out into the world—but they did not see.

The night wore on. At last came a knocking, knocking at the door—tap! tap! tap! But he did not hear. A moment of silence, and came again, a knocking—knocking—knocking . . . !

CHAPTER XLII

THE white and red flag of Jersey was flying half-mast from the Cohue Royale, and the bell of the parish church was tolling. It was Saturday; but little business was being done in the Vier Marchi. Chattering people were gathered at familiar points, and at the foot of La Pyramide a large group surrounded two sailor-men just come from Gaspé, bringing news of adventuring Jersiais—Elie Mattingley, Carterette, Ranulph Delagarde, and Sebastian Alixandre. This audience quickly grew, for word was being passed on from one little group to another. So keen was interest in the story told by the home-coming sailors, that the great event which had brought them all to the Vier Marchi was, for the moment, almost neglected.

Presently, however, a cannon-shot, then another, and another, roused the people to remembrance. The funeral cortège of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche was about to leave the Cohue Royale, and every eye was turned to the marines and sailors lining the road from the courthouse to the church.

The Isle of Jersey, ever stubbornly loyal to its own—even those whom the outside world contemned or cast aside—jealous of its dignity even with the dead, had come to bury Philip d'Avranche with all good ceremony. There had been abatements to his honour, but he had been a strong man and he had done strong things, and he was a Jerseyman born—a Norman of the Normans. The Royal Court had judged between him and Guida, doing tardy justice to her, but of him they had ever been proud, and where conscience condemned here, vanity commended there. In any event they reserved the right, independent of all non-Jersiais, to do what they chose with their dead.

For what Philip was as an Admiral they would do his body reverence now; for what he had done as a man—that belonged to another tribunal. It had been proposed to have him buried from his old ship, the *Imperturbable*, but the Royal Court made its claim, and so his body had lain in state in the Cohue Royale. The new Admiral whose broad pennant flew on the *Imperturbable* joined hands with the Island authorities. In both cases it was a dogged loyalty. The sailors of the *Imperturbable* and of England knew Philip d'Avranche as a fighter, even as the Royal Court knew him as a famous and dominant Jerseyman. A ship of war is a world of its own, and Jersey is a world of its own. Isolation, independence, is the life of both. The comment of the world without they neither knew nor cared for; or, knowing, refused to admit.

When the body of Philip was carried from the Cohue Royale signals were made to the *Imperturbable* in the tideway. From all her ships in company forty guns were fired funeral-wise and the flags were struck half-mast.

Slowly the cortège uncoiled itself to one long unbroken line from the steps of the

Cohue Royale to the porch of the church. The Jurats in their red robes, the Admiral and his officers, sailors, and marines added colour to the pageant. The coffin was covered by the flag of Jersey with the arms of William the Conqueror in the canton.

Of the crowd some were curious, some stoical; some wept, some essayed philosophy.

"Et ben," said one, "he was a brave Amiral!"

"Bravery was his trade," answered another; "act like a sheep and you'll be eaten by the wolf."

"It was a bad business about her that was Guida Landresse," said a third.

"Every man knows himself, God knows all men," snuffled the fanatical barber who had once delivered a sermon from the Pompe des Brigands.

"He made things lively while he lived, ba sû!" droned the jailor of the Vier Prison. "But he has folded sails now, pergui!"

"Ma fé, yes, he sleeps like a porpoise now, and white as a waxwork he looked up there in the Cohue Royale," put in a Centenier standing by.

A voice came shrilly over the head of the Centenier. "As white as you'll look yellow one day, bat'd'lagoule! Yellow and green, oui-gia!—yellow like a bad apple, and cowardly green as a leek." This was Manon Moignard the witch.

"Mon doux d'la vie, where's the Master of Burials?" babbled the jailor. "The apprentice does the obs'quies to-day."

"The Master's sick of a squinzy," grunted the Centenier. "So hatchet-face and bundle-o'-nails there brings dust to dust, amen."

There was the undertaker's apprentice, a grim, saturnine figure with his grey face, protuberant eyes, and obsequious solemnity, in which lurked a callous smile. The burial of the great, the execution of the wicked, were alike to him. He seemed to personify life's revenges, its futilities, and its calculating ironies—the mocker of men.

The flag-draped coffin was just about to pass, and the fanatical barber harked back to Philip. "They say it was all empty honours with him afore he died abroad."

"A full belly's a full belly if it's only full of straw!" snapped Manon Moignard.

"Who was it brought him home?" asked the jailor.

"None that was born on Jersey, but two that lived here," remarked Maître Damien, the schoolmaster from St. Aubins.

"That Chevalier du Champsavoys and the other duc de Bercy," interposed the Centenier over the officious official.

Maître Damien tapped his stick upon the ground and said oracularly: "It is not for me to say, but which is the rightful Duke and which is not?—there is the political question!"

"Pardi, that's it!" answered the Centenier. "Why did Détricand Duke turn Philip Duke out of the duchy, see him killed, then fetch him home to Jersey like a brother? Ah, man, pèthe bénin, that's beyond me!"

"Those great folks does things their own ways, oui-gia!" remarked the jailor.

"Why did Détricand Duke go back to France?" asked Maître Damien, cocking his head wisely; "why did he not stay for obsequies?"

"That's what I say," answered the jailor, "those great folks does things their own ways."

"Ma fistre, I believe you!" ejaculated the Centenier. "But for the Chevalier there—for a Frenchman, that is a man after God's own heart—and mine."

"Ah then, look at that!" said Manon Moignard the witch, with a sneer; "when one pleases you and God it is a ticket to heaven, diantre!"

But in truth what Détricand and the Chevalier had done was but of human pity. Philip had been vanquished at Vienna and brought low in the Bois de Boulogne, and the day after the duel, Détricand had arrived in Paris to proceed thence to Bercy. There he heard of Philip's death and of Damour's desertion. Sending officers to Bercy to frustrate any possible designs of Damour, he, with the Chevalier, took Philip's body on to Jersey and delivered it to those who would do it honour.

Détricand did not see Guida. For all that might be said to her now the Chevalier should be his mouthpiece. In truth there could be no better mouthpiece for Détricand. It was Détricand—Détricand—Détricand, like a child, in admiration and in affection. To the Chevalier it seemed that he himself was in truth the very godfather of this new

Détricand, Prince of Vaufontaine and duc de Bercy. Was it not through that letter to himself from the Comte du Chanier years ago, that Détricand had turned over the new leaf of his life?

If Guida did not understand all now, there should come a time when she would understand, thought Détricand to himself as he went forth from Jersey once again to the duchy of Bercy. He could wait. She would find that he was just, that her honour and the honour of her child were safe with him.

As for Guida, it was not grief she felt in the presence of this tragedy. No spark of love sprang up, even when remembrance was now brought to its last vital moment. But a fathomless pity stirred her heart, that Philip's life had been so futile and that all he had done was come to naught. His letter, blotched and blotted by his own dead cheek, she read quietly. Yet her heart ached bitterly—so bitterly that her face became pinched with pain; for here in this letter was despair, here was the final agony of a broken life, here were the last words of the father of her child to herself. She felt a sudden pang to see that in writing of Guilbert he only said *your* child, not *ours*. What an interminable distance there was between them in the hour of his death, and how clearly the letter showed that he understood it, and that he understood her at last!

The evening before the burial she went with the Chevalier to the Cohue Royale. As she looked at Philip's face bitterness and aching compassion were quieted within her. The face was peaceful—strong. There was on it no record of fret or despair. Its impassive dignity seemed to say that all accounts had been settled, and in this finality there was quiet; as though he had paid the price, the long account against him in the markets of life was closed, the debt cancelled, and the debtor for ever freed from obligation. The ear no longer charmed by the cry of the sordid caravanserai, "Buy! buy! buy! buy! buy!" On the face of the dead was a look that belongs to the deaf and the blind—placidity, strength, and peace were all there. Conviction crept into Guida's heart that Philip knew she would understand he had paid the account in so far as he might, and been acquitted by Penalty the inordinate creditor. Poignant impulses in her stilled, pity lost its wounding acuteness. She shed no tears, but at last she stretched out her hand and let it rest upon his forehead for a moment.

"Poor Philip!" she said.

Then she turned and slowly left the room, followed by the Chevalier, and by the noiseless Dormy Jamais, who had crept into the room behind them. As Dormy Jamais closed the door, he looked back to where the coffin lay, and in the compassion of fools he repeated Guida's words:

"Poor Philip!"

Now, during Philip's burial, Dormy Jamais sat upon the roof of the Cohue Royale, as he had done on the day of the Battle of Jersey, looking down on the funeral cortège and the crowd. He watched it all until the ruffle of drums at the grave told that the body was being lowered—four ruffles for an Admiral.

As the people began to disperse and the church bell ceased tolling, there came another ringing almost at Dormy's elbow. It was the bell of the Cohue Royale calling the Royal Court together. Sharp, mirthless, and acrid it rang:

Chicane-chicane! Chicane-chicane! Chicane-chicane!

CHAPTER XLIII

"WHAT is that for?" asked the child, pointing.

Détricand put the watch to the child's ear. "It's to keep time; listen. Do you hear it—*tic-tic, tic-tic?*"

The child nodded his head gleefully, and his big grey eyes blinked with understanding. "Doesn't it ever stop?" he asked.

"This watch never stops," replied Détricand. "But there are plenty of watches that do."

"I like watches," said the child sententiously.

"Would you like this one?" asked Détricand.

The child drew in a gurgling breath of pleasure. "I likes it. Why doesn't maman have a watch?"

The man did not answer the last question. "You like it?" he said again, and he nodded his head towards the little fellow. "H'm, h'm! it keeps good time—excellent time it keeps."

A woman had just entered the room and

stood looking at Détricand and the child—it was Guida. She had heard the last words, and she looked towards the watch curiously.

He smiled in greeting, and said to her, "Do you remember it?" He held up the watch.

She came forward eagerly. "Is it—is it that indeed—the watch that the dear grandpèthe——?"

He nodded and smiled. "Yes, it has never once stopped since the moment he gave it to me in the Vier Marchi six years ago. It has had a charmed existence amid many rough doings and accidents. I was always afraid of losing it—always afraid that something might happen to it. It seemed to me if I could keep that watch things would go right with me, and things would come out right in the end. Superstition, of course, but I've lived a long time in Jersey. I feel more a Jerseyman than a Frenchman sometimes."

Although his look seemed to rest but casually on her face, it was evident that he was anxious to feel the effect upon her of every word he spoke. "When the Sieur de Mauprat gave me the watch he said, 'May no time be ill spent that it records for you.'"

"Perhaps he knows that his wish was fulfilled," answered Guida.

"You think, then, that I have kept my promise?"

"I am sure he would say so," she replied.

"It isn't the promise I made to him that I mean, but the promise I made—to you."

She smiled brightly. "Ah, you know what I think of that. I told you long ago." She turned her head away, for the colour had come to her cheek. "You have done great things, Prince," she added in a low tone.

He flashed a look of inquiry at her. To his ear there was in her voice a little touch—not of bitterness, but of something, as it were, muffled or reserved. He did not reply, but, stooping, put the watch again to the child's ear.

"There you are, monseigneur!"

"Why do you call him *monseigneur?*" she asked. "Guilbert has no title to your compliment."

A look half-amused, half-perplexed, crossed over Détricand's face. "Do you think so?" he said musingly in a low tone. Stooping once more, he said to the child, "Would you like the watch?" and added quickly, "you shall have it when you're grown up."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Guida, delighted; "do you really mean to give him the grandpèthe's watch one day?"

"Oh yes, at least that—one day. But I have something more"—he added quickly "something more for you," and he drew from his pocket a miniature set in rubies and diamonds. "I have brought you this from the Duc de Mauban—and this," he went on, taking a letter from his pocket, and handing it to her with the gift. "The Duke thought you might care to have it. It is the face of your godmother, the Duchesse Guidabaldine de Mauban."

Guida looked at the miniature earnestly, and then said a little wistfully: "How beautiful a face!—but the jewels are much too fine for me. What should one do here with rubies and diamonds? But how can I thank the Duke enough?"

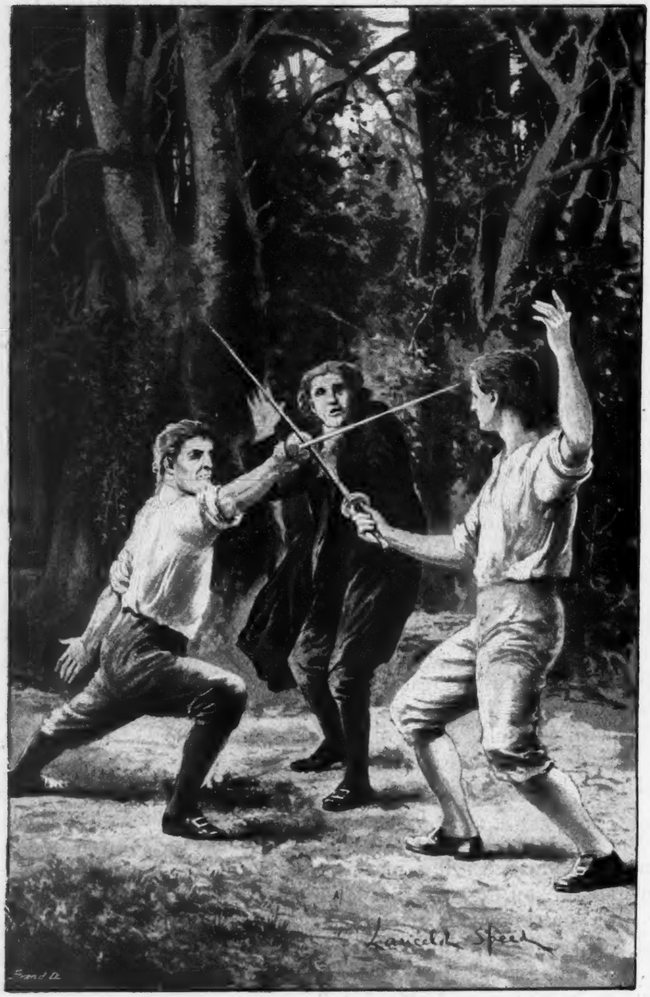
"Rather no; he will thank you for accepting it. He begged me to say—as you will find by his letter to you—that if you will but go to him upon a visit with monsieur, this great man here"—pointing to the child—"he will count it one of the greatest pleasures of his life. He is too old to come to you, but he begs you to go to him—the Chevalier, and you, and Guilbert here. He is much alone now, and he longs for a little of that friendship which can be given by but few in this world. He counts upon your coming, for I said I thought you would."

"It would seem so strange," she answered, "to go from this cottage where I was born, from this kitchen—to the château of the Duc de Mauban."

"But it was sure to come," he answered. "This kitchen to which to redeem my pledge after all those years—it belongs to one part of your life; but there is another part to fulfil,"—he stooped and passed his hands over the curls of the child—"and for monseigneur here you should do it."

"I do not find your meaning," she said after a moment's deliberation. "I do not know what you would have me understand."

"In some ways you and I would be happier in simple surroundings," he replied gravely, "but it would seem that to duly play our part in the world, we must needs move in wider circles. To my mind this kitchen is the most delightful spot in the



"Drove Philip backwards towards the wall"

world. From here I took a fresh commission of life. I went out, a sort of battered remnant, to a forlorn hope; and now I come back to headquarters once again—not to be praised," he added in an ironical tone, and with a quick gesture of almost boyish shyness, "not to be praised; only to show that from a grain of decency left in a man may grow up some sheaves of honest work and plain duty."

"Oh, it is much more than that—it is much, much more than that!" she broke in.

"No, I am afraid it is not," he answered; "but that is not what I wished to say. I wished to say that for monseigneur here——"

A little flash of anger came into her eyes. "He is no *monseigneur*, he is Guilbert d'Avranche," she said bitterly. "It is not like you to mock my child, Prince. Oh, I know you mean it playfully," she hurriedly added, "but — but it does not sound right to me."

"For the sake of monseigneur the heir to the duchy of Bercy," he added, laying his hand upon the child's head, "these things your devout friends suggest to you, you should fulfil, Princess."

Her clear unwavering eye looked steadfastly at him, her face turning pale. "Why do you call him monseigneur the heir of the duchy of Bercy and myself Princess?" she said almost coldly, and with a little fear in her look too.

"Because I have come here to tell you the truth, and to place in your hands the record of an act of justice."

Drawing from his pocket a parchment gorgeous with seals, he stooped, and taking the hands of the child, he placed it in them. "Hold it tight, hold it tight, my little friend, for it is your very own," he said to the child with cheerful kindliness. Then stepping back a little, and looking steadfastly at Guida, he added with a motion of the hand towards the child, "You must learn the truth from him."

"Oh, what can you mean—what can you mean?" she cried, and dropping upon her knees, and running an arm round the child, she opened the parchment and read.

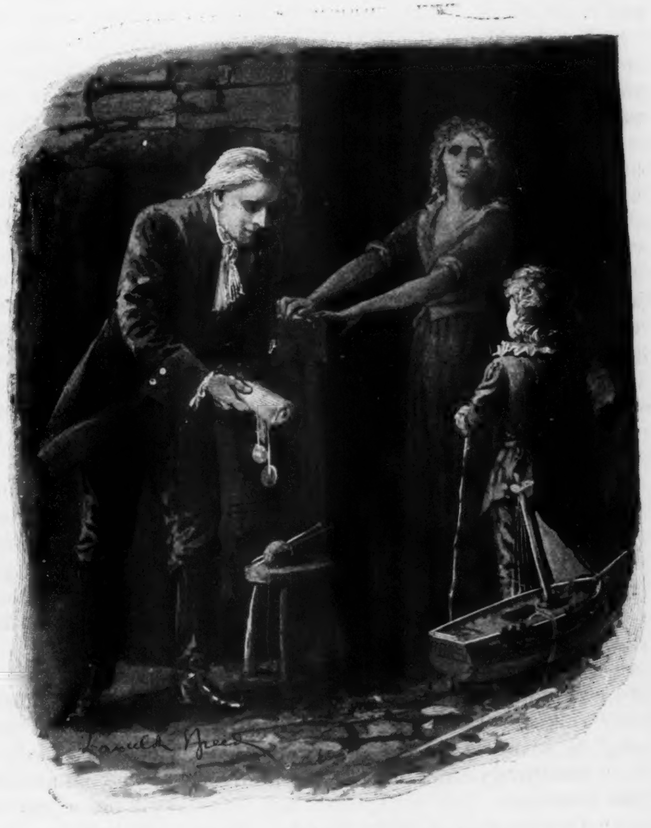
"What—what—what right has he to this?" she cried in a voice of dismay. "A year ago you dispossessed his father from the duchy. Ah, I do not understand it! You—only you are the Duc de Bercy."

Her eyes were shining with a happy excitement and tenderness. No such look had been in them for many a day. Something that had long slept was waking in her, something long voiceless was speaking. This man brought back to her heart a glow she had never thought to feel again—the glow of the wonder of life and of a girlish faith.

"I am only Détricand of Vaufontaine," he answered. "What! did you—could you think that I would dispossess your child? His father was the adopted son of the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy—nothing could wipe that out, neither law nor nations. You are always the Princess d'Avranche, and your child is always Prince Guilbert d'Avranche—and more than that."

His voice became lower, his war-beaten face lighted with that fire and force which had made him during years past a figure in the war records of Europe. "I unseated Philip d'Avranche," he continued, "because he acquired the duchy through—a misapprehension; because the claims of the House of Vaufontaine were greater. We belonged; he was an alien. He had a right to his adoption, he had no right to his duchy—no real right in the equity of nations. But all the time I did not forget that the wife of Philip d'Avranche and her child had rights infinitely beyond his own. All that he aspired to was theirs by every principle of justice. My plain duty was to win for your child that succession which belongs to him by all moral right. When Philip d'Avranche was killed, I set to work to do for your child what had been done by another for Philip d'Avranche. I have made him my heir. When he is of age I shall abdicate from the duchy in his favour. This deed, countersigned by the Powers that dispossessed his father, secures to him the duchy when he is old enough to govern."

Guida had listened like one in a dream. A hundred feelings possessed her, and one more than all. She suddenly saw all Détricand's goodness to her stretch out in a long line of devoted friendship from this day to that far-off hour six years before, when he had made a vow to her—which he had kept. Devoted friendship! was it devoted friendship alone—even with herself?



"To place in your hand the record of an act of justice"

In a tumult of emotions she answered him hurriedly.

"No no, no no! I cannot accept it. This is not justice—this is a generosity for which there is no example in the world's history!"

"I thought it best," he went on quietly, "to govern Bercy myself during these troubled years. So far its neutrality has been honoured, but if aught happened to Napoleon who can tell what might come? As a Vaufontaine it is my duty to see that the interests of Bercy are duly protected amidst the troubles of Europe."

Guida got to her feet now and stood looking dazedly at the parchment in her hand. The child, feeling himself neglected, and seeing Biribi the dog at the door, ran out into the garden with him.

There was moisture in Guida's eyes as she presently said, "I had not thought that any man could be so noble—no, not even you."

"You should not doubt yourself so," he answered meaningly. "I am the work of your hands. If I have fought my way back to a reputable life again——"

He paused, and took from his pocket a handkerchief. "This was the gage," he said, holding it up. "Do you remember the day I came to return it to you, and carried it off again?"

"It was foolish of you to keep it," she answered softly, "as foolish of you as to think that I shall accept for my child these great honours."

"But suppose the child in after years should blame you?" he answered slowly and with emphasis. "Suppose that Guilbert should say, What right had you, my mother, to refuse what was my right?"

This was the question she had asked herself long long ago. It smote her heart now. What right had she to reject this gift of Fate to her child?

Scarcely above a whisper she replied: "Of course he might say that—but how, oh, how should we simple folk, he and I, be fitted for these high places?"

"You have friends to help you in all you do," he answered meaningly.

"But friends cannot always be with one," she answered.

"That depends upon the friends. There is one friend of yours who has known you for seventeen years. Seventeen years' growth should make a strong friendship—there was always friendship on his part at least. He can be a still stronger and better friend. He comes to offer you the remainder of a life for which your own goodness is the guarantee, a devotion for which your own fidelity is the warrant. He comes to offer you a love of which your own soul must be the only judge, for you have eyes that see and a spirit that knows the truth. The Chevalier needs you, and the Duc de Mauban needs you, but Détricand of Vaufontaine needs you a thousand times more."

"Oh, hush—but no, you must not," she broke in, her face all crimson, her lips trembling.

"But yes, I must," he answered quickly. "In return for what I dare ask for, I can only offer the life for which you became responsible years ago, when you asked of it better things. For your child's sake, for my sake, come out into the great field of life with me. Here is that peace which comes from inaction—it dulls the brain, and life winds in upon itself wearily at the last. But out there is the content which comes from power wisely used, which gives light and fire and action and the quick-beating pulse, even to the end. You came of a great people—you were born to great things; your child has rights recognised now by every Court of Europe. You must act for him. There is one thing left to do—unless your heart denies it—one thing to do. It is that you will be my wife, Guida."

She turned to him frankly, she looked at him steadfastly, the colour in her face came and went, but her eyes glowed with feeling.

"After all that has happened?" she aked in a low tone.

"It could only be because of all that has happened," he answered.

After a little pause she held out her hand towards him. "Good-by!" she said softly.

"Good-by—you say good-by to me!" he exclaimed in dismay.

"Till—till to-morrow!" she answered, and she smiled. The smile had a little touch of the old archness which was hers as a child, yet too a little of the sadness belonging to the woman. But her hand-clasp was firm and strong; and her touch thrilled him—

power was there, power with infinite gentleness; and he understood her.

He turned at the door. She was standing very still; the parchment with the great seals was still in her hand. Without speaking, she held it out to him, as though uncertain what to do with it.

As he passed through the doorway he smiled gaily, and said:

"To-morrow—to-morrow!"

THE END

OUR SWANS

By E. KAY ROBINSON

THERE was some alarm in our house the other evening. Julian, aged nine, said that one of the swans must be dying; so my wife and the cook went out to look at the birds, and found them chasing the ducks with their usual activity. On their return Julian was cross-examined as to his reason for despairing of the swan's life, and he said that "if it wasn't the swan it must have been Mr. Benson." Now Mr. Benson is our neighbour, and we knew that he was not ill because we could hear him at that moment practising on the flute. "Yes, that's it," said Julian; "I thought it was the swan dying." And then we recollected the tradition of our youth that the swan, silent in life, supplies the music at his own funeral. "This bird," says Erman in his "Travels in Siberia," "pours forth its last breath in notes most clear and loud"; and who that has been a boy or a girl—and which of us has not, alas!—has not recited: "'What is that, mother?' 'The swan, my love, . . . death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings, yet the sweetest song is the last he sings'"? History does not record whether Dr. G. Donne died after composing those best lines of his: but little he thought of the temptation to cygnicide involved therein for future generations. Three boys in Cheshire were haled before a magistrate to answer for the felony of slaying a swan in a baronial moat. They "wanted to hear it sing"!

Fortunately the swan is generally protected from the evil of this tradition by another to the effect that "one blow of its wing will break a man's leg" and, *à fortiori*, a boy's. Hence our swans are regarded by the children with much awe whenever they take their walks abroad. Supremely ridiculous they look as they waddle, flat-footed, up from the water across the tennis lawn to be fed twice a day; and it is good moral discipline for them to have to take pedestrian exercise for their meals. In the water they are inclined to think too much of their grace and beauty and all that, and they will "toy" with bits of bread thrown to them. But when a swan has to come tramping over the grass and up a gravel walk for his food, he is a very different bird. The greater part of his life is spent in magnificently concealing the fact that he is a great coward: except when he is nesting, for then he is no coward. There is no passion so weak, according to Bacon, "but it mates and masters the fear of death;" and there is no creature so timorous but in defence of its young it becomes valiant. Many a Thames oarsman, incautiously gliding into a backwater when swans are nesting, has been glad to escape without a ducking or worse from the infuriated male bird; but with this incentive to heroism removed, the swan becomes once more as nervous as a farmyard hen. Yet his dignity compels him to hide the fact; and for this purpose he simulates extreme ferocity when he is in the water, and the appearance of a dog on the bank throws him into paroxysms of fury.

Our pug treats these demonstrations of hostility with the greatest respect. When the swans ruffle their necks and fluff up their wings and toss their heads aloft with that queer note, half cough and half sneeze—which proclaims that they at any rate are not dying—our pug sits down at a safe distance and awaits developments, if he is alone. He has never forgotten the day when they first arrived in baskets, with their heads dangling out, and were put down in the hall. He came to sniff the baskets, when suddenly two snake-like necks reared themselves aloft, hissing dreadfully; and the pug barked himself backwards upstairs into the spare bedroom, whence he continued barking from under the bed. Yet, if another dog is with him, our pug has now grown valiant enough to endeavour, by the pretence of determined dashes towards the water, to persuade it to attack the swans. These manœuvres used to fill the household with alarm, because swans, it was said, would beat a dog on the head with their wings and drown it. And one day, to every one's horror, a valuable bull-terrier puppy was induced by our pug to jump off the bank towards the swans. He had never been in the water before, and he rose gasping, with his head comically wreathed with waterweeds which covered one eye. With the other eye, however, he saw the swans, now fluffed out to about twice their normal size, with necks arched like cobras about to strike, and angry hisses issuing from their distended bills. He swam straight towards them and —the swans bolted! For half-an-hour that happy puppy hunted those swans up and down the water, until he swallowed a lot of duckweed and water, and had to come ashore to cough it off.

Our swans have never been quite the same birds since. The cob (he is the male bird) pretends, indeed, to the pen (she is his wife) that he only accompanied her flight from the bull-terrier pup in order to protect her; and in proof thereof he always ruffles himself tremendously when a white dog approaches. But this is in the water. On land he is the more timid of the two. The merest rustle in the bushes suffices to turn his long neck towards the water. If it should be only the pug, his subsequent wrathful dignity saves the situation; if it is only a cat, the snakelike hissing and twisting of his neck is terrible to witness. But he does not like even a piece of white newspaper in the grass. It reminds him of that bull-terrrier pup. And he is a good judge of the age of a boy. With flapping wings, outstretched neck, and paddling feet he will hunt Harry, aged five, across the lawn; but Julian, who has reached catapult age, he observes askance and steps delicately past him. Of females neither of the swans have any fear, and towards poor Grace, who feeds them, their manner is distinctly insulting, not to say bullying. They hiss if she throws the food too near them, and they hiss if she does not throw it near enough. They hiss if she moves, and they hiss if she stands there too long without moving. One day, however, she accidentally dropped the pan, and they both bolted off to the water without stopping to look round.

But, as some apology for the swans, I must say that a pan is to wild creatures one of the most terrifying products of civilisation. Kulu is a district in the Himalayas consisting of a chain of the most lovely valleys conceivable, with this drawback among others, that each hill-path which runs by the inhabitants' huts more often than not contains a lurking leopard. One day a worthy Kulu housewife came out from her cooking, and, standing on the ledge of rock at her door, emptied a pan of boiling water into the rank herbage growing below. It fell, splash, on the back of a sleeping leopard, who jumped perpendicularly into the air as high as the roof of the hut. What might have happened next, who can say? But the astonished woman dropped the pan with a clang upon the rock, and the leopard took one leap down hill. The pan followed, and the leopard's downward leaps became longer and swifter as the pan bounded after it from rock to rock. When last seen the leopard had just achieved a leap of about three hundred and fifty feet to the very bottom of the ravine, thousands of feet below, and the pan had whirled about five hundred feet over it on to the opposite side. The leopard would have eaten the old woman with pleasure; but a pan which first scalded half the hide off him and then bounded clanging in his wake from the top of the Himalayas to the plains below was something which he could not face. But, to return to the swans.

In spite of their braggart characters and the spiteful disposition which impels them to hunt the moorhens and kill the poor little moorchicks, the swans are a welcome addition to suburban scenery. They give it a Japanese touch, with their twisted necks and quaint attitudes, engraved in pure white against a background of duckweed and rushes; and one never realises how many feathers a swan wears till one sees the litter which he makes about the place with those which he discards. Most of his hours on shore are spent in the search for fluffy little feathers which he thinks he can do without, and he seldom leaves his toilet without one of them aggravatingly plastered over his nostril. The more he dips his head in the water and nuzzles among the weeds, the more that feather sticks; and I have never had patience to watch long enough to see how he gets rid of it in the end. Perhaps it gets worn out.

But it is at dusk that the greedy, untidy swan of the daytime becomes transformed into perfect poetry. Mirrored in the water, an echo of dreamful loveliness, he drifts from behind the shadows of willow-herb and meadow-sweet; and his call to his following mate rings in quaintest harmony with the mystery of still water on which night's shadows are falling. The splash of a large fish under the willow, the "querk" of the hidden moorhen, the babble of the night-singing sedge-warbler, and the flitting shapes of filmy white moths and filmier water-flies to and fro over sedge and rush and water-lily, make a setting of sight and sound in the midst of which the snowy shadow of the swan shimmers like the jewel of the night. All night long he is wakeful; and often in the summer months he startles the midnight peace by the sudden oaring plash of his strong white wings as he darts scurrying up the long lane of water, his mate following at equal speed in his foaming wake. What the meaning of this mad performance may be I cannot say; but it is presumably a hymeneal dance, for in winter, when such strong exercise might give a healthful glow to chilled limbs, the swans neglect it. Indeed, when the circumscribing advance of the frost's "sphere of influence" narrows the swans' territory to some few feet of open water by the island, they rest there motionless the long night through. When the ice is thin, they break it, like ice-ploughs, driving forward and bringing the weight of their chests down upon the flimsy edge of the shivering surface. When it is thick they accept the inevitable and walk upon it. But amid ice and snow the swan looks his worst. His clear note of colour drops two full octaves to the hue of dirty meerschaum; and though one of Dickens's ladies described skating as "swanlike," the swan on the ice is the reverse of graceful. He is then a top-heavy, over-sized, and ill-proportioned goose, with large black feet, who falls down in more ungainly attitudes than could be achieved by any compacter fowl. Only a pelican on pebbles can be as awkward as a swan on ice.

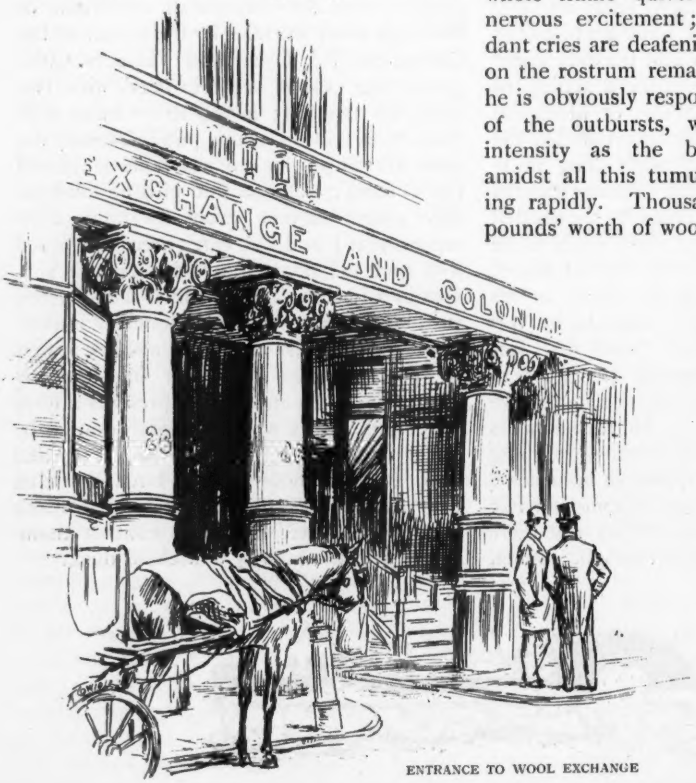
The pelican and the swan have this, too, in common: that both are well on their way toward elevation to that Upper House of the natural kingdom, the Assembly of the Extinct. The dodo and the apteryx and the great auk: the swan, the pelican, and the ostrich: these are the grades of nobility of bulk and incompatibility with the commercial conditions of this work-a-day world. By the favour of the Crown and the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies (our swans are Vintners', with two nicks on the bill; hence the "Swan with Two *Necks*" of so many public-houses) the swan will remain for ever as a tame denizen of the Thames; but as a wild bird he must go. His young cannot even fly until their second year; and how can a breed hampered with such hereditary incapacity hope to survive in a pushing age of which the sparrow, with his four fully-fledged broods per annum, is the type? But the swan will live always in poetry, as the bird who sings sweetly when he dies (!) and who represents a form of feminine grace which is more admired by poets than by men. Those who keep and have to feed these elegant birds find that they have large appetites and great black feet. Those are wiser who content themselves with the homely household duck.

THE WOOL EXCHANGE AT WORK

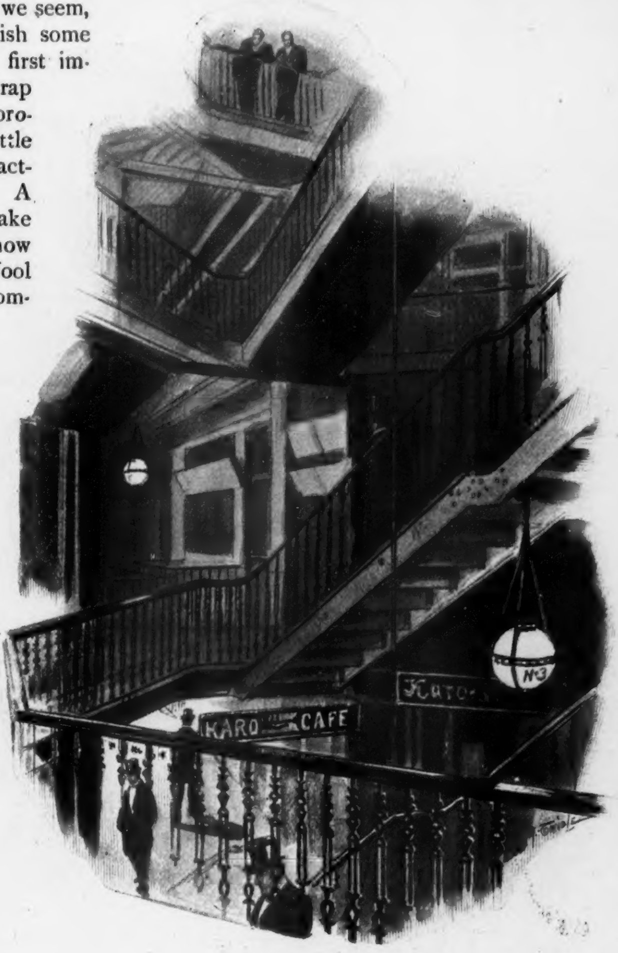
By ROBERT DONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

THE Wool Exchange at work to the casual visitor seems to be Babel let loose; a disorderly gathering running riot, unchecked and uncontrolled. In an auction-room, with tiers of seats so steep that it is like a pit, sit two or three hundred men of various types and nationalities — English, Scotch, German, French, Italian, Swiss, Hungarian, Russian. On the rostrum, with a clerk on each side, is an auctioneer—an elderly, white-haired, benevolent-looking gentlemen. He apparently calls a number. This formal proceeding provokes a terrific explosion from the cosmopolitan audience. Dozens of men leap to their feet simultaneously, shrieking unintelligibly at the top of their voices. All speak at once, and all shout the same thing in many keys and accents, but what it is or what it means the uninitiated spectator does not know. They gesticulate wildly, and flourish their papers menacingly at the face of the placid and benevolent-looking figure on the rostrum, who is perfectly unconcerned and takes no notice of the outburst. The storm is but momentary. The quiet gentleman, without looking up, gives a tap with a tiny gavel. There is a lull for a few seconds, followed by another outburst, perhaps from another group of buyers. The shouting competition starts again. Men step into the passage, wave their hands to give freer play to their lungs, or they hold their sides and strain to the utmost; their whole frame quivers with a paroxysm of nervous excitement; their strident, discordant cries are deafening. The old gentleman on the rostrum remains unconcerned. Yet he is obviously responsible for the duration of the outbursts, which rise and fall in intensity as the bidding changes. And amidst all this tumult business is proceeding rapidly. Thousands and thousands of pounds' worth of wool have changed hands in a few minutes, without an outsider being aware of anything but the incoherent cries of a riotous gathering. So far as bidding is concerned, the ordinary custom of an auction sale seems to be reversed, and instead of two people trying to avoid making the same offer, all seem bent on making the same bid and sticking to it until an almost imperceptible movement on the part of the auctioneer settles the fate of the "lot."



ENTRANCE TO WOOL EXCHANGE



THE STAIRCASE

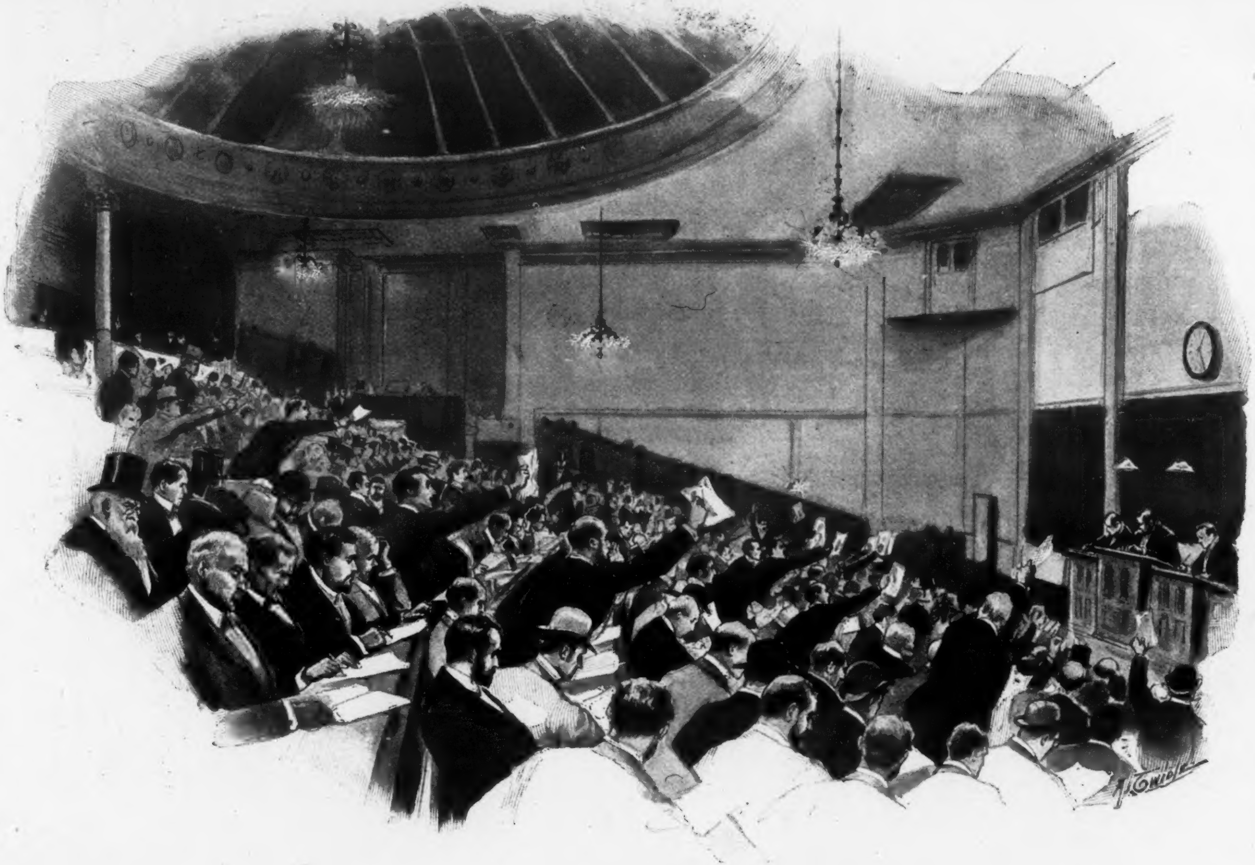
Amidst the clash of tongues and chorus of discordant accents we seem, after a while, able to distinguish some intelligible sounds, but the first impression is, as there is not a scrap of wool to be seen, that the proverb of "much cry and little wool" applies with literal exactness to the Wool Exchange. A little explanation will make things clearer and show how important a place the Wool Exchange occupies in the commercial world.

The Wool Exchange is the name given to a labyrinth of offices stretching from the back of the Guildhall in Basinghall Street, to Coleman Street, and forming one of the most stirring business centres in the City of London. Space is so precious here that every bit of land between the two streets is apparently built over, and the light of the sun is considered of so little account that it is shut out, and light has to come in chiefly through the roof and penetrate downwards through glass-paved corridors. Life at the Wool Exchange is intermittent. There are six wool sales a year and each sale lasts about a fortnight or three weeks. On those days there is an unusual clatter on the glass gangways, a cosmopolitan gathering quickly comes together from all parts of Europe—all is bustle and animation.

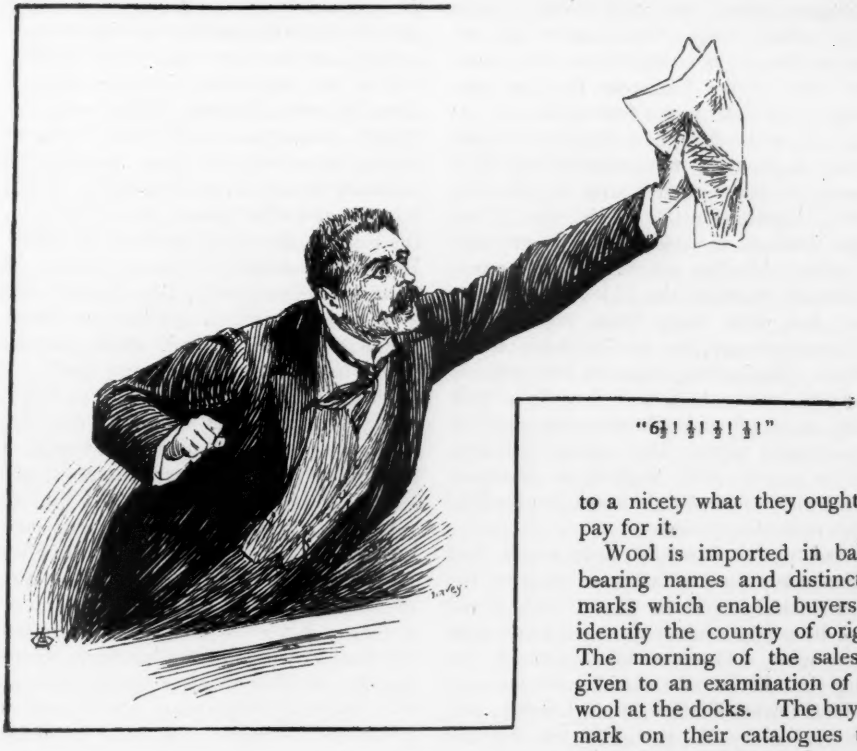
The sales are regulated by the Wool Brokers' Association, a close corporation consisting of eleven members. Only members of this association can sell wool in the auction-room, and little wool is sold anywhere else. Attempts have been made to break down their monoply, but although a certain amount of colonial wool is exported to Continental countries directly, the London Wool Exchange still dominates the market and regulates the price. To the Wool Exchange must come the buyers of wool—manufacturers from France, Belgium, Germany, and all Continental countries. It is a wonderful institution, and illustrates the conservativeness of business and the prestige of London as the world's metropolis.

Sales are arranged by the brokers when sufficient wool has been imported and consigned to the members.

Every year, between 480,000,000 and 500,000,000 pounds of Australian wool is imported into this country. There are also imports from South Africa, South America,



AN AUCTION



"6½! ½! ½! ½!"

and other countries, making the total annual importation about 800,000,000 pounds. More than half of this vast quantity of raw material is retained for home manufacture; but we let more than half the colonial wool go abroad. The Australian wools are among the finest, and are much sought after by Continental manufacturers. Every country, almost every district, has its own kind of wool. It depends on breed and climate, the character of the country, and the nature of the pasture. The dry climate and short herbage of the Australian colonies produce the finest fleeces. Wool comes from the prairies of South America full of burrs, and a coarse quality is produced in South Africa. The condition of the wool as imported is also, of course, a prime element in price, which depends on whether it is "greasy" or "scoured," "skirty" or "stringy," "fatty" or "earthy." The wants of manufacturers are as varied as the qualities of wool. Buyers at the Exchange know exactly what they want, and can estimate to a nicety what they ought to pay for it.

Wool is imported in bales, bearing names and distinctive marks which enable buyers to identify the country of origin. The morning of the sales is given to an examination of the wool at the docks. The buyers mark on their catalogues the price they are prepared to give before they meet in the auction-room. Then the battle begins. One might suppose that the men nearest the auctioneer can best catch his eye, or rather his ear. The seats are allotted by the Woolbrokers' Association. Wool is sold by the pound. The price varies, as a rule, from 3d. to 1s. 9d. Ten to one the buyers fix on the same valuation, and a farthing more or less per pound will make all the difference between profit and loss to the manufacturer. Hence the fierce competition and the simultaneously shouting of the same price. On an average lot of, say, seventy bales the difference of a farthing per pound would amount to £30.

The foreign buyers are the most demonstrative, and shout with the greatest persistency. To overcome the linguistic difficulties the foreigners have invented a language of their own. Halfpenny, the greatest stumbling-block, becomes "haf," "farthing" is "farzing" or quarter. The auctioneer by long experience can apparently pick out the successful buyer by the sound of his voice.

Occasionally in the midst of the fierce babble of tongues some one will shout, "Last buyer," which magic words carry discomfiture to the other competitors. It is one of the rules of the Exchange that the purchaser of one lot has the first claim on the next. He will sometimes increase his price in order to secure a more valuable lot which follows. A dozen buyers may be shouting "ten" simultaneously when the "last buyer" will put in a bid and walk away with the prize. He has always the preference, and could "sweep the sale-room" if he liked; but, while being "last buyer" gives him an advantage, he is also liable to be outbid. The bidding increases by a farthing up to 8d. per pound, and then by a halfpenny, or, in popular sale-room language, by quarters and halfs. The successful buyers have to remove their wool from the warehouses within fourteen days, and pay for it in cash within that period.

Wool passes through many hands and carries many profits before it reaches the Wool Exchange and the factory. There are more intermediaries in the wool trade than in any other. There are the shearers on the sheep run, the colonial carriers and railways, the local buyers in the seaport London, who may not be the shippers, and the shipping company. All have a profit out of the wool, to say nothing of the warehouse and dock dues, before it reaches London. In London another set of intermediaries have to be provided for; there are more dock dues to meet; lightermen take the wool from the ship up the river, carmen take it to warehouses from the docks, and all need their profits and their pay. At the saleroom there are the owner, the broker, and the buyer expecting profits. A few of the largest wool manufacturers buy direct in the colonies. When sold, more freight charges have to be paid. The wool, having been collected from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Argentina, Falkland Islands, and other places, is distributed over the world again—to Yorkshire, the West of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, the United States, and other countries. When the wool is handled more in detail there are many others looking for their share of profits. As there are many kinds of fleeces, so there are different qualities of wool in every fleece. Every portion has its name and special use; almost every manufacturer requires a special kind. A fleece is usually sorted into eight varieties of wool. The quality, of course, depends on the part of the sheep from which it comes. The sorting, therefore, is a most important part of the business. Many other processes have to be gone through before the wool is made into cloth, such as scouring, carding, combing. Between the wearer and the draper's shop there are many more profits to be made. Nothing could better illustrate the complexity of modern industry than the history of wool from the time it comes off the sheep's back until it is transformed into the innumerable articles of clothing of which it forms a part, and finds its way to the hosiers' and drapers' shops.

AN OLD GREEK TRAVELLER

By WILLIAM CANTON

OF all the tourists who have put pen to paper, Pausanias may be safely set down as the luckiest. In his day he was an indefatigable sight-seer and an industrious note-taker; an eager, inquisitive and intelligent observer, there can be no doubt, but in the main a prosy and commonplace person; with no special perception of the picturesque either in nature or humanity, and as little faculty for bright or imaginative presentment of his experiences. From a literary point of view, most people would be disposed to exchange the whole of the ten books of his Description of Greece for the dozen pages in which Dion Chrysostom frames his delightful idyll of life in Eubœa, or the fragments, vivid and brilliantly coloured, of Dicæarchus's sketches of Thebes in summer and winter, of the white hill-town of Tanagra with its painted porches, of Athens with its "miserable old lanes and mean houses" in strange contrast with the beauty and splendour of the Parthenon seen high up against the blue sky. Yet amid the ruin which has obliterated so much Hellenic and Roman literature, fortune in one of her freaks has preserved intact this voluminous narrative of travel; and after a lapse of seventeen centuries it has now become by dint of mere survival probably the most important and most interesting topographical record in existence; indispensable to the student of classical antiquity, and invaluable to all manner of specialists—historians of art, investigators of ritual, religion, manners and laws, archæologists, ethnologists, collectors of folklore and fairy tales.

In the magnificent six-volume edition of Pausanias which Mr. Frazer has published,* he has converted the old Itinerary into a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge.

The translation itself, a fluent and pleasantly readable version, occupies a closely printed volume of about 600 pages, and it is preceded by an admirable Introduction, in which the brilliant author of "The Golden Bough" surveys the whole of the original work, groups the most interesting details of Pausanias's record, and supplies the touches of poetic colour, which, had they been present in the Greek text, would have made it the most fascinating classic of antiquity. The next four volumes—some 2300 pages—are devoted to a commentary so scholarly and exhaustive that they may be regarded as summarising all that classical erudition and modern research and excavations have to tell us of ancient Greece, from the pre-Dorian civilisation of Mycenæ down to the most recent American discoveries. Thus we are put in possession of an account not only of what Pausanias came across in his wanderings, but of the actual condition of the sites of many of those old-world cities whose temples, public buildings, statuary, gardens, and curiosities he noted so carefully.

Then Mr. Frazer is a master in the region of folklore, fetishism, savage myth and superstition, and the Commentary wins a special interest from the aptness and skill with which he lights up with modern instances the strange legends, mysterious rites, odd customs and beliefs of the past.

The sixth volume contains an admirable series of maps, an excellent index to the Translation, and an index, not quite so full as it might be, to the crowded volumes of the Commentary. On an average there are from four to five pages of commentary to every page of translation, but the index to the latter is nearly seven times as bulky as the index to the former. This is the more to be regretted in as much as that the Commentary is more engrossing reading than the text.

The labour of thirteen years has been expended on the work, and it embodies the observations made by Mr. Frazer in the course of several journeys in Greece. The results are worthy of the time and of the toil. This edition of the "Periegesis" is definitive; no student of Greek art, Greek topography, Greek civilisation—in a word, of ancient Greece and the people of Greece, can neglect it. It should find a place in every library worthy of the name: indeed with its atlas, plans and engravings it is in itself a small library, and considering the ground it covers, not an expensive one. And it is worth adding that while the work is especially designed for university students, Mr. Frazer has brought it within the intellectual reach of every one by giving all quotations from foreign languages in English, and adding a translation or abstract in cases where the texts of inscriptions are quoted.

While Marcus Aurelius was writing his lofty "Meditations," and Lucian was depicting with scornful wit the corrupt society and discredited philosophies of his day, Pausanias was compiling his great Guide-book. The date was the second half of the second century, when the dawn of Christianity had not yet broadened into full light. In the little volume of the almost ascetic Emperor one sees the high-water mark of morality attainable in the pagan world; the writings of Lucian preserve a vivid and intimate portrayal of the disintegration of old faiths and the old civilisation; in his "Periegesis" Pausanias shows us Greece as it was a hundred years after the missionary visits of St. Paul. And those had been the years of the locust and the caterpillar and the cankerworm. In his fine monograph—the Introduction—Mr. Frazer supplies the general picture of the country which it did not occur to Pausanias to attempt. It was an age of decline, depopulation, bankruptcy moral and material. The Twilight of the Gods and of the Heroes had set in. "Plutarch declared that the world in general and Greece especially was depopulated by the civil brawls and wars; the whole country, he said, could now hardly put three thousand infantry in the field, the number that formerly Megara alone had sent to face the Persians at Platæa; and in the daytime a solitary shepherd feeding his flock was the only human being to be met with on what had been the site of one of the most renowned oracles in Bœotia." In Dion Chrysostom's time a single statue stood erect among the ruins of the market-place of Thebes; in one of the towns of Eubœa—possibly Carystus—cattle grazed in the grassy streets and sheep were pastured before the council-hall, and in the gymnasium the high corn hid the statues of Hercules and the other gods and heroes.

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* "Pausanias's Description of Greece," translated with a commentary by J. G. Frazer, M.A., LL.D. With maps, plans and over 200 illustrations. Six vols. Macmillan and Co., Limited. Six guineas net.

> "Of this state of things Pausanias himself is our best witness. Again and again he notices shrunken or ruined cities, deserted villages, roofless temples, shrines without images and pedestals without statues, faint vestiges of places that once had a name and played a part in history. To the site of one famous city he came and found it a vineyard. In one neglected fane he saw a great ivy-tree clinging to the ruined walls and rending the stones asunder. In others nothing but the tall columns standing up against the sky marked the site of a temple. Nor were more sudden and violent forces of destruction wanting to quicken the slow decay wrought by time, by neglect, by political servitude, by all the subtle indefinable agencies that sap a nation's strength. In Pausanias's lifetime a horde of northern barbarians, the ominous precursor of many more, carried fire and sword into the heart of Greece, and the Roman world was wasted by that great pestilence which thinned its population, enfeebled its energies, and precipitated the decline of art."

Such was the Greece Pausanias knew and travelled far to see. The landscape may have impressed him, but he has nothing to record of scenery or atmospheric effects, though occasionally he drops a phrase to indicate that he was not colour-blind. He seems to have stood on "the Look," the jutting knoll on Mount Mænalus commanding the Mantinean plain, but he only mentions it to tell how Epaminondas, pressing his hand on his mortal wound, "kept gazing hard at the fight" below him, and so gave the prominence its name. He sometimes noted the natural products of the country through which he passed, but oddly enough he saw nothing to interest him in the daily life of the men and women about him. The vinedressers, the toilers in the fields, hunters or shepherds on the hills, villagers inland or fishermen along the coast, even the crowds in the streets and the *agona*, appear to have awakened his sympathies as little as the wild birds or the cicadæ "shrilling in the grass." In fact he was engrossed in the past—in the monuments of the golden age of Hellas, in traditions of the old times, in stories of the ancient gods. Here, however, what he has got to tell is supremely interesting. In a striking passage Mr. Frazer draws attention to "the gallery of pictures he has painted of the religious life of his contemporaries":—

> "We see sick people asleep and dreaming on the reeking skins of slaughtered rams or dropping gold and silver coins as a thank-offering for recovered health into a sacred spring; lepers praying to the nymphs in a cave, then swimming the river and leaving, like Naaman, their uncleanness behind them in the water; holy men staggering along narrow paths under the burden of uprooted trees; processions of priests and magistrates, of white-robed boys with garlands of hyacinths in their hair, of children wreathed with corn and ivy, of men holding aloft blazing torches and chanting as they march their native hymns; women wailing for Achilles while the sun sinks low in the west; Persians in tall caps droning their strange litany in an unknown tongue; husbandmen sticking gold leaf on a bronze goat in a market-place to protect their vines from blight, or running with the bleeding pieces of a white cock round the vineyards while the black squall comes crawling up across the bay."

It is strange how widely scattered these two customs of gilding images to win good luck and of protecting boundaries by the shedding of blood or the offering of some form of sacrifice are to be found. As the author points out in his Commentary, the former is so common in Cambodia that the traces of gilding visible almost everywhere on the statues and chief figures in the bas-reliefs gave rise to the supposition that formerly all these sculptures were gilded over. But to return to Mr. Frazer's summary:

> "We see the priests making rain by dipping an oak-branch in a spring on the holy mountain, or mumbling his weird spells by night over four pits to soothe the fury of the winds that blow from the four quarters of the world. We see men slaughtering beasts at a grave and pouring the warm blood down a hole into the tomb for the dead man to drink; others casting cakes of meal and honey into the cleft down which the water of the Great Flood all ran away; others trying their fortune by throwing dice in a cave, or flinging barley-cakes into a pool and watching them sink or swim, or letting down a mirror into a spring to know whether a sick friend will recover or die. We see the bronze lamps lit at evening in front of the oracular image, the smoke of incense curling up from the hearth, the inquirer laying a copper coin on the altar, whispering his question into the ear of the image, then stealing out with his hands on his ears ready to take as the divine answer the first words he may hear on quitting the sanctuary. We see the nightly sky reddened by the fitful glow of the great bonfire on the top of Mount Cithæron where the many images of oak-wood, arrayed as brides, are being consumed in the flames, after having been dragged in lumbering creaking waggons to the top of the mountain, each image with a bridesmaid standing by its side. These and many more such scenes rise up before us in turning the pages of Pausanias."

Although he rejected many trivial or incredible legends of the priests he clung to the old faith in the Olympians, and if he was somewhat sceptical as to the existence of Hades, he believed that "the wrath of the gods at the wicked is reserved for a distant future when they shall have gone hence." It gives one food for thought that in all his travels—and he had "himself seen a certain river Jordan passing through a lake named Tiberias, and entering another lake called the Dead Sea," and he may have visited Capernaum as he visited Jerusalem—he does not appear to have noticed anything worth recording about Christianity, though Lucian his contemporary had at least an imperfect knowledge of the practices and beliefs of the new religion. What probably struck him most at Jerusalem was one of the "many wonderful graves that I know"—that of "a native woman named Helen," which was of stone with a stone door "so contrived that it does not open until the revolving year has brought round a certain day and a certain hour; then it opens by its own mechanism, and after a short time shuts of itself." The other wonderful grave he mentions is the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus. The remains of that may be seen in the British Museum; but who was this Helen the Jewess, and is this all that is to be known of her sepulchre, the description of which reminds one of a page of Mr. Rider Haggard?

Singularly significant of the spiritual condition of the age is the strange worship of "stock and stone"—the thirty square stones revered as gods at Pharæ, the rough stones worshipped as images of Love and Hercules and the Graces at Orchomenus and elsewhere, the pyramidal stone at Megara which represented Apollo, and so forth. Yet this survival of rites of remote savage origin seems natural enough when animals, statues, pieces of wood and stone were solemnly arraigned before the judgment-seat for homicide and condemned or acquitted.

And among such survivals it is not surprising, though it is extremely interesting, to meet with a description of a people to whom iron was unknown—the barbarous Sarmatians who were familiar with the lasso, who used cornel-wood bows and arrows tipped with bone, and who made corselets with the horny plates slit from horse-hoofs so as to "resemble the scales of a dragon." Lest that resemblance should be difficult to apprehend, Pausanias in one of his rare flashes of jocularity adds: "Any one who has not seen a dragon has at least seen a green fir-cone"; and it was in the fashion of the scales of a fir-cone that the horn plates were arranged into body armour. Thinking of these suggestive little details one perceives that in some aspects the second century A.D. belonged to a far distant and obscure antiquity.

In the Seventh Book we have an interesting glimpse of the traveller in the sanctuary of Æsculapius at Ægium. "In this sanctuary a man of Sidon entered into a discussion with me. He maintained that the Phœnicians had juster views of the divine nature than the Greeks, and he instanced particularly the Phœnician legend that Æsculapius had Apollo for his father, but no mortal woman for his mother. 'For Æsculapius,' he said, 'is the air, and as such is favourable to the health, not only of mankind, but of every living thing; and Apollo is the sun, and most rightly is he called the father of Æsculapius, since by ordering his course with due regard to the seasons he imparts to the air its wholesomeness.' 'Agreed,' said I, 'but that is just what the Greeks say too. For at Titane, in the land of Sicyon, the same image is named both Health and Æsculapius, clearly because the sun's course over the earth is the source of health to mankind.'" This is not the theology of deep-hearted human experience; rather the light speculation of physical well-being and a fancy at ease. Pausanias himself must have been vaguely conscious of something more profound than this when he descended to the awe-inspiring oracle of Trophonius. A visit to this mysterious recess of the under-world must have provided the devotee with material for nightmares sufficient to last for the rest of his natural life. After drinking of the Water of Forgetfulness to wash away all earthly recollections, and of the Water of Memory so that he might remember all he saw and heard below, the pilgrim forced himself through a narrow chasm into a conical stone chamber. There he found, between the ground and the masonry of the cone, an aperture which appeared to be two spans in breadth and one in height. Lying on his back and thrusting his feet into the hole, he worked his knees through the narrow space, holding in his hand meanwhile barley cakes kneaded with honey, to throw to the terrible serpents which lay in wait for evil-minded intruders. When his knees had passed through, "the rest of the body was dragged after them, just as a man might be caught and dragged down by a swirl of a mighty and rapid river." It must have been a more uncanny place than the vault in which Mowgli got the King's *ankus*. What Pausanias said and heard he does not reveal, but he tells that on returning with fear and quite unconscious of himself to the upper air—after perchance the absence of a day and two nights!—the oracle seeker is carried, "still overpowered and unconscious of his surroundings," to the building called the House of Good Fortune and the Good Demon. After a while, however, he recovers his wits, and "the power of laughter comes back to him."

To the haphazard reader Pausanias is a storehouse of curiosities, and the Commentary quadruples the treasure. Probably one of the oddest things any traveller ever came across is the bronze statue of the ghost which Pausanias saw with his own eyes at Orchomenus, clamped to a rock with bolts of iron so as to prevent the enraged spirit from ravaging the land. This securing of the spectre of a dead man is not very surprising when we recollect that the statues of the gods themselves were frequently treated as possible deserters and were chained, riveted to an altar, or imprisoned behind bolted doors—a curious classic conception of the power of mankind over their divinities, which is copiously illustrated from the customs of numerous savage tribes. Another singular ghost story is that of a tipsy sailor—one of the crew of Ulysses—whose wraith was effectually laid by the boxer Euthymus. Euthymus married the maiden selected for a phantom marriage with the uxorious spectre, lived to extreme old age, and left the world by some other way than the dusty road of death. Somewhat akin to these are the legends of phantom warriors of Marathon and of the apparitions of the divine guardians who protected the Greek ships at Salamis, patrolled the walls of Athens, and strengthened the flanks of the Locrian hosts. As Mr. Frazer shows, these are interpositions familiar to all nations and every age.

In an admirable dissertation on the gold masks for the faces of the dead, found at Mycenæ, it is mentioned that among the Aleutian islanders large wooden masks were similarly used, "with the intention of thereby protecting the deceased against the glances of spirits"—no doubt malignant; a sort of evil eye—"on his way to the spirit land." No other reason is suggested for thus masking the dead, but the custom itself seems to have been almost world-wide. In ancient Egypt every mummy had its artificial face; masks of gold, silver, bronze, and terra-cotta have been found from Phœnicia to Britain; masks of gold or turquoise mosaic were laid on the faces of the dead kings of ancient Mexico; and the kings of Siam and Cambodia are similarly protected or adorned. The question naturally arises, When the Christians of the Catacombs covered the faces of their dead with face-cloths bearing the lineaments of our Lord, were they modifying a survival of a very ancient practice; and is our own use of the face-cloth of the dead traceable to the same remote origin?

One might refer indefinitely to similar matters of interest; and indeed the present writer had noted a variety of passages touching on such subjects as abusive language and luck, curses and cairns, the different languages of husbands and wives, the carrying of the dead through special gates, the Old Man of the Sea, antique trees, sacrifice and invocations to implements and tools, some singular fire customs, including that of a "common hearth"; but probably enough has been said to indicate that the Guide-book of this old Greek traveller is one that will amply repay perusal, and that Mr. Frazer's edition, with its voluminous Commentary and its abundant maps and illustrations, gives it a position altogether unique among the classics of Greece and Rome

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FINLAYSTONE

By EDWARD PINNINGTON

ATTRACTIVE in itself, and interesting in history, Finlaystone, the residence of George Jardine Kidston, Esq., holds a prominent place among the castles and mansions of Renfrewshire. It overlooks the Clyde from a wooded eminence about midway between Langbank and Port Glasgow, and there, in one form or another, it has stood for the last eight hundred years.

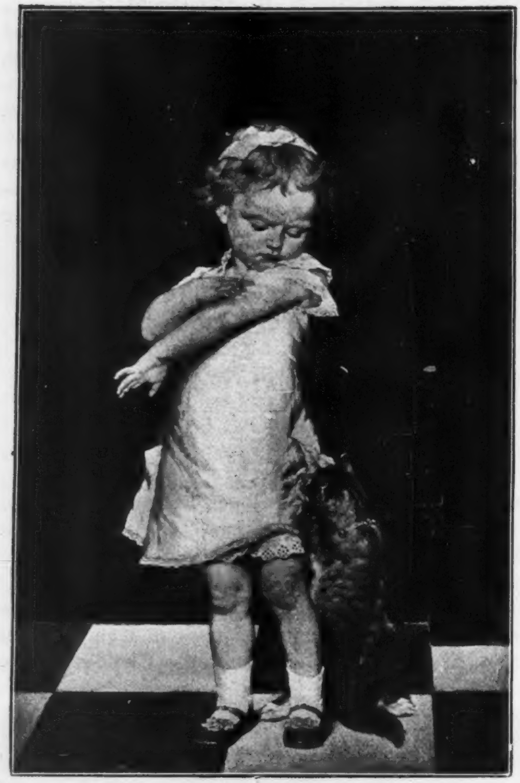
The grounds are entered a short distance below Langbank, and the drive winds along between the lower pasture land and the rougher ground up the hillside. Hamilton, the old Wishaw chronicler, speaks of the enclosures and gardens of Finlaystone and of itself as a "fyne house." It has probably undergone alteration from time to time. Towards the end of last century, Crawfurd described it as a castle, the seat of the Earl of Glencairn, and as a noble and great building round a court. He goes on to speak of a rivulet running to the east of the garden and orchard, over three or four pleasant cascades, one of more than twenty feet.

The ancient centre of industrial Dumbarton, the hills in the north and west, and the noble waterway of Clyde are the outstanding features of the northern outlook from the grounds. The rivulet still dashes merrily down the slope to the Clyde, but the orchard and garden have been altered to suit the approach across the little stream to the mansion-house.

HEAD OF GIRL

(By Harlamoff)

As the seasons pass, the view from the northern windows changes in feeling rather than fact. In autumn the Clyde is more



NAUGHTY PUSSY

(By E. Farasyn)

regularly grey, and the trees take on their richer tints. Round the place, also, there is, on August mornings after the Twelfth, a stir of sportsmen, dogs and keepers; and when the hunting season opens, two or three days a week may be spent in the saddle. The repose of antiquity touches Anglo-Saxon activity. The dignity of the formerly changeless home of long inheritance takes human colour from its nineteenth-century occupant. By and-by, when winter evenings come, and the circle is made round the fire, is the time for history and tradition.

Meantime, even in the entrance-hall, the dual life is felt, touched lightly with the added taste for things artistic. The latter reveals itself in carved cabinet and tiling, in ceramics and enamels, but its place is subordinate. The dominant note is the historic and martial, and it issues from arms and armour, from sword and cuirass, from pistols, matchlocks and gauntlets. Of the trophies of war there are none, but when the warlike made way for the venary, there came heads of boar and deer.

So the field is left for the fireside, where the feeling for art reveals itself like a gentle presence. The rule it unconsciously followed is to acquire things for their beauty. The guiding motive may be summed up in a phrase that the function of art is the embellishment of life. In only one direction is art followed as a primary pursuit and allowed a first place, and that is the ceramic, chiefly amongst the fascinations of blue-and-white porcelain. The pictures speak, and the plaques supply the decorative element. There is one exception—a Monticelli—but the rule is broadly intelligible, and leads to the best results.

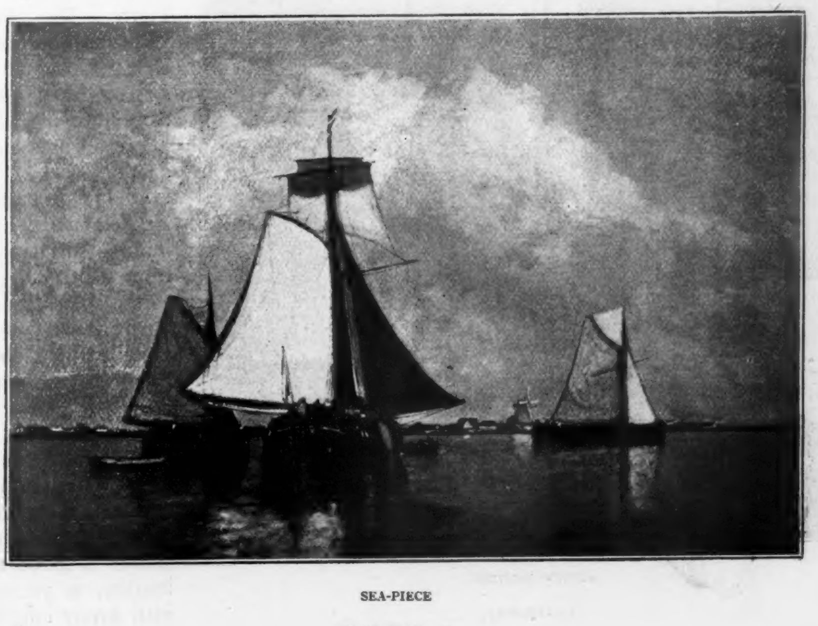
Downstairs are two works by George Paul Chalmers, a version of "Running Water" and "A Silent Pool." The former is a view upon the North Esk, near its confluence with the Mooran, a painter's picture in colour-texture and sunlit mist, but very beautiful as realism. The pool is overhung with a feeling of peace and seclusion, in keeping with which is the subtly woven web of quiet colour. Not far from these is a simple, literal little landscape by James Docharty. "Across the Common—Evening," by Shalders, has the distinction of being the first picture Mr. Kidston ever bought, and that in his boyhood. It is a poetic landscape showing both capacity and a fine feeling for nature in her most beautiful aspect.

A large cattle-picture, under an evening effect, is a characteristic example of Denovan Adam, painted in 1873. The scene is made up of a dark wood on the left, water, and the sun reddening and gilding the sky as it goes down. Adam reached out towards the poetry of animal life, and always painted with a flying brush, bold, strong and broad. He knew the animals he painted, not only their forms, habits and haunts, but their character, their varied expression and their tempers. To this thorough knowledge he also knew how to give pictorial utterance. In a sportsman's home prominence must needs be given to O. Depenne's hounds in leash. They sit waiting by a log fire in a snowy woodland landscape, grave, patient, wise and beautiful in art. The colours of their coats are set with consummate tact in the greys of the timber and the snow of the ground. In both pictures the *intimité* is profound.

A touching glimpse of childlife is had in "Naughty Pussy" (1878), by E. Farasyn. The story it tells is of a child in dainty blue dress and slippers, with bare arms and legs, who has been scratched by his playmate, and is looking ruefully and dubiously at the bleeding arm. The drawing and modelling are of the best, the fingers dimpling the soft flesh as the arm is pulled round to see the wound. It is a study of childhood painted to the life in a manner as simple as the incident depicted. There is no effort to reach pictorial effect, and there are no accessories—only the child and playmate standing out against the dark ground.

A sunshiny, fresh-coloured canvas (1879), by R. C. Crawfurd, introduces a girl leaning upon the railing of a bridge over a brook, and is just such a picture as might be seen in the spring-time from the mansion window. There are two Milne Donalds, not strikingly individual but refeshingly simple statements of nature's forms. Landscapes like these bring nature indoors. They recall spring days and summer suns when December skies are dark and the whitened hills look ghostly and cold.

The pictures touch many chords of feeling, and the variety is increased with further exploration. It is a far cry from Monticelli to P. J. Clays, but they hang quite amicably in the drawing-room. In the former the drapery of a group of figures is the basis of a design composed of rich, brilliant, harmonious and wholly unaccountable colour. The Monticelli and the Farasyn are the two poles of art. The latter is a subject-painting; the former is a study in colour so resonant and sweet that one forgets to look for the subject, and to care whether there be a subject at all. The pleasure it gives is, of course, wholly sensuous. The divorce is absolute between the enjoyment of blending colours—blue, red, rich yellows, crimson, and again blue—and any pleasurable sensation directly referable to either heart or intellect. It resembles music without words, and there is a charm in being left alone, free from reading sentiment, at liberty to enjoy the fascination of unrelated colour—



SEA-PIECE

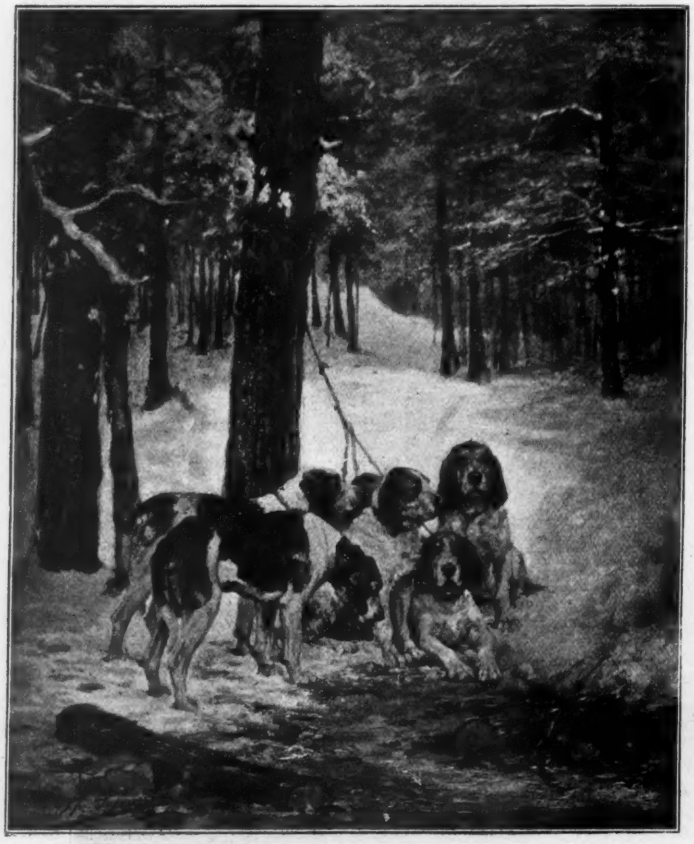
(By P. J. Clays)

colour directed to neither portraying nature, stating a fact, expressing a sentiment, nor telling a specific story.

Clays is invigorating, a sea-piece, calm, warm in colour, and refined. The keynote of the design is the red-brown sail of the centre ship, with its reflection in the water broken into folds by the ripple of the sea. It is a soothing picture, and full of the dignity of truth. To the left of it is "Carradale Bay," by William Carlaw, a pleasant realisation of a tangle-tinted inlet from a shimmering sea. On the other side we go with McTaggart to "Machrihanish Bay." It is a veritable song of the sea, by a Scots master and consummate aquarellist. There is a kind of magic in his way of making the deep voice of the sea ring through crested wave, and rocks, and children at play. Another water-colour sea-view is the "Bass Rock," by C. A. Lodder, painted in 1874.

Of landscapes there are a David Murray, in the style of ten years ago, another R. C. Crawfurd, a soft moonlight scene by Milne Donald, a dainty little pastoral by Hugh Cameron, a water-colour by K. Macaulay, and a very able water-colour study in silver and grey, by Robert W. Allan. There is variety in a strong painting, by John R. Reid (1881), of a boy stooping, hands on knees, over a dead sea-bird. It is a striking picture with a nice touch of humanity. A water-colour, by Robert Alexander, is an excellent example of his animal-painting, a collie and family, the mother looking down affectionately upon her puppies. The fond pride and happiness in her eye are finely expressed.

Robert Little's water-colour, "Festa di San Giovanni, Sienna," is a drawing of great beauty and finish, with many figures of all sorts, priests and laymen, women and children, ascending and descending the cathedral staircase, and hanging about its door. The colour-effect is brilliant and pure. Pierre M. Beyle's "Pêcheuse de Moules" shows a woman with sunny, embrowned face, emptying a hand-basket of mussels into a larger basket. A certain kind of pathos is inseparable from humble industry, and from such child-pieces as that of E. Lessure. Reflection probably gives them a shading not found in the paint. So it is again with Harlamoff, who most frequently treats girl-beauty plaintively. There is here an exquisite example of his subtle brushwork and ideality, a young girl with lovely long-lashed



HOUNDS WAITING

(By Depenne)

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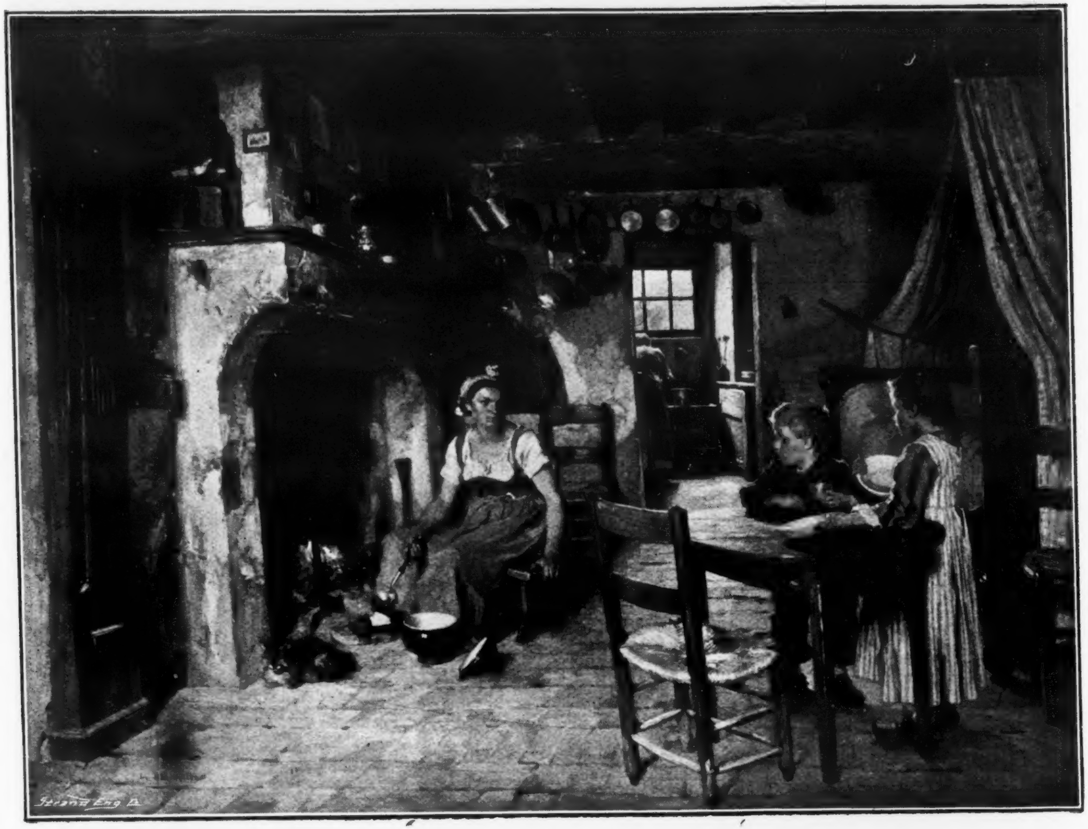
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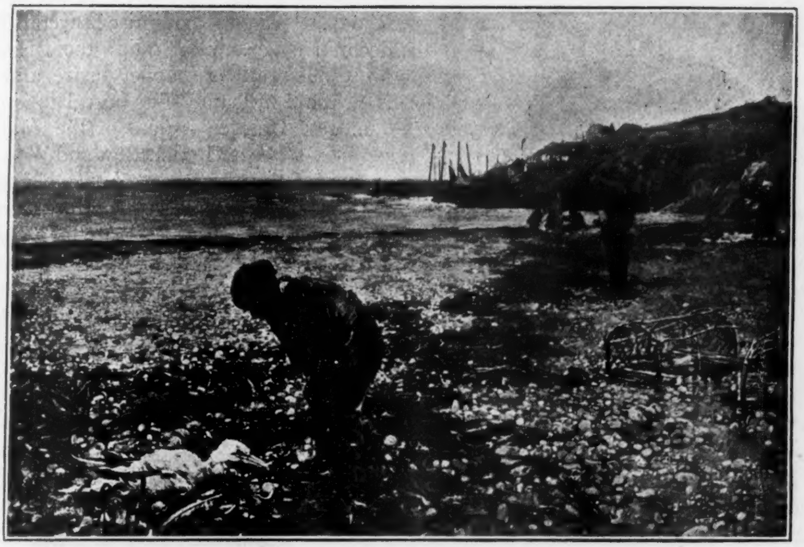
A FRENCH INTERIOR

By L. LHERMITTE



A DEAD SEA-BIRD

(By John R. Reid)

eyes of thoughtful grey. The light plays amongst the chestnut hair as if looking for the white bodice gleaming under it. The canvas holds the essence of innocence and purity, the sweetness of girlhood idealised in a winning face.

A softened sadness is renewed in Lhermitte's "French Interior," which makes us think how art brings the homes of the poor to beautify the mansion. It is a cottage idyll by a master. He takes lowly life as his subject and paints its reality. The floor is rough but sabots are strong, and the cat may be noted drowsing contentedly by the fire. Looking back round the rooms, they are all, every one of them, pictures, not to inflame and excite, neither to startle nor induce hysteria, but to live with. They are friends, companions in reflective moods, in hours of dulness, and in gloomy weather.

The great bulk of the ceramic collection consists of blue-and-white, chiefly Chinese, but including bits of Spode and Persian. The Chinese hawthorn pattern abounds. One of the finest specimens is a clear, deep, shaded blue, in which, as usual, the blossom pattern is reserved. The ground is covered with crackle-like veins of painted blue, the larger scales of which are surrounded by a continuous chain of smaller spaces. It is a beautiful jar, and lights up in a delightful and effective way the corner where it stands. A Persian water bottle is of soft sky-blue, nearer the turquoise than the cobalt blue. Spode followed the Chinese, but conventionalised the so-called "hawthorn," which is sometimes plum and sometimes other blossoms, and mingled it with what may be either asters or reduced chrysanthemums.

In one jar a dainty lace pattern is red like a collar round the neck, and the body is overspread with sprays of hawthorn alternately falling from the top and rising from the bottom. The lambrequin design was borrowed and made their own by the potters of Rouen. A very graceful specimen of Chinese blue-and-white has a flaring rim, in which, on neck and expanding top, the decoration is divided into notched panels. On the body and base the divisions are made by raised frames marked with cross lines. On one jar the design is a landscape without perspective, of course, and rising in flat perpendicularity from the base up. On another are figures, perhaps historical, like those of the grand old Ming vases of King-teh-chin.

Of real crackle, a very good specimen is a ribbed jar of lemon-yellow. Another is blue-and-white, having on either side,

CHINESE HAWTHORN ART PORCELAIN

between the shoulder and neck, heads with rings of ferruginous paste in two shades. The crackle scales are large, and their effect is heightened by being coloured pale brown. Above the heads are two impressed designs in blue, and these are repeated in larger size and altered form round the body. The blue is especially beautiful, but the peculiarity of the piece is that the blue decoration is superimposed upon the crackle in thin applications of paste. These must then have been painted and glazed, and the jar must thereafter have been subjected to a final firing.

Of French ceramics a good representation is a large Moustiers plaque or tray, decorated with figures and festoons of flowers. There are several examples of Rouen. A square vessel of blue-and-white Delft deserves a place amongst Jewitt's "Conceits of Pottery." The majolica and Persian and Rhodian plaques comprise several highly decorative examples, and the Hispano Moresque ware of copper lustre and blue is rich and brilliant. The porcelains include Limoges, Dresden—some of the Marcolini period—Chelsea, Berlin, Bow and Worcester.

DELFT FAIENCE

One of the pleasures of the collection is its capacity for endless experiments in arrangement. Even immaculate taste may become monotonous. The most fastidious and the most decided alike enjoy a change. It is no easy matter to find amongst unobtrusive pictures a place for the clear, sonorous colour-note struck by a plaque of ruby lustre, or a jar of the blood-red splashed ware of China. Effects change with the seasons, as a turquoise jar changes from a blue at noon to a greenish tint at night.

METALLIC LUSTRE PLAQUE

The collection is large enough for household embellishment, and for the indulgence of a special form of taste, but it is not so scientifically complete as to carry simple admiration into the field of ethnology and the problems of history. The latter may, for present purposes, be allowed to centre in Finlaystone itself. The original house was built in the eleventh century, and was the principal seat of the Dennistouns of Dennistoun. It remained in their family until 1400, when Sir Robert Dennistoun died, and his vast estates—including the baronies of Glencairn, Finlaystoun, Kilmarnock, Rechhall, Collington, &c. — were divided between his two daughters. The elder, Margaret, bestowed herself and Finlaystone in marriage, in 1405, upon Sir William Cunningham of Kilmaurs, who died in 1418. In 1445 his grandson was made baron as Lord Kilmaurs, and in 1488 James III. made him Earl of Glencairn.

Alexander, the fifth earl (1547), was one of the early Protestants of rank, and a zealous Reformer. In his time Finlaystone became a place of refuge for his coreligionists.

In 1555 he visited John Knox, and, next Easter, the Reformer administered the Sacrament at Finlaystone. This earl was a merciless iconoclast, and is afterwards heard of at Holyrood Chapel destroying the statues and pictures.

There was probably little art at Finlaystone in those days, for a legend has it that even the communion-cups used by Knox were the hollow bottoms of candlesticks unscrewed and converted to sacred use. The story is not above suspicion, but, however it may be, "the good Earl" remained a faithful friend of Knox, and visited him a few years before his death. Knox's tree is to this day pointed out in the grounds.

Crawfurd speaks of this earl as "among the first of quality that made profession of the Protestant religion." There is a mistake upon the point. He was Protestant by heredity, his father William, fourth earl, having been a convert in 1540. This fact led James, Earl of Arran, as tutor and governor of Queen Mary, to issue a warrant or commission of fire and sword against Earl William. This document was signed at Paisley, and is dated April 9, 1544. It empowered Archibald, Earl of Argyll, and others, to charge the keepers of the house of Finlastowne, to deliver the same, to be kept in name of the Queen, and, if need be, to resort to force and fire. The nominal charge against Glencairn was treason, but religion was the underlying cause of the governor's action. In 1547 Earl William fell at Pinkie Cleugh, and Alexander, Knox's friend, succeeded him.

Coming down two centuries, James, the fourteenth earl, was the friend and patron of Burns, but there is no evidence that the poet ever visited Finlaystone. Tradition indicates the elm-tree under which the "Lament for the Earl" was written, but the story is wholly unsupported by testimony. The next earl, John, the fifteenth, died in Edinburgh in 1796, and with him the title became extinct. The estate was held by the Grahams of Gartmore till 1863, when it was purchased by Colonel, afterwards Sir D. C. R. C. Buchanan of Drumpellier, who in August, 1897, parted with it to Mr. Kidston.

A MASTER OF FINANCE

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

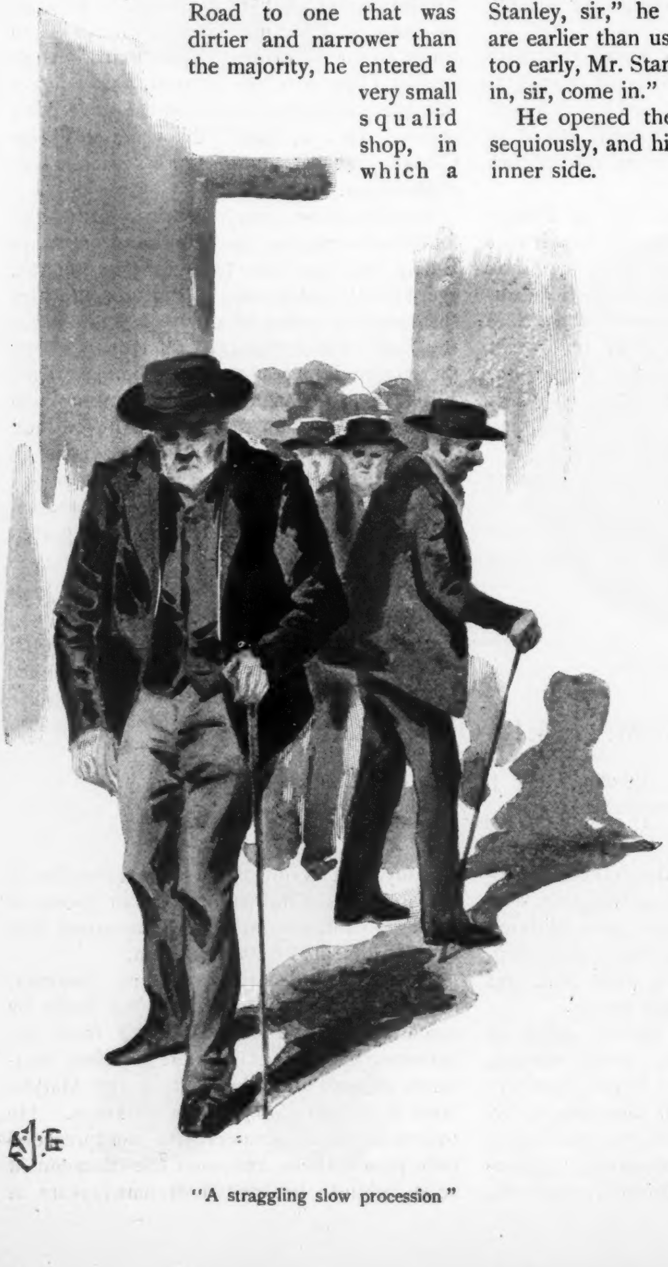
ILLUSTRATED BY A. J. GOODMAN

THE gates of the Marylebone Workhouse unclosed and a straggling, slow procession of paupers came blinking out into the sunshine: shrivelled, stiff-jointed old men, for the most part, and all in the drab uniform of the parish.

None of them seemed unduly elated by the prospect of his day out; some loitered, looking wistfully around, as having nowhere to go and no idea in which direction it lay, some shuffled aimlessly off in twos and threes, chattering together discontentedly; others went a-roaming, each by himself, apathetic, dreamy, and as out of touch with the life of the streets as if they had been but ghosts of the long dead who were newly returned into a world that had forgotten them.

One who was thus solitary, however, seemed galvanised through all his limbs by some settled purpose. Issuing from the gateway, he turned his alert old face eastwards at once and advanced up the Marylebone Road with comparative briskness. He overtook divers paupers who had preceded him, passed them, and soon left them out of sight behind; he carried as many years as most of them, but they were drowsy with indifference, and he had still something to live for, still retained something of self-respect and, in his speech and bearing, a lingering reminiscence of a past superiority which the parochial wardrobe clouded but could not wholly eclipse.

Penetrating the tangle of dirty streets off Euston Road to one that was dirtier and narrower than the majority, he entered a very small squalid shop, in which a withered little cobbler was crouched over a bench, hammering lustily on the sole of a shoe. He nodded patronisingly across the counter to the withered little cobbler and called in as hearty a voice as he could compass:


"A straggling slow procession"

"Well, Hendry—and how are you?"

The cobbler put down his hammer and took off his spectacles to look at the speaker, and, "I thought it was you, Mr. Stanley, sir," he piped cheerfully. "You are earlier than usual, sir. But you can't be too early, Mr. Stanley, you know that. Come in, sir, come in."

He opened the flap of the counter obsequiously, and his visitor joined him on the inner side.

"You're looking uncommon well, sir, but thin," he observed, wiping his fingers on his leather apron preparatory to shaking hands. "If you could get a bit stronger, sir, an' come out o' that place——"

"I shall never be fit for that, Hendry. I can't live on air, and who's going to employ me? I'm too old to think of making a new beginning now, Hendry." He removed his round felt hat and sat down. "No, sir; I'm a ruined man, and we know who I've got to thank for it."

With a shake of his head and a sympathetic groan, Hendry returned to his bench.

For some minutes Mr Stanley brooded darkly; then, taking a key from his pocket, he drew a shabby wooden box from a recess under the counter and flung the lid up. He dropped on his knees before it, and peered and picked amongst its contents. There were bundles of faded newspaper cuttings, a compact sheaf of worthless share certificates, a stack of neatly docketed letters, mysterious little cardboard boxes and brown-paper packages, all the poor flotsam and jetsam he had gathered from the wreck of happier days. From one packet, which he reverently untied, he drew a dingy-looking card, the contemplation of which held him silently absorbed.

"Hendry," he called at length, an irrepressible pride thrilling in his husky tones; "she was a fine woman when this was taken!"

Hendry glanced up. He could not see the photograph at the moment, but he had seen it many times before.

"A good woman, too, sir," he said simply; "and a lady always, God bless her!"

"Ah, God bless her, Hendry! It's what I say in that place every night before I go to sleep. God bless her! She was—— But you know what she was, Hendry."

"I know that when we were broken, sir," cried Hendry fervently, "an' didn't know where the next day's bread was comin' from, my missis went to her—though they'd only known each other when they were children—an' if it hadn't bin for her, an' for you, Mr. Stanley, we'd all have had to go on the parish. That's why I can't abear to see you there, sir, an' if you'd only let me——"

But the other was not listening.

"And that ruffian, Hendry," he interrupted fiercely, "he killed her!"

"That's a true word, sir——"

"And yet they let him off, Hendry."

"He was too cunning for them, Mr. Stanley. A master of finance, didn't they call him? Yes—yes! He knew how to juggle with facts and figures—he was a master of finance, sir, and knew how to rob without being a thief."

"But it's all here, Hendry." He flourished the newspaper cuttings. "You've only got to read it to see that the whole thing was a rotten investment, and he knew it all along—he must have known it. He fooled the public, and when the crash came hundreds were ruined, like me, but he had taken care to feather his own nest, depend upon it."

"Yes, yes," Hendry piped sarcastically, "he was a master of finance, Mr. Stanley."

"He was a canting rogue, Hendry. Didn't he tell the judge—it's all here in print—that he had been mistaken and deceived over the value of the mines himself, and that he had not only been a large shareholder from the first, but, in the hope of saving the concern, had invested every penny he was worth in it, and was ruined himself? A likely story that, Hendry?"

"Nobody believed it, Mr. Stanley."

"Yet the judge and jury called him innocent and let him go."

"He dodged 'em, sir. He got off on a technicality. The law can only catch little thieves, the big ones break through the net."

"But you remember how many committed suicide, Hendry, because he'd ruined them?"

"I remember, Mr. Stanley."

He answered always in the soothing tones of one humouring a child.

"And he broke my poor girl's heart—he ruined me, and broke her heart. He killed her. He's a scoundrel and a murderer, Hendry, and I say 'Curse him,' sir!"

"With all my heart, Mr. Stanley, sir——him and all like him."

"Five years is a long time, Hendry. I've been in that place over five years now, and I've spent every day I've had out in looking for him. I shall never give up till I find him. It's the only thing I've got to live for."

"I don't think I'd bother any more about him, Mr. Stanley. He's not worth——"

"What! I tell you he killed her, Hendry!" cried the old man fiercely. "The law won't punish him for it, but I will—I will! I've sworn to it, Hendry, and I mean it. They can do what they like with me afterwards."

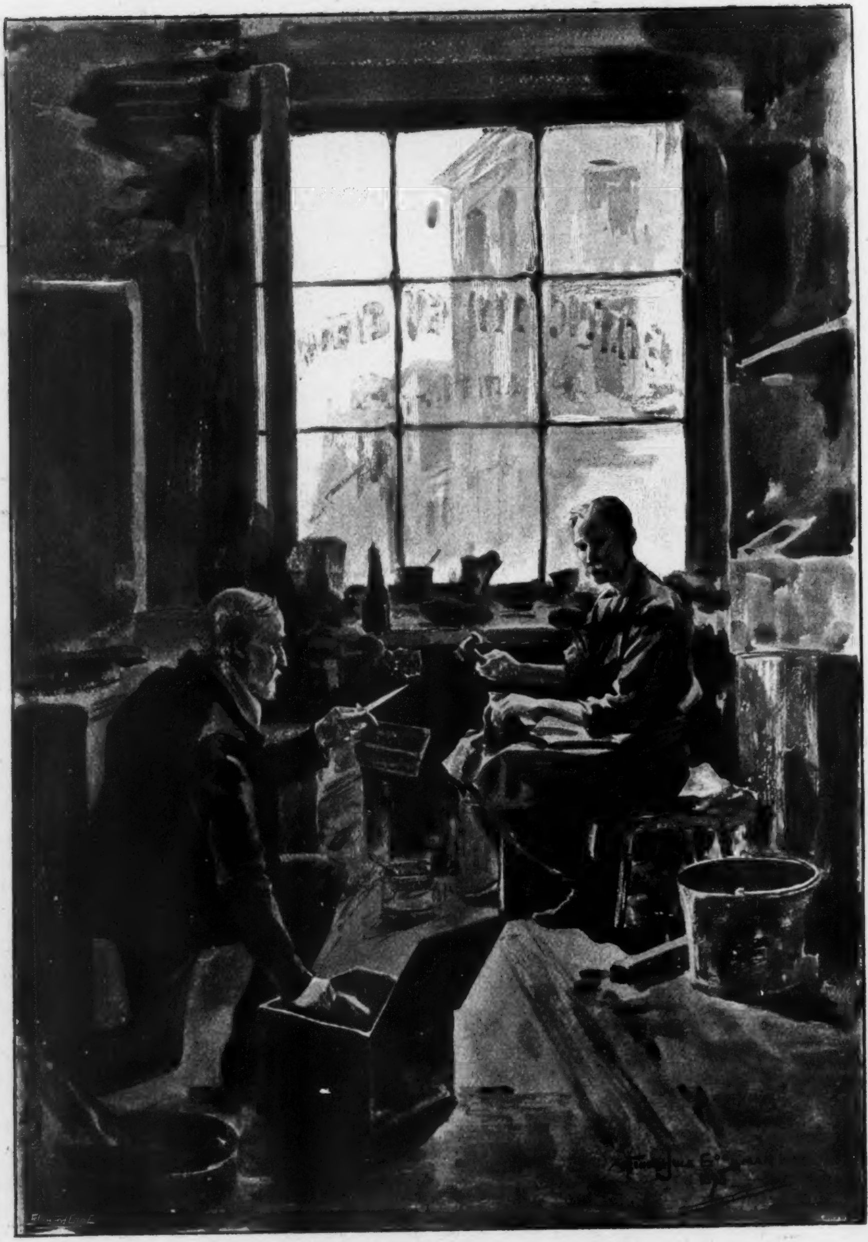
He drew a ragged leather case out of the box and unsheathed from it a glittering little dagger.

"It was hers, Hendry," he went on, "an old curio that had been in her family for years. It's got a good edge," he tested it carefully with his thumb; "I sharpened it myself less than a month ago."

"I wish you'd throw it away, Mr. Stanley, and——"

"So I will, Hendry—after I've met him, I promise you that."

He closed the box, chuckling, and pushed it back under the counter. Then, resheath-



"'I wish you'd throw it away, Mr. Stanley, and——'

ing the dagger and depositing it in the deep pocket of his coat, he rose and made ready to go.

"It's gone twelve, sir," said Hendry, coming from his bench again. "Will you stop and have a snack o' bread an' cheese with me?"

At first, Mr. Stanley positively declined, but, proving amenable to persuasion, he presently withdrew into the back parlour with his host and was effusively welcomed by Mrs. Hendry, a spare, wrinkled, deaf little woman of surprising activity and cheerfulness.

Being refreshed with bread and cheese and ale, he again essayed to depart, and Hendry attentively opened the flap of the counter for him and saw him off from the doorstep.

"Has he took that knife with him?" asked Mrs. Hendry, looking out of the back parlour when he was gone.

"Yes. I tried to persuade him not to, but it was no good."

"I hope he won't do no harm."

"Bless yer, not him! He's the tenderest-hearted—— Why, if he met that chap he couldn't do it. It gives him something to think about, an' does him good to get angry an' threaten a bit. Besides, I shouldn't wonder if the man was dead already; he can't find his name in the Directory and nobody knows anything about him."

"Did you give him a trifle?"

"Fourpence. He didn't want to take it—he's that proud still! But, Lord! look what he did for us when he could, an' it's precious little we've done for him, except givin' him a place for his box, which don't cost us nothin'."

"He'll come in for tea?"

"On his way back, as usual—yes."

Meanwhile, Mr. Stanley had made his way to Gower Street Station, where he took train for the City, and for some hours of the afternoon he might have been seen prowling about in the neighbourhood of Throgmorton Street and the Stock Exchange, eagerly scanning the many faces of the crowd for the one face that never passed.

"He may have changed his name," he muttered, "but I should know his face again anywhere. He can't change that."

After four, when the Exchange closed, he began reluctantly to abandon his quest, and, still keeping a sharp look-out as he went, shaped a steady course northwards, towards home.

He expended his last twopence on a meal by the way, and had not gone far along the City Road when the greenness and sunny quietude of the old Bunhill Fields burying-ground tempted him aside to rest.

On a garden seat, a little within the gate, an ancient man, garbed like himself, sat hunched in a doze, with his skinny hands folded on the handle of his stick. He opened his eyes when Mr. Stanley sat down beside him, and seeing he was one of his own melancholy tribe, wished him a good afternoon.

"You don't come from the Marylebone, sir?" Mr. Stanley queried affably.

"Oh dear no, sir," replied the other. "I couldn't manage such a journey. I'm from the Holborn—just up the road here, you know—Shepherdess Walk."

Whereupon they proceeded to discuss with some warmth the defective cuisine of the establishments to which they were attached; and as they talked, a vague feeling grew upon Mr. Stanley that he had encountered this decrepit stranger before, yet he could not recall who he was or where he had met him. And being diffident and, on some points, almost morbidly sensitive, he shrank from inquiring into his identity lest he should prove to be some old acquaintance who, in his altered circumstances, would rather have remained unknown.

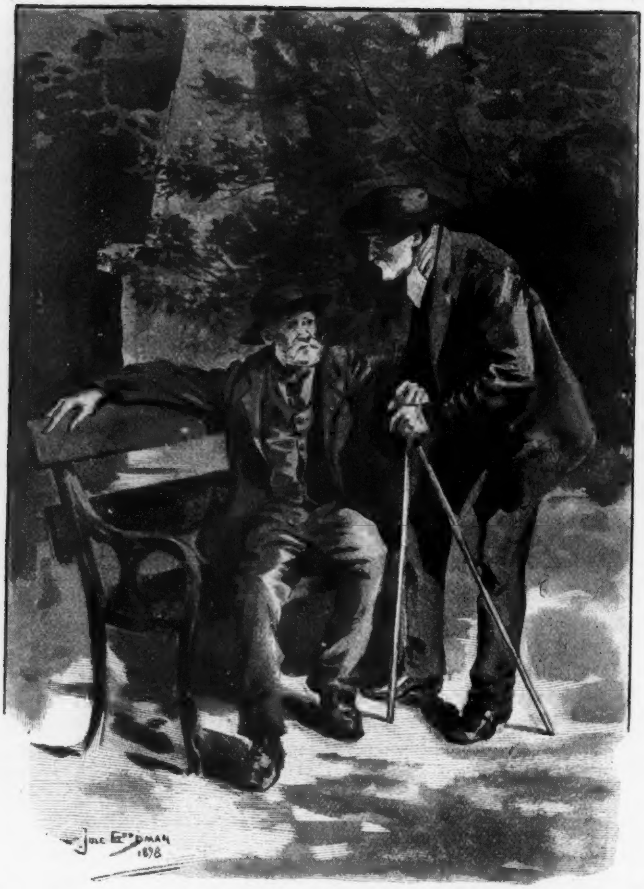
"I perceive, sir," quavered the old pensioner from Shepherdess Walk, "that you, like myself, are a gentleman."

"I was about to make the same remark of you, sir," returned Mr. Stanley courteously. "You have been unfortunate?"

"Very, sir—very. I was ruined, in fact, by the failure of a gigantic mining enterprise."

"So was I!" gasped Mr. Stanley, a new look of wonder and incredulity glimmering in his eyes.

"Yes, sir," sighed the other dully; "I did my best—but I ruined myself and—worse still—scores of others had to suffer with me. It was all laid at my door, sir, but God knows it was a sheer misfortune—I spent all I had in trying to save things. They thought none the better of me for it. If I'd been the rogue they called me," his



"'Perhaps, if you are going my way, you will be kind enough to help me along a bit'"

toothless chaps gaped in ironical laughter, "I shouldn't be the pauper I am now."

Mr. Stanley nodded, for lack of words with which to reply; his brain was in a whirl of bewilderment. It was difficult to associate this ague-smitten, helpless old creature with the hale, affluent and brutal enemy he had so long hunted in his imagination.

"They tried me like a criminal, sir," pursued the Shepherdess' pensioner, "and they had to say 'Not Guilty,' but nobody believed it. They would have it that I'd put away a secret profit, sir; that I'd tricked them. Why, sir, my wife died with the disgrace and worry of it all, and my son—my only son, sir—was obliged to go away abroad to make a fresh start. I've never heard from him since—I don't know whether he's living or dead. But they had no mercy—they misjudged and slandered me—and I daresay they are doing so still—but I'm past caring."

Still Mr. Stanley maintained a troubled silence, and regarded the shrunken figure and pinched old face with a kindling shame and remorse, for was not he of those who had so misjudged and slandered him?

A neighbouring church clock striking six roused them both.

"I must be going, sir," cried the master of finance, grasping his stick and the back of the bench and with difficulty rising to his feet. "Perhaps, if you are going my way, sir, you would be kind enough to help me along a bit. It isn't that I'm so old, you know, sir, but I've not been well and it's left me weak, though I'm picking up wonderfully now the weather's changed."

Mr. Stanley gazed at him absently, started, and stood up, crooking his elbow; and the two moved slowly off along the garden-path together with linked arms.

LITTLE FEET

By A. MACKENZIE

I

Dear little feet that lie in my hand!
Dear little feet from a far-off land,
Come to us, come to us, come to us newly
Out of a far-off fairy Thule.
You have run to us out of the Greater Day—
Can you give no hint of the Winsome Way?
For we who are grizzled and grey and old
Would fain step out on the streets of gold.
What was the way? What was the road?
Was the pathway easy and smooth and broad?
It must have been strewn with roses, I think,
For here is their white and here is their pink;
And forget-me-nots, and violets too,
Have stained sweet lines of delicate blue.
Yes, rose-leaves white and rose-leaves red
Were a carpet meet for your dainty tread,
And forget-me-nots and violets blue
Lent you a hint of a heaven new.
Tell us the way! Ah! Youth forgets,
And the dew soon dries on the violets.

II

Dear little feet, you will go some day
Down by a dark and a cruel way,
Out to a country dim and far,
Where cool great waters and green grass are.
But the way is sharp with many a stone,
And, dear little feet, you must go alone—
And it's oh! that I might lay down my heart
To ease for a moment just one little smart.
For my heart is tender and soft and true,
And 'twould be as the silk rose-leaves for you—
As the rose-leaves white and the rose-leaves red,
Warm and soft to your timid tread;
As the rose-leaves red and the rose-leaves white
To gleam in the dark with Love's own light;
As forget-me-nots and violets blue
To keep you in mind of the heaven in view.
And oh! it would stretch for you all the way,
On through the night, on to the day.
But, dear little feet, you must go alone,
Alone, alone, and all alone.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL

By the Rev. Canon FOWLER, M.A., D.C.L.

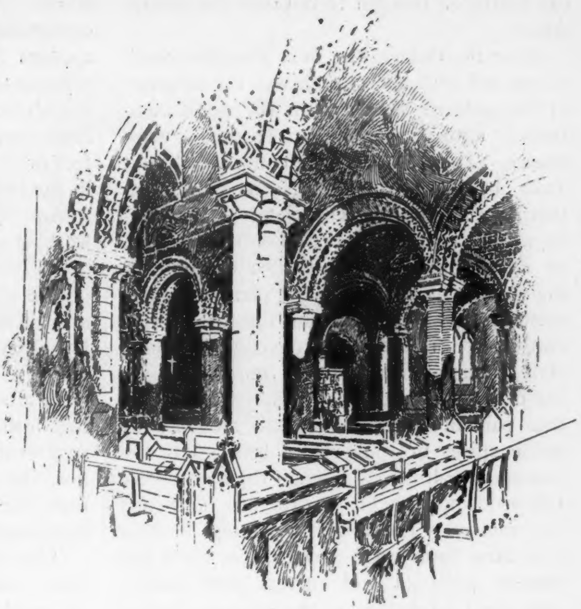
ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON

SECOND PAPER

THE next important addition to the church was that of the Galilee. The term "Galilee" elsewhere, as at Lincoln and Ely, and formerly at Peterborough, has been used to denote some sort of porch or vestibule placed at one of the main entrances to the church. The Galilee at Durham is not a porch, but the Chapel of Our Lady, built against the west front of the church, and originally accessible from the nave by the great west doorway. The term "Galilee" has never been satisfactorily explained, but perhaps there may be something in the conjecture that, as the churches themselves represented the Holy Land proper, their Galilees were so named as corresponding with "Galilee of the Gentiles," adjoining indeed, and in some degree holy, but not the holy place itself.

The Durham Galilee owes its origin to Bishop Pudsey, a great builder who, during his long reign (1153–95), constructed also the Norman hall and solar of Durham Castle, as well as Sherburn Hospital, Elvet Bridge, Darlington Church, and other important works. Pudsey's original idea was to build a Lady Chapel at the east end of the church, access to which might have been gained by a new archway made in the central apse. Marble columns and bases were brought by sea to Newcastle, probably from Purbeck in Dorsetshire. But the work that was begun did not progress satisfactorily. Cracks appeared in the walls, which led to the supposition that the new work was not favoured by God and His servant St. Cuthbert, the real reason doubtless being that the rocky foundations on which the whole of Carileph's church stands began to fall away at the east end, and that Pudsey's masons did not go deep enough to obtain a sound basis for their new walls. At any rate, Pudsey decided to make his new Lady Chapel at the west end instead of the east, which change of position would make it possible for women to be admitted to it, a thing which could not have been thought of in the case of a chapel in the immediate vicinity of the shrine and beyond the choir of the monks and the high altar. Indeed, this was probably the real reason for the change. A large number of wrought stones with Norman mouldings, &c., have been found in excavations on the site of Pudsey's intended eastern chapel, and they were doubtless meant to be used in that work. It is possible, indeed, that much of the work in the present Galilee, besides the marble columns, was originally prepared for the eastern chapel. The western Lady Chapel, or Galilee, though with some alterations of later date, remains in its principal features very much as Pudsey made it. The Norman windows, however, have all either had others put in their places, or, in the case of the clerestory, have been blocked up. The plan is that of a four-sided building measuring about fifty feet from east to west, and about eighty-five from north to south, a very unusual proportion for a chapel, but one which has been determined by the limits of the site. It consists of five alleys, the width of the central one being that of the great west doorway of Carileph's church, and that of the others the same. The central alley is higher than those adjoining, which again are higher than those to the north and south of them. The alleys are divided from one another by four arcades, each of four round arches with chevron mouldings, supported by twin shafts of Purbeck marble, later converted into clusters of four by the addition of sandstone shafts. The original twin shafts have, however, been suffered to remain at the west end. The chapel was entered from the outside by a fine deeply-recessed doorway on the north side, which, having fallen into decay, has been reproduced.

The general effect of the interior of the Galilee is unique—the multitude of its uniform columns and arches reminding us somewhat of the forest of columns in some Moorish buildings, or in the Cathedral church of Pisa. But from its want of height and comparative lightness in style it impresses with a sense of beauty rather than of grandeur. Most beautiful it certainly is, but it owes its beauty almost entirely to its columns and arches. The roof is a plain wooden one of the fifteenth century, and the windows are in no way remarkable now that almost all their original glazing is gone. There are certain objects of special interest in the Galilee which must not be overlooked, but which cannot here be dwelt upon in detail, namely, the plain tomb of the Venerable Bede where his shrine formerly stood, the mural paintings contemporary with the building, including representations of a king and a bishop, probably St. Oswald and St. Cuthbert, and a well that was discovered in 1896 after having been covered in for nearly seventy years. Of these, the tomb of England's first great scholar, whose name was famous throughout the Western world, will appeal to the greatest number. The bones were removed from near St. Cuthbert's feretory to the



The Galilee Durham.

Galilee in 1370, at which time they were placed in a magnificent shrine of gold and silver prepared for them long before by Bishop Pudsey, who removed them from the coffin of St. Cuthbert. To this shrine resorted many whom the fame of St. Cuthbert, which was mainly local, had scarcely reached. Hence Camden's story of the French Bishop returning from Scotland and offering a bawbee at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, saying, "If thou art a saint, pray for me," but who on being brought to the tomb of Bede, offered there a French crown, saying, "Holy Beda, pray for me, for thou art a saint." And that the Reformers of the sixteenth century gave Bede a high tomb, while they placed only a plain floor-slab over the grave of St. Cuthbert, seems to show that they had some respect for Bede as a famous writer if not as a saint. The well-known inscription

HAC SUNT IN FOSSA BEDÆ
VENERABILIS OSSA

was cut on the covering slab of Bede's tomb as late as 1830.

In connection with the Galilee, to which women were admitted, must be mentioned the "blue marble cross":

> a line
> Athwart the temple, north and south, 'cross which
> No female foot might venture.

This is formed of slabs of Frosterley marble inlaid in the floor between the piers just west of the north and south doors, "in token that all women that came to hear Divine Service should not be suffered to come above the said cross."

Considerable alterations were made in the Galilee by Cardinal Langley, who held the see of Durham from 1406 to 1437. He put on the present roof, inserted the three central west windows, and added to the buttresses which had already been set against the west front. Between two of his buttresses he constructed a small vestry over a transverse arch, from which descends in the thickness of the buttress the shaft of the well just mentioned, so contrived as to serve as a draw-well in the vestry, and as a dip-well outside and forty feet below. He probably blocked up the great west doorway and made a new one on either side of it. In front of the doorway he placed the altar of the Blessed Virgin over his own tomb, which latter still remains. But the reredos, consisting of wainscot panelling, &c., richly painted and gilded, was removed not many years ago, and made use of as "old oak." The "blue marble chantry" which formed the Lady Chapel proper, and which enclosed the altar and tomb, was swept away at some time unknown, but its raised floor is shown in old views of the Galilee, and its plan is marked out in the modern flagged pavement.

The sandstone shafts of the columns already mentioned were added in the course of Langley's alterations, but they afford little or no additional support to the arches, and can hardly be thought to improve the general effect.

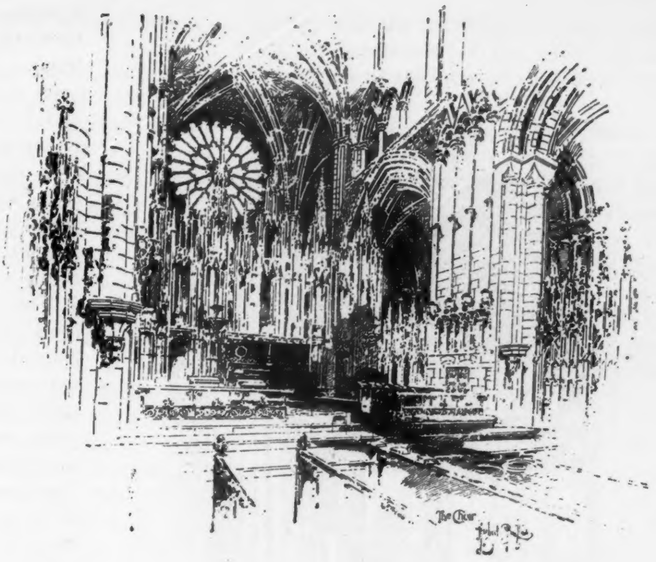
After the Galilee, the next extensive work connected with the church was the erection of the western towers from the point mentioned above, where the Norman work ceases. These towers were completed about 1220, by which time the Norman architecture had become so completely superseded by what is now called First Pointed, Lancet, or Early English, that any idea of completing the towers on Carileph's plan, had such existed, was abandoned, and the towers were constructed in the fully developed Lancet style, though still with some round arches in the ornamental arcading. They form a very fine pair of towers, and were crowned by noble spires of timber and lead up to the Commonwealth period, when the spires were taken down, probably in order to be turned into money. The towers remained in their truncated form until about 1800, when the present parapets and turrets were added, with great advantage to the general effect of the building.

We now come to that great addition at the east end which is known as the Nine Altars, from having contained that number of altars, one under each of the lower east windows. It is an eastern transept with no projection beyond it, and closely corresponds with a slightly earlier structure at Fountains Abbey. This at Durham, however, has the advantage of being spanned by vaulting without any support from internal columns and arches.

It will be remembered that Bishop Pudsey had begun to make an addition at the east end of the choir, but that he failed in the attempt. The original triapsidal east end is described as having begun to give way soon after it was built, but it stood until 1235, or longer. When the Nine Altars was ready to be connected, the apses were taken down, and the necessary junction was effected. The Nine Altars is one of the finest existing specimens of thirteenth-century architecture, and its design has been attributed to the architect of Bishop Poore, who had been a great builder at Salisbury, in the same style, before he came to Durham. Canon Greenwell has discovered that the architect's name was Richard de Farnham, his name happening to occur in a deed in which he is described as the "architector" of the new fabric. And one Thomas Moises placed a corner-stone in one of the buttresses, as appears by an inscription thereon. Two representations of heads in close-fitting caps introduced as corbels in the wall-arcade have been supposed to be portraits of the architect or of some person or persons employed in the building.

And now, briefly to describe this noble work, it should be noted, first, that the level of its floor is several steps lower than that of the choir floor, while its vaulting is on a level with that of the choir. Thus great height is gained in the Nine Altars itself, while its vault continues eastward, to the great advantage of the choir-vault. Whether this lower level of the floor was originally suggested by the nature of the ground or not, the great benefits of the arrangement from the point of view of appearance are indisputable.

This most beautiful chapel is designed in three compartments, the central one being the whole width of the choir, and the side ones smaller. The vaulting is exceedingly fine, the principal ribs meeting at three circular man-holes, elaborately sculptured all round, serving instead of corbels. In the eastern elevation, below, are three triads of Lancet windows, and, above, the great circular window in the middle, and a triad of Lancets, shorter than the lower ones, on either side of it. All these Lancet windows are deeply recessed within, and flanked by jamb-shafts of the local Frosterley marble. The tracery of the great round window was last reconstructed in 1795, and is probably copied from tracery put in by Prior Westington (1416–46) in place of the original tracery, which may have been a composition of circles, like the window called "The Dean's Eye" at Lincoln. The wall-arcading is magnificent, and rests partly on the string-courses that mounted over the Nine Altars, as may still be clearly seen. The south and north ends of the building, especially the north end, with its great geometrical window of six lights, are later in character, and were no doubt built a little after the east side. The north end, indeed, bears clear evidence of a change in plan, having a buttress cut off short under the middle of the great window, corresponding with one at the south end, which runs up to the centre of the gable, with two Lancet windows on either side

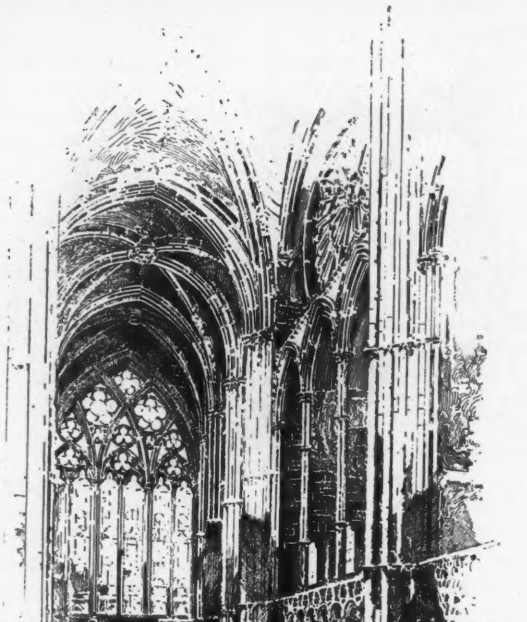


of it above and below, in line with the east windows. At either end of the building, as at Fountains, is, or has been, a doorway to give access from without; the northern one is blocked up.

The platform formerly protected by iron railings and called the feretory, upon which the shrine of St. Cuthbert stood, and within which his bones are commonly supposed to rest, is on the west side of the Nine Altars, and on the same level as the space around the high altar. Access was obtained to it by two doors in the reredos or Neville screen, shortly to be described, and by stone steps on either side of the platform. On and about it were placed the wainscot presses for the relics, lists of which have been preserved. There is very little ornament about the feretory, just a simple wall-arcade of round arches. The coping above these is modern. Whether St. Cuthbert's body was placed in the grave within the feretory after the destruction of the shrine, or another body substituted for it and the real body hidden away somewhere else in the church, is a question that has been raised, and one which, perhaps, can never be solved. But it may be safely said that, while the shrine remained, it stood under a vaulted roof as fine as any that can be seen in this country, and in a chapel in every way worthy of the rest of the glorious building that grew around the undoubted body of St. Cuthbert. The junction of the Nine Altars with the Norman choir has been effected in a most skilful manner, no sense of a break forcing itself upon us in any way, the intermediate portion being mainly on the Norman lines, but with later details. Then the second vaulting which the choir received in place of the original simple Norman vaulting, and which was no doubt felt to be required in order to carry the eye on to the eastern addition, answers that purpose to perfection, besides being in itself most beautiful and majestic, quite different, indeed, from the Norman work below and around it, yet so harmonising with it as to be far more than satisfactory as an artistic and architectural work.

We must now pass on to the last great additions to the Norman church, namely, the two stages of the central tower. Whatever the central tower of Carileph's church may have been, a belfry, we are told, was added to it about 1289. This addition was struck by lightning and greatly damaged in 1429. Some sort of repairs were begun, but the tower was unsafe in 1455, and was then, as would seem, entirely rebuilt from the gallery over the Norman arches, as we now see it—a lantern tower as near perfection both within and without as can well be imagined. The present upper stage was added not long after, as has been mentioned above, and completely spoils the design of the lantern as seen outside: it is an obvious excrescence, yet the great height of the tower as thus raised conduces in some degree to the generally majestic effect of the whole.

The space at our disposal admits only of a very brief notice of the fittings of the church and of the monastic buildings attached to it.



Chapel of the Nine Altars

The only mediæval fittings left are the throne and the reredos. The throne is really a great gallery erected by Bishop Hatfield (1345–81) during his lifetime, who probably at the same time prepared his tomb, which is under the throne. The special character of the episcopal throne at Durham, no doubt, has relation to the importance and the splendours of the Palatinate, which reached their greatest height under Hatfield, the first Bishop to use a great seal in Chancery similar to that of the Sovereign. At the back of the gallery are seats for the Bishop and his chief officers of state, who attended him on the occasions when he occupied the throne. And over the seats are open niches of tabernacle work in stone, despoiled of the sculptured figures that once stood in them. The whole structure has been richly gilded and coloured, and it retains some remains of its original decoration. The arch that supports the gallery forms a canopy over the tomb, on which rests the alabaster effigy of the Bishop, represented as pontifically vested in the usual way.

The reredos or screen behind the high altar was brought from London to Newcastle by sea, packed in boxes, and used to be called "the French peere"—*i.e. franche pierre*, or freestone. It is made of a stone similar to Caen stone, but probably English. It is an elaborate and beautiful structure of tabernacle work, the niches of which were occupied by 107 alabaster figures, not one of which is known to exist now. The figure of Our Lady occupied the central niche, with St. Cuthbert in the next niche on one side, and St. Oswald on the other. The four sedilia on each side are continuations of the design of the screen, which is often called the Neville screen, from the large contributions to the cost of it that were made by John Lord Neville of Raby.

Durham Cathedral is not so remarkable for monuments as some great churches are. Besides the tomb of Bishop Hatfield under the throne, there are the mutilated tombs of Ralph Lord Neville, and of John his son, with their wives, in the nave, and the immense grave-slab of Bishop Beaumont in the choir, as well as one of Bishop Neville, both despoiled of their brasses, and there are modern monuments to Bishops Barrington, Van Mildert, Maltby, and Lightfoot.

The stall work in the choir and the canopy over the font are exceedingly fine specimens of woodwork for their time. They were made under the direction of Bishop Cosin, after the Restoration, and are so well designed that it is thought that some remains of original stall work may have served as models. They are provided with misericordes, probably among the latest that were made.

The altar-slab is of red marble, carried on six supports of the same, inlaid with green marble, and formerly ornamented with cherubs' heads. It was put up in the time of Dean Hunt (1620–38), and survived the troubles of the Commonwealth period.

The font is a well-intentioned but not successful attempt to produce a modern work in the Norman style, made during the present century; the bas-reliefs on its sides are copied from illuminations representing scenes in the Life of St. Cuthbert.

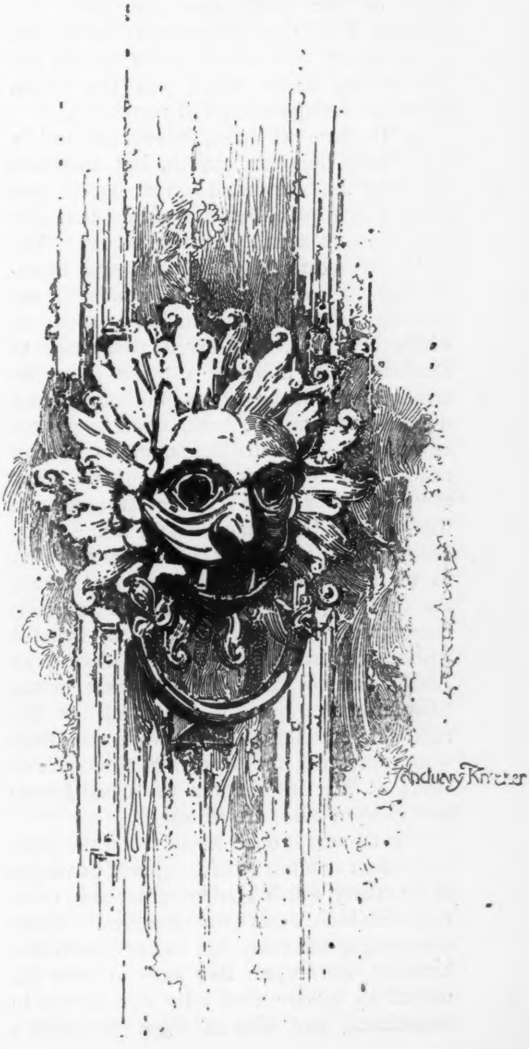
The modern choir-screen, pulpit, and Pelican lectern are all considered by many competent judges to be costly failures.

The new organ is quite in the first rank of instruments of its class, but the destruction of the old one is much to be regretted.

All the painted glass is modern; most of it is good, and in some cases the subjects of the fifteenth-century glazing, which are known, have been adopted.

Coming now to the exterior of the church, the cloisters first claim our attention. These form a complete square, but retain scarcely any of their original characteristics except the remains of the lavatory in the centre. The wood ceiling, c. A.D 1418, is mostly of that date, but many of the shields on the bosses are modern. On the east side, as usual, is the Chapter-house, already described, with the slype or passage between it and the south transept, formerly used as the "Parlour," where the officers of the Abbey could converse with merchants who came to "utter their wares." This passage also led to the "Centory Garth" or cemetery of the monks beyond. Just to the north of it may be seen the place where a chimney ascended from an oven that was used for baking the obleys, or altar-bread. Adjoining the Chapter-house to the south is a prison to which monks were sent for minor offences, and next to that the remains of the stairs to the first dormitory, which was partly destroyed and partly worked into the Prior's *Camera*, now the Deanery. At the south-east corner is the passage to the *Curia* or outer court of the Abbey. The south side of the cloisters was occupied by the refectory or frater, and by the misericorde or "loft." In this "loft," for some time before the Dissolution, the monks usually dined. These apartments, together with the dormitory or dorter, which occupies the whole of the west side and extends southward, now serve as the Chapter library.

The frater, which was entirely rebuilt in the seventeenth century, rests on the cellarage referred to above (p. 771), earlier than any part of the present Cathedral church, dating as it does from 1088 to 1091. The cellarage under the western range is about 120 years later. Through a part of this, or through the south-east passage by the Deanery, we pass into the *Curia* or great court, now the College. Around this are



grouped the Deanery, now surrounded by a curtain-wall, the famous Abbey kitchen, comparable to that at Glastonbury, and still in use, to the west of it, and a house occupying the Chamberlain's offices to the east. Then at the east end of the court are the great gateway with St. Helen's Chapel over it, now serving as the treasury or muniment-room, and some remains of the children's almery and other outbuildings.

On the south side are situated the Granary, now made into houses, and the remains of a building with columns and arches, which may have been an early Infirmary.

The houses at the west end include portions of the Malthouse (perhaps), the Guesten Hall, the Infirmarer's house, and the Infirmary that existed at the time of the Dissolution, under which was the prison called the Lying-house, still remaining.

At Durham we have, indeed, not only a magnificent Norman church, but monastic buildings that show what a great Benedictine abbey was in plan, better, perhaps, than any other remains extant. At Canterbury, Gloucester, Worcester, Ely, Norwich, and Peterborough, as well as at Westminster, are remains of monastic buildings, some of which are better preserved than any at Durham, but nowhere can be seen the arrangements of the various buildings around the cloisters and the outer court to greater advantage. Old inhabitants, after a lapse of nearly three centuries and a half, still speak of "The Abbey," and it is interesting to note that in the Grammar School, founded by Henry VIII., it is never called anything else, so tenacious are boys of traditional terms. Another reminder of the peculiar monastic constitution of Durham Abbey is that the Bishop, who in Durham took the place of an Abbot, has not only the stone seat in the Chapter-house, but the first stall on the right side entering the choir, while the Dean, who represents the Prior, has the opposite stall; so that in Durham the usual *Decani* and *Cantoris* sides are reversed.

The famous bronze knocker on the great north door reminds us of the special privileges of sanctuary, which Durham enjoyed in common with some other great churches. Those who sought sanctuary fled to the church and knocked, whereupon they were at once admitted by certain men who were always in attendance, and who at night occupied a chamber over the door, removed only about a century ago. The fugitive was provided with meat and drink, and a bed placed within a grate in the south-west corner of the church. Here he remained for a certain time, until he had established his innocence, or obtained pardon, or abjured the country.

We must not take leave of Durham without some reference to the legend of Hobb of Pelaw, as he was called in 1626, or Hubba Pella, in 1635. It is connected with a mutilated effigy wrought in Frosterley marble, in the Cathedral yard, near the north door of the church. It is now said that the figure represents a man who leaped from the central tower for a wager, and was killed, and that he is accordingly represented with a purse of money in his hand. This legend still possesses such vitality that the grass is quite worn away by the feet of country people who go to draw their foot over the "purse," so called. Why they do it they never seem to know, nor is any name now given to the figure. Dr. Raine believed that it represented a Lady Lumley who died in the fifteenth century, and that the "purse" was a glove. But the most curious thing about the legend is that it has a genuine historical basis. One of the exceptions taken against the election of Prior Melsonby to the bishopric in 1237 was that he ought to be repelled as a homicide, for that when a certain actor, with the consent of the said Prior, performed upon a rope fixed from tower to tower, he fell and was killed.

The attention of Hugh Miller was attracted by the monument, which he saw after a shower of rain that brought out the sections of fossils on its surface, leading him to remark how much more indelibly Nature inscribes her monuments of the dead than does art. But Durham schoolboys say, or used to say, that the circular spots represented the coins for which the man took his fatal leap.

The space at our disposal is now exhausted, but in this somewhat discursive account a great many matters of interest have been brought before the reader, who will, we trust, not have been unduly wearied by the recital, but will rather be stimulated to renewed interest in one of the noblest of our Cathedral churches, the fame of which must have reached all persons who are likely to read anything whatever concerning it.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS AND BACTERIA

By Mrs. PERCY FRANKLAND

IN an article which appeared in the April number of Good Words I gave a short account of what is known about the bacterial condition of artificial mineral waters, and called attention to the wide divergences which exist in the number of microbes present in such waters, whilst the bacterial standard of purity which should be aimed at was indicated, and the methods described by which such a standard might be arrived at and maintained in the process of manufacture. A description was also given of the various investigations which have been carried out to determine the vitality ot, or in other words the capacity for mischief possessed by, disease bacteria, such as those associated with cholera and typhoid in the event of their gaining access to such waters.

Since the publication of the above it has been suggested to me that a brief résumé would be both interesting and important of the various bacteriological examinations which may have been made of mineral waters in their natural condition as derived from the springs themselves.

Although the literature concerning artificial aërated waters in their relation to germ life is now fairly considerable, but comparatively few endeavours have been made to explore the bacterial flora of those highly prized and largely circulated natural mineral waters which abound in so many parts of the world, and are practically the making of so many health resorts.

But although the record of research on this subject is not great, some of the work which has been done is remarkable for the care and completeness with which it has been carried out. Undoubtedly the most exhaustive examinations which so far have been made of mineral waters are those published by an Italian scientist, Dr. Eugenio Fazio, who studied the bacterial condition of some of the celebrated springs situated near Naples at Castellammare, Telese, Acetosella, and Muraglione. The samples examined by Fazio were chosen so as to represent different types of such waters, and were taken from chalybeate, carbonated sulphur, and alkaline springs respectively. All these waters are characterised by the abundant quantity of dissolved carbonic acid gas present. That derived from the sulphur springs situated at Telese being, according to the report made by the eminent Italian chemist Professor Cannizzaro, "unequalled in this respect by any other mineral water of the same temperature."

Fazio collected his samples with all the customary precautions, and submitted them to the most minute examinations he could devise. The first water which he studied was derived from a chalybeate spring rising at no great distance from the sea, and popularly known as *Acqua Ferruginosa Rossa* on account of the characteristic red colour which it imparts to the marble basin into which it is conducted for public drinking purposes. The samples were collected in the months of March and May, and the temperature of the water varied between 14 and 15 degrees Centigrade. Both in this and in another chalybeate water but few microbes were found. Thus the largest number discovered only amounted to 42 in a cubic centimetre (25 drops) whilst as few as twelve were recorded on some occasions.

The satisfactory significance of such figures will be appreciated when we realise that they rival very closely the numbers which characterise the purest spring and the deepest well water, which may be described as the aristocracy of drinking-waters. Of particular interest is the fact established by Fazio that the variety of bacteria present in these iron-impregnated waters is extremely restricted, as a rule only three different kinds of bacteria being found. One of these varieties proved an attractive organism, swelling as it did the ranks of the interesting series of chromogenic bacteria which have been collected. When allowed to grow on the various dainties, such as jellies, broths, potatoes &c., to be found in every bacteriological *ménage*, it invariably made its presence manifest by the splendid brick-red pigment which it produced, and this faculty was retained by generation after generation of bacilli, all of which had sprung from the one individual microbe originally isolated from the water.

The limited character of the bacterial flora of these waters is also interesting on another account, for as a rule the fewer varieties of the microbes present in a water the more favourable is the opinion which we are inclined to form of its hygienic character. In pure water, such as that already referred to as being derived from deep wells sunk into the chalk, usually but very few different kinds of bacteria are to be found amongst the limited number of Lilliputian inhabitants characteristic of this water, whilst in samples collected from rivers or other surface sources, especially in the case of those which have been polluted with sewage or similar refuse matters, the bacterial population is frequently as diverse as it is unwieldy.

Fazio, determined to obtain the most convincing assurance which he could devise of the purity of these chalybeate waters, tried the effect of feeding cats and dogs with the various materials in which he had grown the different microbes he had collected in the course of his examinations, but the animals swallowed them with the utmost indifference and complete impunity, no digestive disturbances of any kind following their consumption. From the cultures which he had reared, Fazio then made inoculations into rabbits and guinea-pigs, but no effect whatever was produced, not even the smallest rise in temperature taking place.

These chalybeate springs then, according to Fazio's painstaking inquiries, must be regarded as eminently satisfactory from a bacterial point of view. But, as is the case with every description of water destined for drinking purposes, no latitude is possible or permissible in the matter of contamination; to preserve the pristine purity of a given water, and to maintain its high reputation, the ever impending Nemesis of pollution, which shadows all water supplies, must be strictly kept in view and provided against. The samples of alkaline springs which Fazio examined were collected at Acetosella and Muraglione respectively between the months of May and September. The temperature of the water varied from 12 to 14 degrees Centigrade at Acetosella and from 16 to 18 degrees Centigrade at Muraglione. The numbers of bacteria present resembled very closely those found in the case of the chalybeate waters. Thus in some samples 45 microbes in 1 cubic centimetre were found, whilst in others 21, 19, and 15 only were detected. In one case but two microbes were discovered, this highly satisfactory result being attributed by Fazio to the fact that he obtained this sample nearer to the source of the spring than the others, and under more favourable external conditions.

The varieties of bacteria present were also restricted to about four, and none of them proved on inoculation pathogenic to animals, so that these alkaline and chalybeate springs from a bacterial point of view closely resembled one another.

Of particular interest are the researches which have been made on carbonated sulphur springs, which from the exacting point of view of the uncompromising bacteriologist, should be regarded as the most satisfactory waters in existence for drinking purposes, inasmuch as they are very frequently discovered to be absolutely sterile, or in other words devoid of all bacterial life. The amount of microbial life in these waters is remarkably small; even when bacteria are present they very often do not exceed four individuals in a cubic centimetre. It should, however, be mentioned that a type of algæ much more highly organised than bacteria and known collectively as Beggiatoa are frequently found in sulphur waters.

The eminent Russian investigator Winogradsky has made a special study of the various kinds of Beggiatoa to be found in this class of waters, and has succeeded in discovering quite a number of different species. Considerable difficulties surround the investigation of these Beggiatoa, for they die rapidly on all the customary solid media which are used for bacterial purposes, and will only develop satisfactorily in waters containing sulphuretted hydrogen. Distilled water, or in other words water as pure as the chemist can make it, has a most marked detrimental effect upon these algæ, for directly they come in contact with such water the filaments are rapidly destroyed, they lose all power of moving, twist, break, sometimes swell up, and then begin to decompose.

Although these vegetable growths have

such a pronounced aversion to such unimpeachable surroundings as are represented by distilled water, they do not appear themselves to be endowed with any vicious attributes, for, as far as I am aware, no pathogenic or disease-producing properties have, as yet, been discovered amongst them, or in other words, their character is unassailed and their past without reproach.

To return, however, to the strictly bacteriological side of the subject, it will be remembered that many of these so-called thermal sulphur waters have a temperature of over 50 degrees Centigrade; and it might have been thought that if the unpleasant atmosphere of sulphuretted hydrogen did not succeed in entirely banishing bacterial life, such a high temperature would have effectually vetoed the existence of microbes in these waters. But this is not the case, for it has been found by many observers that there are varieties of bacteria which select to settle and start a colony in these hot springs.

Certes and Garrigon came across a sulphur spring containing bacilli in the south of France, the temperature of which was as high as 64 degrees Centigrade. The well-known bacteriologist Karlinski succeeded in discovering three varieties of microbes in a sulphur spring in Bosnia, the temperature of which varied from 51 to 58 degrees Centigrade.

Inquisitive to find how far their heat-enduring powers extended, Karlinski made special experiments with these three microbes. In one case the individual flourished until the temperature of its surroundings was taken up to 80 degrees Centigrade. This apparently was just beyond the limits of its powers of endurance, for at this point it ceased to grow. The temperature at which it existed most comfortably lay between 55 and 57 degrees Centigrade, and when it was restricted to the ordinary temperature of a room it rapidly succumbed. Another of these "hot-house" bacteria consented to grow at the ordinary temperature, but evidently preferred a climate of from 50 to 58 degrees Centigrade, whilst it absolutely declined existence in warmer latitudes.

A third and diminutive microbe, christened by Karlinski ***bacillus Ilidzensis capsulatus***, preferred curiously a temperature rather higher than that of the spring-water in which it was discovered, for whilst the temperature of the latter only ranged from 51 to 58 degrees Centigrade, this micro-organism flourished really best at from 59 to 60 degrees Centigrade. Indeed it was only when it could obtain a temperature of as much as 68 degrees Centigrade that it became mature or fully developed, for only at this temperature could it assume the spore-form, or in other words don that bacterial chain-armour which enables such fortunately equipped individuals to easily perform feats, which would infallibly end in complete discomfiture should they be attempted by their less favoured brethren.

Thus this ***bacillus Ilidzensis capsulatus*** directly it finds itself in the suitable temperature, commences to elaborate shining round spots in the centre of each little rod, these gradually free themselves from their bacillar walls and go forth as spores, in which condition they can actually withstand being steamed for four minutes at a temperature of 100 degrees Centigrade!

These interesting but harmless exotics—for experiments proved them to be perfectly innocent—were only very sparsely distributed in this Bosnian sulphur spring, for there were never at the outside more than about twenty of them found together in a cubic centimetre of the water.

These microbes are almost entitled to be classed amongst what may perhaps not inaptly be described as the "curiosities" of bacteriology, but their idiosyncrasies as regards the temperature of their environment are closely rivalled by those exhibited in a bacillus discovered by Dr. Miquel in highly-polluted river Seine water collected in the centre of Paris. This particular micro-organism is apparently unable to develop in any artificial culture-media unless the surrounding temperature is raised to at least 42 degrees Centigrade, but it grows much more comfortably and rapidly if it is indulged with a temperature of 60 degrees Centigrade, still more satisfactory and luxuriant, however, is its vegetation if it is allowed to have the range of another 10 degrees of heat. More than 70 degrees Centigrade it does not apparently care to face, for an addition of only two degrees produces a very deleterious effect upon it.

This microbe, which has been christened ***bacillus thermophilus***, is frequently found in polluted water—Dr. Miquel, in fact, says that its normal *habitat* is drain-water, and, although perfectly harmless in itself, its presence in other waters might almost be taken as an indication that the latter are contaminated in some way or other.

We have not yet, however, exhausted all the examinations which have been made of hot sulphur springs, for the subject has been quite recently taken up again by Dr. Wittlin, who has been making a systematic study of some of these springs in Switzerland. His inquiry was first directed to those at Baden in this country, the temperature of which was about 46·8 degrees Centigrade at the time the samples were collected. These springs appear also to be remarkably poor in bacterial life, thus maintaining the high reputation in this respect already established for their kindred. In many cases no microbes whatever were found, and although elaborate search was made, involving special tests, for objectionable varieties such as the *b. coli communis*, so closely related in almost every respect to the typhoid bacillus, no noxious forms could be discovered. The most characteristic germ present was the *bacillus fluorescens liquefaciens*, one of the commonest and amongst the most innocent of all water microbes, and one which every beginner of bacteriology becomes very early acquainted with in his laboratory routine. Within the last few weeks, Dr. Wittlin has published his investigations of some of the thermal springs situated at Ragaz-Pfäfers, in Switzerland. The samples examined were taken from a reservoir supplied by several different thermal springs, and only fourteen bacteria per cubic centimetre were discovered.

It would have been more satisfactory, and certainly more interesting, if Dr. Wittlin had taken the samples of each individual spring, selecting the site for collection as near the source as possible, and had then separately examined and reported on them. Fazio in his investigations points out that in many cases he found more bacteria in a particular mineral water when it was examined some distance from its source, than when he took the samples as near as possible to the point where the spring issued from the earth. That Dr. Wittlin should have only succeeded in finding fourteen microbes in a cubic centimetre of water, collected under what may be described as distinctly disadvantageous conditions, confirms once more the unimpeachable character with which bacteriology has endowed this class of waters.

In conclusion, we may briefly mention some isolated investigations of natural mineral waters amongst which are those of Grandhomme who examined several samples of a thermal spring rich in carbonic acid gas at Soden and found no bacteria at all. Malapert-Neufville's examinations of the mineral waters of Schlangenbad also resulted in some cases in no microbes being found, whilst in others he detected two, five, and fifty-one respectively per cubic centimetre, whilst in the mineral springs of Schwalbach he discovered from sixteen to one hundred and eighteen, and in a mineral water situated at Weilbach from sixteen to twenty-five per cubic centimetre.

In giving weight to the results of these bacterial examinations in forming an estimate of the microbial quality of natural mineral waters, it must be borne in mind that these investigations were all made of the waters in a state of nature, before they have undergone the barbarous ordeal of commercial manipulation such as the process of bottling!

We are all of us sufficiently acquainted with the first principles of germ life to realise how deftly and how directly any inattention to hygiene details is reflected in the larder or the store-room; and it requires but little stretch of the imagination to picture the bacterial armaments which would at once invade these peaceful waters on the first suggestion of relaxed vigilance, or removal of that rigid surveillance so essential for their protection and preservation.

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DAVIE'S PROMOTION

A TRUE STORY OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE

BY JAMES RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS HAMMOND

I

"RIGHT turn."

"Any boy who wishes to see the captain—fall out!"

"Company—quick march!"

With heads erect, shoulders thrown back, hands by the side, the 1st Overtown Company of the Boys' Brigade marched firmly out of the drill-hall, every boy duly impressed with the dignity and importance of his position, and every hand rising to the salute in true military style as he passed his officer. The drill for the week was over.

Only one boy remained to speak to the captain.

"Well, Davie," he said as the boy advanced, brought his heels sharply together, saluted, and stood at attention, "what can I do for you?"

Davie hesitated a moment as if uncertain how to proffer his request, and then, encouraged by the kindly smile, answered abruptly: "I'm awfu' anxious to get out o' the pit, sir."

"Get out of the pit, Davie! How's that? You're earning good wages, and your father and all your friends are in the pit too."

"Yes, sir, I ken, but I'm awfu' keen to get out, and I thought you might get me work somewhere else, sir."

"Well, I'm not sure, Davie, and I know I couldn't get you the same wages as you are earning now. I think you should stay where you are."

"I don't care for the wages, sir, if I can only get some other work." The boy's voice shook, his face flushed, and he lost some of his soldierly dignity as he grew more in earnest. "Oh, sir, do try. You see, sir, it's this way. My grandfaither's faither, he was ca'd Davie Robertson, and *he* was killed in the pit; my grandfaither was ca'd Davie Robertson, and *he* was killed in the pit; no' my faither—he's ca'd Andra, ye ken—but my uncle was ca'd Davie Robertson, and *he* was killed in the pit;—and *I'm* ca'd Davie Robertson!"

The captain was the least superstitious of men, but the low tone of intense fear in which the boy concluded decided him to try to grant Davie's request and help him if possible.

"Well, Davie, I'll try what I can do for you, but I can't promise. And, my boy, you mustn't be afraid. Remember our motto, 'Stand fast, quit you like men, be strong.'"

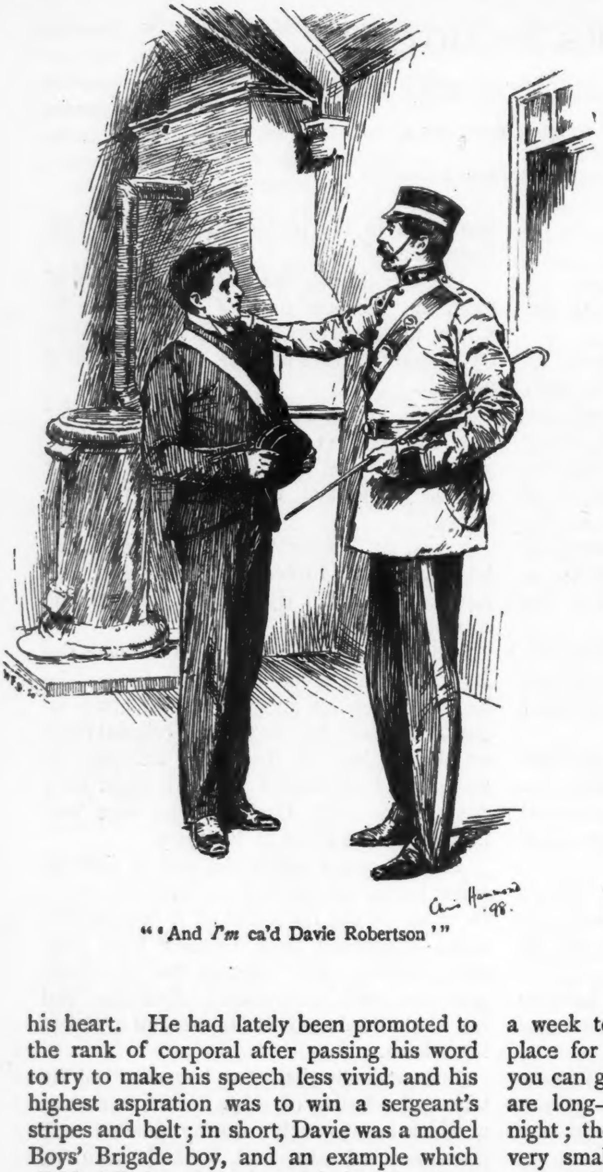
"Yes, sir, I know," answered the boy as he saluted and turned away. "'Sure and steadfast,' and I'll try, sir, till you get me something else to do."

When Davie Robertson had joined the Boys' Brigade, some two years before, he had not been an altogether satisfactory recruit. He had very vague and original ideas on the subject of discipline, although he would not have missed a parade-night for a day's wages—and Davie's wages were won literally by the sweat of his brow.

He was only a collier lad, and at first his grimy hands and tattered clothing—the rents in which he did not consider it necessary to mend—provoked stern reproofs from Captain Gordon. His language was plentifully garnished with unnecessary adjectives, and his whole behaviour was in want of a sweeping reform.

But gradually discipline began to tell its tale, and a feeling of pride in the company of which he was such a worthy member took possession of him and worked wonders. Soap and water were liberally used—at first on parade-nights only; the rents in his clothing were repaired for the honour of his company; his haversack was spotlessly white, and he became a recognised authority on the art of making a brass buckle shine like gold.

He began to see that his officers were not such bad fellows in their way, although that way was not his way, and in especial a dog-like love of Captain Gordon sprung up in



“ ‘And *I'm* ca'd Davie Robertson ’ ”

his heart. He had lately been promoted to the rank of corporal after passing his word to try to make his speech less vivid, and his highest aspiration was to win a sergeant's stripes and belt; in short, Davie was a model Boys' Brigade boy, and an example which all his fellows admired and imitated as best they could.

Captain Gordon was not slow to see the change in Davie, and tried as often as possible to help the lad with kindly words and an occasional encouraging smile—for Davie was too independent to accept anything more substantial.

When, therefore, he made his request for other employment, the captain determined to do all he could for him, and soon succeeded in interesting a local manufacturer, who promised to reserve his first suitable vacancy for his friend's *protégé*—an assurance with which he had for some time to be content.

II

Next parade-night, as usual, Davie appeared prompt to the minute, and went through his drill with all his accustomed smartness and accuracy. When the company was dismissed, however, he turned a wistful eye to the captain, who only smiled and shook his head in reply. For several nights this was repeated, and Davie was beginning to get despondent, although he bravely tried to show no sign, but at length the welcome order was given: “Corporal Robertson, fall out.”

With even more than his usual alacrity Davie obeyed the order, a flush of hope on his cheek and a new light in his eye.

“Well, Davie,” said the captain, after the company had filed out of the hall, “are you still determined to get out of the pit?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Remember you'll not get as good wages anywhere else.”

“I don't care for the wages, sir.”

“Well, then, next Monday—a week to-day—Mr. Henderson will have a place for you in his mill, and if you like you can get it. But, remember, the hours are long—from six in the morning to six at night; the work will be hard, and the wages very small to begin with—far smaller than you get in the pit.”

“I don't care, sir,” repeated the lad, “I'll work hard and take what I can get, if only I can get away from the pit.”

“Very well, Davie,” said Captain Gordon cheerily, “Monday morning at six o'clock. Good-night.”

Davie, however, lingered, and apparently had more to say. He looked wistfully up as he saluted, and was moving away with a hesitating step that was very unlike his usual military tramp, when the captain called out: "Have you anything more to say, Davie? If you have, out with it like a man."

"Do you think, sir," said the boy hesitatingly, "do you think I should stop work at the pit now, seeing that I've got another job?"

"What, Davie," laughed the captain, "and go about idle for a whole week! That's not like you, man. Duty first and inclination afterwards, you know."

"Very well, sir, I'll finish my week. And I'll never forget what you've done for me, sir, for I was awfu' keen to get out o' the pit."

When Captain Gordon saw the look of disappointment in the lad's eyes when he promised to finish his week in the pit, he was almost inclined to call him back and tell him not to return to work, but he changed his mind, saying to himself: "Nonsense, the boy's all right, and he'll be all the better of the wages he'll get. But he's a brave lad. I must tell Henderson to keep an eye on him and give him a help whenever he can."

Despite which confident speech the captain felt very uncomfortable when he thought of the daily terror of the pit which he knew Davie had to endure.

III

THAT week passed very slowly with Davie, and each night, as the cage emerged from the yawning mouth of the pit, he heaved a sigh of relief, and said to himself: "One day less." His comrades, who had heard that he was leaving the pit, laughed at him for accepting a position where he would earn less money, and even one or two of the older men would occasionally say: "A fine sodger, you, Davie; feart for the pit!"

But Davie paid no attention. The prospect of work above ground had lifted a load off his mind, and he could afford to laugh at the jeers of his comrades.

On the Saturday morning before starting with his father he was in the highest spirits.

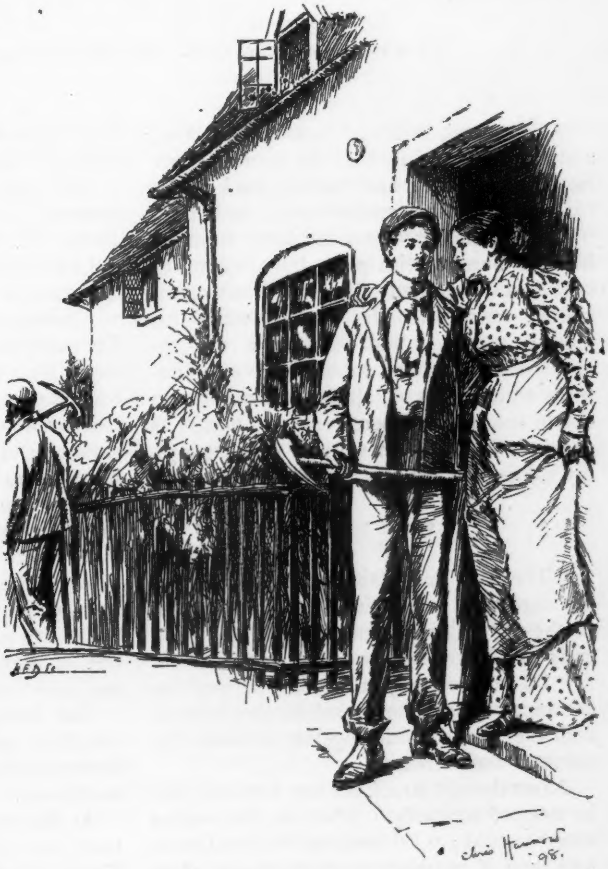
"My last day below grun', mither," he cried gleefully, "I'm goin' to cheat it yet."

He stopped abruptly as a new thought struck him.

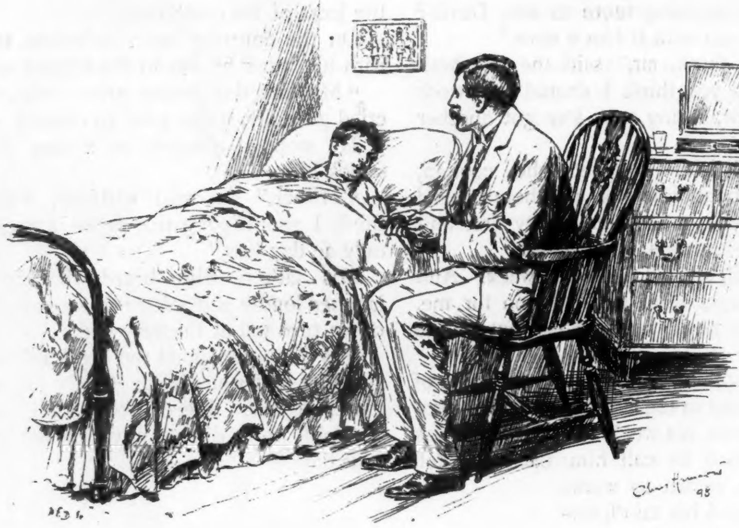
"Mither," he said wistfully, "do you think I should gang the day? It would be only ae day less."

His father, who heard the question, laughed loudly and said: "Nonsense, Davie, dinna turn tail at the very end."

His mother clapped the boy kindly on the shoulder and whispered: "Only this ae day more, Davie. Finish your week, laddie. The pit's never din ye onything but good a' your days."



"'Only this ae day more, Davie'"



"'You are a true soldier, Davie. See, I've brought your stripes and belt'"

"Very weel, mither," answered Davie, and followed his father to the door. There he turned quickly, and running back threw his arms round his mother's neck and cried, "Good-by, mither," and the next moment, his face burning with all a boy's shame at such an unwonted display of affection, rushed away after his father, while his mother, surprised and touched at this unusual demonstration, rubbed her eyes furtively with her apron, although there was no one to see, and whispered softly to herself as she went back to her work: "God save ye, my laddie, this day."

* * * *

"The last time, faither," said Davie as the cage sank swiftly into the black mouth of the yawning shaft and the blue sky faded away to a bright starlike speck overhead.

"I'll work aside you the day, faither," he continued when they reached the bottom, and the two set out together towards the scene of their labours.

A new thought struck the boy, however, and he stopped suddenly. "Na, na, that wadna dae," he said; "I'll work wi' Robbie Grant, and then if anything happens to one o' us there'll aye be one left to look after the auld mither. Good-by, faither."

"Havers, laddie, come away wi' me," answered his father, but he was too late. Davie was off into the darkness.

Overtown No. 1 pit was the oldest in the district, and the seam of coal in which work was being carried on was almost exhausted. For many hundreds of yards the pit stretched away like a huge hall with a low overhanging roof, supported by vast pillars of coal which had been left standing to prevent a subsidence, and pinned up here and there by huge beams of wood. The end of the seam having been reached, the miners were working their way backwards and cutting down these great coal pillars one by one, thus allowing the ground above to settle down by its own weight.

On this particular day it was expected that one of these pillars would be cut through, and here Davie was employed.

The hard day was almost over when a crackling and creaking of the supporting timber showed that the work would soon be completed.

At the sound Davie looked up from his work, and his eye fell on his friend Robbie Grant, a lad of about his own age and a fellow-member of the Boys' Brigade, working a few yards distant from him. Just as he was about to resume work he let his pickaxe fall from his hand in terror. A huge block of earth and stone immediately above his comrade's head had been loosened by the strain and was about to fall on the unconscious lad.

Davie shouted out a warning, but Robbie only looked round, still unconscious of his danger. There was no time for explanations. For a moment a shiver ran through Davie's form; for a moment he hesitated, then with the brigade motto—"Sure and steadfast"—on his lips, he rushed forward, and with all his strength pushed his comrade away from the danger just as the mass crashed to the ground, burying the rescuer under a heap of earth and stones.

In a minute willing hands were at work, and the poor battered body was drawn from the murderous heap and tenderly carried to the shaft and home to the humble cottage on the braeside.

A doctor was soon in attendance, but when he saw the injuries he shook his head sadly, while he did all he could to relieve the sufferer.

At last the eyes opened. A weak voice called feebly, "Mither."

The poor mother dried her tears and bravely stepped forward to the bedside.

"Davie, my laddie," she said softly.

"Robbie? Is he all richt?"

"Yes, Davie. He wasna touched at a'."

"Thank God—for that—mither."

After a pause he began again more feebly. "Mither, maybe if the captain was to ken—he would come—and see me."

"Ay, Davie," answered the mother, "I'm shair he wad."

A satisfied smile hovered round the lad's lips, and he relapsed into unconsciousness again.

Towards evening he awoke and found his beloved captain waiting patiently by his side. The bruised hand attempted a feeble salute as Mr. Gordon stooped over to hear him. "It wasna—to be—sir," he whispered. "I tried—to do—my duty, sir—but—it was hard. Only ae day."

"You are a true soldier, Davie," answered the captain, gulping down a sob. "See, I've brought your stripes and belt."

"Oh, sir, have I got—promoted?" asked the sufferer eagerly, a glad light shining in his eyes for a moment.

"Yes, Davie."

"Give them—to ma mither—sir."

"Yes, yes, Davie, I'll see to that."

For a little the lad lay silent, his weary eyes closed.

Then he started up with a new strength.

"Inspection-day. Yes, sir. All ready."

The voice rang clearly out. Then the light died out of the honest blue eyes; the feeble body fell back on the bed; the clear voice sunk into a hoarse whisper. A long sigh. The pit had claimed its fourth victim. Davie had won promotion at last.

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SUNDAY READINGS FOR DECEMBER

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. xxii. 17

FIRST SUNDAY

THIS verse sets forth the threefold Call of the Gospel, and also the fulness and freeness of its grace. There is, then:

First, the Call of the Spirit, which is the call of power.

Secondly, the Call of the Bride, which is the call of experience.

Thirdly, the Call of the Hearer, which is the call of consent.

Finally, these calls are addressed to every one that is athirst, and to every one that will, for whosoever will may come and drink of the living water freely, so large and so liberal is the offered mercy of God. Let us look at this great word a little more closely.

First. The Spirit says, "Come," and that is the call of power.

Through the whole scripture—in the Old Testament as well as the New—this idea of a divine call may be very clearly traced, and in every case it has essentially the same meaning. It means that always God takes the initiative in bringing men to Himself; the source of the better life is not in us, but in Him. "We did not choose Him, but He first chose us." "We love Him because He first loved us." He draws us, and then we follow Him. The whole work, in short, begins in gracious impulses which we receive from the Holy Spirit. So we are told that He "calls us with an holy calling," "calls us to be saints," "calls us to glory and virtue," "calls us to eternal life," "calls us according to the purpose of His grace." That is always the commencement of the life of faith and the origin of all its powers. So He called Abraham to leave his country and his kindred, and he went forth, not knowing whither he went. So He called Moses to be the deliverer of Israel, when He spake to him on Horeb from the bush that burned, and was not consumed. So He called Samuel, when the child tended the Lamp of God that was before the Ark of God in Shiloh; and David, when he watched his father's sheep upon the hills of Bethlehem; and in like manner the prophets were called and had their commission sealed on them by "the Holy Spirit of Promise." Nor was it otherwise when Christ came. It was He that called His Apostles to leave their boats and nets and become "fishers of men" when they little dreamed of bearing the burden of such an honour. And even of our Lord Himself it is written that "He took not His High Priesthood at His own hand, but was called of God, as was Aaron." Thus, throughout the whole history of grace, this stands forth as a characteristic feature of it, that the whole work and walk of faith began with the call of God. How it was made known to them—whether by articulate speech, or by some mysterious impulse on the soul, or, perhaps sometimes in one way, sometimes in another—that is a matter of lesser moment. Enough, that always the initiative is ascribed to the action of God. The whole work is strictly of His grace—a movement from above, not from beneath; and if it had not begun with Him, I fear it would never have been done at all.

It is this call of the Spirit, then, which is of chief moment, because those whom He calls, He also enables; with the summons, He conveys the power. People are often greatly perplexed by the doctrine of human inability either to will, or do what yet they ought to do, and no metaphysical solution of the difficulty gives any abiding satisfaction. Only the Gospel of grace can bring deliverance from this trouble, and hence the value of this saying, that God's Spirit is bidding us come. I may entreat you, as I do with all earnestness, but the voice of the preacher, though it reach the ear, may fail to move the heart. Only a divine voice can do that; not mine, nor any other man's. Others might have told the palsy-stricken man to stretch out his withered hand, but he could not have done it, till Jesus spake the word, and lo! the power was given. Others might have cried to the dead Lazarus to come forth out of his grave, but they would have called to little purpose; only the summons of Jesus enabled him to come. It is only when the Spirit says "Come" that the power also comes. When the wind that ripples the water far off at length creeps up to the ship that lies becalmed and powerless, and her sails begin to swell and to flap, virtually it says to her, "Come on, and I will bring you to the desired haven, for I am the force you are needing and cannot do without." So the call of the wind to the ship is the call of power; and in like manner the Spirit—the breath of God—is calling to us now, and ready to fill our sails for the voyage of immortality. He does not stand aloof from us, but is pleading with us, and pressing on us the help which He only can give. When at any time, then, we feel the emptiness and vanity of this world, or when we are touched with keen regrets for sin that we have done; or when we feel a longing for a nobler, holier life, and for the things unseen and eternal; these are the voice of the Spirit calling us to "leave our broken cisterns, and come and drink of the living water." There is not one of us whom He has not once and again thus visited, pleading with us to yield to His entreaty and accept of His help. That help we cannot do without, but He will freely give it to us. The Spirit of Wisdom, He will teach us all truth. The Spirit of Power, He will strengthen us with all might. The Spirit of Holiness, He will sanctify us wholly. The Spirit of Life, He will quicken us and fill us with all fulness of the life in Christ. What, then, with all this power brought nigh to us, and pressed home upon us—what, if we vex the Spirit? What if we weary the Spirit? What if we quench the Spirit? What if He who has called us so long is forced at length to leave us alone?

SECOND SUNDAY

THE second of these calls is that of the Bride, and that, as I have said, is the call of experience. In the Apocalypse the Church is spoken of as the Lamb's bride, whom He hath espoused to Himself, and will one day present her holy and without blemish. The same idea occurs elsewhere, but it is more particularly associated with the book of the Revelation of John. The Church, then, is here united with the Spirit in this work of calling men to Christ. Now by the Church I do not mean only the clergy, whether you call them priests or ministers. These, indeed, are its ordinary mouthpiece, and it is their honourable privilege to devote themselves to this task of inviting and entreating sinners to come to the Saviour. But the clergy are not the Church, and there are few errors that have wrought more mischief than the confounding of these two as if they were one. So far are they from being the same thing that it may well be that some, possibly even many, of those who minister at her altars, and proclaim her gracious message, have really no part or inheritance in Christ at all, having only taken the priest's office for a bit of bread. Thus they may be bidding others come while they themselves still stand afar off; and theirs is not the call of the Bride, for they have no experience of God's grace in their own hearts. I do not say that God never uses them for winning souls to Christ. That would be to limit the free Spirit, and would make salvation depend, not on the grace of God, but on the grace, or want of grace in the preacher. But Balaam did the Lord's errand though he was no true servant of God; and it may be that still the genius and the eloquence of men who are strangers to the covenants of promise shall be used to bring others to the living water which they themselves have never tasted.

The Bride—the true Church—however, consists only of those who "have tasted and seen that God is gracious," who "know in whom they have believed"; and the voice of their experience is also one of strong persuasion. A mere professional crier, no doubt, may proclaim the very same message, but he will not have the same power to touch the heart as He has whose words spring hot like burning sparks from the fire in his own bosom, and his own personal knowledge of the truth. For our power to influence others on behalf of anything is, as a rule, just in proportion to the influence it has upon ourselves. We shall hardly persuade others if we ourselves are not persuaded. It is idle to bid men go while we ourselves are keeping back; nor can we commend a thing rightly if we do not really know it. A dead ministry, therefore, is not likely to build up the "living stones" into the Temple of God. But with what force a man speaks, and how his words lay hold on us, and make us feel their reality when it is evident that he has actually seen and handled and made himself personally acquainted with the matter, and how different is the mere hearsay report of one who only echoes what others have said about it! That is true even in regard to the affairs of ordinary life, and surely in the higher concerns of the soul and the life in God, mere words, however choice and fine and high-sounding, are weak and powerless compared with the simplest utterances of a genuine religious experience. In our times of ease, indeed, when all is going well with us, we may be satisfied, in a way, with the glitter of rhetorical prettinesses, or the guesses of clever speculation, or the current platitudes and commonplaces. But the moment we feel the strain of real trouble or sorrow or anxiety, then words of that kind are felt to be empty and powerless, and we are apt to be even impatient with them as a kind of impertinence. Then nothing can at all help us but what comes home with a clear feeling of its reality. Our hearts refuse to hear what does not come right from the heart and life of the speaker. We detect the ring of unreality, and distinguish the voice of experience, and we feel that it, and it alone, is entitled to speak, just because it knows whereof it speaks. Such is the call of the Bride; it is the testimony of experience, and therefore of strong persuasion.

None will do this work, then, to much purpose except the man who can say: "I believe, and therefore do I speak," "I know the grace of God in truth," "Come, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul." It boots not what "orders" we possess, what ecclesiastical authority, what "mystic unction" transmitted through the ages from Apostolic hands, if we have not this personal acquaintance with divine things. But wherever that faith and that experience are found, there is the Bride of Christ, who unites with the Spirit in calling men to God. Nor does she speak to them only by formal exhortations and entreaties, by her ministrations and ordinances, her Sabbaths and sacraments, but also, and often even more effectually, by the silent eloquence of her patience, her charity, her meekness, her hope, and her love. Some of you may feel that you have, in the secrets of your soul, things to tell which ought to speak with power on behalf of the Lord whom ye love. And yet you are dumb, opening not your mouth, or when you try to give expression to your experience it seems but a poor mockery of the unutterable thoughts that are in you. Yet, lame as your words may appear, your life—your faithful experience—may well chance to have more trophies in the day of the Lord than the noblest efforts of the accomplished orator. For every home of Christian peace and love, lying bright amid the world's troubled waters, calls men to come and find the rest which Jesus promises to the weary and heavy-laden. Every brave and true life, doing earnest battle for the right and the true and the good, calls men to come to Him whose faith is the victory that overcomes the world. Do not fret, then, thinking you ought to speak for your Lord, and somehow you cannot, though you can, by God's grace, live the Christian life. You, too, have your part in the call of the Bride. Your patient and pure and holy and loving ways are speaking more powerfully than any words could do.

THIRD SUNDAY

The last of these calls I have ventured to describe as the call of Consent, because it is a duty laid on those who hear the other two. The Spirit says, "Come"; and therein we are assured that whosoever will shall get the power needed to obey. The Bride—the Church—says, "Come"; and her invitation is given, because she knows the worth and the excellence of "those things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." And now what the hearer has to do is to say, "Come, let us return to the Lord, for He will have mercy, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." That is the idea of this call. It is the soul's consent to the twofold invitation of the Spirit and the Bride.

I do not understand it to imply that every one who has heard the Gospel is straightway to preach it to others, though something like that may also be partly in it. Certainly every man who has any fitness for the work, or who feels that he has something to say for Christ which ought to be said, and no one else is saying it—every one in whom, as he muses on it, the word is like a fire burning, is free to take up his parable, and cry out of the fulness of his heart. May God deliver the Church from the narrowness of professional jealousy and exclusiveness. The preaching of the Gospel is no mere professional business, to be handed over to a close corporation. Let no one frown upon unregulated zeal, or make a mock of its imperfect utterance, for God has often blessed it, and "a live coal from off the altar may well kindle more devotion than the well-chosen words of cold and formal propriety." By all means, then, let every one who has heard to any purpose, and who knows the joyful sound, spread it also as far and wide as he can, till it go from mouth to mouth, ringing through every country and kindred and people and tongue and nation, and all the ends of the earth know the salvation of our God. That is how weighty tidings are everywhere sped. They do not get fair play while they are merely proclaimed by official persons in appointed places, but only when they become the common talk of the fireside, and the workshop, and the market, and all who feel their importance are concerned to tell their neighbours about them. And if any one object that he may not counsel others what they ought to do, being himself so far from what he ought to be, I admit that, to a certain extent, that is a valid ground to take up. That is to say, it is a very good reason for not bidding your neighbour go, but no-reason at all for not asking him to come—you and he together—which is the clear duty of all. Therefore every one that heareth has sufficient warrant and authority in this word of the Apostle's, when he calls on his brother to join him and come to the living water.

Yet that, however true in itself, is not the essential meaning of this part of my text. What it points to is the consent of the soul to the invitation of the Spirit. It is the response of faith to the call of grace: "Lo! I come, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" For God's people are a willing people; there is no constraint in His kingdom, except the sweet constraint of love. It is not our part just to hear the word, and let the leaven spread as it can. We have not merely to stand still, and see the salvation of our God; but we must consent to it, and be fellow workers with Him in bringing it about. If He first comes to us, yet we also must come to Him no less certainly. If He reaches out His hand to us, we too must reach out ours to lay hold on Him. We are not mere clay in the hands of the potter to be shaped on his wheel without any effort of ours. There is an awful and mysterious power lodged in every soul of man—a power of consenting to, or of resisting, even the dealings of the Almighty. That lies in the very idea of will or personality, and no metaphysical ingenuity can reason it away. A man must be persuaded, he cannot be coerced, without losing the very essence of his manhood. Therefore we may refuse the Church, and we may resist the Spirit; that much is in the power of the very weakest of us—to give or to withhold our own consent. Grace, patient and long-suffering, may continue to plead with us—"may stretch out its hands all day long to a disobedient and gainsaying people"; and truly it has to do so very often with many, or possibly all, of us, for it is hard to gain the consent of hearts wedded to the flesh and the world. But scripture knows nothing of "irresistible grace"; its last word to the sinner is, "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life."

Hence the infinite importance of this call of the hearer, which expresses, not merely the assent of his mind to the truth, but also the consent of his heart and will. Both of these are needed if the call of the Spirit with its gracious power, and that of the Church with its rich experience, are to be of any avail. In this matter it is not our part to "take no thought," as if it were no affair of ours, for it is our business if anything is. Certainly it is God's business, and He is doing His share of it abundantly and well; but it is ours too, and we must yield our ready consent, to bring about the good purpose of His love. We are not to be like the birds that sow not, neither do they reap; for we have to sow that we may reap in due time a harvest of blessing. We are not to be as the lilies, that neither toil nor spin; for we have to labour patiently that we may be clothed with holy beauties. Therefore, let every one that heareth say, "Come, let us seek the Lord who seeketh us; let us trust in Him who died for us; let us serve Him who was among us as one that served; let us commit our way to Him who is able and willing to save us."

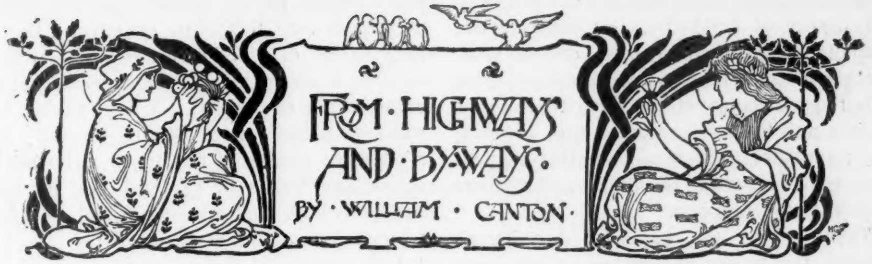
FOURTH SUNDAY

I HAVE spoken of the call, by whom it is uttered, and what encouragement there is to us in the fact that the Spirit, in His divine power, and the Bride, in her happy experience, unite to bid us come to the fountain of living water. And now I have to add that this invitation is as large, and its promise as free, as the heart of man could wish. "Let him that is athirst, come," so my text runs, "and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

I could have no heart to deliver my message if there were any sort of limitation to it, any narrowness, any qualification; but there is none. The Spirit invites all, and the Bride takes the word from Him in its broad universality; the power and the experience are brought to bear alike on all. Let him that is athirst come; and who is there among all the sons of men that is not athirst? who is there that is quite satisfied, and has no heart-longing, no sense of want, and weariness and unrest, no outreaching of desire? The feeling may be stronger in some than in others, more deep-seated, more conscious of its spiritual need. But the thirst for something we have not, and the consequent uneasiness for want of it, I think will be found in all men, though many do not know what it is they long for. Some, perhaps, are wearily saying in their hearts, "Who will show us any good?" half despairing ever to see it. Others are asking in sore perplexity of mind, "What is truth? and how shall we find it?" Yet others more definitely, "What shall we do to be saved? Or who will show us the path of life?" In one way or other all are feeling, more or less vaguely, the emptiness, and the aching, and the hungry passion of the soul, with its infinite yearnings and its very limited gratifications. To all those, then, who are athirst, whether they know or do not know what it is they want, the Spirit and the Bride say, "Come. Leave your broken cisterns which hold no water. Come hither. None ever drank of this and longed for something else. None ever came to Christ and went away unsatisfied. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Nor is the invitation only to those who are athirst. Doubtless there are some who have settled down into a state of contented worldliness, who "are rich and increased in good," and are fain to say they have need of nothing. They are not, indeed, so entirely satisfied as they try to believe they are. The feeling of insecurity comes over them, now and then, when they note the changes and vicissitudes of life, and how often the green bay-tree of the wicked suddenly vanishes from the place that once knew it, but shall know it no more. Therefore, while they have no desire for anything higher or better than this earth can give them, yet they are not without a longing, at least, for some guarantee that their "riches will not take wings and flee away"; and no such guarantee can be given them, unless they set their hearts on a kind of treasure which hitherto they have set at naught. Even to such as they, then, sordid though they be, this call of the Spirit and the Bride is spoken, for "whosoever will is bidden come," and get what he needs, whether he has yet any desire for it or no. I bless God for this large word of grace and hope to all. Let no one dare to limit it on any ground whatever, for that were to stifle the voice of infinite love. It is not said "whatsoever elect person," or "whosoever is worthy," nor is there any kind of condition or limitation, but an absolute "whosoever will." If there is any property which is common to all men, it is this; if there is any promise from which none are excluded it is this. Whosoever will! be he high or low, rich or poor—ay! let him be the hardest and coldest of hearts, the most sordid of worldliness, the vilest sinner that ever darkened God's earth; Jesus tasted death for every man, tasted death for him, and now, if he will, he may drink the living water of God's abundant grace. Oh what a great word that is! How one's heart rises and swells within him to have such a message to deliver! Whosoever will!

Only, in accepting this call, let us remember that we must turn our back on our former evil ways, and cast them resolutely behind us. About that there must be no mistake. We cannot serve both God and Mammon. There is no gateway of bliss except the door of genuine repentance. They that love the Lord must learn to hate iniquity. Truly the door is open to all, but yet it is "a strait gate," and it will not let us and our cherished sins in together. Wickedness, worldliness, fleshliness, envy, malice, hatred, uncharitableness, every known sin that has hitherto easily beset us, that we must be ready to renounce, that we may now walk by "the law of the new life in Christ Jesus." But thus coming in the sincerity of a genuine contrition, ye shall drink freely of "the living water that floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb." Freely! without money and without price it is offered, and so freely, too, it must be accepted. Solomon said that "money answereth to everything," as if he that had plenty of it might procure whatever his heart desired. But that is only half a truth, and the worst half of it too. Money answers to many things, but by no means to all, and not to the best things which we need above all others. It may get you houses and lands, and abundance of bread, and all the costly furniture of a sumptuous life. But money cannot buy love—cannot buy health, and you cannot buy peace of mind with all your silver and gold. The things that are above all desirable are also unpurchasable. The really precious things are beyond all price. They must be freely given as the living water is, and there is nothing we can offer in exchange for it; we must simply accept it as the grace of our God. Come, then, and drink of it. There is health in it; there is cleansing in it; there is contentment in it, and peace.



FROM·HIGHWAYS AND·BYWAYS·

BY·WILLIAM·CANTON·

IT has been a happy thought of Mr. Tuer's to gather into a beautifully printed and oddly illustrated volume a series of "pages and pictures" from the old and for the most part forgotten children's books which beguiled our juvenile ancestors from the troubles and the dulness that are not unknown even in the golden age.* For many white-haired readers these rescued pages and their quaint illustrations will unseal ancient wells of memory; but even for those who are unfamiliar with most of the little volumes represented in this collection the book will be found to contain a fund of amusement. "We have all wondered," observes Mr. Tuer in his prefatory note, "whether the elders who presented, and the children who read these forgotten little books, recognised the unconscious humour of the writers of the text and the drawers of the pictures. What will a modern child say to a picture of a liberally be-buttoned self-satisfied little prig who, suddenly remembering a weakness of his mother's, invests his sixpence in prawns rather than gratify the craving of his soul for a second-hand Horace?" Wonderment may be better concerned with the question how it happened that all the grown-ups of the early years of the century seem to have lost all recollection that they too were children once; that it never occurred to any one to regard a child as a small human being living in a half-real, half-visionary world of its own; that no one ever discovered that love and beauty are a child's guardian angels, and that the bridge between a child's world and the world of hard facts is a sympathetic imagination; that it never suggested itself to parents that nine-tenths of a child's fractiousness and naughtiness spring from physical conditions, and that a merry laugh and a quarter of an hour of fresh air are surer and saner remedies than slap or strap. Any one who reads of the unhappy childhood so often recorded of those evil days when babes and sucklings were doomed and unregenerate little mortals, the wicked days when "tempers were broken" and poor shivering little souls with the bloom of Paradise still rosy on their faces were scourged into obedience and rectitude, and contrasts the stupidity of that time with the sentiment of our own, cannot well avoid conjecturing as to the cause of the change. I do not suppose that any living father or mother loves a child more deeply or devotedly to-day than our grandparents and great grand-parents loved their boys and girls; and I fancy a very remote antiquity might be traced for the parental assurance that a sound whipping hurt the applicant a good deal more than it hurt the recipient. I have no doubt they were as good and well-meaning as any of their descendants. Yet how one's heart quickens and one's blood boils as one reads of the "discipline" which even religious people considered it their duty to inflict on the children of their love. There are passages, for instance, in Mr. Hare's "Story of my Life" which tempt one to fling the book across the room—as if that would do any good! Am I right in supposing that the great change which has taken place in the attitude of parents towards the upbringing of their children is to be attributed to the wide and deep religious change which has taken place in consequence of the insistence of the pulpit on the fatherhood of God and the significance of the spirit of love? The growth of education, the broadening of intellectual sympathies has no doubt helped, and it may be tha art, poetry, and fiction have aided our too accustomed eyes to recognise the sweetness and beauty of child-life; but without the religious element it seems questionable whether it would be possible to explain, even with the assistance of the wise teaching of Richter and the tender humanity of Froebel, the remarkable difference in this respect between ourselves and the fathers and mothers of even forty years ago.

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* "Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books." Brought together and introduced to the reader by Andrew W. Tuer, F.S.A. The Leadenhall Press, Limited. 6*s*.

Turning over the pages of Mr. Tuer's volume, the reader is amazed—apart from the entertainment he finds in unconscious author and artist—at the dulness and sterility of the early attempts to interest and amuse children. Indeed amusement seems to have been sadly to seek. The strong point of the writers—men and women alike—was the inculcation of virtue and good manners, enforced by "terrible examples" and insinuated by beguiling models. If the children of the first half of the century were not the most despicable little prigs and hypocrites, the thanks must be due to the blessed obliviousness and buoyant irresponsibility of the childish temperament. Imagine your rosy little chatterboxes "nourishing a youth sublime" on "The Instructor and Guide for Little Masters, or the School of Virtue and Good Manners"; or "Proverbs Exemplified and Illustrated from Real Life: Teaching morality and a knowledge of the world"; or "Caution and Instruction for Children"; or "Instructive Hints in Easy Lessons for Children"; or "The Half Holiday Task Book"—think of any right-feeling "human" imposing a task book on a half holiday!—" or the Mirror of Mind, to enlighten the minds and improve the hearts of young children of either sex"; or "The Paths of Learning strewed with Flowers, or English Grammar Illustrated"; or, finally, "Virtuous Principles the true Source of Elegant Manners." The power to read is a golden key to such a wonderland, it is so magical an experience to be able to conjure words, thoughts, speech, action out of the characters of a book, that the childish reader is delighted with anything. Solomon himself could not have prescribed the limits to a child's interest. The radiant region peopled by beings which at once are and are not; the life and action which for the hundredth time happen in just the same way and in the same words, and which cease to happen the moment the book is closed; the mere vitality of the actual words, which for the moment *are* the things they mean—all this is so engrossing to the imagination of a child that almost anything in print is an opening of the heavens and an efflorescence of delight. A baby under two will take pleasure in pretending to read; and a veritable reader is not to be deterred by league-long words or profundity of thought, for I recollect that a young friend of mine, who ate the locusts and sucked the honey of "Jack the Giant Killer," "St. Clair of the Isles" and "Sicilian Banditti," found an inexplicable delectation in Sturm's "Reflections among the Tombs." Wherefore it is perfectly conceivable that her Majesty the Queen still hears the music of Shandon bells when she recollects "Ellen, or the Naughty Girl Reclaimed," with its prettily tinted cardboard illustrations (separate from the text) with a movable head which completed each of the figures in turn; and that some of her aged subjects, when they see a hoop, remember with a curious sense of happiness how they were bidden to "Think this to be the wheel of fortune, and thou engaged with labour and industry to keep it turning to thy good liking." "The Instructor and Guide for Little Masters," from which this passage is taken, is apparently a revel of moralities. Presumably there was no Grace or Ranjitsinji in those days to give the writer an inspiration, and yet surely he might have said something about Cricket a trifle less stodgy than this:

> A manly exercise! But full of admonition. It is only fit for athletic or strong constitutions. It requires great labour, a constant quick motion of the body; and causes a profusion of sweat in proportion. . . . Let it be ever so agreeable to constitution, or take ever so much pleasure in batts and balls, let it not interfere with the duties of a man's life. Recreation is not sinful, is not forbidden by the law of God or nations, except it diverts a man from his business. . . . Endeavour with all your might and understanding to catch the ball of commerce.

I am curious to see more than Mr. Tuer quotes of that charming booklet "Cobwebs to Catch Flies, for children from the age of three to eight years." Ned and James are irresistible. Their dear mother had cautioned them against the Merry-go-round, and James thinks she would not approve of their riding on the Toss-about (which in the picture bears some rude resemblance to the Great Wheel at Earl's Court). Whereupon the delightful Ned declares—"How happy am I to have an elder brother who is so prudent!" and, not to be outdone in politeness, James replies—"I am no less happy that you are so willing to be advised." These dear little prigs must have been cousins of the Good Boy who recorded "his Parents' Instructions relative to his Disposition and Manners" in the docile soliloquy beginning—

> The things my parents bid me do
> Let me attentively pursue.

It is interesting to note how a fresh idea is caught up by the sore-set and exhausted writers for children. "The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast"—so old as 1807!—is speedily followed by "The Peacock at Home," "The Elephant's Ball and Grand Fête Champetre," and "The Lion's Masquerade." Evidently when some one had conceived the possibility of getting a spark out of flint, there were others who appreciated the enjoyment of a fire. I have lingered perhaps too long over this collection of old-fashioned "pages and pictures," but Mr. Tuer's book is one of considerable interest from many points of view, and not least from that which he has reserved, namely, the antiquarian side, which many will join with me in hoping he will not lose sight of. At the same time I cannot dismiss the subject without a reference to "Young Wilfred, or The Punishment of Falsehood. A Tale of Truth and Caution for the Benefit of the Rising Generation." It is written by an A.M., Teacher of Elocution and Belles Lettres, who relates with apparent approval how for some iniquity of falsehood a schoolboy, "before being sent back to his unfortunate parents as a disgrace to them and to human nature," was fastened to a desk, thrashed by the whole school till he had received 200 stripes ("We may judge of the spectacle his back exhibited," the author observes), confined in a dark room, and "as soon as he was able to be removed, sent back to his father" amid "the groans and hisses of the whole school." Happily these brutalities are things of the past, and not even the veriest scribbler of children's books would attempt in these days to convey a moral lesson in this fashion.

As these pages go to press Messrs. Macmillan send me the deeply interesting Life of Edward Thring, the great Headmaster of Uppingham,* and in the opening chapter I find confirmation of the mistaken system on which boyhood was literally "licked" into shape in the earlier half of the century. Shortly after he was eight years old Thring was sent to a private school at Ilminster, one of the best, it was considered, in that part of England in those days. More than half a century afterwards he records his experiences in memorable words: "All my life long the good and evil of that place has been on me." Its misery, its snatches of joy, its painful but honest work, its flogging for "a very little laugh" at dinner, when talking and laughing were alike forbidden, its happy hour of bedtime, its one day of pleasure during the half, when a master took the boys to visit some neighbouring quarries, "its prison morality of discipline," were burned as with a brand of fire into the heart and brain. "It was," he says, "my memories of that school and its severities which first made me long to try if I could not make the life of small boys at school happier and brighter." "The most lasting lesson of my life," he observes, "was *the failure of suspicion and severity to get inside the boy world*, however much it troubled our outsides." With what a large and gracious humanity he gave effect to his desire for a nobler and wiser method of education these volumes, to which I cannot at present attempt to do justice, very clearly and suggestively demonstrate.

A beautiful gift book, which will be as welcome to old readers as to young, is "The Old Chelsea Bun-Shop,"† the latest addition to Mr. Nimmo's delightful reprints of Miss Manning's novels. Those who have read her masterpiece "The Household of Sir Thomas More" or "Mary Powell" will relish this quaint old-world picture of

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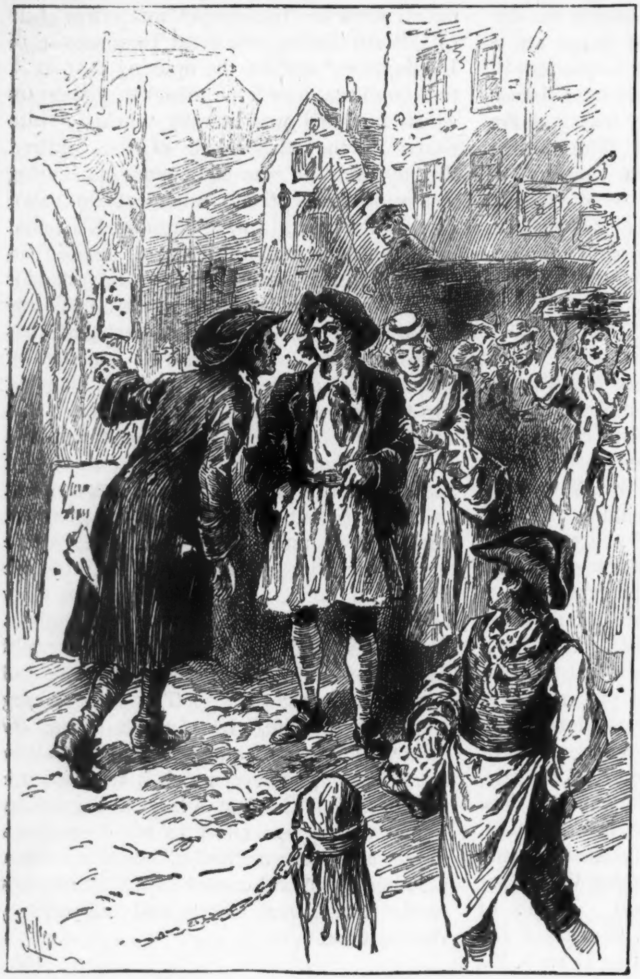
* "Edward Thring, Headmaster of Uppingham School: Life, Diary, and Letters." By George R. Parkin, C.M.G. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co., Limited. 17s. net.

† "The Old Chelsea Bun-Shop. A Tale of the Last Century." By the author of "The Household of Sir Thomas More." With ten illustrations by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton. John Nimmo. 6s.



From "The Old Chelsea Bun-Shop"

manners which it is difficult to realise are not more ancient than the Year of the Earthquake—1750. The description of that forgotten episode, by the way, and of the panic caused by the prediction of a more disastrous shock to follow, occupies some of the most stirring pages of the book. It is worth noting the happy illustration of the meaning of the word repartee, which I fancy I have seen before, but which may have originally come from Miss Manning's story:

> When Mr. Pope [the poet], who was deformed, asked a young officer if he knew what a Note of Interrogation was, the other replied, "A little crooked Thing that asks Questions." That was a repartee.

As in the earlier volumes, the illustrations of Mr. Jellicoe and Mr. Railton—of which Mr. Nimmo kindly furnishes us with an example—give a special beauty to this dainty edition.

Mr. Kipling's new book, "The Day's Work,"* may suffer by comparison with its predecessors, but for all that it bears his broad arrow. If in some degree it lacks the flesh and blood, the Indian glamour, the dramatic intensity of "Life's Handicap" or "Many Inventions," it contains some wonderful *tours de force*. "The Walking Delegate," a parable of talking horses, and "The Devil and the Deep Sea," in spite of its bewildering engineering details, may serve as examples. "The Brushwood Boy," a curious blending of waking and dreaming life and dream-love, is an engrossing play of fantasy; "William the Conqueror" ranks among his best love-stories; and in "The Tomb of his Ancestors" Mr. Kipling once more, with his unequalled insight and power of presentment, gives us a glimpse into the dim primeval souls of a people who were old in India before the Aryan conquest. In "The Bridge-Builders" there is fine quality, but the episode of the gods on the island does not strike me as being a tap-root of the story, as I venture to think the author intended it to be.

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* "The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan & Co., Limited. 6s.

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